

Lying to the Boss

by Gita M. Smith

One time, I arrived late to my waitress job at The Magic Pan crepe restaurant on account of having had sex in the morning.

As I am sure you know, after sex, you don't just pull on your pantyhose and dash.

You have to bathe — douche even — and remove all bodily fluids thoroughly. At The Magic Pan — well, any restaurant, really -- your attractiveness may determine your tips.

So as I say, I was 20 minutes late for my shift, and I still had to go to the lockers and change into the Alpine dirndl costume with frilly apron that all female employees were made to wear.

I had just finished zipping up when the dreaded Brenda, whom I called Puffball because of her huge head, came steaming into the room.

'YOUR'E LATE! WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?'

'Sorry,' I mumbled.

'THIS IS NOT ACCEPTABLE!'

'I know. Really, I'm sorry.'

Now this was the point at which most, if not all, other people would have proffered an explanation. *My car broke down. The bus broke down. There was a wreck on I-285. A tractor trailer jackknifed. My father, who left when I was three, suddenly turned up at our house this morning. I found a lump. My sister found a lump. My next door neighbor was murdered -- didn't you see the 5 Alive News?*

But what did I do? Stood there in my dirndl with one leg in the required red tights and the other dangling. Besides, I was still having festive sex flashbacks and wasn't thinking sharply.

'WELL?'

'Ma'am?'

'WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?'

The abacus in my brain finally revved up. It measured and weighed the risk of just telling the truth against Puffball's anger. I heard the click of pieces moving along bars.

Tell....don't tell...okay, tell!! ...no, wait don't tell....it's...best...to...LIE!

I looked Brenda in the face, sort of between her eyes but not directly IN her eyes, and said, real softly, "*My birth mother found me, and we stayed up all night crying in each other's arms.*"

