

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.

The Wind Began To Switch...The House To Pitch

As a youngster, I always loved watching a good ol' fashioned thunderboomer. Lightning flashes, rolls of thunder, wind, pounding rain, power going out, nature in all her fury, a symphony for the senses. I still do enjoy watching them as long as I am not driving in them. The conditions all day seemed to forecast such a storm sometime. Temps in the 90s, warm wind, just the right conditions. At work, the Krispy Kreme deliveryman informed me that there were tornado watches out and calling for up to quarter inch hail. Shortly after, the sky began to darken. When I got off my shift, I walked home changed clothes into something a lot cooler than jeans and a polo shirt and went uptown for dinner. While eating, the tornado siren sounded announcing the spotting of a funnel cloud. We got up and went home; but almost as quickly the storm had passed. A larger town to the south of us was not so fortunate as they had downed power lines and power outages all

over. We had extended family members come "just in case" with kids from 2-13 (I think the 13 year old was more scared than any of them). If I had been their age, I probably would have made noises to instill further fear into them but I guess I am beyond that (but thinking about it entered my mind briefly). Sad to say that the storm here was not much to write home about, but fun to imagine... no need to head to the basement and break out the flashlights for some fun in the dark. DRAT!!!