Challenge: Microfiction

Walking purposefully around the back room with various boxes, transporting them from place to place, the receiver has a slight bounce to their step as the music playing from their phone fills the otherwise silent back room. The day is nearly over, only a few things left to enter and send off on the computer, the beer pallet is nearly broken and all the cases are nearly in their proper places, neatly arranged and organized to make stocking and taking inventory easier.

One song ends and the next begins, now the receiver is dancing slightly while carrying boxes and things around the receiving area to put them away in their proper place. It needs to be neat, organized, everything has a place and should be put in that place, it only makes sense after all.

The song ends and the next begins, a movie soundtrack that is mostly instruments than words and not something that fits the current mood, so the receiver sets down the box and moves to their desk. Skips the song, pauses, listens to what is now playing and deciding if it fits the current mood. It does, so it stays and now the receiver is dancing more to the music, nothing else on their mind as they sway and step to the beat, head moving up and down in almost like they are head banging to the song. Then they turn around fully and immediately freeze, deer in headlights. There is the new produce clerk standing a short distance away watching with confusion.

Well damn, must be 2:00 if they are there, the changing of the shift, the arrival of the night clerks for each department. Time to finish up, the shift is nearly over and now the embarrassment is really setting in, need to be more careful in the future and not let the music take control later on when it is the newer employees working who the receiver doesn't yet really know or trust.

Kelly