

So I've been a night shift manager since August 2015; almost 2 years. Anyways, I'm straying away from the point during that job search from spring 2014 through September 2014 was when I legit started thinking about suicide. The anger and hatred for the world was boiling like crazy. I got around five calls for jobs but I never answered my phone / responded to emails. I didn't want to work ANYWHERE. I took the night shift because I could still stay at the store (I hate change/moving) so it was perfect.

At first it was alright but it quickly became overwhelming with bullshit stress from management. Jay and Frank can rot in hell. The job isn't hard, it just drags on. Non-order nights feel like an eternity. I've long exhausted my music library. I listen to music for 4 out of the 8 hours that I work (8 1/2 hour shift). I even listen to my suicide tapes for hours. The best part is there's no one to bother you. I've even had shifts where it was just me and the floor guy (who leaves at 3 am) all night. It's peaceful but man do I get bored. You level the store and fill holes / do backstock on non-order nights. It gets old fast.