

El mejor trabajo de mi vida — English translation

Recurso de apoyo opcional. Úsalo solo si te atascas — la inmersión en español es donde está el aprendizaje real.

Antes de leer esto en lugar del español...

Este documento es una red de seguridad, no un sustituto. Las palabras en MAYÚSCULAS tienen su propia entrada detallada en el documento de Vocabulario. Las frases en *cursiva subrayada* están explicadas en el documento de Gramática. Consulta esos documentos para entender el matiz real — esta traducción solo da el significado superficial.

PALABRA = vocabulario destacado *frase* = punto de gramática

INTRODUCTION

Welcome back to Poco a Poco Podcast.

I'm Juan... and today I want to tell you about the best job I ever had.

Well... the best job, and also... let's say... the most creative one.

We're going to spend some time in England today... in my second year at university.

By the end of this episode... you'll have some vocabulary and a grammar point that I think you'll really use.

Let's go.

MAIN STORY

In my second year in England... I needed money.

That's not a surprise, of course. All students need money.

But I... well... I really needed money.

So... I started looking for a job.

I saw an advert near the university. A cinema. They were looking for weekend staff.

And I thought... why not?

I went to the interview with my student English. It wasn't bad... but it wasn't perfect either.

And **THEY HIRED ME**. That cinema became one of my favourite places in the world.

The job was fairly simple. I sold tickets, served **POPCORN**, helped people find their seats.

And there was another part of the job... that was my favourite. Staying inside the screening room during **THE SCREENING**.

In England... the safety regulations are very strict. There has to be a person inside the room at all times.

In case of **A FIRE**... or any emergency. That person has to know the exits... and help the public get out.

It was a very responsible job, yes. But it also... meant that I had to watch the films.

GETTING PAID... to watch films. I was **BLOWN AWAY**.

That's what turned that job into the best job of my life.

But what I loved on top of that... was **THE ATMOSPHERE**.

My colleagues were from everywhere. A girl from Poland, a guy from Nigeria, someone from Scotland... And me, from Spain.

We all spoke English... because it was the only language we had in common.

And that... that was exactly what I needed.

The English at work wasn't the English from textbooks. It was faster, more informal, full of expressions I had never studied.

At first... I didn't understand everything. My colleagues spoke really fast among themselves.

They used expressions I didn't know. Abbreviations, nicknames, **INSIDE JOKES**...

It was like a language within a language.

I remember that first week... I'd laugh when everyone else laughed... even if I didn't always get the joke.

It's a very useful survival technique, by the way. I don't recommend it in important work meetings.

But at the cinema... it worked perfectly.

Little by little... I kept learning. Literally... little by little.

Every week that passed... I understood a bit more. A new expression here. A joke that finally made sense there.

It was a living English... not the English of exams. And that... **IS PRICELESS**.

I remember once a customer asked me something... and I didn't understand a single word.

I asked him to repeat... and I still didn't understand.

In the end... the man took out his phone and wrote it down. He wanted to know if there was buttered **POPCORN**.

Yes there was. Of course. With lots of butter, obviously.

But that moment... that little embarrassment... taught me more than a week of classes.

And now comes the part that... perhaps doesn't make me look too good.

But anyway... I was young, I needed money, and you have to **FIND A WAY TO GET BY**.

The cinema employees had a very interesting perk. Extra tickets every week.

More tickets than I could use on my own. And then... I had an idea. A very practical idea.

I started selling those extra tickets outside the cinema. A bit less than the official price, of course.

People were happy... I was happy... And well... nobody asked too many questions.

It was a very efficient system. Not very legal, perhaps... but very efficient.

It helped me pay the rent for several months. And **I DON'T REGRET IT**.

One day... something special arrived at the cinema. A new film. Pulp Fiction. By Quentin Tarantino.

I had heard about it... but I didn't know it well.

Yuki, my Japanese friend who studied at the same university... Yuki wanted to see it that very night.

He called me and told me he wanted a ticket for the premiere.

And we both went together. We walked into the cinema **FULL OF EXCITEMENT**.

We walked out... in silence. A very... very meaningful silence.

WE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER in the street. And Yuki asked me if I had understood anything.

I told him... some things. A lie. I hadn't understood almost anything.

Tarantino's English is... it's something else.

The characters speak fast, use American **SLANG**, change topics constantly... It was like listening to another language.

The actors all talked at the same time. They interrupted each other, changed subject without warning...

And the American accent of the nineties... was not exactly the English from my university classes. Not at all.

I was studying British English at university. And suddenly... two hours and fifteen minutes of nineties American English. **MIND-BLOWING**.

But then... I had another idea. A better idea than the ticket one.

I asked Yuki... what if we watch it again?

Yuki looked at me. *He asked me if I was alright.*

I explained to him that I had spare tickets... and that maybe if we watched it twice... we'd understand more.

Yuki thought for a moment. *And he told me okay.*

We watched it again. And one more time. Three times in total.

Three times Pulp Fiction in the same day. My colleagues at the cinema thought we were crazy. And **THEY MAY HAVE BEEN RIGHT**.

But between **SCREENING** and **SCREENING**... something interesting happened.

Yuki and I would go out to the corridor, or to the café across the street... and talk about the film.

He would ask me what a character had said in a particular scene. I would explain what I had understood.

He would correct me when I was wrong. *I would ask him if he had understood a phrase at the beginning.*

He would tell me no, he hadn't either. And that... that was very important.

Knowing it wasn't just me. That Yuki, who was very intelligent and studied a lot... that Yuki hadn't understood everything either.

The second time... we understood more. Not everything. But more.

The third time... something **CLICKED**. The scenes started to make sense.

The phrases that were noise before... started becoming real words.

We walked out of the cinema after the third time... and we were both smiling. We had understood Pulp Fiction. Almost.

That night with Yuki taught me something you don't learn in class.

Learning a language with someone... is different from learning it alone.

When you learn alone... the problems are only yours. When you learn with someone... the problems belong to both of you.

And that... changes absolutely everything.

Yuki and I had the same problems with English. The same accent we didn't understand. The same expressions we didn't know.

And when one of us understood something the other hadn't... they'd explain it. And we'd both learn.

We didn't need a teacher that night. **WE NEEDED EACH OTHER**. And that... is already a lot.

If you're learning Spanish right now... or any other language... find someone who is in the same process as you.

It doesn't matter if they speak the language well or not. What matters is that you're both on the same path.

Shared learning... speeds everything up.

There's something very special about learning alongside someone. About sharing the confusion... and also the moment when everything falls into place.

No app can give you that. And no book... and no podcast.

Only another person... who is on the same path as you.

Yuki and I have stayed friends many years after that night.

And when we see each other... sometimes we talk about Pulp Fiction. About that scene we didn't understand... and eventually did.

About that Tarantino English that seemed impossible. And that little by little... stopped being so.

CLOSING — VOCABULARY & GRAMMAR

Okay... let's look at some vocabulary from today's episode.

First... **BUSCARSE LA VIDA**. I used this when I was talking about selling those tickets.

BUSCARSE LA VIDA means to find a way to get by... to hustle... to make things work for yourself.

Second... **ALUCINANTE**. Classic false friend — in everyday Spanish it means incredible, mind-blowing.

Third... **HACER CLIC**. That exact moment when understanding suddenly arrives.

And finally... **UN PASE**. In a cinema context, a screening or showing.

Now... the grammar point. *El estilo indirecto*. Reported speech.

The key pattern: tenses shift back when you report what someone said.

"Yuki me preguntó si yo había entendido algo." — present perfect becomes pluperfect.

"Me dijo que quería ver la película otra vez." — present becomes imperfect.

If you remember Episode Two, the imperfecto appeared there too — but doing a different job.

That's all for today. Hasta pronto.