

M'am...step away from the Sudafed

I woke up in what can only be called a foul mood, furthered by the fact that my body is enjoying a nice vacation from health. On my way to work, I stopped by the crappy CVS and decided to get some Sudafed.

Coughing and sniffing my way to the counter, I had my hand on my credit card when the Most Surly CVS Worker In The World held up my dual pack of generic CVS-brand Daytime and Nighttime Cold Medicine and said, "M'am, this is a RESTRICTED ITEM [emphasis totally hers], I CANNOT let you buy this until you show me PROOF that you are a NEW YORK RESIDENT with your NEW YORK STATE DRIVER'S LICENSE."

I looked at her dumbfounded, coughed a little phlegm up for good measure, and said, "But I live around the corner. And I'm sick. And I have proof of address."

A self-satisfied smile spread across her face, pleased that she caught another pseudoephedrine druggie red-handed. "M'am, you CANNOT buy this medicine if you DO NOT HAVE a NY STATE DRIVER'S LICENSE."

And then, just to further prove her might, she pointed at the bottles of generic CVS brand Nighttime and Daytime Cold Medicine and smugly placed them on the shelf behind her. Bitch.

--*Shawnté Salabert, 2006*