



Confessions of a Porn Store Clerk

I worked the graveyard shift at the Erotic Exxxotic Video Emporium, from ten at night until six in the morning. Normally this is the time that all of the nice people are asleep in bed. But not here. Just call this place Freak Central. I got more action in one night than the average person gets in three months — maybe three years.

If you only knew some of the celebrities that have graced this establishment, you would never be able to look at some

of your favorite pop stars in the same way again. I have seen material girls looking for certain materials, bad boys looking to get jiggy with it and some brothers with a real case of Saturday night fever.

Then there are the “normal” people who make up the bulk of my stories. You name it and I have probably seen it. From hookers to housewives and politicians to pansies — they have all come in looking for love in the undeniably wrong place. It’s unbelievable the things your next-door neighbor will get into, when he (or she) thinks no one is watching.

Bill Milford is a nursing major. He was a member of the U.S. Army, former exotic dance club bouncer, and a clerk for several adult bookstores. As his essay explains, he decided to change careers. His goal is to become a nurse practitioner.

Let’s begin with the curious case of the gross woman. I call her this for a couple of reasons. First, the obvious: She was about five feet two inches tall, with greasy dirty blond hair. She also weighed about two hundred and ninety pounds. She was wider than some full-sized trucks. From the smell of things, I could tell that maybe she made sure to take her monthly shower, whether she needed it or not. She also had looks that only a mother could love — a mother Komodo dragon maybe.

Then there was the not so obvious reason. Every Monday she would come in and buy 144 condoms. Yes, that’s right, a gross of condoms. Turns out that she was a “working girl,” and these were her weekly supplies. Hard to believe there are really one hundred forty four men out there who would pay to have sex with this woman in a year, much less a week. Makes you wonder.

I think it is time to pick on the guys a little bit. You would not believe how many guys come in wanting to find something to make their girlfriend or wife all hot and bothered and willing to do the freaky with them and their friend (boy or girl). If she is cool with the idea of having a train run on her by you and your fourteen buddies, great. If not, bogus Spanish fly serum and gangbang videos are not going to work. The ladies usually want romance and passion, not a twelve inch black dildo and a Lickin’ Lesbians videotape

Then there are the people with more money than common sense. A certain 1970’s pop star came in at around four in the morning on the first Wednesday of every month. He would then proceed to pick up his order of 2,000 dollars worth of lesbian videotapes, another six or

seven hundred dollars worth of the latest toys, and some herbal pills which claimed to “put the lead back in your pencil,” if you know what I mean. All of this from a guy, who could have his pick of any woman. Talk about a confidence problem!

We also had a little feature called “Video Peeps.” These are little booths with a lockable door in which you can go to watch pornographic movies on the premises. You go in, shut and lock the door, insert your coins and away you go. At least that is how it is supposed to work. What really happens is that someone will enter a booth, insert coins and then wait for someone to volunteer to join them in said booth for a joyride. Some of the grunts and yelps emanating from that dimly lit recess is enough to make you wonder what was really going on back there.

One time two gentleman of the homosexual persuasion entered my store at about two in the morning. They knew the drill. Within moments, they had purchased the requisite amount of tokens and were comfortably ensconced within a cubicle.

Time went by. Before I knew it, it was half past three in the morning. Oddly enough those two were still in the booth. I sauntered back there and knocked on the door to see if everything was all right. A curiously strained voice answered me,

“Yeah, everything’s fine. We’re just a little stuck.”


Stuck? How the hell do you get stuck? I insisted that they open the door and when

they finally did. Turns out that one of these two had a piercing called a “Prince Albert” through the head of his penis. Prince Albert was stuck in his can! Jim and the super glue in *American Pie 2* had nothing on these two boneheads. The EMT’s that showed up to rescue the two in distress were still laughing as they carted our two inept closet cases to the emergency room. Turns out they were both married — to women. I wonder how they explained that one.

As for me, I decided to change careers after the birth of my daughter. I realized she would one day grow up and ask what Daddy did for a living.

“I’m a porn store clerk,” I would have to tell her.

Right.

I’m studying to be a nurse now, and I’m going to remind as many of my patients that need reminding: No glove, no love. 

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