

NOT FOR THE FAINT OF STOMACH

Over the many years I have been employed in retail, I have had several horror stories. Today, I had one involving a vendor and our restroom. The person who regularly brings in our daily supply of nation wide chain donuts had to use of facilities. Shortly after he returned, our assistant manager had to visit the lavatory. Minutes later, I was called to the front and was advised to go and look in the bathroom. I had my suspicions and said... that is ok, I can use my imagination. Shortly thereafter, I was informed that our delivery man must have had a weak bladder as there was a rather sizable puddle covering much of our rather small bathroom floor. To make matters worse, the sink was totally dry, no indication that he had washed after he missed the stool. The female cashier and I had a short debate concerning male and female bathroom practices. The result of the incident resulted in a phone call to the donut distributor. I wonder if this particular driver will be making any deliveries anytime soon or if he does, will he be able to look at the store in the same light. I feel sorry for the next stop on his route. One thing is for sure, I will definitely not be eating any of their donuts for quite a while. Kind of reminiscent of a creamed chicken sandwich incident at a wedding reception. This deliveryman must qualify for a real genius.

Family time... sort of

Today I took a trip back in time, sort of. For just a little while, I was back 20+ years ago having a donut with my little girl. She's no longer the 2 or 3 year old I would carry on my shoulders for 4 blocks to the donut shop, and she

definitely eats more than 1/2 a donut now. But just for an instant I saw that very young father, and his daughter in the reflection of the door entering the donut shop.

The shop changed in the past 20 years. There is no longer a bar with stools to sit and watch the frenzy behind the counter. The library and store that as across the street no longer exist in that location. The apartments still looked the same.

They say you can't go back, and of course that is true. I would never want to try to live in that little apartment again. I've grown to comfortable living in the country away from the noise, the lights and the people. I like the silence and the darkness. Most of the time this suits who I am.

I've changed over the past few years, but I haven't changed to the point where I can't enjoy a quick trip to the donut shop with one of my girls. I hope all my girls have some special memory of things they did with their parents. I know I have some for each of them...