

product or service? You laugh at those. You, I mean your company, needs a service that will push the highest quality advertising that will have anyone who sees it think of your company as nothing less than worth buying.” Steve attempts to sell Lane.

“My company recently purchased majority shares of a hiring agency, who only works with businessmen to get them further into the company, and I have a specific businessmen in the program who would be a perfect fit for your company named Lane. He has enough experience to be a regional manager like you, but no one wants to give him a chance. I came over here because I could tell you’re the type of person who’d be willing to give him a chance.” Lane blurts out. “Why did I say that so soon? I wanted to butter him up a little bit more...” Lane thinks to himself.

“Very altruistic of you. You know at a meeting like this, you could be making deals to make your company a whole hell of a lot of money, or making lateral moves yourself. For you to be helping someone in your company get such a low level job means you must be a novice. Tell you what Lane, next year let’s have this talk again. You seem like a great guy, just a little new to all this.” Steve finishes his drink and walks away from the bar. “Damn it. What the hell was that?! Now he knows my name and that I was lying. That bridge is burnt.” Lane looks around the room and spots a man standing in the middle of the room with one hand held out flat in front of him. “This guy looks weird. I bet I can get him to hire me.” Lane thinks while he walks towards his next prey. When he is only a few feet away, the man takes out his phone and says, “the one right in front of me...yeah...” Lane freezes in shock, then turns and tries to walk away, but is stopped by a 6 foot tall, wide built, Italian man who hangs up his phone and puts it in his pocket.

He puts his arm around Lane, “take a walk with me.” Even with the man’s arm around him, Lane still follows by complete choice as he knows he stands to gain more than this man. “Let’s break the ice real quick, is your favorite color, is it yellow?” the Italian man asks Lane. “No, it is blue. What is your name?” The man smiles, “my name is Leo. Head of Lothsman’s Donation department. We call ourselves Yellow World. Currently we are raising money to help fight brain cancer. Can your company offer a substantial amount for tonight?” Lane frowns, “No, I’m sorry Leo, but I am on the Board of Directors for my company so I cannot make a decision like that on my own.”

Lane looks around to see where he is being led to and he notices the stairs to the stage are in front of them. “If this guy wants a donation and he is leading me to the stage he’s probably going to make a big announcement and guilt trip me into saying yes in front of everyone. That’s pretty easy to turn around on him. I’ll let him make the big show and I will tell everyone no. This will shock the crowd and then once I have their attention I will tell them it is because I personally have no money because me and my company I represent send all of our profits to build Children’s hospitals to help every type of cancer. Then offer to the crowd that they can donate to either of our causes and that we both are helping.” Lane plans. As he is being led up the stairs to the stage Leo asks one more question, “are you scared?”. “No. Why would I fear anyone will less ambition than me?” Lane replies.

Leo laughs and grabs the microphone, with one arm still around Lane, “Everyone. Attention. I represent Yellow World, and we currently raising money to fight brain cancer. Currently we are 5 million dollars away from our goal, but that is about to change...” He turns and looks into Lane’s eyes and asks him one final question, “will you write a check for this amount?” Before Lane can even process he answers, “yes!” and holds out his arm ready to grab a pen. “Okay champ slow down, let me get my pen for you. Also can we have a round of applause for our generous donor?” While Leo hands Lane a pen, another man brings out an oversize check for the amount of 5 million, and Lane signs. As he does the crowd erupts into laughter. The second he finishes signing, he comes back to reality and tries to think of a way out of this, “Why did I do that?! Everyone obviously knows this is a trick or else