

begin

- 1

1

The sun set on a dead end job. Just dark. I worked for that job. I gave for that paycheck. The money hadn't been great but when was money great. I gave them Monday to Friday and they cast me out.

I Held a box against so the box pressed annoyingly against my thighs. With each step the box hung in the air for a second after my leg moved away causing it to slap against my leg hard. Was there anything worse than moving your office? The annoyances of moving without the prospect of newness. I had no prospects.

I walked past fake ferns and fake wood tables, abstract art iprints in muted colors, speckled office ceilings. Phones rang, I wasn't answering this time.

Coworkers looked at anything else. Margaret at the front desk