

29 April 2025 (First Day at Beaver)

My first day at Beaver I was nervous but excited, still taking in how close Beaver was to home — only a six-minute ride.

I arrived at 08:30 as instructed in the onboarding email I received from Emma.

I walked my bike through the same automatic door I had used on the day of the interview .

no staff present at the counter, and the only way to get assistance was by pressing the bell.

I pressed the bell, and a lady came out. I introduced myself. She greeted me and took me through to the warehouse. I stood with my bike while she went to inform someone that I was here.

I saw you standing with another lady at a computer station. I recognised you visually from my interview, and seeing you in this setting made it clear that you held a managerial role."

I waited approximately fifteen minutes before you came to speak with me.

YOU did not introduce yourself or state your name. I only knew your name because the day Emma had told me I got the job she mentioned Adele was with her on speaker phone.

When you approached me, it was only a brief acknowledgement. I was still holding my bike, and when I asked if there was somewhere I could put it, you simply said "sure, follow me" and walked ahead.

I walked behind you along a designated path, a safety zone that is marked with yellow lines.

This pathway ran directly behind five computer stations. On the right, I saw a shelving section that contained all types of packing materials. Along that wall there was

racking.

Before crossing the roller-door entrance, there was signage warning that forklifts were operating and that pedestrians needed to take care. The roller door looked like a drop-off zone for couriers.

Next to the roller door was a room where I could leave my bike, and across from this room you pointed to a set of toilets and an open kitchen.

As we headed back the other way, passing the roller door again, you commented that the lunch room inside was nicer.

You showed me where I would be stationed. You handed me a black backpack with the Beaver name embroidered on the front.

Inside were two A4-sized notepads (with "BEAVER Global" printed on the front), a packet of Post-its, and safety glasses.

While you were showing me the contents, people passing by would say something to you, and you would stop to respond.

Because of these interruptions, you didn't finish telling me what else was in the backpack.

***You** then introduced me to a Colleague , who was stationed to the right.*

you said that he had applied for the same storeperson role as I had and had started four weeks earlier.

My initial thought was that the company must have been doing extremely well if they were able to offer two full-time roles (forty hours a week) at thirty-two dollars an hour, with the promise of a long-term position.

It was about 0900 when you suggested we go grab a coffee. We headed back along the path, passing the other three computer stations, and entered the same door I had entered through earlier.

On the left was the lunch room. There were two large stainless-steel refrigerators with bottom-mount freezers, an inbuilt microwave, plenty of cupboards, a stainless-steel dishwasher, a toastie press, and a coffee machine with a selection of different coffee

flavours. Seeing this lunch room, I realised that your comment earlier was referring to a different lunch room that you considered much nicer.

You did not show me how to use the coffee machine. Instead, you picked up the kettle, filled it, and placed it back on the cradle, which made it seem like your preference at the time was to make a coffee for yourself using the kettle.

I did not ask how to use the coffee machine because I was more focused on wanting to understand what I would be doing for the day.

I made my own coffee. You did not make yourself a coffee, and we headed back to my station.

As we returned to my station, the warehouse appeared to have more people moving through the area.

This was the moment my login was being set up. It looked like there were issues with the login and Outlook, although I cannot be sure, and without knowing what the problem was I did not want to intervene.

During this time, I noticed emails in my inbox containing reading material on policy and IT information about the Microsoft 365 platform — something I am familiar with.

You kept wandering off, and after a short time the screen would lock, so when you returned you needed me to log in again.

I was not sure where we were at in the setup, but presumably you were making sure I had the correct icon tabs available for the tasks I would be using regularly.

I watched you work; there were some icons I was not familiar with, but I expected that you would go through them with me.

There were many interruptions, and I was left to absorb what I could. The warehouse had racking, but it only covered a small section of the overall warehouse space.

The racking contained antileave, but it did not appear to be stored for any specific Beaver stock, and at the time it did not look like it was being actively used.

The warehouse height was very high, approximately ten to fifteen metres. I saw a particular type of forklift being used frequently in the racking — a type I had

not seen before.

It appeared to be a specialised warehouse machine with an extendable mast and forks designed to lift pallets to extreme heights in narrow aisles, maximising vertical storage where traditional forklifts cannot operate.

It used front stabilising legs (outriggers) instead of a large counterweight, making it compact and manoeuvrable for dense storage, and it operated quietly, suggesting it was electric.

At the time, I did not know the technical name of this forklift. I am describing it based on what I personally observed.

Approximately around 11:00, a lady, Michelle, appeared. I do not recall being introduced to her, but you asked her if I could shadow her for a while.

Michelle started our conversation by asking where I had worked. I told her about Mechtric in Malaga, Perth, which was the main branch, with additional branches in Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, and Queensland.

I explained that although I had worked there for almost five years, when I handed in my resignation letter, not one person acknowledged that I was leaving — it felt as though I had never been there.

You reappeared just as I finished saying this. You then whispered something to Michelle and disappeared again.

The last thing you would have heard before speaking to her was my statement about no one acknowledging my resignation.

As we continued, the conversation shifted to topics that aligned with my personal interests.

Those interests could not have been known unless that information had already been shared beforehand by someone present.

She then began telling me her own story. As she spoke, I recognised that what she was describing matched what you had shared with me during my interview.

In that interview, you described Beaver as a place where everyone supported one

another.

You gave the example of a woman who loved working at Beaver so much that, even after her circumstances changed and she took a higher-paying job in the mines, she still returned to Beaver on her weeks off.

You presented this as an example of the company's culture and flexibility.

Michelle also said that a previous partner of hers had worked at Beaver in Stores. She explained that you did not tolerate bullying or hindering behaviour and had removed him from the workplace.

She also said that when her financial situation changed, you helped her secure immediate work in the mines and arranged for her to continue working at Beaver on the weeks she flew in.

A group of people entered the warehouse wearing high-visibility visitor vests and carrying camera equipment.

You looked as though you had been expecting them, and they asked everyone to gather for a photo.

Michelle had vanished by this point. You called out to a woman named Claire — the same lady you had been standing with that morning while I was waiting with my bike. You waved her over and said, "Come on, you, photos."

Claire seemed concerned that she was the only one wearing a pink Jackaroo shirt, as everyone else was in orange, including me.

One of the camera crew told me to move along, assuming that I was part of the photo. I had thought I wasn't, given that it was my first day.

You overheard this and gave a nod/gesture that seemed to include me but left it unclear.

Claire raised again that everyone else was wearing orange. That was when you said to me, "There are shirts in the backpack," referring to the backpack you had given me earlier.

There were men in orange standing in a line chatting — people I still had not been

properly introduced to.

You implied that I should put the shirt on. I used the same toilets next to the open kitchen that you had pointed to, although you had not told me whether they were for couriers or for staff.

As we were lining up for the photo, I had no memory of who I was standing next to. You did not introduce me.

The same camera man pointed out that I was not wearing steel-cap boots, likely because they looked more like sneakers.

Claire appeared to have the same thought based on her reaction when I told him they were steel-caps — I am not saying I read her mind, only describing her actions.

You looked like you were about to say something, although at that moment you were talking to another man who was holding a camera stand. I was not formally introduced to Rohan at that moment, but I recognized him from my interview.

I still had the same assumption that he was the warehouse leader. He stepped in and confirmed to the camera man that my boots were steel-caps.

After the photos were taken, Claire said she hadn't known you could get steel-cap boots that looked like sneakers, and she mentioned that you had gotten her the pink boots she was wearing. You heard the end of that exchange.

For context — this is my own lived experience and was not part of the conversation on the day — Steel Blue was directly across from Mechtric in Malaga, and during my time there they would give away steel-cap boots every year. One of the sales reps used to take full advantage of this offer and would get several pairs by simply providing sizing. I always declined these offers. I had previously owned Steel Blue steel-cap boots and found them uncomfortable. I do not tell every person I meet the story of my life, so I would never bring this up unprompted. However, you loudly and proudly said to me that if I wanted some pink boots, you could get me a couple of pairs. The industry-standard steel-cap boots I was wearing were fine, and I also had another pair at home, so I simply said, "No thank you."

I took a glance at the computer screen and the time was after 1300. I had missed lunch, and lunchtime is when I usually take my dexamphetamine medication.

You and I were still setting up SAP, and it seemed to be taking quite a while. I was more concerned about the computer setup, as I had not been told anything about whether Beaver had particular drives or shared locations for company information such as checklists, training, or processes, like Mechtric did. While this was happening, you were on the phone with IT.

Under normal circumstances, I would have questioned why SAP was being set up through your phone, but because it was my first day, I assumed it was simply their process.

During the setup, you seemed to be taking a lot of photos of the SAP windows on the computer screen.

When you were not on the phone, you were messaging IT. At one point, you handed me the phone to enter a short password and implied that anything short was fine and that the password could be changed once the setup was complete. I typed a five-letter password. But you handed the phone back to me multiple times. After which IT advised that the password was not working. At that point, I said to you that your auto-text setting must be enabled.

By then, it looked like the setup was close to finishing. You told me to switch off the computer.

Earlier in the day, when I had been sent IT information and policy, I remembered a section about always performing a proper shutdown.

So when you said "switch off," I noted out loud that I would shut it down properly.

You openly admitted, "Ha, yeah, I never do that."

As everyone in Stores headed past the roller door and exited through the door between the room where my bike was stored and the set of toilets, you said goodbye, headed the other way, and reminded me that I started at 7 am the next day.

I already knew this from the onboarding email Emma had sent me. As I was leaving, Rohan asked whether I could see myself working there.

I did not know how to answer that on my first day, so I nervously said yes.

My overall impression was that the day was a total failure in organisation.

Nothing matched the structured, professional environment I was promised.

There were no introductions, no guidance, and zero clarity.

I left that afternoon without a single process explained, no sense of how the workplace actually operated, and no idea what my day-to-day responsibilities were supposed to be.