Philip Dumaresq Creative Writing October 21st 2015 Mr. Maloney

I’ve never understood what’s so appealing about this damn place… It’s loud and dark, dirty and unorganized. It’s just a couple small tables jammed into a small room. But whatever, they all like it, so I don’t complain. Gen and Shaun are yelling at each other again and so I listen in to what’s going on for a second. But it’s just the usual stupid fight about some character in some book that only they and the author care about. So I zone out again and go back to watching people walk down the street on the other side of the dirty windows.

Some people are always rushing from one place to another. Sometimes it’s funny to make weird faces at them or give them the finger and see if they’ll notice. But it’s always the same crap: their eyes are straight ahead or they glance down at their watch and then get this horrified look in their face and they hurry up. The kids see me though, that’s always fun. With their wide eyes and loud laugh, they watch me. Until their mothers scold them to hurry up before looking around for a second their glaring eyes fall on me. They give me a look like I want to hurt their child or something and they rush away from me. They’re idiots. All this place does for me is it just makes me think, I think about how I’d hate to someday be one of those people in a fancy suit, not having the time to listen to buskers or be able to laugh a little bit. Sometimes though, it makes me think back. Think about when things were different for me and I was that little kid, staring wide eyed in amazement at the buildings that were endlessly high, or amazed at the number of people and the sound all around me. I think about how I’ve gone from being that kid to being jealous of that kid. Bet that’s how the people in their fancy suits feel about me. They envy me because I have time to sit here and watch them. I have no ‘important meeting’ to attend to, no chance of getting fired because I showed up a couple minutes late because I wanted to listen to some damn busker. Maybe they just think I’m a lazy teenager though, I mean, they wouldn’t be wrong. But seriously, it’s ridiculous, I don’t want to be like that. I don’t want to have to worry about that kind of crap. I have time to actually enjoy simple things or appreciate them. I wonder why they would accept it. Why would they accept living in a way that they don’t have time to appreciate the real stuff? I mean, sure, their work is important, but most of them walk to and from work looking mad, frustrated, and just stressed as hell. Like, money isn’t everything, you know. Get a job that you enjoy and stop casting this shadow of miserable over your freaking heads. Take your own life into your own hands and don’t stop doing shit because your boss tells you to. Like, honestly, the idea needing to maintain the good image of a company, when you aren’t even at work yet- that’s kinda stupid if you ask me. Like, I don’t walk down the street and know who the hell people work for, I’m not gonna think less of your company if your CEO is a biker with tattoos and piercings and giant beard. Hell, I’d think it’s kinda badass he got to be CEO looking like that. Well, considering the bias some people would have against them at least. But whatever, adults don’t seem to be able to understand that kind of stuff anymore. Maybe when I was a kid they actually just nodded their heads and ignored me and mumbled with just enough actual words to make it sound like they cared. I won’t be like that though, I’m gonna have time take a break and hang out with people, the idea of not being able to is absolute crap. Anyways, I don’t know why I’m thinking about this now of all times. I shot back to the real world and suddenly have someone tapping violently on my shoulder- “Hey man, what do you think?” Shaun asked me. I smile and just reply, “I’m sorry, what? I zoned out again.”