

Last summer I started a job in a restaurant in Windermere, which is the largest lake in England. My friends worked as babysitters, which is a fun job if you like children. However, how can I stand stubborn childish kids when I can't even stand myself? I ruled this option out right away. So the only job that seemed minimally acceptable to me was the one as a waitress at the restaurant on the lake. Very soon I realized that the job didn't excite me at all, it was very boring. But it was quite well paid, and because I needed some money to go to college, I applied for it.

The uniform was horrible. I'm sure that the customers thought I was a traffic light, with that canary yellow set and my face red as a lobster because of the heat. What a shame. And in case this wasn't enough, I smelled like oil and meat all day.

My task was to make the burgers. Each of the hamburgers was different from the previous one: one with cheese, one without lettuce because the boy didn't like it... Oh my god, how could everyone be so picky? And not to mention the very rude people that came to the restaurant. I was so tired of having to deal with such special people that my mom almost had to drag me to work everyday. Being nice to people who are so impolite to you is exhausting.

One day, I think it was in the beginning of June, a very good-looking woman and a man arrived at the restaurant. Obviously, I was wearing my high fashioned uniform, covered in sweat, looking quite horrible in comparison to the pair that had just entered the front door. Something about the woman was very familiar to me, but I couldn't figure out who she was. She came to me, and very politely, she asked me for two menus. My head was still trying to figure out who she was.

When she paid for their meals, I told her that she looked like an American singer. She smiled gracefully to me and they left with their food. How in the world could it be that I didn't know who she was? She was Taylor Swift! A month and a half later, she dropped an album called "Folklore", and while I was listening to it, I realized that she wrote about me in the song "Invisible String". I couldn't believe it. Now I laugh about it, but something in me still can't believe how stupid I was that day. Where was my mind? I really don't know, but today I can say that such an important singer wrote a masterpiece about me. And at least she didn't write about my very glamorous uniform!

-Croquetes de pernil