

# Cyber Therapy

This week has been a bit rough. It actually started last Saturday when the manager asked me how I thought our newest employee was doing. Honestly, I thought he had been doing really well for having worked a total of 6 days even coming in on his day off for 90 minutes to learn how to change a ballast in the lights (something I know nothing about). I have worked the most with him – all but two of those 6 days. I found it really strange that he had not been learning the register since we are a small store and everyone is trained on it. Sometime soon, I was told (red flag number one should have gone up).

A week ago Monday, he asked if he could have a day off for family. The manager agreed to give him the requested day off since there was enough help scheduled. I do not know if she informed him that it was not a great idea to be asking for a day off so early in his employment especially when the schedule was already posted. The assistant manager approached me and asked if I knew why he needed the day off because he had asked another co-worker to take his hours so he “could go to the movie.” I knew for a fact that he was not going to the movie and really wanted the day off for a legitimate reason. Plus if it was really putting a strain on his employment, why give him the day off to begin with?

I was also informed that he was not doing his job appropriately. Mainly that he really did not like to straighten shelves. Well... zoning, facing, OH, I think we call it fronting is one of my absolute FAVORITE jobs . I jokingly told him to suck it up and do it anyway to which he playfully (AND I MEAN PLAYFULLY) told me to “Shut up.” I know how Nate can be (right [Mare](#)?) and I immediately gave him a look and shook my head... playfully or not it was not a good idea to tell a fellow employee to be quiet even if we know each other well enough to know that it was light-hearted. Correct me if

I'm wrong, but you (or at least I) don't go through three months of rehearsals of a show and not know something about most of the cast mates. The nights I worked with him, he did everything I asked and a few things I did not that needed done. I even asked if he had been trained on the register anymore than the basics I showed him the day he started when it was just the two of us in the store for a busier than expected 7 hours. WOW... something really major must have happened those two days I was not there.

On Monday, I received a phone call. "What the fudge just happened?" I was beside myself. I had defended him and stated my position to the boss and for what?! Why did she even ask my what I thought. Was I the only one who thought he deserved better than 6 days to acclimate himself? Anyway, he was walking to my brother's house and I told him to wait there and I would be out to talk to him and try to make sense of it. I told him what I knew and told him in no way did I understand why this happened. After spending time calming him down, we watched a movie. The rest of the week at work, I have noticed a heaviness that has not been there before and have been asked if there have been any "repercussions" following his dismissal. I just say no and let it go at that. I made my point a week ago... apparently not very well. Nate told me that he would see me next week as he went to spend a few days with family. Therapeutic.

---

## **6 HOUR SALE**

Tonight was our big six hour sale. I'm not even sure exactly what was on sale except for one thing: Ground Chuck was \$1.69/lb. At 2, I was trying to get milk stocked (OH, that was 2.29/gallon... reg. 3.19), the hamburger filled, then the

signs hung for promotion. At three, there were already customers gathered around the meat case as I filled the space. It did not take long before the dulcet tones of "Second checker please" came over the intercom. Around 4, two other associates came in and one left. Thank goodness manager Diane stayed until 7. I don't think I have ever spent so much time in the meat room grinding as I did tonight while making sure the chuck was kept full which was not easy. It seemed that every half-hour I was back grinding some more... even when I had some done ahead. Before I left at nine, I noticed that the strawberries (which were not even part of the sale) were really low. I think they are 1.69 for a 1 pound package. Wonder whatever happened to the days when they were so much a quart.

Before leaving, I mentioned to my young protege that he left two things in the store the other night. Something which I put in my car to give him the next time I saw him but others saw them first and made comment of . As if I would EVER take up that hobby. He mentioned that he has given up the smokes but would take them "just in case." I told him it was a good thing for several reasons least of which being the outrageous price. Think he was worn out in the 5 hours he was there. Just gave him a pat on the back and welcomed him to the wonderful world of grocery. For his first week, he has done a commendable job.

---

## **Rookie in Training**

This afternoon was the big day in which I had to train the new employee at the store. I must say that I was really impressed. By the time 9pm rolled around, he had learned A LOT. I began by taking him on a tour of the store... all the

departments, the walk-in coolers, the backroom of doom, and the milk crate/smoking cage (something my young protege was quite curious about since he is a smoker). Since it was graduation day, ALMOST everyone needed the day off. This was one of the reasons I was training today (I would have been by myself for 7 hours). I taught the basics: milk and egg filling including rotation, floor cleaning, phone etiquette, bagging and carrying out groceries. I was actually surprised how busy the store was not only with the last minute graduation card pick up.

At the beginning, I had him watch as I waited on customers. In the early evening, I noticed that the ground meat was REALLY low, so I told Nate to stand by the register and to call when a customer needed waited on. At first, he was apprehensive to say the least. I told him that he would be fine... I knew he could do it. After paging me three times to the front, he was ringing up transactions by himself. As long as they involved cash only, I was ok with it. Anything beyond that (check, credit, food stamps, or WIC) he was to call me right away. By the end of the night, he was taking check transactions. I was really impressed.

I asked him to demonstrate how HE would answer the telephone. Without any training, he picked up the phone and said "Kaiser's... may I help you?" WOW!

All in all, a totally rewarding day. Hopefully, he retains what he learned in such a short time. I'll find out Tuesday. Sometime, I will need to show him the basement of doom.

---

# How To Succeed In A Grocery Store Interview With (Or Without?) Really Trying

Last weekend, I discovered that a friend was in desperate need of a job so I said that I would be happy to pick up an application for him and preach him up to TPTB. I told him that he should come in Tuesday afternoon around 4. This would allow him to get out of school and tidy up a bit. Tuesday nights are good since the boss works (or is there, anyway).

So today shortly after I arrived, here comes a well-groomed just turned 18 year old dressed to the nines. I almost thought that I had seen a tie. I commented that he might be just a BIT overdressed although I did tell him to dress to impress. I should have warned him about the lobe jewelry.

After the interview, my FRIEND and the boss came up and told me that I was fired. Thank you Mrs. Trump ☐ Seriously though, I was informed that the interview went really well and that he would start on June 1st. So long? The boss was really impressed and told me that since he is now of age, Nate probably would be learning some of the adult duties (meat grinding which he seemed only too happy to be instructed in... as long as he does not get his hand in the grinder while it is running). I was also informed that he was very well spoken and a great guy. I could not agree more. One thing bothered me though. The boss somehow got the impression that I told Nate that she was **NICE**? I must have a word or two with my young friend before June 1st to avoid any further brainwashing. Welcome to the Jungle, Nate!

---

# Crashing Through E-Town

This morning when I arrived at work at 9, I was greeted by shards of glass all over the sidewalk in front of the building. There was an orange barrel in the corner where a street light STOOD just last night. I asked the boss what SHE had been doing last night... one too many, perhaps? When she got to work about 7.30, the mess was still being cleaned up. I was given a push broom too clean up the remaining evidence. Because of the large amount of glass on the walk, she thought the large bay window had been broken by the fallen lamp post.

I heard two differing time frames involved in the mishap. One was around 2AM and the other was 6.30AM which would explain the time it had taken to clean the mess up. The driver of a pick-up truck was travelling through town on his way home from the races. That made me question the 6.30 time... do races last THAT long? Reportedly, the driver fell asleep, veered into the wrong lane, struck the light pole which fell across the sidewalk. If the pole had moved just inches more to the east, the store window would have been no more. It did strike the pop machines in front of the store, but little damage was done to them. The driver must have awakened before the pole crossed the intersection where it could have crashed into the window on the side of the furniture store.

When the authorities came to the store, it was reported that the driver got out of his truck and ran up the street to the shop of a local race driver where he thought he might be able to get in and call for help. What a mess! At least there wasn't serious damage done and no one was injured, miraculously. Neighbors of the store reported that they thought a freight train had gone through.

---

# Krispy Kremes And Bean Surprise

The last week at the old grind has had a few surprises. Last Thursday with about 5 minutes to spare on my shift, two of my best friends and their two youngest happened into the store on their way to meet a prospective sitter for use when their normal sitter is not available. Apparently, there was confusion as to where the store is located since the old Super Value sign is still hanging but the Krispy Kreme sign hanging on the building struck a chord. At the time, I was putting some potato salad in the case which the customers turned down. After clocking out, they were at the register so I walked out with them.

Today, I was told that Saturday would be the last delivery day for Krispy Kreme at the store. Apparently, the location that delivers them is closing its doors... yet another victim of the rotten economy. The deliveryman who was the subject of a post a few months ago must not deliver to our store anymore... I haven't seen him since the incident.

I don't know how I got so luck today but I got the pleasure of stocking about every type of baked bean we carry: Bush's, store brand, regular, homestyle, with bourbon. The person working with me in the aisle cracked a few jokes before I got the chance... including Bart Simpson's famous axiom :

*Beans, Beans*

*The musical fruit*

*The more ya eat*

*The more ya toot.*

Ah, the wit and wisdom of the eternal ten year old eldest

child of Homer and Marge. It also made me recall the campfire scene in Blazing Saddles. I have always thought that it would be extremely dull to work in a place where you could not have some fun.

---

## **Giving The Customer What She Wanted**

Today while at work, a young girl and her mother came through my line. The mother asked her 6 year-old daughter if she still remembered Morat from the Idol show. The little girl's eyes lit up and she very enthusiastically nodded her head. I could not pass up a golden opportunity to entertain a young fan so our friend from Liswathistan returned for a few minutes. He even asked if there was a song she would like to hear. She told Morat she would like to hear the "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star." So Morat did his best and sang the song for the little people.

Morat just returned from Ton of Washing and see new owner America country. I also see Plumb Joe in other country for TV box or news web or something, I do not know what he do. But is Plumb Joe like the Bob from Idol show? They are both very strange people.

Ok... thank you, Morat. I just think it is wonderful that someone that young remembered a character from a show she saw when she was probably 4 years-old. Was he really that memorable?

---

## Sorry About Your Luck, Youngster

Tonight, moments after I had locked up for the night, a young man knocked on the door. It was 9:05 and everything was locked up, money in the safe, ready to go home after a long day. "I was wondering if I could get a pack of cigarettes." Either the person had a very babyish face or he was trying to pull a fast one. In the first place, we were closed and someone asking for cigarettes is the LAST thing I would EVER let anyone talk me into selling them 5 minutes after the store was closed.. We are a dry store... no alcohol, or that would also be nixed. After I politely told the rather young looking gentleman that I could not help him, the manager told me that she had waited on him before. She refused the sale just as I would have. In order to prove his age he asked if a birth certificate would be acceptable. Who is this guy trying to kid?

This reminds me of a tale I have heard related about cast members from a production of [Scapin](#) (the best show no one saw... myself included as I had yet to become involved in the community theatre as heavily as I am now) going to a convenience store trying to buy some alcohol. My 21 year-old + friend was still in heavy costume makeup giving him the appearance of an extremely old man.. If memory serves, the clerk was not going to allow the sale until identification was

given. I do not believe he had his license with him at the time. Hilarious. [poll id="8"]

---

## How Santa Spends The Day After


I'm not sure how the man in the red suit spends the day after his big flight covering all the good girls and boys in the world; however, I was almost certain that he was our truck driver delivering our stock this morning. At about 7AM, my mother calls up the stairs informing me that I was to go to work as soon as I was able. Moving ratherly slowly (I was up until 2 this morning), I made it by 7:30. And what to my wandering eyes should appear but a rather robust man with a long white beard and white hair. Instead of the red suit, the gentleman, Bob, had a flannel shirt and bibs and a light jacket. We decided to have a bit of fun and Bob was all too gracious. He even asked what I had had to drink this morning. I also recall a remark about a straitjacket. For moi?! Surely you can't be serious. It sure made the unloading of 200 odd cases seem to fly by. When we were finished, it was almost a shame to see him go.

Following the unloading, I asked our manager if she was surprised to see the man arrive 3 hours ahead of the usual time. She informed me that he scared the living daylights out of her. She saw the strange man who was not wearing the typical jacket with the name of the distribution company on it and almost thought he was going to rob the place. She had the traditional deer in the headlights (HAHA) expression before he announced "Nash Finch." Unfortunately, I do not feel the need to carry a camera with me to work or I would have snapped a

quick picture. I am happy to say that the 3 hours I went in early allowed me to leave at 3 instead of 6. The walk to and from work was quite interesting with the freezing rain making the roads and sidewalks a natural ice rink (AND I DO NOT ICE SKATE) but I made it both ways on my feet.

---

## Mr. Strap First Name Jacques

Ah... [The Simpsons](#) . Bart's periodic calls to Moe's Tavern never get old. In one of the episodes from this its [20th season](#), the never aging 10 year old finds [Denis Leary](#)'s cell phone and hilarity insues. Today while at work, I received a telephone call that is very similar to the prankster's antics. I answered the phone and the jokester asked: "Do you have Orville Reddenbacher in a jar?" Knowing who was on the other end, I decided to play along and went to look. After replying that we did not I said: "If we had him in a jar, he would be rather well preserved; freeze dried and all." The popcorn baron passed away in 1995. Oddly enough, I thought he had been popping corn in the great beyond longer than that. At least the customer did not ask if we had Prince Albert in the can. HAHA. Who amongst us has never indulged in performing this harmless little prank? HAHA