

Paradise's end

“Great success comes to those who try first gentlemen and you have the privilege now of being one of the first. Let me tell you, -No show you! If you bring your attention to page 20 of our portfolio you will see that by acquiring ‘Fast-Account’ as a service 85% of our customers experienced a growth of at least 25% in the first quarter and 50 in the next.” ... or was it 60% percent? Tom wasn’t sure. Oh well, it was all written down in the plastic binder he had in his bag in the luggage compartment. Tom wasn’t worried. After all he had done this many, many times now. Around 7,650 if he remembered correct. He had it written down on a small post-card in his checked in laptop bag up above his head. It was part of his ritual. Every time he went somewhere to make a sale for one company or another, he would purchase a post-card from a souvenir shop and write down a miniature statistic of his life so far:

- 254,844 coffees drank
- 3,567,877 miles traveled
- 5 laptops used and broken
- 14 suitcases dragged around and torn
- 675 unique hotels stayed in
- ...

And on and on. It was his life, or more specifically the measurable part of his life. The day to day mundane tasks of a traveling salesman. He had a family, with a wife and kids and he loved them dearly, but he also loved his job. He loved to travel, rarely attributing any importance to the destination. It was the act of travel that really enjoyed his attention. Mid flight the destination was a point of wonder, where anything was possible and what was passing by the windows and left behind was swollen by the hum of the motor and, for all he cared, oblivion. Tom was never really disappointed by the town he arrived at, it was not like that, he really cared for his job and felt like he had a natural sense about it, so in a way he was looking for that conference room with plastic chairs and filtered coffee. He liked to travel because it was a moment of presence, where past, future and now can be examined independently from the jumbled form they took during day to day life. It was a form of meditation for Tom, a Zen Garden, wrapped by the white noise of the engines, the crackle of plastic bottles and cups and the chatter of the stewardess’ handing them out.

And what a Garden it was. Like most professional salesmen Tom was exclusively traveling business class. And he always acquired the services of one particular company to give him the comfort he needed - ‘Paradise’s End’. Oh, he absolutely loved it.