

Lesson 8- Keep your hands to yourself, unless you're giving someone a high-five.

I approach Torin and pat his arm to get his attention. He glances down at me and I can see the frustration in the set of his jaw. Yeah, there is no way anyone is going to come get drinks from him. He's scary looking enough when he ISN'T frustrated and upset.

"Let me try. I don't think standing around and glaring at everyone is going to get us anywhere. Why don't you sit down... Over there?" I point to an empty seat on the end of the bar. It's far enough away that people can avoid him, but close enough that he should be able to hear and see what's going on without any trouble. Torin hesitates but I stand firm.

"Come on, what am I going to do? I can't go anywhere even if I wanted to. Even if I sell one drink it'll be an improvement over this." I point out. Torin's shoulders drop a little and he gives me a short nod before going to the seat that I pointed out and dropping down into it. He seems a little dejected. Poor thing. It IS rude of everyone to avoid him like that. I step up to the bar. People are eying me curiously. I take a deep breath.

"Hi everyone, I'm Rina. I've decided to help out tonight. Fair warning: I have never worked at a bar and I have no idea how to mix drinks. So keep it simple, basic mixers, beers, shots and ciders only please." I finish with my most winning smile. The room is quiet for a moment but then one at a time people get to their feet and approach the bar.

The first guy just wants a couple beers. I have no idea what they cost but he hands me ten dollars and doesn't wait around for any change. I don't know how to use the register so I just tuck it into a glass and keep it at the back of the bar out of everyone's reach. The next woman eyes me suspiciously. She has feathered wings and apparently a bad attitude.

"But you're a HUMAN. What are you even DOING here?" She complains. I smile politely.

"Sorry, that's not a drink order. If you want to order a drink then I can do my best but unless you're tipping REALLY well you're not entitled to my backstory. So, what can I get you?" She orders a gin and tonic. That's easy enough at least. I find the appropriate bottles and make the drink. When I return with it the winged woman smirks at me, pushing her white blonde hair back behind her ears which I am now noticing are pointed.

"Uhm, that'll be six dollars thanks." I make up the number on the spot but it sounds about right.

"You don't even know what things cost here." She says derisively. I shrug.

"Alright fine, it's now eight dollars because you have attitude. Don't you know not to be rude to the person making your drink?" I hold the drink in one hand and stare her down. She looks PISSED but after a second the expression drops and she bursts out laughing.

"Oh fair enough." She hands me another ten dollar bill and walks off with her drink.



"Keep the change." She calls out behind her. Again, I just drop it into the jar. I'm pretty sure that working out the cash count at the end of the night will suck because I have no idea if I'm under or over charging. But hey, they didn't want drinks from the guy who DOES know what he's doing so now they can take what they get.

I serve a few more customers who want basic drinks and get more than a few weird looks, but I carry on, refusing to let anything give me pause, no matter how weird. It's not until two men approach the bar that I have any more trouble. The guys are both handsome, but they look like they could use some vitamin D because they are SUPER pale.

"Two bloody marys." One of them orders, flashing me a charming grin and showing off his fangs. Ah, okay. Vampires. That's not particularly surprising at this point.

"I told everyone before, I don't know how to mix drinks. You're going to have to pick something easier." I answer politely. The vampire leans forward on the bar towards me and I resist the impulse to take a step backwards.

"Vodka then, use coke as the mixer." He decides, then lowers his voice to a whisper.

"I'll pay double if you spike it with blood." His tone is almost flirtatious and I want to shudder. Instead, I give him a polite smile that I usually save for parents who are being unreasonable.



"Sorry, I don't think we stock that here. But coke and vodka I can do." I make the drinks and charge him twenty bucks for the two of them. A steep price, but that's what he gets for being creepy. He pays without complaint though so I guess he knows that he crossed a line. The two vampires sip at their drinks but they both look kind of disgusted. Why even bother ordering them if you know you won't like them? The two of them grumble and complain all the way back to their seats.

An hour later the orders haven't slowed down. Most people are being nice and cooperative, ordering simple drinks that I can manage well enough. A few people have been a little crabby and every time someone is rude to me I increase the price of their drinks because why not.

The woman with wings comes back to the bar and ends up taking one of the seats there. She introduces herself as Steph and orders another gin and tonic. This time she is polite and I only charge her six dollars which she hands over with a grin. At least at this point my jar of cash has enough change in it that I can actually GIVE change. I've just been changing the price of the drink to work with the change I have available as needed.

It is interesting that everyone here is paying with cash. Do they not use cards?

Maybe it just clashes with the whole vibe of the place or maybe supernaturals just don't like cashless transactions. I make a mental note to ask someone later. I'm just getting change for someone when movement in the corner of my eye catches my attention. A guy with pointed ears has

jumped over the bar and is helping himself to the half used bottle of whiskey.

I expect Torin to step in but he is still just watching. Waiting to see what I'll do I guess. Fine. I'll take care of it then. I move towards him and bump into him as if I didn't see him there. He turns to me and hides the bottle behind his back. He's clearly very drunk. I'm pretty sure I served him the empty half of the bottle already.

"Oh, you shouldn't be back here. Off you go." I say cheerfully. He climbs back over the bar with more grace than anyone that drunk should have then returns to his table with his spoils.

"You realise he snatched a bottle, right?" Steph remarks and I grin.

"I know. But I snatched his wallet, so I guess we're even." I laugh holding up my ill gotten gains. Steph bursts out laughing and the both of us struggle to breathe for a moment. I open the wallet and sure enough there is a huge wad of cash inside. I take about two hundred dollars and drop it into my cash jar.

"That's going to be the most expensive cheap whiskey he ever has." I smirk and hold the wallet up.

"Hey, you dropped this!" I call out. The guy comes to reclaim his wallet, I don't think he's sober enough to figure it out yet, but tomorrow he's going to notice the cash is missing. If he's smart he'll figure it out, if not... Well then I guess he's just going to have to wonder. Steph gives me a high five

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and orders herself another gin and tonic. This time the price magically drops to four dollars. I figure the cash I took from drunk guy will balance it all out. A crashing sound at the back of the room draws my attention. Once again Torin doesn't move. Alrighty then fine. If I can manage a room full of toddlers then a room full of drunks shouldn't be all that different.



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