

"I don't need help from a stupid girl" / The Joys of Retail

The normal day-to-day life of working in retail is pretty good; nice people appreciative of whatever we can do to help them. They like bikes. We like bikes! And we're appreciative that they choose us for that help.

Today Becky, my daughter, almost 25, who knows more about apparel, accessories and helmets than I do, is helping a guy (with a couple girls in tow) with a helmet. He's having some trouble with it, so Becky offers to help. "I don't need help from a stupid girl."

Becky was dumbfounded. She didn't say anything, just left the scene. After all, she's just a stupid girl. What can she do? I told Becky afterward, too bad I couldn't come up with something to say that might have implied it was her store. That actually wasn't the first thing that came to my mind; I was thinking she could have replied "Sir, please don't confuse me with your wife." But you wouldn't say that to someone with their kids around. Sometimes you just have to take one for the team.

Some days, you just scratch your head and wonder. Thankfully, such experiences are the exception, and I think we keep such situations to a minimum by being personable. But for some, it just doesn't matter. Whether just mean or forgetting that their "cloak of anonymity" doesn't extend beyond their computer, the only way I can justify their right to come into the store is to give us an example of personality and actions that should be the polar opposite of how we act ourselves. --Mike--