“Whoa”, Otto muttered. His eyes began to water as chunks of organic peanut butter and globs of raspberry jelly shot through his teeth. Never before had he tasted such a perfect combination of the most requested sandwich condiments. It seemed more than a little serendipitous to him, to have been blessed with the opportunity to try his own masterpiece. It’s slow afternoons like these that allow him to experiment in the kitchen, mulling over the various ingredients left over by his roommates which he could slip in between two pieces of rye.

Suddenly conscious of himself, Otto looked around to see if anyone had heard him shyly chuckling to himself in the heat of his discovery. He had been alone for a few hours like every Thursday afternoon, but for some reason he felt as though someone was home. The white countertop was smothered with four different colors of jam bathing in a pool of spilled whole milk. Otto had consumed many different sandwiches since his taste buds were first introduced to one at the age of 3, but nothing quite hit the spot like this radical perversion of a classic PB&J.

“I’ll have to remember to record this one later,” Otto smacked his lips and picked out the remaining peanut butter from the roof of his mouth. After nearly 15 years of sandwich crafting and experimentation, it began to dawn on Otto that it was possible he finally created what he had been searching for.

The Perfect Sandwich sounds like a Herculean task. A goal whose finish line grows further as you continue down the track. Tastes are subjective, and preferences are plenty. Yet, Otto still desired to hold the power to construct a Perfect Sandwich. It seemed like a no-brainer since he was never quite so adept at other tasks. His roommates had lined the room with diplomas, awards, scholarships, and trophies from their various academic achievements. In fact, throughout his whole life, Otto had been surrounded by success. His family was wealthy due to his father’s textile company and his mother’s surgeon profession. His older sister had already put enough money into her 401K to last her entire retirement and then some at the age of 26.

“It’s easy to be successful at what you do. You just need to enjoy doing it”.

His father’s words rang soundly in Otto’s head. His personal journal of sandwich test trials had been the only thing that really kept his attention for more than a few months.