Mrs. Hemer

Creative Writing

Jumble Story 2,4,3,9

August 26, 2013

Never Getting Hired Again

 Melissa stopped with her fork in mid-air. “You’ve *got* to try this cake. Do you want me to get you a piece?”

 Shelly smiled and glanced over at the buffet tables. Everyone was eating, mingling, and waiting for cake. Part of the job was that she’d get two ten-minute breaks during a “lull” in the party. This was probably a good time to eat.

 She clicked the new lens into place and draped the camera strap around Melissa’s neck. “Just point and shoot if anything great happens. I’m going to grab some food.”

 Melissa gave a silly salute. “Anything you say, boss. Don’t forget the cake.”

 Melissa had been right. It was extraordinarily delicious. Shelly knew she had eaten too much by the strain on her waistband as she walked back towards their gear. Melissa and Shelly had been a team for three years. Melissa was the “artistic director” – she set up pictures so that they looked candid and made sure the background was alive but not too lively. Shelly was behind the lens making sure the lighting was perfect, the poses were natural, and the customers were happy.

 DJ Jazzy Jeff brought the dinner music to a close, and Shelly knew it was time to take action but her stomach was so full she could hardly move. It was always difficult to sneak in and get a charming picture of awkward sixth graders dancing at a bar mitzvah, but with her stomach churning, it was going to be nearly impossible. As “Can You Feel the Love Tonight” started playing and couples started slow dancing, Shelly slowly worked her way around the kids. They all either wanted to pose for her to turn their heads away from her, so she only managed a few shots. She had better luck once the rock music blasted out of the speakers. Melissa continued to work her way through the crowd of kids and encouraged them to “pose” naturally. It worked wonderfully and Shelly had her memory card full in no time.

 As they packed their gear back into their bags, Melissa insisted on Shelly eating a piece of cake and sneaking a second for herself. If Fronz’s on Hamilton’s cake was as good as their food, this would be one of the best functions of their career simply because of the food.

 “Here you go. It’s chocolate with raspberry filling and chocolate ganache frosting. It’s like biting into a little piece of heaven,” Melissa sighed.

 After the first morsel melted in her mouth, Shelly devoured the entire piece in seconds. It was exquisite. “Is there more of this? Any other kinds?” she asked as she craned her neck towards the cake table.

 “Unfortunately no. Those little rascals devoured everything.”

 “Bummer.” Shelly sat up straight to gather their stuff to head out. “Eeuw.”

 “What is it?” Melissa asked.

 “Nothing,” Shelly insisted. But when she stood up to grab her bag, she nearly doubled over. “Ohmigoodness. I think I’m going to be sick.”

 “Like throw up sick or what?” Melissa looked concerned.

 “Like the other end sick. Let’s hurry up and settle up with the parents and get out of here.”

 Melissa grabbed for the bags. “Here, let me carry everything.”

 Shelly gladly transferred everything to Melissa’s shoulder and hobbled over to the parents’ table. She tried to stand up straight and look professional, but she could feel the sweat beading on her lip and under her arms.

 One look at Shelly and Melissa took over. “Mr. Fillipo, we got some great shots of the kids tonight, sir. We’ll get the memory card organized and photoshopped and email you everything tomorrow.”

 “Wonderful. The kids are really having a great time, aren’t they?” He looked over at the dance floor.

 *Let’s go, moneybags. Fork it over so we can leave.* Shelly’s back was drenched in sweat and she could no longer stand up straight. Melissa mouthed to her “Go ahead. I’ll wait here” but Shelly shook her head. *How much longer can he take?*

With one last glance at the kids, Mr. Fillipo pulled his checkbook from his breast pocket. “Was it $500?”

 Shelly put her hands on her hips to straighten up and attempted to stand professionally. Bad move. “Oh, ohhhh.” Shelly grabbed the back of Mr. Fillipo’s chair to stabilize herself as her body spasmed.

 Mr. Fillipo’s hand stopped in mid-signature. Melissa stared at Shelly. “Did you just - ?”

 Shelly nodded vigorously.

 “In your - ?”

 Shelly nodded again, looked away for a second, and stood up straight. With a flushed face and tears in her eyes, she forced a smile and stated, “Mr. Fillipo, it has been a pleasure. I do hope we can do business again.” She shook his hand, grabbed a big bag from Melissa’s shoulder to cover her backside, and carefully waddled out of the room.