Your wife left you.

It wasn’t your fault though. You swear it wasn’t. The fault laid with her for looking through your texts. The fault laid with your mistress for texting you about that gynecology appointment. The fault laid with this cruel world for giving you such a short straw. Blame anyone but yourself. Howl and cry, because it wasn’t your fault. It was never your fault, and never would be your fault.

You fought day in, day out, wondering when you would finally snap. Nine-to-five in two-hour traffic, two spoiled brats, a mortgage you couldn’t pay off, and to top it all off: a fifteen-year marriage whose honeymoon period died the same night the bow was tied.

It’s a wonder why how you lasted so long.

Life sucks. You learned how to deal with it though. Making lemons out of lemonade as they say. Find the little things to smile about. Your job paid well, the brats were a little cute, and old uncle J promised to bail you out the moment he made his next sale.

The only one you couldn’t find any good in was your wife.

Where did it all go wrong? Before her things were going so well. All throughout high school and college, you were top of the class grades, star of the football team, and all that good jazz.

If you had to pin a point, it would have to be her. Your chemistry at that party was great. The red dress she wore looked great, and it looked even better on the floor. One night became a week, then a month, then a year.

Before you knew it, you’re walking down the aisle, thinking about how nice her white dress would look on the floor.

Married life wasn’t as nice as you hoped. It started well, but the stress of adult living got to you. Endless taxes, the shitty in-laws, and no time to yourself.

And now you find yourself here, lying in your car parked on the side of the highway in the middle of bumfuck nowhere, wondering how you could have let it go so wrong.

No one understands you. They don’t understand the struggle you lived through. If they understood, then they wouldn’t have shut the door in your face. If they understood, you’d be the one with custody, not her.

If only they understood.

You’re out of gas and have no money. There’s food nearby, but how could you take it? That stuff was the result of months of hard work. A farmer’s life wasn’t easy. Early morning, late nights working under the sweltering sun. They’re an underappreciated lot.

Course, you weren’t thinking of that. Nope. Not at all. Why? Cause you’re a complete and utter jackass.

All you could think about was how terrible the farmers were. Born with a silver spoon in their mouth, they didn’t understand the struggle of living 9-5 in the suburban hellhole.

Getting up from your lying position, you exited the car and approached the fields…