

# writ

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begin

begin

# 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

thinking

thinking

# Tasks

Some tasks are a bit like walking down a stretch of beach some unknown distance. Walking back is different. You know where you're going, you've trod these treds before. You see your destination, you see your target easy and evident in front of you.

Walking out is different. The strand is long and blank with no point to pick out as your target, your goal. Instead you shuffle, feet squeaking over fine silica for as long as you want to go.

There's no pressure no force keeping you on. Just a vague desire to exercise, to see what there is, something.

Without a goal, without a precise push, turning back is effortless. Each step you take out is a step you'll have to take on the return. And the prize for going some distance is intangible.

You see the steps of others, the way has been gone some number of times before. Peanut imprint footsteps from beachgoers wearing shoes, deep holes where the balls of feet have landed, shallow cutouts from sandals.

When did they turn back? When do you?

# New Page

I shot down the drive, the brakes screeched slightly. I needed to get those fixed. Without money how do you keep going? How do you pick yourself up, and go out there looking for work another day? I drove past boarded up buildings decorated with grim. Stopped by the hardware store on Winslow avenue and asked them if they had work. Inside the shelves were dusty. "My apologies, do you have any open positions?", I asked. "I'm afraid we have one position", said the manager, "If you do this though, there's something I have to warn you about" "What is he talking about?", I thought. "what could be so t