



Eric had never seen figs used that way before



Does this come in a bigger size?



Eric's work experience SEX SHOP

JOB DESCRIPTION

Duties: Showing customers how they can really get their rocks off

Equipment: Batteries, texts

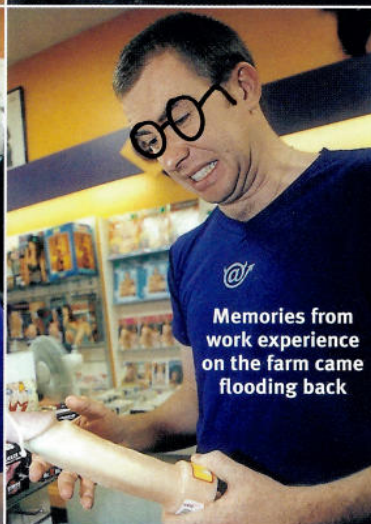
Skills: Knowing the attributes of different vibrators; keeping a straight face when someone buys an apron with big plastic breasts. Retail and customer-service skills a must

Pay: Eric: \$0. For a starting casual, \$14/hour for three shifts a week - after two weeks' training

Prospects: Big - if you've got the sales and shop-management skills. The current senior manager started as a casual



Gimp upstairs, limp downstairs



Memories from work experience on the farm came flooding back

they wanted was a quiet game of Nookii (the fun foreplay game).

Sensing my fear and ignorance, Cassandra gets me testing the electronic devices before putting them on the shelves. Plastic shafts, eggs and bullets revolve before my eyes, or vibrate out of my hand. This entertainment stops me having to make eye contact with customers who want to use these things for their real purpose. I find it hard enough talking to girls about normal stuff.

The shop's good central location and non-dodgy look means non-dodgy people come in - from tourists to giggling teenage girls. One couple look like they're from a brochure for boating holidays. They are cosy and safe, and finish each other's sentences - and buy a big expensive vibrator with added clitoral stimulator.

An Indian gentleman asks if we do photo developing, while his wife browses the naughty mags. Cassandra says yes. The nudie shots go away sealed; come back sealed. No-one ever sees them. They're mostly just photos of the family, says the bloke. Maybe he's just too shy to show the chemist his Christmas snaps.

At 5.30pm, near closing time, Cassandra tells me I've been "a great help". This is a nice way of saying I stocked shelves and bought lunch. All day, she has talked reassuringly to nervous punters about lubrication and fake vaginas. She closed sales. Whereas I learnt a lot about silicone and the best in anal toys.



The kebab report THE DONER'S REVENGE

THE DRUNK CUSTOMER

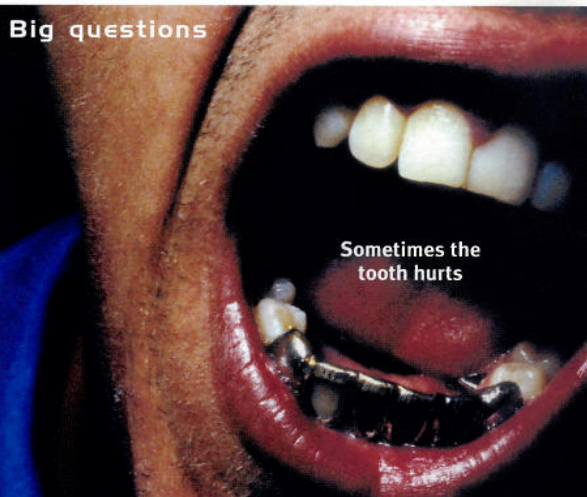
■ AFTER years marinating in beer and bourbon, all the while smoked over an open fire of Winfield Reds, the drunk customer was a taste sensation.

The buttocks were softened by years on a bar stool, while the right (drinking) arm was much more toned than the left. And for a sharp taste, you can't beat a well-pickled brain.

Sadly, my stomach went into revolt later that night - a problem no doubt related to the drunk customer's excessive consumption of, er, doner kebabs.

★★★★

Big questions



Sometimes the tooth hurts

Q. WHY DOES CHEWING ON FOIL HURT FILLINGS?

A. WHEN you chew on foil two different metals - aluminium and the metal amalgam in your fillings - are brought together. These metals have an electrochemical potential difference, which means one (the foil) has a greater tendency to give up its electrons than the other (the mix of mercury, tin or silver in your filling). An electrolyte, in this case your spit, will allow the electrons to flow from the foil into your tooth, creating an electrical current.

This current sets off the nerve in your tooth, which is the cause of the pain. This pain may go unnoticed, as the brain is already too soaked in alcohol to realise you didn't peel the foil off your kebab.