

Fall 10-29-2018

Junk Mail

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Recommended Citation

Monson, Megan, "Junk Mail" (2018). *USU Student Folklore Fieldwork*. Paper 497.
https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/student_folklore_all/497

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Informant:

I first met my informant on my mission in Washington. A few weeks after I met her, she met my mom in an online BYU Idaho class. From then on she took it upon herself to take care of me. We frequently met for lunch throughout my mission and remain in contact even now after I've been home for a year. She has worked in a variety of offices and has two bachelor's degrees.

Context:

This event took place at my informant's previous place of employment, a school district in Washington. She received her first bachelor's degree in Sociology and was working on her second bachelor's.

Text:

In another small office, I was the accounts payable clerk and worked with the CFO. One of my responsibilities was to pick up the mail from the front desk and distribute to the people in our office. The CFO received a lot of mail, and a lot of it was junk mail. He kept telling me that he didn't need all the magazines and catalogs that came addressed to him. I was afraid I'd throw the wrong thing out, so I just always gave him all the mail. He told me many times that he really didn't need or want the catalogs, and it became a bit of a joke between us. One day he was out of the office. I grabbed all the magazines and catalogs that we had received for the entire office, and laid them out all over his desk and on his chair. He thought it was really funny, and then he got me back.... I went to a three-day conference. While I was gone, he emailed all of our other locations, and asked them all to send in any catalogs or other junk-mail magazines to our office. He put them all over my cubicle. Every single space was covered with catalogs. He even strung up four or five strings and had them hanging across my cubicle! It was really funny. (Except the end of the story is that I caught a nasty cold at the conference, and after being gone three days, I knew I couldn't take a sick day. So when I came into work, I was really feeling terrible and so couldn't enjoy it as much as I would have normally.)

Texture:

My informant sent me this story, and many others, as an email. I had reached out on Facebook to anyone who would submit stories for me. She quickly replied with several stories, each getting longer in length and having more detail. I can imagine her telling this story, she frequently told me stories while I was a missionary. Her facial expressions typically tell almost as much of the story as her words do.

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Folklore 2210
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Fall 2018