

"You handled that well," Jose complimented me. "As the security officer, it's my job to watch everybody, even you, but I'll spot a suspicious-acting customer and I'll watch them discreetly." He paused a moment, gauging my understanding, adding, "It's not just my job to watch suspicious customers, it's every employee's job. There might be a time when you spot someone acting suspicious and I might not be available, so let me show you what you can do that the clerks on the floor can't always do because they have to stay on the floor."

Off the two of us went on a tour of the bowels of the store, where Jose showed me all the cubby holes one could sit or stand and watch parts of the store floor. Not all of them were behind vents, either, and some were in the most compact and squeezed areas imaginable. At the end of the tour, Jose reminded me that if I saw him in such a position to act like nothing is going on. "Above all else," he commanded, "don't ask who I'm watching. It could be anybody, a customer, another store employee, it could be you. I won't tell you unless I need your help and then I'll ask for it. Otherwise, you don't need to know."

"Got it," I responded cheerfully, sensing that I would rather have this short and stocky Mexican-American with the faint Spanish accent on my side instead of the alternative.

Can you believe it? K-Mart had a womens' apparel department, a womens' shoes department, a womens' accessories department, all staffed by, oddly enough, women, many of whom were younger than me, and cute, and flirtatious, too. Well, that was all I needed at the time. You're a woman my age or younger, you're cute *and* you're going to flirt with me, too? Okay, I'll not only flirt back, but I'll call your bluff, too, until you either go out with me or finally blow me off, in effect, telling me that your flirtations were just that, just a bluff.

That's what I did with Annette, a tall, dishwater blond, thin with average sized breasts and a nice, well-rounded ass, working in womens' apparel. I watched her look me up and down and when we had the chance to speak to each other, more or less alone, she started flirting and I flirted back. Less than two weeks after I started working at the store, I invited her over to the abnormal house after work and she agreed.

She pulled up in her old Chevy and parked on the street just as I had told her and knocked on the door and I let her in. We went straight to my bedroom and I asked her if she wanted a beer, even though she was under age, and she said she would love a beer. Off to the kitchen I went, closing the door behind me, and returned quickly with two cans of beer. I plopped an album on the turntable after turning the stereo on and we listened to tunes, drank the beer, and started making out almost immediately. - *pages 96-97*

...What they absolutely frowned on was overtime and all the cast in the stock room reminded me. My shift starts at eight in the morning, I take an hour for lunch, and my shift is over at five in the afternoon...Know what time it is and clock out at the right time. They were religious about paying based on the time card and they paid in increments of a tenth of an hour or every six minutes, so that was your boundary. Never more than six minutes before or after. As Stan put it, "I'm the ideal employee. I've turned in time cards over many weeks stamped every day at eight AM, noon, one in the afternoon and five at night. Every day!" That's what K-Mart wanted, consistent time cards with no overtime. - *page 100*