



HOW TO

INTERVIEW FOR A JOB

I've interviewed for my fair share of jobs. Like Pokémon cards, I've collected an assortment of chain restaurants on my résumé. So far I've got Chili's, Applebee's, Dave & Buster's, Olive Garden, Houston's, and Sails (a short-lived pretentious Jersey Shore restaurant on the bay). Yet despite having all of that experience, somehow I didn't get hired for the NBC Page Program.

For those of you who don't know, the NBC Page Program (think Kenneth on *30 Rock*) is essentially a paid internship at NBC. It's very "prestigious" and "illustrious" and "reputable." After a semester interning at *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*, I got an opportunity to interview for a coveted spot in the program. This was going to be my first real foray into a professional world that didn't include mozzarella sticks. This was

my ticket! Once I made it into the program, I was sure that some higher-up at NBC would just happen to see me in the hallway and think I was so off-the-cuff hilarious that he'd offer me my own show on the spot. THIS WAS MY CHANCE! What would I call my show? *Grace's Company*? *Grace Expectations*? *Grace Helbig and Ellen DeGeneres Are Best Friends Forever*?

The interview did not work out as planned.

I was SO nervous. My armpits decided to do their best impression of Slip 'n Slides as I verbally farted my way through the interview. At this point in my life, I thought the interviewer held my whole future in her hands. Except her hands were busy. She was instant-messaging the entire time. I could see the reflection of her computer screen in the window behind her. Occasionally, I



HOW TO

MAKE ADULT FRIENDS

Ever since I can remember. I've had this irrational notion that there's only a short window of time to make friends and then I'd just sort of . . . have them for the rest of my life. I never thought that I could make new friends as an adult. I'd be way too busy doing my taxes or picking out the classiest briefcase. I could have acquaintances or people I saw occasionally and whose company I enjoyed, but making new friends as a grown-up just didn't happen. Welcome to my stunted socialization.

I've never been great at making friends. (Does this sound like a sob story, or do I just sound self-aware?) Putting myself out there was never my strong suit (I prefer a blazer and jeans—LOL). My parents have been divorced since I was a tiny, one-eighth-formed human. Every other weekend I was at my dad's house away from my friends, so I missed a lot of hangout opportunities. Which was fiiiiine by me—I preferred to

spend time with my family rather than enter the social gauntlet. However, by the time I reached eleventh or twelfth grade, my social circles were more like social dots. I could count my friends on one hand (if that), which was still okay by me. I've never been the person with a hundred friends. Maintaining that many relationships makes me anxious (but what doesn't?).

When I got to college, reality smacked me in the butt with a wet towel. Reality is kinda pervy. I was on my own and forced to try to make new friends—except I had ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA how to do it. I hung out with very few people in high school, and we were all on the same end of the underdeveloped socialization spectrum. In college, I remember sort of trying to hang out and talk to the people on my floor, but ultimately I was too shy and nervous to see any of those relationships through. I used to sit on my bed at night and actually try to break down the act of



25

PARTY GUEST SURVIVAL TIPS

I hate parties. No, not true. I should say I hate the moments before I get to a party. Once I'm there and comfortable and a drink or three in, they're great. And afterward, I always feel good about myself that I went and interacted with other humans looking for fun. But for me, any planned social activity is preceded by hours and hours of internal debate about whether I should go or not. *What if I don't know more than one person there? What if I get stuck outside of conversation circles and have to look at my phone as if someone is desperately trying to get in touch with me, so I don't look socially stranded? WHAT IF MY PHONE DIES?*

I convince myself that it's fun to come up with excuses not to go to things. (Aaaaand, with that sentence, I will officially never be invited to any of my friends' or acquaintances' events ever again.) I get scared about being social. I've tried over the years to force myself into social situations so that

it becomes less of "a scary thing" and more of "a fun thing" to my brain.

For example, when I was supposed to meet my new boyfriend's friends for the first time, my flawed coping skills when it comes to social situations ruined everything. I had been dating this guy for a few months and thought he was the coolest, so clearly his friends had to be THE COOLEST, too. Oh god.

I had an improv show in Manhattan that night and I was going to meet up with them in Brooklyn as soon as it was done. I normally don't eat before shows due to my fear of losing control of my bowels onstage. When the show was over, I headed to the subway to get to Brooklyn. But before I got on I figured they'd all been drinking for hours ahead of me, so I should try to catch up. I bought three airplane-sized bottles of tequila before I got onto the subway and drank them in less than five minutes on an empty stomach.



▣ WORKSHEET ▣
HOW TO ASK
SOMEONE OUT



List three of the **WORST** possible outcomes for the situation (for example, you're bold and decide to wear white pants and your bowels are also bold and decide to make an unanticipated appearance outside your body):

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

List three of the **WORST** things that have ever happened to you in your whole life:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Whoa, that's some terrible stuff. Sorry, dude.

List three of the **WORST** things that have happened in the history of the world (feel free to Google search):

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

YIKES! OUR WORLD IS MESSED UP. Now asking someone out doesn't seem so bad, right? If it still sounds terrifying, I drew this picture for you:



HOW TO DECORATE LIKE AN ADULT

Remember:

FISHY GROPE



Flea Markets

IKEA

Scents

Hang It

You Could Make That

Green Things

Rugs

Over Time

Paint

Experiment

#FISHYGROPE

