

TRUE STORY

**M**

**odd**

**JOB**

**ODD**

by **Ginger Rue**

EMPAK. Bkdy NOX 4

The folks decreed that I should get a job. Like I have time for that! Mom says I'll learn a lot working for a paycheck. Who knows? It could be kinda cool. We'll see...

Coffee Shop Interview 2:00 Sat. Elen

Alex



Ben J.K. Happy Birthday!

I got promoted!... I think. My manager moved me to "accessories." The other girls in the department get to do scarves, belts, and purses, which leaves me on full-time Hanes patrol. Yep, pantyhose, baby!

You would not believe how picky women are about hose. It's not just a color and size thing—it's reinforced toe, control top, sandalfoot, heavy support, light support, not-really-heavy-but-not-light-support, silky, sheer-to-waist, and on and on. And get this: We have women come in all



the time wanting refunds because their hose got runs! The manager makes us give them their money back. Can you believe?!

Okay, bag the retail rat race. I'm quitting as soon as I line up something else. What is with these people? Do people just wake up and go, "Hmmm... what to do today? Maybe I'll go verbally abuse that girl at the mall! I'll send her to the stockroom 19 times for Smoky Mist control tops and then go bananas when she tells me they're sold out!"

I'm employed! Cha-ching! Get this—I'm selling lingerie at a department store. All I have to do is fold underwear and work the register. I get paid next week.



**WANTED**  
**TOUR GUIDE/MASCOT**  
For tours at local bakery. Must work well with children.  
Call: 555-5555

Hey, I'm all over that! The guy I talked to said they pay a dollar over minimum wage. All I have to do is show groups of school kids how the bakery makes bread. At the end of the tour, I give out freebies. Very do-able. Wonder why the ad said "mascot"?

\$100.00

Now I know why the ad said "mascot." I wear a dress, fix my hair and makeup, and walk around a sweltering plant full of heavy machinery. Then, at the end of the tour, I disappear and have about five seconds to come back out IN A BEAR COSTUME. I'm Bimby the Bear, the jolly face on the packages of individually wrapped treats! Yeah, it sounds cute... unless you're Bimby. I don't know if this suit is ever dry-cleaned, but it smells kind of like a cigar-smoker wore it on a fishing trip in 1975. The kids don't seem to notice, though... they think Bimby totally rocks. They send me little thank-you notes on tablet paper and they draw crayon pictures of Bimby and me.

FREAK ALERT! A Jerry Springer reject came in today and asked if he could try on a Wonderbra! Security says he comes in every few months and that he's "harmless." Yeah. Anyway... I got paid. What a rip job! Some guy named FICA got all my cash, and Mom's making me open a savings account. Blah!



**BABYCAKES**



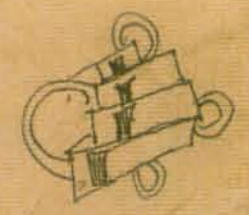
Evil FICA dude

There's a party! June 28th

Dear Miss Ginger and Bimby,  
Our tour was fun. I like the big mixer. Thank you for the cupcake. Love, Cathy

Pick up Jack at Cori's house after 7 bell!!!

Continue



I'm history. They wanted me to wear a hairnet at the bakery. I can understand people not wanting a hair sandwich and all, but I just can't wear something that makes me look like Martha the scary Lunchroom Lady.



My boss from the department store called and offered me an "easy fifty bucks." She said all I had to do was dress up and stand in the entrance and spray people with perfume. Easy, right? Wrong. Most people looked at me like I'd just clubbed a baby seal. A guy from my history class saw me and was all, "What are you doing?!" I'm supposed to go in Friday and pick up my check, but I'm too humiliated to show my face in the store again.

Trevor 672-8101

Jim 247-1102

Uncle Lloyd is opening his own janitorial business! I'm going to visit over spring break. Uncle Lloyd is going to pay my cousin, Lori, and me to work while we're off from school. I will swab toilets, I will scrub grout. Just don't make me spray perfume on anyone! When all the employees have gone home for the day, we'll go to the offices Uncle Lloyd has lined up and work our magic. A dust-dust here, a sweep-sweep there. . . .



Yeah, well, aside from the fact that GLOVES WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE (I mean, I know it's a new business, but how broke could my uncle BE?), it wasn't too bad . . . UNTIL THE COPS CAME!



It seems that Uncle Lloyd punched in the wrong security code at the credit union we were cleaning, and they thought we were bank robbers. Until they finally decided that criminals don't usually break in and tidy up the place.

Call Mrs. Broyles and PM about Betty G.

It only gets worse. All of our "clients" are businesses located next to or across from all the coolest hangouts. Lori can throw herself behind a desk quicker than you can say "Lysol" whenever a cute guy walks by. I have to admit I enjoy the gymnastics.



Whatever!



Everyone else came back from spring break with a tan. I, however, get to show off my attractive "mop callus." As you might imagine, I'm the envy of all the girls. I've got another job lined up, though: a "server." (And don't call me a waitress, we servers are very

sensitive about that.) I'll make two dollars less than minimum wage per hour, but if you're good, the tips are supposed to be quite the jackpot wad. I am so there!

read on



"Good evening, my name is Ginger, and I'll be your server. In what manner would you prefer to torment me before your appetizer arrives?"  
**THIS IS THE WORST JOB EVER!**

I actually envy the janitor at the restaurant. He gets the bathrooms all to himself without anyone demanding more yeast rolls! And "Kids Eat Free" nights are the worst. I actually had one table where the parents thought it was cute when Junior threw his meatballs at me.



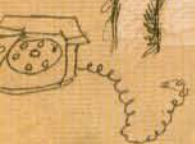
... Slave! over here! do my bidding!



... Isn't he adorable!

Today I just HAD it. All my customers were cranky and left lousy tips, and at the end of the night, after tipping out (giving my hard-earned money to the silverware rollers and hostesses) I had a total of ten dollars in my change pouch. And did I mention I had brought twenty dollars of my own money for making change? I actually paid THEM for letting me work! Then the manager made me give him five dollars because I lost one of the "Save five Dollars" coupons when I was bussing a table. I turned in my apron and burst into tears before I got to my car. I've got to start paying more attention in math class.

25-10 = \$20  
 here's your change!



The manager called to ask me to come back to work at the restaurant today, but I said no thanks. I've decided to concentrate on my schoolwork for a few weeks and then look for a new job. I'm keeping an eye on the want ads. Surely there's something out there for someone with my unique skills. . . .

**Wanted-**  
 Immediate opening for someone to work closely with the public. MUST be willing to endure verbal abuse, various forms of humiliation. EXPERIENCE with Weirdos preferred. Background in strange & smelly costumes a plus.  
 Call: 555-5555



The End