

One Moment

It is time to wake up! Meet the new day with all the vigor and sunshine that every candy-coated commercial and chipper composition can conceivably instruct me to meet it with; after all, that vital energy of living to the fullest is innate in all of us, right? It is not as if anyone might maybe remain as miserable and mediocre-feeling for the entirety of their days as when they are ripped from the soft arms of sleep and plopped out into a world of concrete and business suits. That would be pretty silly.

I greet each of my four cats and three turtles (used to be four as well, but my third cat and my first turtle apparently did not see eye-to-eye on the interior decorating of their room, and negotiations soon devolved to less than pleasant petitions of passion—eventually pain—for one participant). *Pets greeted with glee—Done*. The next item on the “waking up” checklist is always the trickiest for me, personally—I imagine smarter specimens of the sapien species simply skip out on this step, but I need all the help I can muster. The “Happy Moment of the day” is something that I need to plan out ahead of time, otherwise I might just have to spend all day at work with nothing to look forward to, other than my lovable lunch of legumes, lettuce, and licorice lumped in lavash (but between you and me, the looks I am getting while eating that particular wrap from some nosy accountants and one particularly salesman makes it much more difficult to look forward to the event).

Sliding through drawer after drawer, the fervent search for a new gaffe, a discovery of comedy I have yet to make in the waking world. I have spent so many of the best ones already, all I have left is a few cliched options I had picked up from some less than savory Television programs my co-workers mentioned in passing at some point or another. Beggars cannot be choosers when placed face-to-face with the prospect of not having a “Happy Moment of the day”. *Prepare Happy Moment—Done*.

The rest of the checklist is as easy as everything else ever is to entirely eke out over the course of the thirty or so minutes I give myself to prepare on each new day. I am dressed in a business suit and wearing the smile of success that society accepts. I have my “Happy Moment of the day” ready, and despite my earlier mental griping, I might just have a winner up my sleeve.

The “Walking to Work” checklist never gives me trouble, after all, it is only one box. Work Incorporated’s building is located not more than twenty-two minutes from my humble residence, and luckily for me, the majority of the idiotic individuals inhabiting the inner installations of the Work Municipality are far too busy staying up late or fornicating to crowd my walking space with metal and noise. *Walk to work—Done*.

Early as always, I arrive to the empty office and begin the “Prepare the Office” checklist. *Water the poorly treated Ficus Benjamina—Done*. The less jovial workers filter in grumpily, sleep hanging on for dear life on each of their puffy eyelids. *Check ink and toner levels—Done*. The “Office Jackass” (a term my father would be proud I thought up and my mother mortified) finally arrives. Fred—what a mundane moniker—normally would not inspire any sort of reaction

from me, but today is special, the Moment I prepared is meant for him. I simply am incapable of waiting to see his vapid visage vacuumed of any vitality by my Happy Moment—perhaps the biggest one yet, the more I think about it.

I somehow restrain myself until the lunch break, the usual time at which Fred struts so surely around each table, passing judgement on the sustenance brought by each scared drone, saving a cutting remark or passing comment for my ideal meal. After berating an overweight salesman with his eyes for the fatty's choice of "diet food" (a regular burger rather than one with cheese included), he launched on his ritualistic path towards my table. He will pass across on my right side, leaving a parting gift of harsh words shot straight into my ear canal.

Not today, buddy boy.

Surreptitiously, I stick my limber leg out from under the table, catching the Jackass's fumbling feet just right to make him careen onto the crummy carpet. My opportunity arrives. I pull out the prepared item in my right sleeve—he never sees it coming as I shoot up from my seat, turn quick as a bullet and blast out my right hand to help him up off the floor. While his eyes are upset, he nonetheless accepts the gesture, not taking precaution to inspect the contents of my hand—the fool never knew what hit him.

THPPTPHTPHPHHPH!!!

The cushion of air releases at the pressure of his hand, and before he can stand, I revel in my ultimate victory, letting him drop back to the ground in incredulity. Now everyone in the office will think he has lost control over his foetid flatulence—I have won against my mortal nemesis *and* achieved one more Moment of Happiness!

The rush of adrenaline is too much, it seems. As I stand, yelling at the top of my lungs in front of the defeated form of Fred from Sales, staring at me with eyes full of the fear brought on by failure, I feel an explosion of pain from the space around my sternum. I fall into blackness.

I cannot wait to wake up. I now have brand new ideas for moments, brewing and bubbling, waiting to be born into the bane of my banal being. An infinite well of bliss, an existence filled to the brim with Happy Moments.