

# ICE STORM

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## Chapter 10 - Friday Evening

The Friday morning of the following week when I punched in there was a note on the bulletin board to report in at the trailer office. Jodi was there. "Hi, Sandy." His voice was awfully cheerful, and more so than I had ever experienced. "Sam is on the Vine Street side. These are for you." He handed me a small box. Inside were business cards reading 'Sandy' and 'Crane Operator' in two lines with Wyndham Construction information.

I choked up right there in front of him with girl style tears on my face.

He didn't interrupt. He let me take the time to bring it down. "Sandy; Sam and several of us want you to come with us to our Friday evening beer bash. Somebody will drive you home. Rick asked, and us crew chiefs should have. You're a member of the team here, and we should have asked you long ago. We watch you board that bus, and have figured out you wear that hard hat to keep pests away. Wear it. We know who you really are, and will protect your secrets. It's time."

I heard Andrea's and Denny's words in my head about joining the world. And to hell with Denny's Female Led Relationship, or FLR. "Yes, sir. This evening?"

"Yep. Just as you are. You'll knock 'em dead."

I called Denny on my cell phone. She reported, and her voice sounded, as being thrilled.

We all assembled outside the time clock shack. It seemed half the work site staff were hanging around. But even if the number of them might be less, there were still a lot of grimy sweaty guys.

Stanley an electrician insisted that I ride with him in his car. He had me in the right front seat with three guys in the back seat. That should have been my first clue.

He stopped at place named Thirsty Bernie's. I should have known something had to be up when they waited in the parking lot until more arrived. I hung back for going in last as they clustered around me putting me in the middle.

Inside video screens everywhere played football games. It stank of old beer and cigarette smoke.

Shouts greeted the guys by name.

A waitress dashed over for orders.

Sam put an arm around her which I didn't think she liked all that much. "Beer for everyone."

One of the guys handed me a bowl of salty nuts and miniature pretzels. At least five of the guys handed me a frosty mug of beer before I could say "water, please". One of them finally asked why. "I'm underage."

"Aw shit, Sandy, that never bothered anyone."

"Hey guys, let me get comfortable."

One of them slapped me on the back. The waitress brought me a frosty mug of water.

They went into a second mug of beer very quickly.

I stood there among them before I realized the crowd around us had grown larger.

One of the bankers from that earlier event recognized me. "Holy shit. Hey, its Sandy!" He wormed his way in.

"Here, have a card." I gave him my first business card I had ever handed out.

"Awesome. Hey guys, this girl is that crane operator."

Sam's voice boomed. "Be nice. She's one of us. She watches out for all of us all day from up there in the sky. Down here we watch out for her. Got it."

All evening I remained the center of attention. I hardly had to say a word. The waitresses caught on and kept handing me frosty mugs of water. Thank the Good Lord I had changed my diaper just before coming down from that crane as I kept needing it.

After awhile I finally caught on how much the other construction men were in awe of my crew having a good looking girl. It made no difference what I said, or whether I said anything.

I became used to being very sexy good looking with everyone there even with my hard hat firmly over my girl style hair flowing down from under it. I got the hint my work site comrades liked my long hair.

All these men tried to squeeze through the crowd to talk with me. But I didn't have a clue what to say to any stranger, much less these guys. It didn't matter. I kept hearing Sam and others in a low voice warn newly arriving men they could talk with me, but keep their hands off. I gave handshakes, and some of those hands were so powerful they hurt my hand.

I finally stumbled into asking what was their name, who they worked for, and what was their trade. I kept thinking of questions to ask about their trades and how supplies for them arrived at the construction sites. I learned a lot.

That banker invited me to something called the Jaycees.

I stood so long I became glad I had never taken to wearing shoes with heels.

When finally somebody gave me a ride both Andrea and Denny were awake and waiting. They wanted to know all about it in addition to the two of them embarrassing me by changing my diaper. While I couldn't quite say I had a good time, they did tell me how well I did asking all those people questions about them.