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It was a sunny day in Brownville, the day we visited the beanie babies club, that putrid stench of sweat lingering to me as I pulled in, avoiding the light that shone false hope on idiotic dreams. As we headed down to the basement the meeting was being held in, the smell of mildew grew stronger as did the inane chatter of the group. We were met with a group that I thought couldn't possibly have a member under the age of 50, I glanced around the dingy space, splattered by those commercialized, capitalistic adult playthings that only the weak and elderly have any stomach to look at. One of them had apparently, adored the things "since birth" which is possibly the saddest thing I have heard in my life, except perhaps, the groveling thank-you's with which my colleagues had embarked this assignment with. As I took in the ostentatious collection, remnants of what I can only imagine were the trophies of carebear hunting season, a disagreeable person shoved one in my hand.

"Welcome! We're so excited to have you here!" She said, the worthless trinket between our fingers- pausing as though the thing were gushing with that insipid attitude of theirs, as though pushing it into my hands would make me feel any sort attachment to it... any sort of childish, stupid, puke inducing nostalgia....

It was this moment I loathed my editors denial of a cyanide capsule when I was taken on the paper.

The woman in charge, Mary Something or another, looked at me with a pitiful disdain. So accustomed to the dank and rotten shell of her collapsed dreams, she must have smelled someone too sharp to be taken in by her cheery and blue raspberry sherbert sweet facade. She reminded me then of my father, eyes of cold concrete grey that found me wanting with every glance. I was perfectly alright with this. I found my father rather unpleasant, and I found her quite the same.