

Today was pretty rough and it's not even noon. First my boss called me and said that I had to rewrite a news article I wrote yesterday because it "wasn't spicy enough," whatever that means. I hate it when he does this, simply dismiss my work and simply asks for a new version just to get higher sales. It's like he doesn't even consider how much I work do the first time. He makes it really hard to enjoy my job.

After that delightful phone call I quickly discovered my car had a parking ticket. This vexed me so because I was parked on the side of the street in a perfectly fine spot, but my bumper was a mere 2 inches past the no parking sign. It seems the fine police officer felt especially cold today and decided to add me to his quota, so another \$50 hole is added to my wallet.

Today was my day off so it's supposed to be relaxing and enjoyable, so for lunch I decide to go to my favorite café, one that makes the best sandwiches in all of New York. To my disappointment, they were closed today due to a shortage in their stock. Another strike as worst day this year. I need some comfort in this terrible day so I go to the second best option, another great café, but one with lesser sandwiches. At this point I will do anything to make this day better.

Steering away from this depressing day, if I were doing what I really wanted to I'd be writing novel, fantastic stories that everyone would enjoy and learn valuable lessons from. I'd fancy that I'd be a best-selling author for at least 2 years because nobody would be able to put down my books! That's my end goal, but before I can start doing that I have to save enough money to rest comfortably while I write, something my current does oh so easily. Since I am the best reporter in New York my boss has to pay me handsomely to keep me from moving to other

newspapers. I just have to keep working for this selfish jerk for a couple more years and if everything goes ok then I should be able to start my writing.

Catherin (my scene partner) was a high school friend of mine. A really close friend in fact, and we got to know each other from carpooling daily. I was two years ahead of her so when we met and she said she didn't like riding the buses I offered to drive here to and from school every day. This went on for the next two years until I graduated so we spent a lot of time together and got to know each other pretty well. After I graduated we stayed in contact and would catch up once a year or so via phone call or lunch.

This café that I decided to eat at and Catherine to make a scene in is well known around New York and more of a high-end eating establishment. I am sitting outside at a table for two eating a well put together sandwich alone, trying to gleam some rescue from it to save this day. There are a few tables around me and a couple are filled with other people eating and/or drinking various things. If there were any place to publicly yell at someone, this is the place to do it with a very busy sidewalk only paces away. The servicing is very good today so I intend to give a reasonably high tip to the waitress.

I don't know Catherine's husband very much, just of him through conversations Catherine and I have had over the past years. She met him over in Ireland when she was shooting a movie and decided to marry him and stay. She's now come back over to New York to shoot another movie and he has come along as well. I've only met him once and he seems like a very respectable man, very polite and courteous to everyone he speaks with.

Right now all I want is to eat my sandwich and enjoy it as long as it lasts, and the biggest obstacle to that is Catherine running up to me and through a newspaper at me yelling

about it. This is the last thing I needed today. It only makes it harder to ignore her when she doesn't stop yelling and throwing the newspaper in my face, physically stopping me from blocking her out and receiving any joy out of my meal. I'm an obstacle to myself because rather than listen to what she has to say I try to blow her off and get her to leave so I can eat my sandwich. If I just take a break and listen to what she has to say without getting angry at her temper we can solve this problem.

However, I use my anger to respond to her anger and only make the situation worse, but after she hears my side she becomes much calmer and decides to have an actual talk. After finding out her husband was sick I lost all of my appetite, the only thing I could think of was my wife getting sick and how I would feel during that. Knowing that I could see how my article about her running around behind her husband would rightfully infuriate her. After realizing this huge mistake I made there's no way I could eat until I fixed it.

Oddly enough, my day is better after that, knowing I can make my friend happy again and discovering she wasn't actually cheating on her husband. Even though I have a lot of writing to do, writing the retraction and then rewriting the first draft, I am in a better mood than when I arrived at the café.