

Hii!

My friends always tell me that I´m probably the most over-part-timed-worked person they know. I didn´t really believe them, until I started writing all of this down and well, seems like I don´t have commitment issues only in relationships.

I always yearned for financial security and independence on my parents, which is why I landed my first summer job right out of elementary school. I do think I could have done better choices, because I feel like I could have been more at peace if I didn´t go through all of those toxic environments, stressful tasks and demanding customers. On the other hand, if I didn´t have them, I would´t be able to afford my lifestyle.

I´m ranking those from worst to best. I chose only jobs where I actually got paid and lasted more than a day. Also, a lot of those positions are from unnamed Western Theme Park. I hope you won´t consider it cheating - I did a lot of work there and I really want to talk about it more someday. That´s why I´m leaving out some of the other odd jobs out.

Kitchen Staff in a Pension

Through high school, I spent most of my time either commuting or in classroom, so the only part times I would get were seasonal during summer. This was my third one. Stationed in beautiful forest of Šumava, it had everything I needed - accommodation and few hundred kilometers of distance from my hometown. Someone once told me that person is never as dumb as at 17, and I was probably the dumbest 17 year old around because I didn´t really think enough to ask the working hours beforehand. It was at least 16 hours two days in row, then two days off. It doesn´t sound as brutal, but it was killing me. The job was very stressful, the pension was in a middle of nowhere and there was something deeply wrong with me already, because it didn´t take too long for me to start breaking down. Again.

It was supposed to last one month. That one month was July, which ended with big three days long festival where all of us had to work for about 20 hours a day. I knew that would probably kill me, so I faked death in my family and fucked off. I didn´t feel alright for the rest of the summer.

That was my last kitchen job and start of realisation that I might not be alright :D.

Bistro Staff at WTP

I have been trying to outrun my hometown since I was about 5, but summer of the unnamed Western Theme Park (WTP) have been my first successful attempt. It was me, 16 y.o., and this one friend I don´t talk to anymore against the whole world. I wish there was anything else, because this sucked so much. I was supposed to work at front desk, however they employed too much of us (3 students total), so I was placed at this bistro instead. And a slushie shop. And souvenirs. I did basically everything. I would love to say that I hated every second, because it was terrible and to this day a great topic of conversation, but somehow, I was having fun. Not at work - this bistro was the first time I had to take crying breaks. Not only because there was neverending line of tasks and customers, all of this in the most unhygienic environment, but it was also very toxic place and the chef hated me.

My drinking started here I think.

Pizzeria Staff

My first legal job! It was at this Czech pizza chain and the chef was my aunt, but that didn´t mean I was paid well. Or at least minimally. Even in 2025 their hourly wages are under Czech

legal minimum, so you can imagine that it wasn't much better in 2018/2019. I think I got around 3.5 euro hourly?

At least I didn't really have to do any of the cooking here - I washed the dishes, cut vegetables, marinated meat, but mainly worked with pizza dough. It was boring, but it lacked the stress of all of my other kitchen jobs. My sister and our best friend still work here, and they still hate it as much as when we were 15.

Slurpie & Pop Corn Seller at WTP

This was my second job at WTP. First day was interesting - I came there, chef showed me the bare minimum and half an hour later I was already teaching newcoming staff. I didn't have to do anything other than tap the slushies and serve pop corn, which wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the customers and lack of hygiene.

Did you know that pop corn in theme parks is usually never thrown out? Even when something gross, like a bee taking a dive, happens. I had to take out that bee, which wasn't even dead yet, out with a box and then continue serving like it never happened. I couldn't even change the stash.

As for the slush, surprising amount of people are going to argue about colours of their drink. And when I say argue, I mean yell at a 16 y.o. cashier until she shows them that really, raspberry flavour can be blue.

Cheese Seller (both at Christmas markets and off-season at mall)

Selling cheese at Christmas markets is nothing like selling it in the mall. It's stressful and hard at the markets because you're going to freeze for 6 - 13 hours, all of this with neverending lines of costumers, but it's also rather unsupervised. If you fuck up, it's between you and your god.

Also, you won't have to do anything illegal.

I was selling cheese at the local Christmas markets for two years before I landed gig for the same company at nearby mall at the end of 2024. First of all, the manager of that one store was, and probably still is, trigger angry Trump loving homophobic bitch. Second of all, you wouldn't believe how much time I had to spend washing the mold off our cheese. Yes, when our cheese got moldy, we had to scrub it off, and if it got really bad, it was treated with vinegar. That's it.

There was really no wasting.

I should have reported them, but then I wouldn't see a penny and money was tight at the time.

Also, I have never been treated worse by costumers.

Shopping Assistant at H&M

Alrighty job. Terrible environment. I worked there right before college and I could already feel the toxicity from miles apart. The thing is, it wasn't even issue of management, but of all the other part time workers. Also, it was at Ostrava and while I didn't mind commuting for high school (at least I thought so, now I can't imagine waking up at 5:30 everyday ever again) I realized how much I didn't want to spend summer between Ostrava and Karviná, so I left H&M and stayed at my other Ostrava job, at second hand warehouse.

Girl for Everything at this one specific Festival

I love festivals, and after all of the volunteering I did, I was more than happy to land a paying gig. I took a week off from my bartending job (it was the summer of 2024). That day, I left bar at 6 AM, crying and ready to die, luckily my hysterical sobbing woke up my roommates at the times and both of them were supportive enough to actually get me to the train to Ostrava. I was supposed to bartend at this event, however when I came I did everything but tend the bar. They sent me

cleaning, to do debaras, made me do my best as hostess, sent me to wash the dishes, etc., and that was only my first day. This festival of everything visual, from books to fashion, lasted for five days. There was not a lot of haggling about shifts - they asked me what days I can come, I said all of them, but I didn't really expect them to make me work through the whole thing.

Well, they did expect me to come every morning for more than 12 hour shifts, with no food guaranteed and only 30 minutes of lunch break - or theoretical 30 minutes. As soon as some higher up saw me sitting without food, I got yelled at for fooling around. They continued to exploit me, and the rest of the staff. Some people actually walked out and I'm not surprised - one girl cried on my shoulder because she got her nails done and bought this really cute black dress, all for this job, and she got sent to kitchen.

Marketing of this whole thing was really botched too, so there was probably more workers than guests.

Front Desk Assistant at WTP

I got to sit in a shadowy room, but people yelled at me a lot, usually for WTP's return policies. I didn't hate this as much, partly because I knew that they would be able to beat me through the small window. I could choose the music that played there sometimes.

Souvenir Staff at WTP

I had to stand for hours because sitting down would be "disrespectful". Other than that, it was just boring. No one yelled at me here.

Ghoul at Haunted Castle at WTP

This sound kinda cool but it was actually very boring. Owner of WTP got his hands on this old chateau and ran with it. It resulted in the lamest Haunted Castle ever. Everything was super cheap and I was the only living part of exhibition - which meant that I got a cape, a mask, laid in a coffin and then jumped out on costumers. I didn't get rest of the costume or anything, so if I left visitors to linger on me enough they usually noticed my bright pink sneakers.

Also, when elevator didn't work, I had to guide people down to the exit. Which meant that I scared them, left them to run for a few meters to the end of the room, where they realized that the elevator is closed and then I took off my mask and explained our situation. It was exactly as awkward as it sounds. I (or we) got lost the first time I had to guide them out.

Air Brush Tattooist at WTP

I don't really mind children, really. I do mind their parents. If it wasn't for them, both this and looking after trampolines would be alright. This way, there was always someone needy, in a hurry and outright insulting to their offspring for their choice of tattoo. I was surprised by how gendered both colours and shapes can get.

There was also surprising amount of drunk adults wanting sparkly butterflies. I love that for them.

Edible Bugs Seller

During the Advent of 2023 I held three jobs - bartending, selling cheese and this. How did I manage this and school? I didn't sleep. It got so bad once when I had 12 hours with cheese, another 12 at the bar and then this that I just laid down on the floor and slept. And this wasn't some little shop, this was a stall in the middle of the mall. I risked getting fired or something, but I was really very tired.

Other than that it was fun watching people tasting the bugs, mostly daring children and their horrified parents. We didn't get a lot of costumers, which was fine with me.

Warehouseman for a thrift store

Other than the fact I had to commute for more than 90 minutes, this was a fine job. I didn't have to communicate with costumers, I could try on anything that caught my eye and the other workers were a lot of fun. Going through the donations could get a little gross, but that's to be expected.

Music Journalist

This would be way higher if I didn't have to go to Brno or Prague for all the concerts. I really liked getting deeper into the music bussiness and having a chance to see a lot of interesting bands for free, on the other hand, it also got me into some dangerous situations. While I still struggle to feel in danger, I know that I shouldn't spend so much time on train stations (and other standed places) alone at 3 AM or something is actually going to happen to me. Also, I stuggle with my writing style and deadlines a little too tight, which is why I'm taking a break right now.

Archaeologist

How many jobs did I hold between 2023 and 2024? Well, this excavation was definitely one of them. I had a few shifts during summer. It was a lot of physical labour, but I liked the collective and it was always so exciting to actually find something. Human settlement in Olomouc is a very old one and it was fascinating to get into history of town that has been so welcoming to me. I'm coming back this summer - for 3 weeks of unpaid internship. I didn't have much choice, it's required by my school, but it's probably going to be alright.

Bartender

This is something I have very difficult relationship with. I struggle with moderation and mood swings, which can be a big problem when I have access to alcohol. It was not just about the access here - on the first day they told us that we will not handle this job sober. Six months later, I got into habit of drinking more or less daily and another colleague adviced me to get out as soon as possible, because no one managed to get out after one year here. I was in danger often, but there was also this sense that someone was always looking out for me.

Also, I worked for a very popular student spot. I got to know a lot of my friends there. This resulted in some great stories. It also threw me as close to mental breakdown as I have ever been. I'm not sure if the waves of unrelenting anxiety I'm so prone of started here, but I definitely think I should have talked to someone about this. I still should, actually.

Hotel Front Desk Clerk

I'm here right now. This is my third graveyard shift in a row, but I'm going to get a week off after this. Other than the fact that shifts are 12 hours long and that I sometimes get little sleepy, I love this job. I still get those waves of anxiety, but I'm managing throught them way better. Mainly because I feel like I'm doing pretty good job here.