

Rite-Aid

by S.H. Gall

I was really excited to be offered the cashier position at our local Rite-Aid. It was the most prestigious cashier position in the entire state! The store was open 24/7. Demanding hours and potentially grueling shifts translated into an unusually high pay scale. I planned to hold onto this position for many years.

Chubby, goateed Gerald, the recently appointed shift supervisor, greeted me the first day. He and his girlfriend, veteran cashier Lesley, showed me the layout of the store, which wasn't necessary because I'd been a customer here for many years, but it was a nice gesture. Very professional. After we reviewed some basic store policies for a few minutes, Gerald announced that it was break time.

I followed Gerald and Lindsey to the parking lot, where I was asked to ride shotgun in Gerald's Eldorado convertible. It was a beautiful day, and I was excited to learn that regular 45 minute breaks were a standby policy. "When the weather's nice, we usually go for a drive," said Gerald. Works for me! That's what I said.

We made small talk as Gerald drove aimlessly through the streets of the city. Abruptly, Gerald reached over, grabbed my junk through the skimpy gym shorts I was wearing, and started jacking me off! But he squeezed so hard that it started to chafe after the third or fourth vise-like stroke, and I pushed his hand away. He used it to unzip his fly. I leaned over and rubbed him through his black briefs. "So, you're bi," I said. "Yep." I turned to Lindsey in the back seat. She beamed at me.

Gerald guided his car into a parking garage beneath an apartment complex, where I assumed he would find a space in a secluded corner where we could make out. Instead, he found a spot

right by the entrance, and then led us to a card table by the guard station where we sat down and lit cigarettes from a pack he produced. For a few minutes we made conversation, me asking questions about the job, Gerald and Lindsey taking turns answering. Then the guard approached.

"I've been getting complaints from the residents," he said. "They say they can smell cigarette smoke coming in through the vents." He pointed above us, to some kind of intake duct. Gerald made a smart remark about half-assed building circulation systems, and then we stubbed out our cigarettes, got in the car, and left.

From the back seat, Lindsey claimed that due to the number of hours she was working, at a rate of \$12/hr., she'd made \$200,000 last month. "What is that, like, 150 hours a week?" I wondered aloud, simultaneously realizing that her claim was impossible. She ignored my query and went on to assure me that despite her recent windfall, she was still affected by the poor economy. "She means \$2,000," Gerald whispered.

Back at Rite-Aid, the rest of the staff were stringing up lights for the "Christmas in July" sale. I followed Gerald into the manager's office, where he had me sign a stack of forms. For the first time all day we were both silent. When I left the office, Lindsey threw a jumbo beach ball at me, and when I walked out the front doors, my first day at work complete, I realized I'd forgotten how to get home.

