

MONDAY, JULY 14, 2008

Self-Check Out

I've finally discovered the joys of the self-check out at my local Jewel. I GET it now! I used to avoid the self-check out after I used it once and accidentally thought I could just scan produce without a care in the world. But apparently you need a code or some shit. I was like, "Code? I don't know the code! Does it LOOK like I work here?" Then it took me, like, ten minutes to find "green pepper" on the code cheat sheet, and people were like, "Come on, lady, I can't hold this milk forever."

But then I started making mid-week grocery runs for sad pairings like wine and a Lean Cuisine, and I'd rather not go through the shame and humiliation of watching my wine and Lean Cuisine pass down the belt in slow motion in front of the Judgy McJudgers in front of and behind me, who go home to their families and say at dinner-time prayer, "And I'd just like to add a quick note about that sad girl in line at the grocery store today. God, please find her a family. Amen." Then the pimply cashier judges me and the bagger is all, "Do you want a bag for your obvious night alone? With your cat?" and I just clench my teeth and say, "No. thanks. I'm. going. green," and run out of there and drive the four blocks home.

At the self-check out, however, I do my own ringing up and my own bagging and nobody but nobody has to know that I'm buying five cans of cat food and ice cream, for example, or Kotex, Midol, and beer. It's a God-send! PLUS, I've already humiliated myself enough at this Jewel, like the time I stopped in after work, then when I got home realized my shirt was unbuttoned. They were probably like, "Why is that boy wearing a bra?" Or the time I forgot my wallet and had to hide my lunch meat in the tortillas while I ran home to get it. Oh, self-check out, ye hath saveth me.

POSTED BY ERIN AT 8:31 PM