

# Take a bucket and mop

by Lawrence Savell

Having spent many happy hours eating at McDonald's as a teenager, I soon became a connoisseur of the "Big Mac". Therefore, when faced with the paucity of summer job opportunities last June, I naturally turned to my old hang-out for help. After completing the rigorous application procedures (which included writing my name and alleged age on four different menus), I was told I had made the team.

Having passed this first step, I was ready for my intensive training program. This consisted of watching five hours of training films dealing with such important subjects as: "Know Your Meat", "Your Trash Can Is Your Friend", and "There's A Little Bit Of Ronald In All Of Us". Finally, I was given an on-the-job orientation by my newly-designated "co-worker". He was kind enough to show me where I was going wrong. If not for him, I would still be putting my fingers into heated bun toasters.

## Auspicious beginning

I began my rise up the ranks as a bun dresser. This title meant that I was the one who prepared the bun with ketchup, pickles, and onions while the meat was cooking. I found great pleasure in making "Big Mac" buns because these caused me to use the "Mac Sauce" gun. I would fantasize that I was Al Capone gunning down rival mobsters instead of hamburger rolls. Unfortunately, my aim was not very accurate as the dressing

table always bore remnants of my "shoot-out".

Realizing my ineptitude at dressing, my crew chief moved me to the grill where I soon learned that chopped meat cooks in sixty seconds and human flesh in only five. Unfortunately, I frequently forgot this important fact. I was, however, very good at making "special grills". If a customer was unfortunate enough to ask for a very-well-done hamburger, he received what appeared to be a steaming hockey puck lodged inside a roll.

## Groans from the grill

After a few weeks, I realized I could not remain much longer at the grill. The flying grease and constant heat had taken their toll. Also, I had eaten a few of my own hamburgers.

In a truly brilliant move my boss then transferred me to "the lobby" where I was in charge of cleaning tables. This was indeed

a thrilling job. I can only begin to thank the hundreds of customers who had left some of their drinks for me. Unfortunately, they had not left the cups. I also found many tables encrusted with relics from ancient meals. I still believe I found the fossilized remains of *Australopithecus Africanus* on one table. I did, however, get adequate recognition for my efforts: on many occasions, guys would wink at me and say how well my hairnet and pastel-blue uniform went together.

At long last, September rolled around, and I was forced to leave my position. As I look back, I realize that I was part of a corporation that served over 750 billion hamburgers and that I probably cleaned up after all of them. After three months I knew I deserved a break; so I waved goodbye and had lunch at Wetson's.