

Beep Beep/Beep Beep/YEAH!

Excitement abounded the last few days in Etown. Last night, I got the happy privilege of calling the boys in blue following an accident in the parking lot of the store. No injuries, thankfully. From what we could determine, once again, a young woman had been talking on (guess what) her cell phone and backed out without seeing another car. She was still on her phone as she and the other party entered the store. About an hour later, I was taking some trash out in the deluge only to find the police car still sitting in the lot with the young lady inside. Perhaps, he was illustrating the evils of cell phone driving.

Later, the victim (a frequent shopper) returned to the store. I tried to lighten the mood by making sure he thought it was safe to come back. He has apparently not had the best of luck with his vehicle. He previously hit a deer with the same car. I thought he had been having a REALLY bad day, but both accidents did not happen yesterday.

This morning when I told my co-workers about the incident, they thought I was talking about another altercation. Our faaaaaaavorite customer was arrested earlier this week for indecent exposure. I had to ask if it happened at the store.

I'm sure that everyone (regardless if you have ever worked in retail or not) knows the type. He quite frequently comes into the store and tries to get everything he can for as little as he can. He even attempts to bring back meat that he has opened, used, and tries to freeze. This would not be so bad if it had not expired three months ago (yes, he even had the label on it). To top it all off, he usually comes into the store reeking of alcohol. He has been banned from the convenience store in town for running scams... buying a case of his favorite beverage, and returning it 5 minutes later because one of the cans had a hole in it?

AH... life in small town USA!

Strange Thing Mystifying

We have recently become even more technologically advanced at work. We have just installed check readers. Instead of needing to completely fill out the check, all the customer has to do is sign their name. The check is then run through the reader for approval. NOW comes the drawback: each time the customer uses the check reader, they MUST show their ID. This seems like a hassle even to me. Having worked at wM for 7 years, the readers there only checked ID periodically.

Tonight, I had a visit from someone who remembered me from at least 18 years ago. I previously related my tale of waiting on Professeur Peters (my high school French teacher). Tonight, I waited on her daughter. "I remember you. You were in my mom's French or Spanish class." Then she told me that she remembered seeing me as Rooster. WOW! Even with a little less hair.

Later, I had a heartbreak. A customer whom I know quite well approached me and informed me that he had a little accident. "OH, GREAT! What did you break now :)" Then I came to the accident. His little daughter had a little accident and was totally embarrassed. I felt so bad for her. I told him to run up to the restroom to clean her up while I took care of the puddle on the floor.

AH... such as life during a nine hour day.

Baby, It's Cold Outside


And nowhere was that more apparent than at work today. When I arrived, the indoor had it's usual mind of it's own during blustery days. So, I locked it much to the chagrin of customers who still tried to push it open without heeding the "Please Use Other Door" sign. People actually thought we were closed at 5PM. The marquee with our specials advertised out front also was problematic. I don't know how many people came in and told us that it was about to blow away. It was so wind that the swinging doors leading to the stock room would swing back and forth. I don't know of any ghost stories surrounding the store, but I have been in the catacombs and it is not a pretty sight! Maybe a projectionist from the days of the movie theatre met an unfortunate end. Ah, well we may be in for a long winter and the calendar still says we are still in Autumn.

. And here's a cute video to enjoy in the cold.

Happy Post Halloween

Unless of course you are reading from some part of the world which is still living in October 31st. My holiday was EXCELLENT even with the working part. Friday, I got into my vampire costume complete with double-layered cape, full facial makeup, tuxedo, the whole nine yards. I even got to frighten my young nieces. Poor Sydney may not speak to me for a while. As always, I had an awesome time with friends playing games all pretty loud and late, but great times!!!!

Today was another long Saturday at the store. Unfortunately, no costumes allowed... What crazy place is this?! However, I was allowed to sit on the ledge in front of the store to hand out candy... as long as I did not go overboard. Hopefully, a bag of Starburst, Baby Ruth, and an assortment of kisses, Rolo, and Reese's PBCs was not too much. I did get to see the nieces and nephews in their get ups. Shelby was a sorceress of some kind; Joshua was the ULTIMATE NERD; Elizabeth was a dark ninja; Alex was a police officer; Alyssa was a 50s chick complete with poodle skirt and a "leather" jacket I seem to recall from a show or two in years past; Noah was a skeleton; little Sydney was a cowgirl. All adorable.. here is 5 of the seven.

 Unfortunately, the 50s chick is not wearing the black jacket. Hope everyone had a spooktacular Halloween. And The YANKS are up 2 games to 1. 2 more wins and they will win their 27th WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP! My favorite part of Game three: pitcher Andy Pettite had a hit, RBI, and was nearly passed by Derek Jeter as the two made their way home! Final Score:

Yankees 8... Phillies 5.

Now... I can enjoy my extra hour of sleep. Don't forget to fall back!

☒ Not to be outdone here are little Chloe and big sister Kyli all the way from Alaska.

You Know It Is The End Of The Month When...

a woman and her four kids come into the store and use the **ELEVEN** W.I.C. vouchers she started the month off with at once. Ordinarily, you would expect people to come in and use the last one or two coupons they have at the end but to use all of them at once. Apparently, the customer's husband was curious to know if she had any left. Unfortunately for her, we were out of one dozen large eggs which are the only kind allowed... no 1.5 dozen, no jumbo, no substitutions or we risk losing our license to be able to take the Women, Infant, and Children certificates which are given to those in I believe it is more medical than financial need...(no, I can't really say that because I know one individual who is in a totally financial situation who at first was too proud to admit that she needed assistance). However, I had to question the need when at one time you come in to get 6 dozen eggs, 9 gallons of milk, 8 boxes of cereal, and other miscellaneous odds and ends at one time. What have they lived on throughout the month if you need to be on the program. She informed us that she forgot to use them. And the program is changing as of tomorrow whereby they can start to get fresh produce items as well as the usual milk, eggs, juice, and cereal. After I

completed the large cart full transaction, I was glad that it was nearly time to go home. But not complaining, I do have a job ☐

Two Laborious Days Or Surviving The Fumes

My Labor Day Weekend beginning Saturday afternoon was full of labor (at least the first two days of it). Overnight Saturday into the wee hours of Sunday, a group from our sister store across the state line came and stripped and polished our floors... not a job I would be first in line to accept. However, Saturday I found myself doing the menial task of clearing displays and whatever could be moved from the sales floor into the backroom. Small chest freezers were defrosted, pallets full of 24 packs of Pepsi product were pulled back, gumball and sticker machines, Rug Doctor rental machines... EVERYTHING! Some customers began to wonder if we were moving out. WOW! I hope not! I remember the last time I was part of this prep being July 4th Weekend of 2008 although I was assured that the process was completed since then. By the time 8 PM rolled around I was ready to call it a night. HOWEVER, I was asked to come in at 7.30AM Sunday morning to help move everything BACK to the floor. VERY begrudgingly, I agreed.

7.30 AM Sunday morning. I arrive at the store to find nothing even being attempted to be moved into place. I also notice the quite distinguishable aroma of waxed floor and more than a little slickness as I make my way inside. The manager informs me that the floor is not nearly ready to have all of the displays put back. UGH!!!! I could have stayed at home for at

least a half-hour longer. However, if she was willing to pay me for an hour of standing around in the office off the floor... who was I to argue? I did get a free donut out of the deal.

So, by the time 2PM came around, I was once again ready to call it a day. Diane must have been ready for me to call it a day because as soon as the hour began she said: "Go home." The fumes from the cleaner still lingering created a slight sense of weirdness. Once again, customers very strangely commented that it smelled good. By 7.45AM, I had had enough of the odor thank you very much. At 3.00PM, I could still smell the after effects of the cleaning. When I went to work at noon today (I did have Labor Day off), the scent still lingered. But I still am glad that I did not spend the night polishing. ☐

Gremlin Be GONE!

Apparently, there was some type of gremlin caught up in the works of our happy little site but I see that it has been irradiated. The past two has has been a relatively busy one in our small little neck of the woods. Friday and Saturday was our town wide garage sale in which over 60 homes participated. Quite remarkable considering the size of the town. Not only did residents of the community but businesses also came out and put some of their products on display. The local, weekly newspaper gave out homemade ice cream... well, they accepted a free will donation. The grocery had a Produce Tent Sale. It was called Tent Sale but nowhere did I see a tent only a bunch of displays full of watermelon, cantaloupe, peaches, nectarines, lemons, green peppers, and other goodies. We also had a hot dog, chip, and soda/water for \$1. I was lucky enough to man the sale for an hour Friday

afternoon (would have enjoyed spending more but I was only covering for a break). But, of course, who had to haul in the pallets at the end of the day?

But once again, I had a Saturday to myself so I took my nephew and a "tag-a-long" (his words, not mine) to see Harry Potter. We left with 15 minutes before show time and thinking ahead decided to go the back route to save time. However, I had forgotten that the 3 mile bridge (or a small section of 576) is closed for the next week or so. In any event, we were about 5 minutes late for the movie and had to sit in the next to front row. Joshua enjoyed the movie... our companion did not think so highly of it although he has assured me that he has read all the books and seen the previous 5 movies. He thought it was a waste of time and he is going to see it on IMAX next week?!

Before returning home, I needed to stop by my old stomping grounds and pick up a present. While there, our 18 year-old friend decided that he wanted to buy something that he has always wanted: a cap gun. He was like a kid in a candy store. Cap guns have changed since I last had one. They used to operate on straps of paper. Today, they use rounds of small plastic pellets. Nate was occupied quite well on the 12 mile trip back to E-town.

All in all, a pretty fun few days. Made even more so by a pair of Yankee victories (sorry, [justj](#)) and a Red Sox loss. STILL 2 behind the Stockings!

Work And Fun On The 4th

As with last year, I had to work on Independence Day. I usually flip-flop Fridays and Saturdays with a co-worker.

This was SUPPOSED to be my Saturday off so I did not feel the need to ask for it off. Sure enough, I was informed that I was going to be closing. Funny thing is, I was told that the worker I alternate days with told the boss that it was indeed her Saturday off...hmmm. When I got to work, I was delighted to discover that we were closing at 7 instead of the 8PM I was scheduled until. However by the time 6PM rolled around, my co-worker and I agreed that we should have closed then. At 6:45, one of our regular customers came in and grabbed a cart. At 7, I locked the door and we waited in the office until the couple was finished.

After finally getting out of the store, I ventured to pick up some friends to check out some AMAZING fireworks. Getting to the site was a great adventure. I was armed with my mapquest directions and Megan had "Vera" with her, so we were sure to arrive with little problems. Before getting out of town, the adventure began. I misjudged the city limits and began to accelerate maybe a mile before acceptable. We did see the state patrolman as we made our way along. He pulled out of his parking location, began to follow us, and I don't know why it took soooo long but he turned on his lights and pulled us over. Megan had brought along some beverages but we were all of legal age and none were open, so we were safe there. The officer asked why I was going so fast and I "innocently" explained that I was not sure where the limits were. We were mere feet from it. However, the generous officer asked when my last violation was (about three years ago) and he sent us on our way.

As we approached our destination, my companions informed me that they had to visit the facilities and to stop at the next available location. We passed a rest area and then came up to a nice, clean port-a-potty (thankfully, there were no planes in the area in danger of crashing into it). OOPS... did I say that I would not mention this?

After we finally found our friends (which was not too far from

the location at which we found the restroom. We watched some GREAT fireworks. I saw something I don't believe I have before. Some began as if a machine gun was being fired, rapidly spurting out in a back-and-forth motion. Really cool.

Around 2AM, it was time to drive back. Coming home was an adventure as well as some fog had developed (pretty thick in spots) but I don't think it added a great deal to our return trip. So about 3.30, I got to bed in preparation for work at 9. But definitely worth a few hours lost.

Hope everyone had a fun and safe holiday weekend.

Breaking Up Is Hard To Do

Don't take your love away from me

Don't you leave me heart in misery.

No, no nothing quite that emotional. I forgot to mention another shattering event at the workplace last weekend. Friday morning, I walked to the store to pick up my paycheck and saw a sign on the door: **Please use other door.** I immediately thought of the wind from last winter when the door would be blown open, forcing us to lock it before it broke. I looked up and down the glass and saw a long crack halfway down. I asked the boss if she got really mad at someone else and put the crack in the door. Apparently not. The tremor inducing machinery for the repaving of OH49 was to blame. Thursday, the building shook so much that I was not sure if it was going to remain standing. From what I understand, a rock came flying and hit the door and left the crack.

Saturday, we apparently had some rushed customers who kept

walking into the door. Sorry, I probably would have done the same after being so accustomed to puching the "out" door. I even set a wet floor sign in front of the door and more than one person walked into it. I suggested hiring a door greeter to man the door (hey, if Wal-Mart can...), a bigger sign, or some yellow CSI tape.

What A Difference A Letter Can Make

This weekend, I learned two new duties at work. One, I was strongly advised to learn the other I took upon myself to try my hand at. I have watched others cut a whole steak before but have never tried it myself. Last night, a customer who I know asked if we could cut two of the whole ribeye steaks for her. Since this was nearly 8PM and the cashier was about to leave, I told her that it might be Monday before it could be done. No problem, she was not in a hurry. This morning, I decided to be brave and slice it myself... at least I know the guinea pig who would be the recipient of the steaks well enough. Since it was boneless, all I had to do is take a knife and hack my way through it. And both of them were very lean so not much fat to trim. Hopefully, I did well enough. I called and left a message on the customer's machine.

The other adventure was printing next week's ad signs on the computer. No problem there except maybe the age of the computer... actually looks like a relic of the 80s. Once again, went really well until I looked over my handiwork and discovered that a sign that was supposed to read:

CAMPBELL'S

PORK 'N BEANS

3 FOR \$1.00

came out reading:

CAMPBELL'S

PORN N' BEANS

3 FOR \$1.00

Thank goodness, I noticed it before no one else did and hung the sign. I did make a new sign with the correct item and THOUGHT that I had thrown the faux pas in the garbage. Apparently not. When I got to work this morning, there was the offensive sign with a nice little note attached. It was good for a laugh anyway. But as I have always said, be careful how much you learn; you can get in all kinds of trouble ☐