
K-Mart

Posted by lenny - 2008/04/02 21:55

Please visit my web site to view all my "Lenny's News Letters" and Slide shows
<http://www.lennyo.blogspot.com/>

It all started about 2 weeks ago, when I was denied entry to my local K-mart due to the simple fact that I didn't meet the minimum weight requirement. I'm not saying that there's an armed guard posted out front or anything, but they restrict entry by a clever device know as the "turnstile. What you're probably unaware of, is that the new generation turnstiles have a built in micro computer that can actually read your mind and before the signal from your brain, that says "Oh, Shit this is K-mart," can reach your legs and you turn to run, the turnstile activates the one way check value and a powerful air operated arm pushes you into the store.

But this is not what happened to me however. The turnstile was in the locked position and refused to let me pass. After three or four attempts I stepped back to let an enormous lady behind me take a shot at it. To my amassment she was allow to pass with no restriction. I tried again and again and each time the results were the same. Totally confused, I sat down on a wooden park bench next to the life sized Ronald McDonald hamburger clown, and put my extraordinary powers of observation to work. To my bewilderment, every time a gigantic woman would approach the turnstile it would lovingly open with the slightest touch. Eureka! I have it! They had installed two electronic sensors on either side of the turnstile. When both are touched simultaneously by, oh lets say, someone's big fat ass, not only would the gate open, but over the stores public address system could be heard the words spoken by the micro computer in an almost but not entirely human voice, "Welcome K-mart shopper, fresh lard is on sale on isle 17."

It seems that adult males must weigh at least 275 lbs., and with females it's slightly higher, for the sensors to activate. Armed with this knowledge I quietly waited just out of sight of the official K-mart greeter, and when a five hundred pounder waltzed by I slipped in behind her and was caught up in her draft and was literally sucked in by the vacuum!

Using the cover of my symbiotic partner, we went down isle after isle. Soon I found that I was becoming more at ease and would dart away from my host for longer and longer periods of time until I was able to move around the store without drawing attention to myself. I was however always fearful of the overhead surveillance cameras.

I soon found myself in front of the K-mart gun and ammo department, or the "Children's play thing" section, as they like to call it. The guy behind the counter looked almost normal, at least from a distance so I walked up to him and explained that with all the social unrest going on in the Mid-East, it was becoming clearer each day that I should be armed for my own protection. He whole heartily agreed with me and took pride in showing all the latest hi powered handguns that had plenty of "stopping power." I nodded in full agreement but said that these were mere toys and I was looking for something a little more serious, something fully automatic, something that would be good for drive by's.

Since I was looking at a handgun he said that there was a police check and a three-day waiting period. "Three days? I can't wait three days, I will have clamed down and there would be no need for a gun by then!" He didn't smile or nothing but said that he would have to ask me some questions for the permit.

Clerk: "Name?"

Me: "Lee Harvey Oswald"

Clerk: "Address?"

Me: "I'd rather not give out that information"

Clerk: "Occupation?"

Me: "I have been working for the post office, but the bastards just fired me this morning!"

Clerk: "Are you taking any kind of illegal drugs?"

Me: "Why? Does it show?"

Clerk: "No, but it's one of the questions"

Me: "Is heroin illegal now days?"

Clerk: "Yes, I think so"

Me: "Well, ok, if it is, I promise to stop first thing in the morning"

Clerk: "So that's a yes?"

Me: "No"

Clerk: "No? You're not taking any drugs, or no, you're not going to stop?"

Me: "Yes"

Clerk: "I don't understand"

Me: "Why don't we just leave that one blank?"

Clerk: "Have you ever been convicted of a major felon?"

Me: "Convicted?"

Clerk: "Yes, convicted"

Me: "No, never convicted, I mean I've been to court a few times, but they were never able to convict"

Clerk: "Purpose for owning a handgun?"

Me: "Revenge"

Clerk: "I don't think that a acceptable reason"

Me: "Hey, that's the only reason. You think people actually want to shoot at silly paper targets? Come on man, get with the times"

Clerk: "Lots of people like to...."

Me: "Don't piss me off kid! I'm like Mike Tyson and I could blow at any time"

Clerk: "I'm sorry"

Me: "You know I don't have time for this shit, how about I just buy a rifle?"

Clerk: "Great, I hate doing all that paper work!"

The highly trained K-mart cashiers are not the dumbest however; this distinction goes to the one that works for the "Everything for 99 cent store." You know the stores where everything is only 99 cents. How come they don't have a "cent" symbol on keyboards? I mean am I the only person in the world that ever wanted to use one? What gives? There's one (99 cent store) over by my house and just the other day I picked up a few things. A 10 pack of razor blades, a precision hand held screwdriver with 5 interchangeable tips, and a two-gallon bottle of shampoo. I carefully placed my items on the conniver belt and watched as they worked their way slowly towards her. At this point she picks up the razor blades and screaming at the top of her lungs yells, "Price check!" This action immediately halted the five other cashiers and necessitated in the calling of the manager. Eventually they all agreed that it was probably 99 cents and my purchase was able to commence. She said that she was sorry for all the delay, as it was her first day on the job and she still didn't know all the prices. I reassured her that "time" was the only thing that I had plenty of, and asked if she use to work at K-mart? "Why yes, how ever did you know?" To which I replied. "Ah, just a lucky guess."

=====