

International Brotherhood of Sewage Workers

By : **Juggernaut**

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By

Subba Rao

“You are over qualified for this job,” said Rob looking at Juggernaut’s resume.

“Despite my over qualifications, I love to work at this place,” Juggernaut looked humble.

“This is a sewage treatment plant to process poop and industrial effluent not a hi-tech or a biotech plant,” Rob was suspicious.

“Every time I drove pass this facility, I fantasized working at this place,” said Juggernaut with a straight face.

“Are you sure you want to take this Job?” Rob was doubtful.

“I am pretty sure,” replied Juggernaut

“You were hired,” said Rob with a big smile after the interview.

“Thank you,” “you know it was my life’s dream to work here.”

“Welcome aboard,” Rob’s voice was friendly.

“What’s my title,” Juggernaut was in jolly good mood.

“Let’s call it Director of Environmental Compliance,” thoughtfully said Rob.

“It sounds pretty good.” “How much I make,” Juggernaut made an inquiry.

“Say around 50 grand.”

“I made twice the amount 10 years ago,” Juggernaut looked disappointed.

“Suit yourself, you want title or money,” Rob threw a curve ball.

“Both.”

“You won’t get both.” “Choose one.”

“I will take the title.” Juggernaut compromised.

“Done.” Rob gave a shake hand and in the process crushed Juggernaut’s tiny hand.

Juggernaut felt the pain but pretended unaffected by Rob’s iron grip.

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Juggernaut settled into his new job at the City sewer plant. The sewer treatment is simple. The micro bugs feed on the nutrients in the poop and factories effluent and get fat and in the process the dirty water gets cleaned up. It is a natural process as the nature intended.

The health of the bugs is tested every day in the laboratory. If the bugs are healthy, they floc and sink to the bottom. If they were sick, they float to the top. Juggernaut just inspected the daily routine in the lab and returned to his office and observed flock of Blue Jays feeding on fat bugs at the treatment plant. When birds gather it is a flock, when micro bugs gather it is a floc. Suddenly, Juggernaut started writing on a paper:

Bugs floc

Birds flock

Bugs feed on poop

Birds feed on bugs

Stormy days are bad for treatment

Sunny warm days are good for treatment

Septic sewage flows in

Clear water flows out

Dormant bugs are bad for the process

Dormant workers are bad for business

The operation here is a lull

that turns everybody here dull.

“ Am I a poet or what,” thought Juggernaut.

Dear Rob,

Since you asked me to put in writing the reasons for my decision to leave the position just after few months on the job, I am writing this note.

The entire operation at the facility is on auto-pilot, we just sit around week after week, and month after month. What happens next is nothing. The bugs do their job. The active bugs feed on the poop, get fat and die to become manure to be added to farm land or dumped at a landfill. But we at the facility were dormant and I am not used this dormancy.

You asked what I think about the staff. I don't want to hurt their feelings, so I will be brief. Maloney though live in South Dakota talks with a foreign accent for whatever reason was a great annoyance. Ray thinks I am a cheapskate because I don't go out for lunch. Sharon was always trying to get demoted in the job to get off her responsibilities. Mike always gets sick either on Friday or Monday to get a 3 day week end. Aaron spends more time reading novels on the job. Kelly was always on the internet. Silent man Bob didn't say one word to me since I took up the job. I heard enough from Tom on his fantasy sex dreams.

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Jake spends extended lunch breaks at the casino to pass time. Crazy man Brent thinks he is an electronic wizard and wants everybody call him Bionic Man. I cannot say here what the workers think about you since we live in a polite society, except their language is graphic at best. The other day to get away from boredom at the office, I drove to nearby cemetery to see if any fresh grave is being dug so I can study the soil profile since I have interest in Soil Science but there was none, it was quiet and dull just like our office.

While I don't regret leaving the position, I do regret not fulfilling my wish of becoming a union member of International brotherhood of sewage workers.

Sincerely,

Juggernaut

Director of Environmental Compliance

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