

Sat, 3 Jan 2004

7:27 AM

New year, same old shite...

I have a great respect for people who make me look stupid by comparison. As brain dead as I like to think I am, I do in fact have a reasonable intellect locked away somewhere. There are some people you meet who are just so far above you that the only response you can think of whenever they open their mouths is "ummmm...." If they are gracious with it then you can almost feel your IQ lifted in their presence as they treat you like an intellectual equal.

What I REALLY FUCKING HATE is the other side of the coin. Those who act intensely stupid, and yet treat everyone else as if they are more so and end up dragging you down to the intellectual level of a toadstool.

Apologies to any toadstools that may be reading.

Case in point - The guy I've just had to deal with. He walked up to me and says "Goods in." Not the most obvious phrase to translate, but to stereotype for a moment, he looked like a delivery guy. $2+2=$ delivery. Ah, goods in... yes.

"Who is it for?"

He looks at me like I've just asked him what colour grass is. He's thinking something like "The theatre...why do you think I'm here?" He begins to treat me as if I'm mentally deficient.

"I don't know, do I?" says he.

Ok... benefit of the doubt time. Obviously hasn't been here before. Doesn't know that there are multiple departments in a theatre. Doesn't know that this one houses three independent businesses. Fair enough.

"What are you delivering?"

With the look he gives me, he's clearly heard my question as "What does grass look like?"

"Lights," he says, as if it's obvious. "that's what it says on the side of the box."

The creature inside my head stirs. Ah yes, how silly of me. I should have looked on the side of the box and then it would have been clear even to a dimwit like me. Of course, it would help if the box was right in front of me and not still in your truck, where it has only been visible to you for the past few hours. Unfortunately my x-ray vision is on the fritz.

"What kind of lights?" ("What's grass for?")

"I don't know. You see, customers tend to get a bit annoyed with me if I open up their deliveries and take a look

inside."

The creature smiles. Sarcasm we can deal with.

"Listen you patronising little prick. You may have heard of something called an invoice. You know, a white thing that folds up and has all these black smudges on it? Well those smudges are letters. They make words. Those words give you information, and save you using up precious memory space in your head that could be used for more important things, such as absorbing the next shocking celebrity sex scandal from The Sun so you can joke about it with all your mates. But of course, both of these endeavours require you to be able to read..."

Of course, this is passed through the "may I help you?" filter. What actually comes out is:

"Don't they usually print it on the invoice?"

A small victory. The guy rolls his eyes and checks his pocket. The creature sulks. The guy reads the invoice, but won't let me see it.

"Event lights. 12 boxes. Where do you want them?"

Damn. I'm not sure what they mean by event lights, and this guy won't be any help. Best guess is the flashy things they sell to kids at the merchandising kiosk. I tell him to stack the boxes there.

"Where is it?"

It's the kiosk with "merchandising kiosk" written above it. You walked past it on the way in, dumbass. I explain this in a nicer way.

"What, you want me to stack stage lights at some kiosk?"

Oh, you total fuckhead.

"No, if they are stage lights (and not event lights like you just said) then bring them in here and pass them over the desk, and I'll send them backstage when someone comes in."

The guy goes and gets 12 large and heavy boxes, and passes them over the desk. There's no room to move by the time he's finished. He finally passes me the invoice to sign. I glance at it. Then wonder how much force is required to snap his neck. I sign it to get rid of him, since he has delivered exactly what the invoice says.

They weren't stage lights. They were event lights, which are indeed the flashy things we sell to kids. On the invoice is written the name of the front of house manager, plus the fact that the delivery is meant for front of house and not stage door. A quick inspection of the boxes shows that his name is on them, too. I hadn't thought to check this while silently fuming at the delivery fuckwit. Stupidity by diffusion.

I've just spent the better part of 15 minutes shifting large and heavy boxes from round the back of my desk to the front, having to vault over the counter with each one. Three of them are small, but I had no appreciation of just how heavy a box filled with 500 AA batteries could actually be.

This is how things should have gone:

"Delivery for the front of house manager."

"Stack the boxes at the kiosk round the corner please."

I hate stupid people. And the most annoying thing about this? There's very little chance that the company this guy was delivering for got the order correct. We can't sell this much stuff in a couple of weeks.

Security: Public

Location: Work

Mood: Bitchy

Music:

7:26 AM

new year

Channel 5 is doing some kind of science documentary series that starts on Monday. Apparently some or all of the shots of Stephen Hawking were filmed in this building, and there's a shot of one of the backstage crew pretending to turn the lights on. Why he had to pretend I have no idea, but this amuses me.

Went down to London to "see in" the new year. (I don't like that phrase for some reason). Dinner with friends, involving some of the nicest turkey I've had in years, board games and randomness. Randomness in this case being sitting in a smoky kitchen with a bunch of high, drunk, stranger thirty-somethings singing Elvis songs. Nice people, despite me having to go through my usual repetitious refusal of alcohol. "Would you like some wine?" "No, thanks." "Are you sure?" "No, thanks." "Oh come on..." "No, thanks." "We really must insist." "No, thanks." "We've got plenty here." "no, thanks." "oh..." Moment of silence. Finally the world turns again. At least this happened at the beginning of the night and not at midnight, but hey. Still, it was nice to see friends. Usually I engineer things to spend midnight alone if I can't be with Liz, but having people to be around was a nice change.

The only real bad point of the night was one of my friends getting hurt, and me crippling my hands lifting something I couldn't have budged without channelling way more energy than I actually have. Took more out of me than I care to admit. Thankfully my friend seems ok. I was worried there.

The remainder of my trip was taken up by visits to restaurants and shops, including that evil, evil place known as MVC. Bought 3 DVDs I didn't intend to buy, and saved over £30 on them. Not that this makes up for my total lack of willpower. And we went to see American Splendor. I'll spare you most of the rant, but it's a very good film which should win more awards than it will be nominated for, and Harvey Pekar needs to cheer up considerably. Oh, and it's nice to see Paul Giamatti in a leading role for once.

...

Be warned. This is next one is about to get bitter.

Security: Public
Location: Work
Mood: Not Specified
Music:

Thu, 1 Jan 2004

9:04 AM

Oh bugger...

Ummmm... an email I didn't get a chance to read got filtered into my junk mail folder and deleted before I realised what had happened. Any chance of resending it Caryn?

Security: Public
Location: Not Specified
Mood: Not Specified
Music:

Mon, 29 Dec 2003

9:37 AM

Subjects are required? Hmmm...

So far today at work, I have:

-Witnessed a vomitously oversweet display of affection.

-Had a key thrown at me.

-Called a taxi for shopping bags.

-Told a guy to smash his head through a window.

-Spied on the small war brewing between the chaperones of Cambridge and London.

-Declared myself a socratic terrorist.

I would like to go home now, please.

Security: Public
Location: Work
Mood: Weird
Music:

Sun, 28 Dec 2003

6:17 AM

Yet another journal...

...and exactly the same entries as the first one. Woohoo.

Security: Public

Location: Work

Mood: Tired

Music: