

## LAST BILL AND TESTAMENT- JULY 1<sup>st</sup>, 2007

Dearest Photo Lab Brethren and Cistern,

I hope this letter finds you well. I found it only fitting to place this inside an envelope with the name of a former manager (as is the style of the photo lab). I quote the late, great Lou Gehrig when I say, "Today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the Earth." He was of course referring to the love and support of his fans as he faced early retirement. I however reiterate Gehrig for another reason: the fact I no longer have to don a lab coat and get harassed by the populace at large day in and day out.

I'd like to briefly touch on the history of my tenure at Wal-Mart. My first tour spanned from August 9<sup>th</sup>, 2003 (I guess) to November 8<sup>th</sup>, 2003 (maybe) during which I was awarded the Purple Heart (definitely). At the climax of this tour, I quit without notice to a scrappy up-and-coming star assistant by the name of Fawad. History repeated itself yesterday as I once again signed my closing paperwork with him. (P.S. Godspeed on getting that key to that clearance camera case copied).

All of you know me best for my current tour beginning November 18<sup>th</sup>, 2004 and ending June 20<sup>th</sup>, 2007. I began my Wal-Martian career in the blighted Trotwood Consumer Square. There I began my extensive training under the tutelage of Photo Lab Jedi Master, Nick (Yoda) Arnold along with help from his two padawans, Jason Miller and Joshua Bales. And yes Jason, I know a Jedi Master can only have one padawan but this is my story, ok?

Moving forward...

I embarked on a 14-month vision quest in the Trotwoodian wilderness only to discover that my colleagues would abandon me 3 months into the journey. Thus, the dark times began. Every trace of knowledge was sucked out through the black hole that was and is the Trotwood Wal-Mart. Incompetence and incoherence became the norm among the new ranks. I suddenly found myself at the top of a food chain of fools. And so, the light dwindled and the darkness lingered on and somehow I remained encased in the void for 11... more... months.

During the dark times I caught wind that there was a new sheriff in town fresh from his victory at the Alamo. He rode in on a white horse and triumphantly claimed the Englewood Lab for David Crockett. After many attempts and incoherent babblings with the good sheriff, I finally made some sense out of this living legend and was accepted into the Englewood posse. Meanwhile, the Trotwood store continued to crumble, imploding on its own inadequacies.

On January 21, 2006 after 40 years of wandering the desert with the Israelites, I finally parted the Red Sea of State Route 49 and led my people (that is myself) to the Promised Land. I found myself in a photo lab utopia where I was reunited with my old masters. However, this joy was soon jaded as I embarked upon my short-lived run in a pseudo, quasi, imposter that was and is the connection center.

While I learned much from one Ryan Kneer, I began a deep hatred for all things cellular. The task seemed innocent enough: sell a few phone contracts here, a satellite radio there. However, I was woefully under prepared for the undertaking that was tending to the old folk and their inherent fondness for prepaid phone service. Slowly I was sucked dry by these vampires with their incessant questions about readily available

information. The packaging of the phones was their Bible, yet they were not content without me as their preacher to read from the Good Book of the reverse side.

The old folk coupled with a consistent failure or technical dilemma with activations made me long for the beautiful times spent feeding roll after roll of film into the film processor. I had a fond remembrance of my *Ghostbusters* “When the light is green, the trap is clean,” statement. It was a profound statement indeed.

One day the hazy connection center cumulonimbus clouds cleared up and the sun once again shone down on my face. I found myself working in the photo lab a good majority of the time (regardless of whether I was scheduled there or not).

Here I befriended the prestigious photo crew of Brandon Bolton, Andrew Campbell, and Krystal Wince. Together, with Jason and Nick, we formed the unstoppable juggernaut that was the Englewood Photo Lab. Film was finished before the envelope was filled out. Cameras flew off the shelves, purchased or otherwise. Most importantly, I returned to my one true love of developing and printing film.

Shortly thereafter, the much maligned, yet seasoned naval war veteran, David Crockett mounted his trusty steed and rode down south to some “neighborhood market”. Whatever that means. His work (or severe lack thereof) at Englewood was done.

Times changed once again and a new leader was selected to lead the photo labbers. Soon the harsh, totalitarian regiment that was Jennifer Trappe’s reign of terror began. Just kidding, Jennifer. It’s been nothing but sunshine and rainbows. Honest. And maybe some kittens and definitely a spunky lil pup named Jesse.

I surrendered my life to the photo lab pledging full-time allegiance to the flag, one Wal-Mart under Sam Walton, probably divisible with injustice for all. I guess that brings our story to the present moment. It has been quite the epic trek through Mordor. Only all of you, my little Sams have pulled me from the wreckage and back into the light...

I now will address you all alphabetically by first name.

**Brandon:** I just want to let you know that the Boyz 2 Men shouting that you do always made me laugh even when I said I hated it. Also, you’ve really got something going with that panhandling bit. If you could record yourself for about 30 minutes doing that routine, I think you’d have some marketable stand-up. Send me the mp3.

I leave you with this Kenner® Starting Line-Up coin of Chris Sabo I found while making Nick’s item. Carry it on you at all times. It encompasses a GPChris tracking system and will glow blue if he is nearby.

**Jason:** I bequeath my ball to you, as you cared for it the most and nourished it back to health that time it lost the fight with the photo lab floor hockey puck. Cherish it always, as I can no longer tend to it in my new surroundings. I hope that upon reading this, you do that Spock-like eyebrow raise/glare thing you do when I tried desperately to make you laugh and subsequently burst out in uncontrollable laughter, the likes of which the world has never seen. Enjoy it old friend: ‘til the bitter end.

**Jennifer:** I leave you this Easter bunny photo I found. Like every photo I’ve ever been in, I look like colossal creep. Notice how some charlatan snuck into the left side of the photo at the last second. But at least he co-sponsored the event. Frame it and treasure it always alongside the rest of the many photo lab photos. I know it will make a welcome

addition. My best wishes on having the lab up and running again. I picked a good week to quit. Once again, just kidding on the regiment thing. It was more of a chain gang.

**Krystal:** I wanted to leave you with my stupid cat's stupid tail. However, she was very uncooperative during the sawing process and unfortunately was unwilling to donate it. Secondly, I thought about leaving you with the dumb ol' tomato that wreaked havoc on the Glaser household last summer. Unfortunately, I think someone must have chucked it out for the birds; as such a tomato was too homely to gaze upon. After all, it had the posterior of a human being. So reflect fondly on these items, but keep this paper instead and grade and check its syntax. Eye probably has sum speling end grammatical airs.

**Nick:** I leave you with this photo lab floor hockey puck I painstakingly constructed on my last day. Inside you will find two Q-zar tokens and three quarters. I hope this will bring you luck in your PLFL league. I think it could be a successful business venture for you. Jerseys, sweatbands, shin guards, and jockstraps are a must. Your opponents can't be too careful when playing against you with your shark-like tenacity. Just make sure you have the side closest to the register. That's the good side.

**Andrew, aka Andrew "I'm never in the lab" Campbell:** I had to save you for last. First and foremost, you have my most humble and sincere apologies for my shortcomings in our joint business venture. I guess the world just isn't ready for a photo lab themed gentlemen's club. Someday though... Someday...

I leave you with this Negro League Commemorative Baseball pin as well let's face it; you're the only black friend I have. See if you can sneak and wear it on your lab coat. Stand proud and salute the pole representing your month. May you and David continue to shine until the end of time.

All I ask in return, nay, humbly implore of you is to let loose upon the world the biggest, loudest and most sustained "Huh?" the Earth has ever known. Your angel-like melodies deserve to be shared with the world. For God's sake, stop holding out on us, man. You can record said huh at any time on my voicemail. You can rest assured it will entertain me to no end. Damn it, Andrew Campbell... haven't seen you in 'bout a grip and I hope you find whatever it is you are always looking for over in the electronics department.

Well gang, that about wraps things up. I hope this ridiculousness brought you all more smiles than cringes and that thing people do when they pull on their collar with one finger. I wish you all good luck in your continuing photo lab ventures. It's been a pleasure working with you all. I hope that the future of the photo lab touches on older themes. Please continue to saturate the lab in Andrew Campbell décor. Please continue to create wacky arts and crafts projects when business is slow. Please continue to throw down some puck and play photo lab floor hockey during the bleak winter months. And finally, please continue to keep in touch and hang out. You've all become quite dear to me: especially you lil Picture Maker, you loveable scamp. Your last minute drama always put a smile on my face and a tear in my eye.

Thank you all for the good times and remember: I am always only a phone call away from the next photo lab night.

Yours truly,  
Bill "The glue that held the photo lab together" Glaser  
Time served: 11/18/2004 to 6/20/2007

**Before I go, I would like to leave you with:**

**The Top 10 Most Dreaded Phrases Spoken by Customers in a Photo Lab:**

10. "Where's your printer ink?"
9. "This says enter access code."
8. "Is this machine broken?"
7. "This says it's out of ribbon."
6. "This says it's out of paper."
5. "I need to print the pictures off of my cell phone."
4. "This isn't reading my CD."
3. "I'd like to look at these clearance cameras."
2. "This didn't print out a ticket."
1. "I think I stuck my memory card in the wrong slot."

**And Finally:**

**The Top 10 Worst Beeping Sounds Heard in a Photo Lab:**

10. When you scan something on the register without being logged on
9. Waste
8. PSR
7. Replenisher Cartridge Empty
6. Upper Paper End
5. Unable to Detect Gemini Printer
4. Sorter Limit
3. Lower Paper End
2. Paper Jam
1. Wal-Mart's most valued customer backing up in a motorized cart