

### What the Blue Book Says

Today is one of those hot sticky days; you know the type the type that makes a person want to hide in a room say fuck the electric bill and pump the A.C all the way up. But of course I head over to the other side of town in order to get a haircut. Why is it always me getting my balls busted? So what if my hair is a bit long. Those assholes at work don't know what they're talking about. "Has to be above the collar and above the ears when combed." Fuck them and their little blue book.

I walk in the barbershop sweating so much I look like something off an inkblot test, Sigmund would love it. The barbershop is one of those rectangular joints, all length no width. I say what's up to my barber Yuri. The man is the best barber I've ever known, one of those Russian cats practically born with a pair of scissors in their hands. I end up sitting right in the middle of the cheap little bench that really shouldn't be called a bench. They bought this thing because it was cheap not because it can comfortably fit a person who doesn't have the figure of a fifth grade school girl. The funny thing about barbershops though besides their cheapness is when you walk in the barbers who weren't as fortunate as Yuri to be born with scissors in their heads always perk up. That's because they're hoping to actually work instead of just taking the jobs like cutting some five-year-old kid's hair. Let's be honest. Who fucking cares if a five-year-old has a bad hair day? All they really care about is the next ridiculous place they're going to take a dump.

Anyway I end up sitting and waiting for a bit. Yuri is finishing up with this guy, some corporate business type. You can tell by the cut of course. Short sides and a bit on top slathered with gel. Mr. Business though is getting on my nerves. Keeps on having Yuri correct shit that isn't wrong. I don't know. Sometimes some people get a taste of giving orders it corrupts them

into a regular Mussolini. At least the fucker didn't take off his shoe and start slamming it on the table demanding his sideburns become slightly thinner. Ultimately after five minutes of demands Mr. Italiano Business is done. I get up shake hands with Yuri and tell him "just trim everything up and make sure that I won't be quoted things from blue books anymore." Yuri starts his thing trimming this, combing that and then he gets to my hair that tends to fall down over my top right forehead. At times it creates this nice little curl. You know the type something right out of Christopher Reeves's Superman. So he combs my want to be super hair and then I see it: my scar. Haven't seen the thing in forever because my hair tends to be long and covers it. This scar is about an inch long with raised edges hardened over the years by scar tissue. It basically looks like a samurai sword without a hilt. And I'm taken back to when I got the damn thing.

A little fuck, I liked to find places to shit and piss, which would be amusing to see my parents explain and clean. So I end up bored that particular day, nothing to do, nothing amused me so I tried knocking shit down making a mess. I tried making my cat do things no cat would do like float in a pot in the bathtub. You know the usual kind of thing a five year old would get into. I hear my old man pull up out front. You could hear that car from a block away; it sounded like a lawnmower had a squirrel caught in it. Since he came home I got really excited. Finally something to do and that something was always fun, piss off the old fuck. I have no idea why I got so excited to torture him; he honestly was a hard working man. He just had a booze and anger problem: fairly standard for Mid West Americana. I realize that now especially when I am what passes for an adult. The guy really just wanted to sit in the basement smoking his cowboy killers drinking his Budweiser. He didn't want to deal with me after twelve hours of labor. But no, I got all excited to see him. I still can't fathom why even in that moment during the hair cut, it wasn't like he was funny when he was angry like Homer Simpson or Red Foreman. No, he just got pissed.

Don't get me wrong he never hit me or any shit that would turn me into a serial killer like what all those John Jay professors say. He just got angry. I ended up running down the stairs as if I'm a fat boy chasing the ice cream truck and guess what happens? I triped and fell down the damn stairs. Then there was this deliciously sweet music that sounded like a walnut being cracked. The walnut in question was my forehead. The best part of the walnut cracking was that I don't remember what happened next; it's just a blur. My mother told me there were copious amounts of blood on the newly renovated stairs; I always loved how she had to say newly renovated stairs as if my head being opened up was the lesser concern. Even though the newly renovated stairs were in danger of being stained they rushed me to the hospital had some doctor sewed my head up like a bloody turkey at Thanksgiving in order to keep in all the stuffing. I'm glad they did though. I'd like to think my stuffing is kind of important. I wouldn't be as witty without it.

Until the stitches were removed I remember picking and scratching at it all the time. They warned me "don't pick, don't scratch you'll have a terrible scar as it is." How are you going to tell that to a five year old? They're so fucking contradictory. I probably scratched it all the time. As a big fuck, I'll do whatever I want; it's my walnut.

Then I hear this Russian accented voice asking me if everything looks good and I'm brought back to reality and I look at the cut. It seems alright. I'll probably get those cunts with the white shirts and gold on their chest off my back for a month or two. I say, "Yea perfect as always Yuri. Thanks man." I get up give the man a handshake with a five dollar bill in my hand for his tip, and say "I'll be back when the blue book says I need too." Yuri chuckles and waves me off. I walk out of the barbershop and scratch the top right of my forehead and head back home.

Today is one of those days where you don't really want to do shit. Even though you may

feel like that shit needs to be done because who else is going to end up doing it. I'll tell you who. Nobody. Because nobody gives a fuck anymore about anything. What was that quote from the dude from Fight Club: "We don't have a great war in our generation, or a great depression, but we do, we have a great war of the spirit. We have a great revolution against the culture. The great depression is our livestock we have a spiritual depression". I think he's wrong about all that. Our great devolution is nobody cares. Nobody gives a fuck if something needs to get done. They only care enough to say something needs to get done. They won't put away the bag of Doritos and do it. That's the war we fight; the war to make someone else do it.

So I end up deciding that I'll play Sweden in that war and I end up at work a bit early. I'm all dolled up with my new haircut and ready to hit the town. Let's see what those assholes think about me today. I walk into the room where it all starts. It's this huge dungeon of a room. All space no chairs, no nothing, just brick walls. If you think about it it has to be huge so it can contain all the testosterone and male ego in the room. Then all of a sudden I see this chick, a short little number, with short hair like some kind of hipster chick. I kind of like it. She has these curves that are shown off in the most amazing way. I need to get a hold of myself, take a deep breath try to center myself like those Buddhist motherfuckers. It seems to work for them. I end up being able to see past the hair and the curves and the eyes. Wait, I didn't mention eyes before but I can see what's going on. She's wearing civvies but no metal flashing anywhere, so she's not exactly on the job and yet she's in the room: interesting. I decide to approach her and say:

"Isn't it such a dreadful day?"

"Ha, why would you say that? The sun is out. It's warm. People are walking and such?"

"Ah there we have it. You said it exactly. All those goddamned people out there all trying so

hard to get nowhere."

"Oh! Aren't you just adorable? You hate people. It's funny though you say that with doing this job and all."

"The job pays the bills and besides the bat belt is kinda cool."

"Hmmm Robin, must be hiding around here somewhere then."

"Yea, I told him to go get the rest of rest of his pants. He looked ridiculous."

"Ha, no really. Why do you do this whole thing? I've heard about how smart, capable and committed you are."

"Don't forget about the smart assery. Can't forget that part of my resume. It's the bit in the bold print."

"No, we wouldn't wanna forget that now would we. That and the douchbaggery. That's the part that was underlined if I'm not mistaken."

"You wound me, Madame. You might have well bitten your thumb at me."

"My, my, 'Bill' look at you...always so witty, always so clever. Heard about that bit too."

"I know charming aint I? "

"You know what else is funny. That thing on your chest and how shiny it is. No scuffs either. I think it shows some pride not just trying to pay the bills."

"... No it just rained yesterday. Quite convenient if you ask me. Anyway I'm gunna head out before I get a call".

The wild thing I think of is maybe this one isn't like all the other fucktards in the world. Seems like she has a head on her shoulders. Kind of surprised me . It's possible for someone to have some brain activity once in a while.

I head on out of the command and start down the block towards my boy Raj and his coffee truck. Raj is a cool guy. I think he is anyway, can't really understand a word he's saying. I do know the guy is an immigrant just trying to feed his family. Crazy thing is most of these guys like Raj were something special in their country. They were doctors or lawyers or teachers. You know all that cliché shit parents tell their kids to be. But the thing is once they get to the states that all means shit. Cause they didn't do it here. All powerful America is held to a higher standard and so must its people who are its denizens.

I walk up to him and the fucking guy already has my order ready. That's why he's a cool guy. I come by every fucking day same time and to make my life a little easier when he sees me from down the block he makes the order. I give the man the few bucks I owe him. He's always under charging me too even when I tell him not too. Then I hear the click click of a pair of heels and a sweet voice say:

"Why don't you just add a large coffee black to his order for me."

I turn around and its little Miss Covie with the curves. I gotta try to play this cool. Shit did I just think to myself that I have to be cool? What the fuck am I? Thirteen and asking a girl out to junior prom.

"Yea you can do that, Raj no problem."

Raj pours out another steaming cup of coffee and hands it to Miss Curves. I mean Miss Covie. I

wish Raj well and tell him I'll be by tomorrow. He can complain to me how bad the Jets are doing or is it the Mets? I don't know with that accent of his. Either way I enjoy talking with the man. I start to walk with Miss Civie and she says:

"Is this why you ran out of there so quickly? So you can get breakfast?"

"Well yea the pig needs his cup of coffee and a donut now doesn't he?"

"That's true now, guy gives you the VIP treatment though."

"Who? Raj nah were just cool."

"Cool is giving you extra cream cheese on your bagel not having your order pre made."

"What are you? With the spooks or something?"

"Spooks? "

Fucking civies I swear they don't know shit sometimes! I go and answer but she says:

"Spooks, no. I'm not I.A. This isn't an episode of Law Order SVU, dude."

" Oh, ok but SVU. That's an oddly specific witty comeback."

" Ehhh, I like Eiliot. He's the man, you know. When he's not turning into the Hulk."

" Ha, well the answer to your question is I guess me and Raj are cool cause one day I went to get some food and I gave him a ten he then gave me change for a twenty. I called him out on it and he was real thankful. I think people try to cheat him a lot just cause he's the coffee guy. To me he's a cool dude that has found a niche that can feed his family. No reason to fuck him over. "

" Oh is that it. That's actually kinda sweet. Here I thought you were taking advantage of the bat

belt."

"Nope I don't really play that game."

"Good to know, I don't really like games."

Then she winked. But as she walked away I couldn't quite believe it. Did she just wink at me? Yeah, she just fucking winked at me and held a conversation. Ok definitely might actually be something. I then trip and jostle my coffee and thank the lord nobody saw the pig just trip and spill.

I need to get my head out of my ass. I see one really really cute civie and I start to lose it. Well, she was cute and kinda smart. This is rare enough in this God forsaken city for someone to have both qualities. I shake my head to let loose those thoughts.

It's once again one of those days that just make you sweat everywhere and I mean everywhere, ladies. I have all my gear on and I don't even know what half of it does really. The most ridiculous part of it is that my vest is making me so hot that steam is rising out of it fogging up my glasses. I consider putting on my long sleeves because of it. I just don't want any shit for not wearing the uniform of the day. Fucking pricks, I swear. That's what they're concerned about. Not that there's an autistic kid running around the city lost, scared, and I hate to say it but probably dead by now.

I pull out the keys to the beat up Impala that the rookie has the honor of driving today. The damn thing has so many things wrong with it. I could honestly make a mechanics greedy little eyes light with the prospect of getting all his kids the new Xbox along with a new Iphone for Christmas. I open the door; I maneuver myself in the car; it's not as easy as you may think with

me being such a big fuck. I turn the ignition on and the engine howls and of course the check engine light is on. It looks like the mechanic's wife is getting a new pair of tits too when we finally bring this in the shop.

I drive around the city and I see all the shit that inhabits it. There are those clowns who are selling watches on the sidewalk. We all know stole those damn things. The funny thing is they get away with just cause they're smart enough to walk into a building and get a street vendors permit. The city ignores the fact that they're selling stolen shit because they get revenue. It's the same damn concept for parking tickets and traffic tickets. Do I really give a flying rat's fuck if somebody had dice in their mirror? No, of course I don't. But the city is smart. They say it's a hazard because it's an obstruction of view and warrants a ticket. The ticket means money. I will say this as I drive around and think of the bureaucracy. It's defiantly a nice way to say fuck you to someone who has that look and attitude of why the fuck is the pig bothering me. I just say have a nice day. Here's your bullshit ticket.

As I smile at those little moments I see these two blokes. Looks like they're having an argument I pull the car over, damn thing groans and cries as I set it in park and get out. I take in the scene before I make my subjects know I'm there. One guy is clearly a street vendor ; he has his dirty apron on, one hand gloved for the food the other bare for the money. I can smell him already just like boiled hot dogs that have been sitting around for far too long. The second guy though; he's in a button down shirt. Cheap one from the looks of it and a pair of worn slacks. He's probably some office clown who thinks he got the wrong change. As I get closer I hear the argument.

"No! He come to me cart me found him. "

"Hey, I'm the one who recognized him you fucking cunt."

" I no care me give him hot dog he come with me for reward."

"Speak English you fucking foreigner!"

I see who they're talking about. It's this grubby looking kid happily eating a hotdog. He's watching the two men fight; he looks kinda amused at it too. I get a bit closer and I realize that he's the kid; the missing autistic kid. These two ass clowns are fighting over the reward money meanwhile the little fella should be already home with his family. I walk over to the two fighting and I say:

"Hey both of you two little shits shut the fuck up and realize one thing. I'm about to cuff both of you to a fucking pole and leave you to rot for endangering a lost child. Do you know what that means? That mean you lose your vending license and you lose your piece of shit job in your little fucking cubicle. Now I'm gunna give you guys one chance. You're both gunna say good morning sir can you please help this child find his family and I'll say, 'yes of course. Thank you and have a nice day.' Now what do we say?"

They both say it in unison. Albeit one voice is in bad English but they both got the fucking point.

"GOOD MORNING SIR CAN YOU PLEASE HELP THIS CHILD FIND HIS FAMILY?"

"Yes, of course. Thank you. Have a nice day."

I let the ass holes proceed with their day and approach the kid. How am I supposed to do this? The kid is fucking autistic. I mean really though. What kind of fucked up God makes something like this even happen? Who thinks up a disease that makes somebody unable to

communicate? That's some fucked up shit. Cancer and all the other things I get. You gotta keep the human population controlled somehow. But autism and mental retardation I don't get.

I step towards the kid nice and slow. He looks kinda amused actually and then it hits me he may not be able to communicate but he understands. He understood what I did to his little friends there. I then think what hell. I'll be straightforward.

"Hey you want me to take you home buddy?"

He just nods, walks up to a trash can throws out his garbage and takes my hand. Ain't that some shit right there. We get back into the car and I speed away to the recorded address that listed in the case.

We end up in the kid's neighborhood and man is it a shit hole. The sidewalk is all kinds of fucked, all the delis signage is half missing and last but not least there's a crazy old fuck around. He has a parrot on his shoulder with a can of Bud in his hand. What is it with old white fuckers and Budweiser? I finally stop at his house and it's this old house that's been separated into three parts so the owner can rent it out and use the money to not live in a shitty neighborhood. We get out the kid grabs my hand again as I walk to him to the door. I ring, the mom answers. She's this middle-aged woman who just seems worn with grief and guilt. She has these bags under her eyes that even with her dark skin you can see. I begin the conversation by lifting the kid into her arms and saying:

"Merry Christmas!"

"Ooooooooooooooh my god you found him! You found him!"

"Found him? He's your early holiday gift do you know how much he cost?"

"....."

"You know you should laugh. That was a good one. In all seriousness, Miss, yes I found your son while I was out on my rounds. I brought him here unofficially though because if I did otherwise the reward money wouldn't be put to good use. I want you to have someone you trust claim the money and use it on the kid and your family. Get yourselves out of here send him to a program where he can get the attention he deserves."

"I can't believe this. Are you sure don't you want a medal or something? Or the money even?"

"Nah it would bring too much attention. Besides they'd want to take photos and I can't stand how the camera adds ten pounds."

"Thank you so much! At least come in for a drink or something. You must be hot in weather like this."

I end up walking inside just for a moment to give the momma a chance to say thank you. I accept the ice tea she handed me. It's one of those powder jobs. It's too sweet and tastes like shit. I smile and drink it anyway. The kid looks happy to be home. It was a few days he was missing; his mother dotes on him looking him over. I decide I'm intruding. The momma probably wants to wash him up and even take him to the family doc. I look around and notice something is missing. Where's the kid's old man? It's late afternoon. The fucker should be here to help his wife. But then I think of my own old man and leave it be.

I get up and thank the momma and remind her it wasn't me who found the kid and to make sure the money is well spent. As I leave I pat the kid on the head and chuckle. The little shit is acting like nothing happened. As if all is right with world just cause he's back home. Only, if only,

the world actually worked like that. That would be some shit now wouldn't.

As I walk back to the car I think maybe this gig isn't so bad. I mean I got to get that kid back home. The family can use the reward money to help the kid actually become a productive member of society. Hopefully he won't turn into those degenerates that wanted to use him as an early payday. I think all this as I get in the car and start driving through town. I see all of humanity. And all of it needs some kind of salvation.

Seeing that kid being reunited with his family made me think of my own. My mother God bless her, she was like the kid's mom. An overbearing, over worrying and nagging creature. Essentially she was the epitome of womanhood. I mean turn on the fucking TV and check out any older immigrant mother character. Yeah, that's mama dukes. It's funny how everyone's fucked up family is kinda the same but then again nobody is like the old man. Mine is some kind of special fucked up. Him and his cowboy killers staining the basement walls a greasy yellow color and making the place stink. Man, once I get on this everything just comes. Everything clicks in to place like a crazy game of mousetrap. There's always the stank and taste of Budweiser in the air. He would also have this filthy ashtray with dozens of cigarette buds and splashes of beer inside. Those were some good times I tell you what. I remember going down the stairs this time but it wasn't because I was bored and wanted to fuck with him. No sir. I had learned to try and avoid the old man by then. But this particular time I had to see him. I had to show him my God damn report card. I wasn't particularly good at school. I was twelve and cared more about getting my fucking Charizard to level 100 at that point. But yea I didn't give a shit about math or science; it didn't mean anything to me. Even if all that was true the old man couldn't have that now could he? Nahhhhh. He'd chug a Bud down and start talking shit. It was

always some crap along the lines of you stupid shit; you can do better. How can you affect the world with this? Actually I don't know the way you're mother and I kept dropping you on your head when you were a baby you're probably better off if you just fry up burgers all day. It would go on for a while until he'd have to fill up on Bud again. I'd use those moments to get away and work on that gotta catch em all malarkey I was into. The wild thing is I could have proved him wrong at any time I wanted but I didn't care. Hell, I do it every day nowadays anyway.

Then like the mouse in that game my brain snares me and makes me think of the civie with the curves. "Why do you do this all then?" Instead of being an asshole I should have told her cause somehow I knew I could. I needed to prove the old man wrong. That I can be productive once I want to be, that I can help the world. The radio goes off and takes me away from that. I smile and think thank God I couldn't stay in that basement for much longer.

The radio chatter is for me; they want to go back to command and talk to the assholes in the white shirts. I know this can't be good. Is talking with those clowns ever good? Motherfuckers never spent a damn day in the streets. All those cats just sucked dick to get a desk gig and study for the exams that gave them the spiffy uniform. Either way I gotta get back there and quick too. So I obviously take my fucking time and hit the streets that have traffic on purpose. I park the car like an asshole cause I can and head on inside. Once I'm in everyone's eyes are on me. I decide to be a smartass and say:

"I know ladies, I know I can have that effect on you but no need to stare."

That snaps everyone's attention back to what they were doing. Which was probably nothing in the first place but now they're pretending to be busy at least. I make a b-line for Mr. White Shirt himself and walk into his office. I don't even have a seat. I just wait for it to all start. It's

about the kid. The momma just couldn't not let me have a reward. She called and said what I did. She thought she was doing me a favor. But that's not the world we live in. I get yelled at for not following procedure twenty-nine of the blue book. There's also the bit about now all chances for a good P.R stint is all ruined since not following procedure twenty-nine would bring too much trouble to light.

So this is what this job is all about now political agenda fucking A. I mean really. I got a lost kid back to his momma. But this fucker whose stomach is flopped over his belt wanted to make a show of it all. He probably wants to be comish one day and a regular James Gordon. I fucked up his little dream by trying to get the kid some money to move out of the shit hole neighborhood he was in. I don't really give a fuck what he's saying though he seems a bit mad . What really is giving him away is that one of his veins is popping out from under his moustache. It's kinda of funny. He keeps yelling and it keeps pulsating as if it's the thing talking to me. While the vein screams I just stand there not hearing a word until he says:

"This is gunna cost you a month on the street!"

"A month on the street???? Are you out of your fucking mind I saved that kid!!!!" "Excuse me?"

" I'm sorry. Are you out of your fucking mind SIR."

"Get out and don't come back until your time is up and I don't give a fuck about the union, by the way. You can bitch to them all you want later. Still doesn't change anything."

I walk out of his office fuming. I don't think I've ever been this mad. Not since that time with the old man. I get hit with it all again. This time it's about how I don't do shit to help out with the house. I was in high school at the time. I was a little punker kid that thought everything he was the fucking best thing in life. That day I walk into the house and once I step in I see the

basement door and a billow of smoke creep out. Along with the smoke is a slew of curses which I didn't even realize were directed at me. Some fucking bull about how all I do is eat, drink, shit and am good for nothing else. That's when I caught on that it was me he was yelling about. What the fuck could it be this time. Wait for it. Ahhhhh; it's the messy room that got him this time. Was there ever a senior in high school that cleaned their room? All they care about is how are they're gonna get the chick with the big lips. They just want to get them on his head and we all know which head I'm thinking of. Even if that's true he kept going on about living like a pig and all kinds of shit. I finally just said, "You know it's not the most fatherly thing to do you know, cursing your kids out and all." That really set him off with the shit talking and I actually started back with him. Saying shit like what kind of cunt of a man hides drinking in a basement. Most men play catch or some shit with their kids but all I did with him was learn how to open up a beer can while drinking one at the same time. It went on and on until we got so close to each other that we could've been about to hug. That's not what happened though. He spat at me and as I was about to swing at his little head of my mother got between us. He ran right back into his cave with his cowboy killers and Bud. My mother tried to console me and say don't worry about him he just has a temper; he'll say sorry soon. I never gave him the chance because I never spoke to him again afterward. I couldn't stand the stank coming out of that basement. I couldn't stand the empty beer cans he had collected down there. So I never went back down there or near him when he was upstairs. I would've moved out but it would have killed my mother. I decided to stay and use all the benefits I could of living at home. The fucker paid for my school till I finished college and paid the bills for everything. I figured if he can't be a father he could at least be a benefactor.

Then I'm pulled out of those thoughts by the Miss Civie with the curves. I see the name

badge around her neck; it's a European name; exotic interesting. It says she's in the counseling department. She sees me and I suppose the fury in my face or it could have been the fact I had my hand on my weapons and my knuckles were turning white that gave me up as well. She says to me as I pass "I heard what you did, you did right by that kid."

" Yeah well bubbatron inside there didn't think so. He sent me over to the land of the misfit toys for not following his little blue book."

I walked away after saying that. I can tell everyone was looking at me and I knew what they're thoughts were. They were thinking one of two things. Damn, he had a pair of huge brass balls or he's a fucking asshole. In the end I don't give a fuck about them. I know why I did what I did. That blue book can go right in the shitter for all I care.

It's one of those nights that just make you wanna drink outside. Luckily for me I don't have to worry about getting a fucking hangover with the whole vacation I just earned myself. I have nice big bottle of Jameson in my hand as I drink on top of my roof. I look over the edge and see the city in its entirety. The filth; you can see it all from this vantage point and I mean you can see it all. But then I concentrate more on what I hear. As I'm musing I hear click-click in the background.

"You can see the subway from here. It's something isn't? Just a big can full of people all in a rush to go fucking nowhere. It makes for a neat little sardine can now doesn't? It's all quite amazing those little sardines push and shove each other to get home five minutes earlier. They see a pregnant or sick sardine do they make a hole for her or let her sit? Fuck no! That would be too human for them to do now wouldn't it? Even if a special sardine decides to do something to help them the other ones will just scoff. Ain't that some shit right?"

"How'd you know I was here to listen to that? "

"I didn't. I'm crazy and drunk on top of a city roof. I like to monologue; I have a thing for Shakespeare. You know to be or not to be and all that fuckery."

She decides to sit down next to me and takes off those heels. Those heels that like to go click click against whatever they hit. She's quite lovely. The moon hits her brown eyes and lights them up. My heart skipped. Fuck, my heart skipped; yeah I'm definitely in grade school again trying to ask a girl to the junior prom. I decide to sit silently for a while until she says:

"I bet you're wondering how I found you. "

"Personal files. You're allowed to look through them counselor. "

"Star Trek References too? Damm nerd."

"Doesn't make me any less right."

"True but I was surprised you knew. "

" I'm full of surprises. "

"Yea, you are. I don't understand why you try so hard to save those sardines you were talking about though."

There it is. The question again. I don't know if was the Jameson or the fact I knew I could tell her anything. It wasn't even cause she was a counselor but more than like I knew she would understand and maybe even help me grow. Well, look at me being all fifth grade school girl here still doesn't change what I did next. I told her. I told her everything about my life and she listened and exchanged everything about her life. As the sun rose and yea it was fucking beautiful, definitely a cliché sunrise for the hack movies. She said:

"The thing that's important about life is success but not the success you're thinking of. But rather the success of touching others people's lives in a positive way. You have done that in a lot ways whether big or small. The small is with your friend Raj. The big is that you saved that kid from being used. They'll always remember you. You're a success because of that and your father and nobody else can ever take that away from you."

I realized how right she was. I also realized that she too was a success because she had touched my life. She made me realize that life isn't all about the fucked up sardines. It's about the ones who give up their seats or chase down someone to a city roof to make sure they're doing alright. In that moment, I also went full on hopeless romantic. Thanks Bill for your example of Romeo couldn't have done it without you.