

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.