

Work goes by fast because all day I'm scheming on what I could steal. What I could do with uh trail camera's, fishing sonar, a home weather station... I wish there was a heist, a clear A->B to orient around, to make this not klepto. I find my manager Mia.

"i'm gonna go out for Starbucks on my lunch, did uh you want anything."

"Oh, yes!" She fishes a twenty out of her purse and passes it to me. "Get me Almond Honey Flat White and the rest is for whatever you're getting :)" She smiles coyly. She's probably late forties. I notice greys in places where her undercut is growing back in. The rest is archaeological strata of home dye-jobs. I know from my sources in the wagie community that she is the victim of a foul poly disaster, because in high school I worked with this wiccan lesbian primary partner whose third was double duty as Mia's husband's third. And Mia's now-husband/my boss (I like him) who manages the franchise location had to move said third to another store 2 hours away but still sends that third flowers (she was always weird and bitchy to me). So I really pity Mia and I feel bad that she's nice to me cuz I'm a) a secret bitch b) a stealer. But I take her twenty. "can i get training on inventory.. i get really nervous talking to people but i really like when you guys have me count stock." "Oh totally!!! Yeah man, when you get back-" She claps her hands. "We'll get right on that!" "thank you Mia!"

I get in my car and then start my 30 minute break timer cuz that was a work conversation. In line at Starbucks.

"lis- when are you off wanna movie tonight"

"Alright, 6:00?"

"cool"

"What did you wanna see?"

"ill get back to you"

I still go 15 over but nobody notices. When I get back and Trish brings me to the warehouse for training I see so much extra stuff I never knew I could wanna take not counting like, hats. 'Range finders.' I text Lis again when Trish leaves.

"i checked the showings and honestly we've seen everything. wanna go home and marathon like, JCVD."

"That'd be cool. Mine or yours."

"uhhh whichever"

"I'm tryna see your place. Only if you have a TV though, let's not laptop it."

"yeah sure... ok so no making fun. address's 7380 coca cola drive, suite 102"

"Hahahaha"

I drive home wasted anxious. I feel like I'm gonna throw up. When I get to my room I just crawl into my bed with my phone. If I make 13 an hour and my shifts 10-7 that means I make like.. 100 a day. 6 days a week that's 1200 a paycheck..? I could buy a gun next monday if I don't get anymore groceries for a while and swap out beer for vodka. When Lis gets here I'm cold sweaty and racked with fear and dread. Did I smoke weed slash am I currently high and remembering it only now that I'm clawing to find my "cool"?