

Not On My Shift

Thursdays are the busy work days at the store. This is the day on which we get our weekly truck of grocery, frozen, meat, and dairy. Unlike my former place of employment at which they get multiple trucks every day. Anyway, last Thursday was an experience. While the truck driver was trying to move his power electrical jack, he encountered a problem: it would not work. THAT'S A PROBLEM!

As we were waiting, our manager came along and asked what the problem was. In my infinite wisdom, I said... "He died." To which she replied, "Well, that is not the first time I've lost someone on my shift."

Apparently while she was working at one of our sister stores, an older gentleman had been waiting in his car a little too long. The man's grandson entered the store and asked if they ever checked the parking lot. In the car, the old man had died. I'm not sure if he was waiting for his wife to shop or why he was sitting in the car. I'm not one to check the parking lot unless it is for loose carts at the end of the day or to help customers out with their purchases. I guess the poor guy had been in the car for like three hours before he was found. There was at least one other unfortunate demise at the store; however, it did not happen on Di's shift.

The closest thing I can recall happening in my years is a young lady who decided to rush her way through cleaning the meat grinder. Once again, this did not happen during my shift. But I can tell you that it occurred in December a few years back. I was on my way home from holiday shopping and saw the ambulance at the store. Still a topic of conversation once in a while. Or going down into the basement. NOW THAT WOULD MAKE A GREAT ADDITION TO A HAUNTED HOUSE!!! Just wear your boots.