

Fireworks On The Fifth

...and not a very good thing. Yesterday at work, I noticed that the energy drinks in the cooler were starting to freeze. I informed the manager of this and she said she would check it out. This morning, I go in at 8AM and what to my wandering eyes should appear but a cooler with red slushie all over the bottom and glass door. Most of the drinks had frozen and burst all over. I was surprised that the glass door was in one piece. What made me think of fireworks? While I was cleaning out the cooler, I heard this popping sound that sounded like a firecracker exploding. I turned around and there was another can split open. Unfortunately, this happened the morning following a wax job on the floor. Sorry for whoever did that, but it did not look too bad after I cleaned up the mess and ran a mop over it. I was told that the cooler is fairly new (about 6 months old). I asked if there was not a temperature control on the case. There is but the problem happened before and the temperature gauge was adjusted to no avail. Can we say warranty issue? The maintenance guy who "fixed" the problem previously suggested turning off the case, letting it defrost, plug it back in, and keep an eye on it. Who wants to drink defrosted soda or energy drink? I enjoy a good slush as much as the next person but not so much cleaning slushie out of a cooler after it explodes? ☐

A Rude Awakening

This morning while I was in bed peacefully sleeping in the quiet confines of my nearly abandoned home (the parents are nearly finished with their 2 week trip to California), I was alarmingly awakened by the shrill tone of the telephone

ringing. I looked at the alarm and saw 6:30 AM. They will leave a message. Five minutes later, the phone rings again... UGH. Ten minutes pass; I get up to answer the phone, but they already had hung up. Check the Caller ID: Kaiser's Supermarket. Was my alarm set right... I did not think I had to be in until 10. So I call back (since all three times it was the same caller). Can you come in at 8 instead of 10? Our bookkeeper had a daughter who was going into labor so they were a bit short handed. I suppose, I said rather groggily. At least my first two hours there were rather uneventful... only the two hour delay of our truck that put a damper on the whole day. Not only were we minus one person, our stock was two hour behind schedule (which seems to happen occasionally... especially when you have new driver who has never heard of our small metropolis and even have gotten it mixed up with a town with the same name one state to the west... which is not a far piece away... think I have been there once). So... other than that, the first part of my day was fine (I did get in two hours more than I had anticipated, good thing would have been better if I had not gone to bed so late last night).

The Day The Lights Went Out In Wally World

While at work today, one of the customers I frequently assist ask me if I had heard what happened at the Wally World where I used to work. Apparently, the electricity went out yet again. Speculation was that someone had hit a light pole with their car. Anyone else care to elaborate? I just found the whole thing rather humorous because I had been there and done that as an associate at least twice. Once a few years back when we were still a regular store and again in the wee hours

of the morning last summer at the new supercenter. Each of those times were quite boring. Standing in the back in the Electronics department in the dark with only a flashlight can be quite tedious. I do remember amusing myself by trying to scare other associates by sneaking up on them, tapping them on the shoulder, then shining the light at them.

The first instance was memorable because I was severely reprimanded for having wheelchair races with other associates while waiting in the dark. Which harkens back to a cashier meeting I once attended in a pair of sweatpants and sweatshirt. Apparently, this was not suitable attire for a Customer Service Manager at 7 AM on a Saturday morning when you are not otherwise scheduled. Aside from that, the person who addressed the issue to me was a member of management who had nothing to do with the situation. I seriously considered wearing my tuxedo with top hat and tails to the next meeting.

Be An Actor My Son, But Be A Comical One

Today was a rather dull day at work. The rain did not help although Wednesday's are notoriously slow days. I found myself staring out the window of the store at the lamppost across the street at the post office and remembering Gene Kelly dancing and splashing with his umbrella while [*Singin' in the Rain*](#). An excellent movie musical even if you can't dance.

Later this afternoon, things picked up. I happened to be glancing at the front page of our area newspaper and I saw the face a certain young lady who I know quite well in full color right on the front page. I must admit to being slightly

jealous.

About 2:30, the mother of one of my high school classmates came in just to deliver something she had for me. She went out to her car and brought back a picture of me dressed as the Herald from *Cinderella* along with her four granddaughters.

I made it a point to mention [*Little Women*](#) coming at the end of June. She was not sure if the girls were old enough to appreciate this show but she would ask. I am sure that the oldest of the four would definitely be.

So, a little sunshine was spread on a rather dismal, rainy day.

Little Morat At The Office In Smallville

Finally after the casting issues have hopefully been taken care of, the rehearsal process for *Little Women* can finally get started. Apparently, one cast member (that I am aware of) decided that she would rather not be in the cast. Better to get that taken care of sooner than later. Hopefully, there will be no further predicaments to present themselves. Read through will be Thursday night from 7.30-10PM. Thank heaven for DVR so I can watch new episodes of *Smallville* and *The Office* at a later time. By the way, the second season episode "Booze Cruise" was absolutely tremendous. I just appreciate how much character development can be placed in one-half hour show involving most if not all of the ensemble.

Back to theatre (sorry to go off on a tangent). Today at work I had no less than 10 customers ask me when my next show is. **My next show?!** I told them all to keep June 20-29 open. Then

I get the customary person who has seen me before but just can't place me. Well, I worked at a major retail chain for like 6 years. No... that's not it. Well, I have been doing a bit of theatre... **That's IT!!!!** Then, it is time for the character from Liswathistan to return. BTW, my boss keeps telling me to say that my former place of employment stinks instead of going into my 2 minute speech about why I am not there anymore. Always nice to have fans.

Three Is A Magic Number?

Today, I have had three very strange occurrences involving the same numbers. I was called downstairs at 8 o'clock to be asked if I had to be at work ("No, not until 12"). At 9, I received a phone call informing that our manager goofed and really meant for me to be there at 8 (a good thing I was ready to go). At 9:19 precisely, I clocked in. A few minutes later, I waited on a customer whose purchases totaled \$9.19. The very next customer had a completely different set of items and her total came to \$9.19. Now if something strange happens at 9:19 this evening, I will know that I have stepped into "[The Twilight Zone](#)."

Return To Shaffer Value

All riiighty then. Tonight, I started a new old job. It seems I was in the right place at the right time last week when I went into my local grocery store to fax my resume to a few possible job locations. It seems that the store was in need of

some part time help as most of the school age kids were going to be involved in sports this spring. So, I said until something more lucrative came up, why not.

Old job you ask. Yes, because the grocery earned the nickname "Shaffer Value" after my two older brothers, my mother, my younger sister, and myself worked there at some point. I will not say how long I worked there initially (at least 4 years). The funny thing was, the minute I walked in today, they had already received a phone call for a reference for me. Unfortunately, none of the employees I worked with previously were there to take the call. They gave me a glowing review from personality alone since the person calling did not understand that it has been many years since I graced the store with my services.

Some things had changed while many others seemed to have remained basically the same. The minute I walked into the stockroom, I was totally shocked. Gone were the piles and piles of overstock which had previously been there to be worked and reworked until they could not be worked anymore. There were two small stacks which contained items for all four aisles (yes, a four-aisle grocery). I could have only imagined having such a nice backroom in my day.

The cash register was also much more advanced (from my previous days, anyway). Before, the store only accepted cash, checks, or paper food stamps. Now we take credit (debit, too), food stamps are now done electronically, and WIC is accepted, as well. Plus, they have scanners which we did not have. The store has finally gotten out of the stone age.

One thing did draw me into reality. The stock boy working there who is a senior in high school is someone whom I remember being brought in by his mother when he was a baby. Of course, the lady running the register when I arrived today used to change my diapers so I guess it is all relative. So... until something better comes along... Few may remember the days

when it was known as Shaffer Value, but it will do. I know there are people who remember the space being the local movie theatre.