

## Miscellaneous

The stuff that didn't go anywhere else, but is still equally important to our sanity and your physical well-being.

- **Falling Merchandise:** If you pick something up off the shelf, examine it, decide you don't want it, and attempt to place it back on the shelf, but it falls to the floor...pick it up, please. It's not only rude to leave it, it's also dangerous; someone could trip over it and injure them self. And we know you did it, so don't look around and walk away like you didn't notice.
- **Vending Machines:** A lot of people don't realize that a vending machine is not always the stores' property.

We had a soda machine outside of our store that we didn't have anything to do with. A vendor would come out once a month and re-stock it, and collect the money inside. We never had to do anything with it.

But, of course, when the machine “stole” peoples’ money, we were the ones to hear about it. People would come inside and complain about it and demand their money back, but what they didn’t realize was that by us giving them their money, we actually made our tills short.

We could have gotten in trouble for giving them the money out of our register because the managers didn’t know the situation and could have interpreted our tills being short as us stealing.

I finally got tired of the soda machine breaking down and people telling us to give them their money back that I put a sign on the machine that read:

“Out of order...again. Don’t risk your money! Come inside and buy a bottle instead.”

Most people thought the sign was funny and thanked us for the warning.

## **We Ain't that Other Store**

If you love them so much, go there.

We've had people come up to the register and complain about the price of something or the policies we have with certain items. They always have this snotty attitude and let us know how "ridiculous" something is and then add a clever "that's not how Wal-Mart does it." Or "Target doesn't do it that way."

Well, hunny, we ain't Wal-Mart or Target. We do things differently, here. If you don't like it, trek your happy, snotty arse up that way and buy from them.



## **Shopping Carts**

Oh hey, what's this wheelie device?

Just about every self-respecting retail store has shopping carts for your convenience. These are often located indoors and outdoors. In our store, we had a corral that would hold up to 5 carts inside and an outside corral that we stored the rest in. When the one inside would get too empty or too full, we'd transport from inside to outside and vice versa.

Please **do**:

- **Get a shopping cart** and use it to haul around your crap instead of piling stuff on the checkout counter before you're ready to check out. I've already covered this on or near page 50, so please refer to that section.

Please **do not**:

- **Empty your shopping cart at the register** and then just leave it there. Not only is it a sign

of your laziness, it's just rude to the customer behind you who has to push your cart away or walk around it. Especially don't do this when we're busy and have a long line. Get the cart out of the way of other people. I'm not even asking you to put it back where it goes (back in the corral)—though that would be greatly appreciated. Just move it out of the way so it's not an inconvenience to other people.

- **Leave the cart in the middle of the parking** lot to get aroused by the wind (especially in the plain states—we have a lot of wind) and play tag with other people's cars. If you don't want to take it all the way back to the corral, at least secure the cart by hoisting the front wheels up on a curb or something.
- **Abandon your *empty* cart in the store.** It's annoying to be walking through the store and find an empty cart in the middle of an aisle; other customers have to move it or go around it. Just take it back to the corral at the front of

the store—you gotta go that direction to leave anyway.

- **Abandon your *full* cart.** This really ticks us off. For one thing, when we see a cart full of stuff by itself, we're not sure if the shopper is just on another aisle and will be returning, or if the shopper just left it behind and ran out on it altogether. In this case, we have to just move the cart to the side and wait and see if someone's going to claim it. My rule is to wait about thirty minutes. If no one claims it by then, I take action. Let me tell you, it's not fun to have to empty a full cart and put all the stuff back where it goes. It's time-consuming, annoying, and just plain rude. You are a **big suck** if you've ever done this. Put the items back yourself and then put the cart back where it goes if you have to leave. However, if it's an emergency, we understand. But if it's laziness, we hope you get pummeled by June Bugs.
  
- **Leave your cart in one aisle** while you shop in another. This is also an inconvenience, and

a *huge* annoyance because you're not there to move it if another customer wants to go down that aisle but can't get *their* cart around yours. If you insist on being the kind of person who leaves their cart on one aisle while they shop on another aisle, at least leave the cart in a *main* aisle (the larger ones), off to the side, with plenty of room for other people to go around it.

- **Call them baskets.** Baskets are the handheld containers that are placed all over the store for those buying a small number of items. It's confusing when someone tells me "I need a basket" and I think they want the carrying kind when they're really talking about a cart. It's a shopping cart. *Call it* a shopping cart.

Also, don't get mad when there aren't any carts inside the store. There's usually a good reason for this. Rarely is it because we workers are deliberately neglecting the corral just make your day go rotten.

Either we just haven't noticed, or we're too busy and haven't had a chance to do any cart round-

ups. There are always carts outside and yes, I agree that it's not fair for you to have to walk your pampered, spoiled butt outside to get your own cart, but it *won't* kill you and is sometimes necessary.

We aren't superheroes. We cannot ring up customers *and* retrieve carts at the same time, and we believe our customers would be more annoyed with us if we make them wait three minutes while we round up carts instead of ringing their stuff up right away. Such is the world. It's cruel at times, but if we unite, we should be able to pull through.

## **Garbage**

Or is it garbahj?

Let me tell you where garbage belongs: in a garbage can.

Let me tell you where garbage does **not** belong:

- In our shopping carts.
- On our shelves.
- On our floor.

- In our parking lot.

Basically, garbage does not go anywhere other than a trash receptacle.

More than once, I have found a small pile of sunflower seed shells just sitting on a shelf. Just sittin' there, waiting to gross out the lucky SOB who found it. *Shells*. Meaning they had been gutted. And how do you do that? By sucking on them and biting them open and *spitting* the shells back out. Spitting. S-p-i-t, ladies and gentlemen. That is disgusting, rude, and unsanitary. You might as well tell me to hold open my hand so you can hawk a big ol' loogie right there into it. You don't want to wipe my ass; I don't want to touch your spitty sunflower seed shells.

On other occasions I've found cups from fast-food places sitting on our shelves. The worst I've ever found is a cup full of chew spit. I don't know how or why people get so disgusting, but I wish they would stop.

I've found used tissues lying around. What makes people think someone wants to have to touch their dirty, used tissue?

The best (and by that, I mean insulting) is when I find an empty wrapper from a candy bar that they've stolen from us. Thanks for rubbing your thieving evidence in our faces, ya butt-crack!

Throw your trash away. If you can't get to a trash can right at that moment, wait it out until you can! Or ask us where a trashcan is. Most of the time, we have one under our register or close by. Most stores have trashcans outside, right next to our door. It's easy to find a trash receptacle, *stop being lazy*.

## **Human Waste**

Omg, is that a pee puddle?

I'm suddenly reminded of something else along the lines of waste. . . .

There was one time when a co-worker of mine went into the back room where we keep our merchandise that is waiting to be stocked. A lot of the time there's food back there.

My co-worker found a puddle. Not just any puddle; a yellow puddle. And it's not just a little puddle

where an animal might have gotten back there and urinated, this was a *human* puddle of piss.



*Why?*

What would possess a person to go into the back room of a business and take a piss on the floor? I say it was someone with a grudge. Or maybe some confusion. See, at my store, the bathrooms *used* to be in our back rooms. But the newer stores—like the one I worked at—had the bathrooms at the front of the store. Maybe someone went back there because they were used to the older store layouts. But even if that were the case, once they saw that the bathroom wasn't back there, why wouldn't they just go ask where it was?

The next day, my boss checked the security camera and confirmed that a man had gone into our backroom and took a leak on our floor.

Please don't do this. It's gross, and no one wants to have to clean up another person's piss.

If you have a child that uses the bathroom while at the store, even if you don't accompany them in the bathroom, please peek inside the bathroom once they're finished to make sure they didn't leave a mess.

I had to clean up a pee puddle that was *right* next to the toilet, as if someone's kid just didn't make it in time and ended up peeing while trying to sit on the toilet.

## **Closing Time**

You don't have to go home, but you **can't** stay here.

Every store has—or is supposed to have—a sign near the door stating its operating hours. These are the hours in which you are allowed to shop.

Businesses close at a certain time for a reason. It's not to make your life miserable or to inconvenience you, believe it or not.

### **Let me tell you what closing time is:**

- Closing time **is** closing time.

### **Here's what closing time is not:**

- **Closing time is not** a time where we lock the doors just for you, the one lucky shopper left, to browse all alone without anyone bothering you.
- **Closing time is not** the time that you have to be at the store in order to “make it” and be able to take your time shopping because you

believe you are in a “safe zone.” Just ‘cause you made it in, *don’t* mean we won’t kick ya out.

This is the most common complaint from employees. It drives us nuts when people think they can shop past operating hours.

You are not privileged. You do not get to inconvenience everyone working there just because you don’t know how to read store hours.

I’ve heard two outstanding, ridiculous arguments by customers who just barely made it in the door before closing time and then thought they were going to be allowed to browse while we just twiddled our thumbs and waited:

**(1) “You want my business, don’t you?”**

Um, no. Actually, we don’t give a crap about your “business” because we get paid the same regardless. And the measly amount that we do get paid is certainly not worth spending another hour here.

**(2) “You’re paid to be here and I’m a paying customer, so if I want to shop past nine, I can damn well do what I please.”**

That above is what we like to call an Entitlement Bitch. She (or he) is someone who believes they can have whatever they want, and do whatever they want because “the world owes them something.”

If there was a Reality Slap Hand, I’d gladly use it on people like this. See the former response to the first argument; it applies here as well.

If you feel the same way as these two people do, remember something:

Every store has a budget in which it pays its employees. At my store, the company didn’t want us staying past 9:30 because they don’t *want* to have to pay us more, so no, you *can’t* shop as long as you want.

We have the right to refuse service, and if you’re taking too long, even knowing that we’re closing, I *will* turn the lights off on you. If you still refuse to leave, I will call the police and kindly have you escorted out; it’s happened before, it’ll happen again.

This is the most common complaint from employees. It drives us nuts when people think they can shop past operating hours because they're privileged and "the customer is always right."



