

Monday, May 29, 2006

The Sigh

Today's adventure begins at 5:00 in the morning. It is a tale of realizing you've become "one of those people". You know, the kind that you always look down upon. But on to the tale. After relocating to Ottawa, draining my savings and lounging around for the better part of a couple months, it was time to get myself a job. You know, a way to sustain myself. Not that I need much more than rent money and food, but we're getting sidetracked already. So long story short, I got myself a job, and start work at 7:00am. After a couple weeks of work I ran out of my ultra-cheap reserve smokes and had to go to the store to buy some more. Now, not being the type of person who gets things done in advance so they don't have to rush, I did not buy my cigarettes the night before I'd run out. No, I waited until I had to leave for work, left 15 minutes early and stopped at the gas station. So by this point, it's approximately 5:15-5:30am, and I stumble my still half-sleeping ass into this gas station. Now whoever is working was probably working the night shift, and just ending their shift in the next hour or so. So this person is infinitely more alert than I am. Don't get me wrong, I've worked night shifts at gas stations in the past. I know that this person was probably quite tired by this time of the morning, but you're still much more perceptive than when you have that "just rolled out of bed" - groggy feeling. In this guy's eyes, he probably just saw some early 20's kid, wearing an untucked dress shirt, black pants, black shoes and a boondock-esque black pea coat with spiked hair shuffle up to the counter as if he was sleepwalking. So this kid approaches with half-open eyes, and giving off the general feeling that he does not want to even be moving at this time of the day. Since I'm that kid, I look this cashier in the eyes and simply mutter, "DuMaurier Light King", and then proceed to let my head fall slightly, as if it's a really troublesome task to hold my head up. There is no pause, no break in this man's actions or concentration. Without a hint of delay he says, "Sorry, we're all out of DuMaurier Light King". And this is where it happens. I raise my head slightly so that I'm looking him in the eyes again (eye contact is an important thing to maintain in any conversation. It shows that you're actually paying attention. Even if you are basically still asleep). Shook my head slightly, lowered my eyes and just sighed. That's it. It wasn't a soft, under your breath sigh either. It was an all-out, "this is ridiculous"-type sigh. Looking back at things from this cashier's point of view again, he's got this kid looking at him and shaking his head in complete disapproval because he did not personally take the initiative to psychically know that I would be coming in at this particular time of morning, wanting this exact brand of cigarettes, contact the shipping company that delivers their goods and request that a rush be put on the order of DuMaurier Light King. (/end Run on Sentence) After later reviewing the occurrence in my head, the above point is when I realized I was "one of those people". The kind where you look at them and say to yourself, "Holy fuck, that guy is a bag of douche." I never wanted to be one of these people, and in general I don't think I am. But I guess I'm realizing that everyone has times like this. Their own 5:30am style incident. So generally I'm not a bad person, because I'm not yet the "type" that is a douche bag 24/7. Right? So back in the gas station, I'm still looking at this cashier and say, "Well what do you have?" This was a very stupid question. As nearly everyone knows, cigarettes are usually displayed right behind them where everyone can see. And there's probably what seems like over a hundred different brands and types. But being the professional gas station attendant that he was, he immediately goes into some other cigarettes that might be suitable to my taste. DuMaurier Regular King, DuMaurier Light Regular, and on. But no, in asshole mode, I'm still pissed that they did not have my particular cigarette. However, at this point he notes that they do have small packs of the cigarettes I wanted. No smile, no change in facial expression, I ask how many he has. 3 packs. There's 3 of them. In no way do I need 3 packs of cigarettes. I need one, to get me through the day and night. But instead, I ask for and purchase all 3. The reasoning in my head at the time? - "Fuck This, I'm pissed enough that I couldn't get regular packs, I'm going to prevent anyone else who might want this same type of cigarettes from getting their way as well and buy them all." So there it is. "The Sigh". Example #1 as to Why I'm an Asshole. I'm sure there will be many more examples in the future as well. I've got more stories than I care to remember really. Next Blog: What Not to Eat on Pizza

Posted by Blog Admin at 10:19