

Conversation

Anna: Hi, there! Washington, D.C. is a great place to work. Many people here work in government and politics. But there are many other jobs. You can work at a **hospital**; a **university**. You can work in a coffee shop. Wait a minute, I think I see a friend of mine. Pete? Is that you?

Pete: Hi, Anna.

Anna: You look different. Your beard ... is really big.

Pete: You don't like it, do you?

Anna: No, no. You just look ... different.

(To server) Thank you. So, what's wrong? You look sad.

Pete: I don't have a job.

Anna: Sorry, I can't hear you.

Pete: I do not have a job!

Anna: Oh. I'm sorry to hear that, Pete.

Pete: I don't have a skill.

Anna: Everyone has a skill. You need to find yours.

Pete: I don't know, Anna.

Anna: Pete, I am good at asking questions. Let me ask you some.

Pete: Really, Anna? Can you help me?

Anna: Yes, I can. Let me help.

Pete: Sure, Anna. Maybe you *can* help.

Anna: Can you write **code**?

Pete: Sure, c-o-l-d. How is this going to help?

Anna: No, not "cold." **Code**; you know, for making **phone apps**, or **websites**. You can make tons of money writing code.

Pete: Tons of money? But I can't **code**.

Anna: Next question. Can you drive?

Pete: Do you mean drive a race car? It's really **hard** to be a race car driver. First, you need a race car ...

Anna: No, I mean drive a taxi or drive a bus.

Pete: No, I always fall asleep when I drive.

Anna: Oh, that's not good. Next question. Can you teach? You can be a **teacher** in a **school**.

Pete: No, I cannot teach.

Anna: Can you cook? You can be a **chef** in a restaurant.

Pete: No, I can't code! I can't teach! I can't cook! Anna, I can't do anything. This is sad. I'm gonna write about my feelings in my **blog**.

Anna: You write a blog?

Pete: Yeah, I write a blog.

Anna: How many **followers** do you have?

Pete: I don't know ... 59,538.

Anna: Pete, that's a lot of followers! You can make money writing!

Pete: Writing is **easy**. Everyone can write.

Anna: Not everyone can write **well**. You can be a writer!

Pete: I can be a writer. I can be a writer! I can be a writer! Thanks, Anna.

Marsha: Hi, Pete. Hi, Anna.

Pete: Hi, Marsha. Excuse me, I have to go.

Marsha: Where are you going?

Pete: I'm going to be a writer!

Marsha: **Good luck**, Pete!

(To Anna) He does know that it's not easy to be a writer, doesn't he?

Anna: There are many different jobs you can have in Washington, D.C. Pete wants to be a writer. I wish him luck. Lots of luck. Until next time!