

# WORKING NINE TO FIVE

A COLLECTION OF STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIANNE R. PETIT



VOL. 01

FROM THE PARTICIPATORY BOOK SERIES

FOR ALL THE FRIENDS WHO  
GENEROUSLY SHARED  
THEIR STORIES



# "WORKING NINE TO FIVE"

VOL. 1

A PARTICIPATORY BOOK

STORIES BY

MATTHEW BELANGER

DAVID MARC FISCHER

MARYKATE O'NEIL

STEVEN PELUSO

MARIANNE R. PETIT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

MARIANNE R. PETIT

THE PARTICIPATORY BOOK SERIES BEGAN IN JANUARY 2007. I DECIDED I WANTED TO MAKE SOME BOOKS AND IN MY HEAD I COULD SEE THEM, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY CONTENT TO ACTUALLY MAKE THEM. LIFE HAD BEEN COMPLICATED FOR A REALLY LONG TIME AND I DIDN'T WANT TO USE ANY OF MY OWN STORIES. THE TRUTH IS, I WAS SORT OF TIRED OF MYSELF AND FIGURED OTHER PEOPLE MIGHT HAVE STORIES WAY MORE INTERESTING THAN MY OWN.

SO, I STARTED A BLOG THAT ASKED QUESTIONS. HAVE YOU EVER HAD A SMELL TRIGGER A MEMORY? DO YOU BELIEVE IN AN INTERVENTIONIST GOD? HAS THE MENTAL HEALTH OF OTHER PEOPLE HAD AN INFLUENCE IN YOUR LIFE? DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR FIRST LOVE? CAN YOU TELL ME THE STORY OF A BREAKUP?

AND THEN I ASKED SOME FRIENDS TO PARTICIPATE. THIS IS ONE OF THE BOOKS FROM THIS SERIES. I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT.

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO SEE SOME OF MY OTHER WORK YOU CAN VISIT MY WEBSITE: [WWW.MRPETIT.COM](http://WWW.MRPETIT.COM) M.R. PETIT COPYRIGHT 2007.

PARTICIPATORY BOOK ENTRY:  
WORKING NINE TO FIVE

OKAY. WORKING FOR A LIVING. WE ALL DO IT.  
I'M INTERESTED IN YOUR JOB STORIES.

WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST JOB?

TELL ME ABOUT THE FIRST TIME YOU HAD TO DEAL  
WITH THE REALITY OF EMPLOYMENT?

OR PERHAPS THERE ANOTHER JOB THAT WAS REALLY MEMORABLE?

WHAT WAS IT?

WHAT DID YOU DO?

WERE YOU GOOD AT IT?

WHO WAS YOUR BOSS?

HOW LONG DID IT LAST?

POST THE STORY AND I'LL ILLUSTRATE IT.

# "THE LIBRARY"

STORY BY MARIANNE R. PETIT

WHEN I WAS LITTLE I WAS ALWAYS  
READING, OFTEN INDISCRIMINATELY.  
SO IT MADE SENSE  
THAT MY FIRST  
JOB WAS AT OUR  
LOCAL PUBLIC  
LIBRARY.



I LOVED THE LIBRARY.  
WHEN I WAS A KID MY  
MOTHER WOULD TAKE US  
THERE ALL THE TIME.



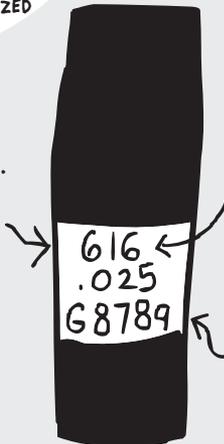
AND DURING THE  
SUMMER WE WOULD  
CHECK OUT BOOKS  
SEVERAL TIMES A  
WEEK.

MY JOB WAS TO STACK BOOKS. I WOULD WHEEL A CART FULL OF RETURNED BOOKS THROUGH THE NARROW STACKS AND RETURN THEM TO THEIR PROPER SPOT.



I LEARNED A LOT ABOUT THE DEWEY DECIMAL SYSTEM.

ALL KNOWLEDGE IS ORGANIZED INTO 10 MAIN CLASSES. THEN THE 10 MAIN CLASSES ARE SUBDIVIDED INTO 10 DIVISIONS AND THEN EACH DIVISION HAS 10 SECTIONS. SO THERE ARE 10 MAIN CLASSES, 100 DIVISIONS AND 1000 SECTIONS. HERE THE FIRST NUMBER "6" PUTS THE BOOK IN THE "TECHNOLOGY AND APPLIED SCIENCES" CLASS.



THE SECOND NUMBER "1" PUTS THE BOOK IN THE 610s, OR THE "MEDICAL SCIENCE" DIVISION WHILE THE REMAINING NUMBERS REPRESENT A SECTION OR CATEGORY OF "DISEASES".

THEN THE LAST LINE STARTS WITH THE FIRST LETTER OF THE AUTHOR'S LAST NAME AND THEN YOU JUST KEEP ADDING NUMBERS.

IT TURNED OUT THAT I WASN'T VERY GOOD AT THIS JOB THOUGH. STACKING BOOKS WAS REALLY BORING. READING BOOKS WAS MORE INTERESTING. SO INEVITABLY AS I WAS PLACING BOOKS BACK ON THE SHELVES I WOULD SEE A BOOK THAT WOULD STRIKE MY INTEREST.



AND I WOULD JUST SIT DOWN IN THE AISLE AND START READING.



HOURS WOULD PASS WITH ME SITTING IN THE AISLE READING INSTEAD OF STACKING. AT THE END OF MY SHIFT I WOULD ROLL THE STILL-FULL CART BACK TO THE DESK AND GET THE HAIRY EYEBALL FROM THE LIBRARIAN.



I WISH I COULD SAY THAT I SPENT MY TIME READING GREAT LITERARY WORKS. BUT I THINK THE BOOKS I READ WERE OFTEN CRAP. I SKIMMED THE ENTIRE WORKS OF SYDNEY SHELDON IN AN AFTERNOON. I QUIT WHEN SCHOOL STARTED. I'M PRETTY CERTAIN THEY WEREN'T SORRY TO SEE ME GO.

# "OUT IN THE COLD"

STORY BY DAVID MARC FISCHER

MY FIRST JOB INVOLVED DELIVERING PACKETS OF ADVERTISING TO ABOUT 174 LONG ISLAND HOMES BY TEN O'CLOCK EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

MY BOSS, MRS. WEINSTEIN, WOULD DELIVER THE PAPERS ON FRIDAYS. I'D TAKE THOSE PAPERS DOWN TO THE BASEMENT, STACK RECORDS ON THE STEREO, COLLATE AND FOLD THE PAPERS, STUFF THEM INTO YELLOW PLASTIC BAGS, STUFF THOSE BAGS INTO PLASTIC SHOPPING BAGS, AND THEN PUT THE BAGS INTO THE UPRIGHT FOLDING CART THAT I TOWED BEHIND ME ON THE ROUTE.



I LISTENED TO STEVIE WONDER, THE BEATLES, CHICAGO, THE SOUNDTRACK TO AMERICAN GRAFFITI, AND JAZZ BY BILL WATROUS, MAYNARD FERGUSON, BENNY GOODMAN, AND GLENN MILLER. LATER ON IN MY CAREER, I MIGHT HAVE STARTED LISTENING TO BEBOP, TOO. SOMETIMES I'D WATCH SOME OLD FLASH GORDON OR BUCK ROGERS SERIALS ON PBS, THROUGH THE STATIC OF ONE OF OUR BLACK-AND-WHITE TV SETS.



THE FOLDING AND STUFFING USUALLY TOOK ABOUT TWO HOURS, OR SIX ALBUM SIDES. BY THE TIME I'D BE FINISHED, MY HANDS WOULD BE BLACK WITH INK.

ON SATURDAY MORNINGS, I'D PUT THE PLASTIC SHOPPING BAGS INTO THE CART AND DELIVER THE PAPERS, HANGING A YELLOW BAG ON THE FRONT OF EACH HOUSE ON MY ROUTE. HALFWAY THROUGH, I WOULD USUALLY TAKE A BREAK AT MY HOUSE BEFORE DELIVERING TO THE REMAINING HOUSES. THE ENTIRE ROUTE USUALLY TOOK ABOUT TWO HOURS.



THE PAY WAS SO SMALL THAT I HAVE TROUBLE REMEMBERING IT.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SEVEN CENTS PER HOUSE.

ONE WINTER MORNING, THE WEATHER  
MADE MY PAPER ROUTE ALMOST  
IMPOSSIBLE TO DO.



THE SNOW WAS DEEP AND IT  
WAS BITTERLY COLD AND WINDY.

I TRUDGED THROUGH THE SNOW  
FOR HOURS. I GOT COLDER AND  
COLDER IN MY PARKA AND BOOTS.

HOURS PASSED BEFORE I FINALLY  
CAME HOME TO TAKE A BREAK.

I STRIPPED OFF MY SNOWY  
CLOTHING IN THE LAUNDRY  
ROOM AND SHIVERED.

MY HANDS THROBBED  
PAINFULLY AS THEY  
THAWED.

I WAS ON THE VERGE  
OF TEARS.

MY MOTHER CAME  
DOWNSTAIRS.



MOM, I CAN'T FINISH  
THE ROUTE TODAY.



WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN?



IT'S TOO COLD.  
IT HURTS!



NO, YOU HAVE TO GO BACK  
OUT THERE. IT'S YOUR  
RESPONSIBILITY.



ARE YOU CRAZY? I'M NOT  
GOING TO DO IT! IT'S  
FREEZING OUT THERE!



NO! YOU MUST!  
IT'S YOUR JOB!



I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE  
TELLING ME TO GO OUT IN  
THAT COLD! I'VE ALREADY  
BEEN OUT THERE FOR HOURS  
AND I'M ONLY  
HALF-FINISHED.



THAT'S WHAT DOING A  
JOB IS ALL ABOUT.  
YOU MUST BE  
RESPONSIBLE.



YOU'RE MY OWN MOTHER...  
AND YOU'RE TELLING ME TO  
GO OUT IN THAT WEATHER...  
TO FINISH A STUPID PAPER  
ROUTE? I HATE YOU!



THAT HURTS ME!



I HURT!



I DON'T THINK MY MOTHER ANSWERED THAT. SHE JUST TURNED AROUND AND WENT BACK UPSTAIRS, LEAVING ME STEWING.

I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S MAKING ME GO BACK OUTSIDE. HOW CAN SHE DO THAT TO ME? FOR A STUPID PAPER ROUTE!



I WENT OUT AGAIN THAT DAY AND FINISHED THE DELIVERIES -- BUT I WAS VERY UPSET ABOUT IT.

THIS EPISODE LEFT A LASTING IMPRESSION ON ME. I'M PRETTY SURE IT WAS THE ONLY TIME I TOLD MY MOTHER THAT I HATED HER. YEARS LATER I BROUGHT IT UP.

DO YOU REMEMBER MAKING ME GO OUT IN THE SNOW THAT DAY, JUST TO DELIVER THOSE PAPERS?



YES.



YOU KNOW, I STILL THINK YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE MADE ME GO OUT THERE. IT WAS ONLY A STUPID PAPER ROUTE. NOBODY WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DO ANYTHING WITH THOSE PAPERS ON THAT DAY -- NO ONE WAS GOING OUTSIDE. I'M SURE MRS. WEINSTEIN WOULDN'T HAVE MADE ME DELIVER ANYTHING IF WE'D ASKED HER. COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY DIDN'T WE ASK HER?

(MY MOM DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.)



BUT MOM, I'M SORRY I SAID I HATED YOU. I HAVE TO BE HONEST AND SAY THAT I DID HATE YOU AT THAT MOMENT BECAUSE YOU WERE BEING UNFAIR ... BUT I'M STILL SORRY I SAID THAT.

# "I QUIT"

STORY BY MARYKATE O'NEIL

FIRST JOB - DELIVERING PAPERS. THE NEIGHBORS' DOG MAJOR BIT ME IN THE ASS WHILE I WAS RIDING BY ON MY BICYCLE. THAT NIGHT I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO TO ROLLER KINGDOM WITH MY FRIENDS. I QUIT.



SECOND JOB WAS WORKING AT AN ICE CREAM STAND. ALL THE KIDS DID WHIPITS AND DRANK RUM IN THE BACK. MY SHIFT WAS AT 7AM ON SUNDAYS. IT WAS HARD BEING DRUNK SO EARLY. I QUIT.



NEXT JOB WAS TURNING THE KNOBS AT A TANNING BOOTH. I WOULD SET THE TIMER FOR 15, 20, 30 MINUTES ... AND THEN WINDEX UP THE SWEAT PEOPLE LEFT BEHIND. I QUIT.



NEXT I SOLD SUNGLASSES IN FANEUIL HALL IN BOSTON. IT IS A TOURISTY KIND OF PLACE. EVERY PERSON WOULD COME UP AND TRY ON THE KOOKY GLASSES AND LOOK AT ME TO LAUGH. I QUIT.



THEN I WORKED AT A MENTAL HEALTH CENTER.  
(AKA INSTITUTION).

A PATIENT ESCAPED AND A NEARBY HOSPITAL  
FOUND THE WOMAN AND I HAD TO GO GET HER  
AND WHEEL HER BACK TO THE CENTER.

SHE SCREAMED THE WHOLE TIME.

I QUIT.



I WORKED IN A TOY STORE ON NEWBURY STREET.  
A GUY CAME IN AND ROBBED ME AT GUNPOINT.  
I GAVE HIM ALL THE MONEY. HE WAS SOON ARRESTED  
AND AS IT TURNED OUT HAD JUST GOT OUT OF PRISON  
FOR MURDER. ABOUT A WEEK LATER ANOTHER GUY CAME  
IN THE TOY STORE AND SAID HE WAS LOOKING FOR A  
TOY ... HE COULDN'T REMEMBER THE NAME OF IT ...  
SO HE PASSED ME A NOTE WHICH SAID,  
"I'VE GOT A GUN, GIVE ME ALL YOUR MONEY."  
I GAVE IT TO HIM. I QUIT.



# "ESPOSITO CONSTRUCTION"

STORY BY STEVEN PELUSO

FIRST, SLOW PITCH SOFTBALL. LET ME START AT THE END.

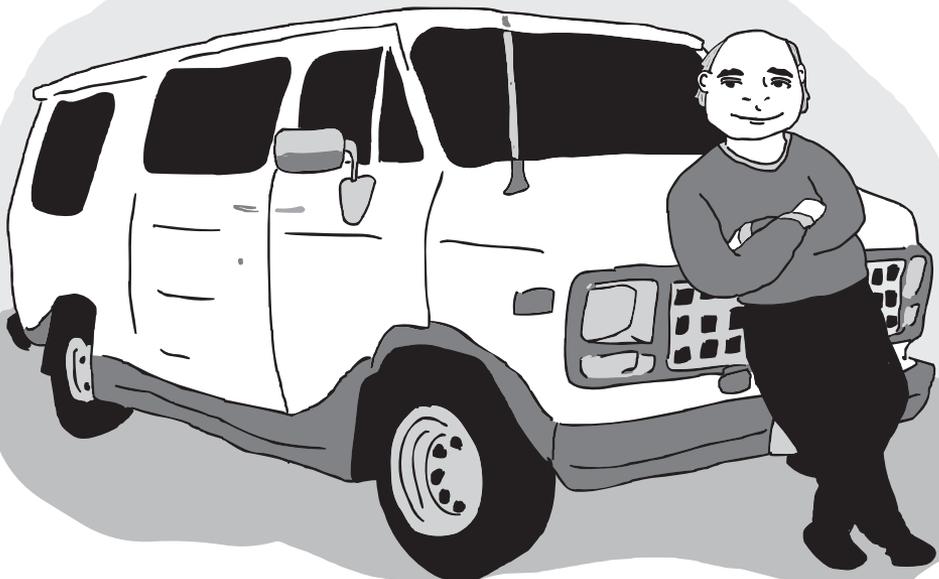
ONE SUMMER I WORKED FOR ESPOSITO CONSTRUCTION.



THE OWNER, ONE VITO ESPOSITO, WAS POTENTATE OF A ONCE PROUD CONSTRUCTION EMPIRE THAT IF HAD NOT EXACTLY FALLEN ON HARD TIMES, WAS AT LEAST ENTERING ITS SUNSET YEARS.

(AS WAS VITO.)

BUT ALLAY ALL FEARS, VITO, OR VIT AS I CAME TO KNOW HIM, WAS LIKELY WORTH A FORTUNE IN REAL ESTATE. AFTER ALL, IT TAKES SOME SERIOUS COIN TO ACQUIRE A TRICKED OUT CHEVY VAN COMPLETE WITH RUNNING BOARDS AND MOHAIR ROOF. THIS WAS THE EIGHTIES AFTER ALL.



AND DON'T LET OL'  
VIT'S LOOKS FOOL YA:  
HE WAS QUITE THE  
LADIES MAN.



PERHAPS IT WAS THE VAN,  
OR A PRODIGIOUS CO\*\*K,  
OR MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, IT  
WAS THE AFOREMENTIONED  
REAL ESTATE PORTFOLIO.  
I'M NOT ONE TO JUDGE. DESPITE  
THE FACT THAT HE LOOKED LIKE  
THE BULLDOG PERCHED ON THE  
HOOD OF A MACK TRUCK,  
IT WAS A RARE EVENING  
WHEN VIT LEFT THE FORTY  
THIEVES SANS A PIECE OF  
EYE CANDY; IF YOU KNOW  
WHAT I MEAN. FOR MORE THAN  
ONE SEXAGENARIAN DILETTANTE  
HAS FOUND HERSELF LOSING  
ANY SEMBLANCE OF  
MODESTY BENT OVER A  
NAUGAHYDE DIVAN  
ENGULFED IN THE TELL  
TALE SCENTS OF WHITE  
HOT MONKEY LOVE  
AND OLD SPICE.

A GENEROUS MAN, VITO  
FOUND IT IN HIS HEART  
TO PROCREATE: TWICE.  
HIS SON ANTHONY, OR  
ANT FOR SHORT, WAS THE  
HEIR APPARENT TO THE  
ESPOSITO CONSTRUCTION  
EMPIRE. ANT WAS HELL  
BENT ON CARRYING ON  
HIS FAMILY'S PROUD  
TRADITION. YOU SEE,  
THE ESPOSITOS HAD BEEN  
STOOP LABORERS SINCE  
TIME IMMEMORIAL.



FIRST DAY ON THE JOB, SHORT HILLS, NJ. YOURS TRULY IS PERCHED ON THE BACK OF A 3/4 TON DUMP TRUCK. THE ONLY THING STANDING BETWEEN TWENTY-FIVE PIECES OF SLATE AND MR. JONES' NEW WALKWAY WAS ME. THESE WERE NO ORDINARY SLATES MIND YOU. THESE WERE "SLATES." EACH ONE MUST HAVE WEIGHED 150 - 200 LBS. THOSE FRISBEE SIZED SUCKERS YOU SEE IN THE MOVIES ARE FOR PUSSIES.



RIGHT 'BOUT THEN I WAS RETHINKING TURNING DOWN THE JOB AT HOME OIL RUNNIN' MAIL 'TWEEN NORWALK AND NEW MILFORD. FACT THAT I DIDN'T HAVE MY LUNCH DIDN'T HELP. TURNS OUT VITO HAD NO INTENTION OF RUNNING OVER TO TGIFs FOR SOME HOT WINGS AND BUD.

WELL, THERE I AM TURNING THREE SHADES OF BLUE WHEN OL' ANT COMES ROUND THE BEND. WHAT SET HIM OFF, I DID NOT KNOW, STILL DO NOT KNOW, AND PERHAPS WILL NEVER KNOW, BUT I CAN STILL HEAR VITO SCREAMING ...



WELL AS IT TURNS OUT THIS WAS SOP, OR PERHAPS MAYBE JUST MAYBE AN EXPRESSION OF A FATHER'S LOVE FOR HIS SON. BUT THESE TWENTY ODD YEARS LATER I STILL GET A CHUCKLE THINKING ABOUT THAT DAY.

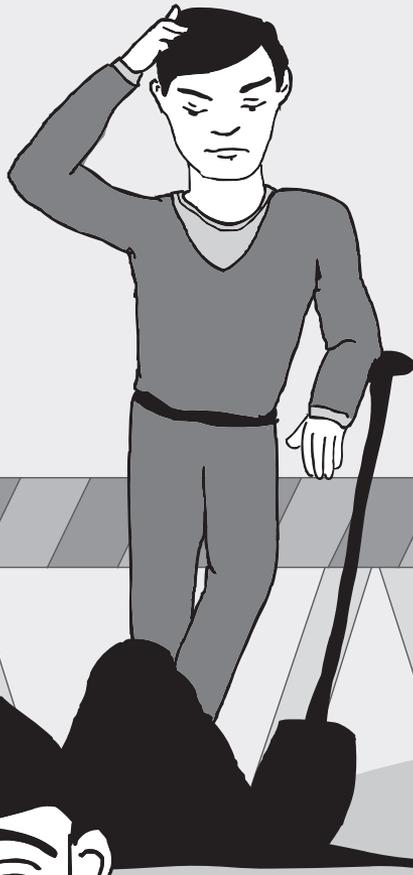
SURE THERE WERE OTHERS,  
LIKE THE TIME VITO  
CRASHED THE STEAM ROLLER  
IN JACK PAR'S DRIVEWAY.



OR THE TIME  
ANT BURIED THE  
STEAM ROLLER HALF  
WAY UP THE  
ROLLERS IN MUD.



OR THE DAY  
I LEARNED A VALUABLE  
LESSON ABOUT THE  
INVERSE RELATIONSHIP  
OF ASPHALT'S CORE  
TEMPERATURE AND  
ITS SPREADABILITY.



SO HERE'S TO YOU, VIT,  
WHEREVER YOU MAY BE.

# "TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT"

STORY BY MATTHEW BELANGER

MY FIRST "REAL" JOB WAS AT AN ADVERTISING AGENCY AS A PRODUCTION ARTIST. (WHICH IS BASICALLY A DESIGNER EXCEPT THEY CAN PAY YOU A LOT LESS IF THEY JUST CALL YOU A PRODUCTION ARTIST).

(MAC 7100 - OR OLDEST PIECE OF SHIT COMPUTER IN THE OFFICE AT THE TIME.)



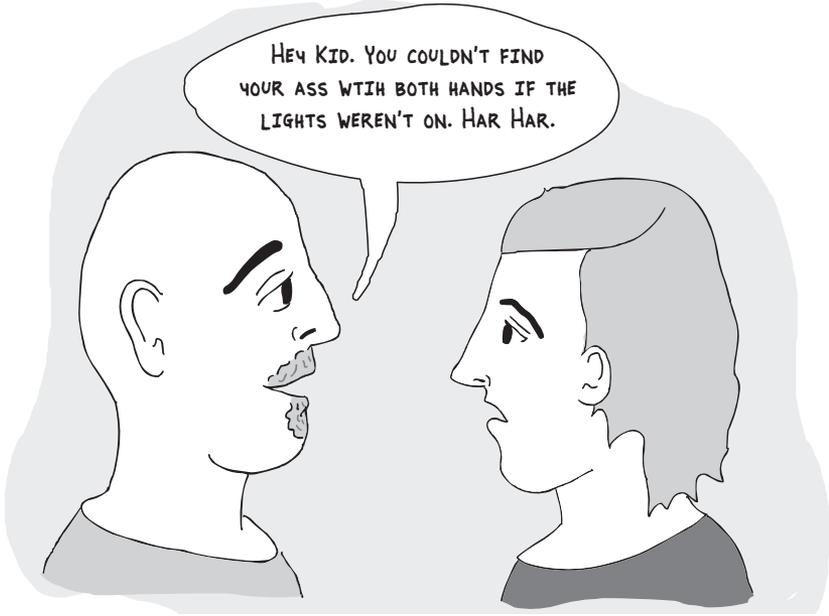
THE CREATIVE DIRECTOR, DANNY, WAS A BIG SHOT THEY HAD HIRED AWAY FROM AN AGENCY IN HOUSTON. IT WAS HIS JOB TO TAKE OUR WORK TO THE NEXT LEVEL.

(NOTE: THIS DRAWING IS AN EXACT REPLICA OF AN ACTUAL HEADSHOT FOUND ON THE INTERNET OF THE REAL DANNY AT HIS CURRENT ADVERTISING AGENCY. THIS STORY, FOR THE RECORD, TAKES PLACE IN ARKANSAS.)

THE FACT IS, WE HAD A PRETTY GOOD SETUP BEFORE DANNY SHOWED UP. I WORKED WITH TWO OF MY BEST FRIENDS AND EVERYTHING WAS GREAT.



DANNY WAS ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO ALWAYS HAD TO LOOK AND SOUND LIKE THE BIGGEST, COOLEST, SMARTEST, TOUGHEST, GUY IN THE ROOM (A TRUE TEXAN). HE ESPECIALLY SEEMED TO GET GREAT PLEASURE FROM DEMEANING ME IN FRONT OF OTHERS. I THINK HE THOUGHT HE WAS BEING FUNNY BUT REALLY IT WAS JUST DUMB AND OFFENSIVE 99% OF THE TIME.



ONE OF DANNY'S FIRST ACTS WAS TO HIRE AN ART DIRECTOR.

AN ART DIRECTOR IS A DESIGNER WHO MAKES A LOT OF MONEY BECAUSE HE HAS YEARS OF EXPERIENCE AND A "KILLER" PORTFOLIO.

THE GUY DANNY HIRED HAD NEITHER. AFTER ABOUT A MONTH I THINK IT BECAME CLEAR THAT A MISTAKE HAD BEEN MADE AND THE NEW ART DIRECTOR WAS UNCEREMONIOUSLY FIRED.





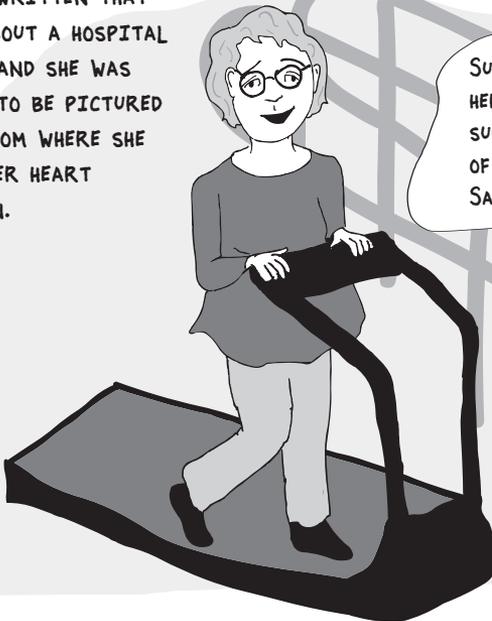
I ENDED UP INHERITING ALL OF HIS PROJECTS AND IT BECAME MY JOB TO MOP UP THE MESS THAT WAS LEFT BEHIND. I REDESIGNED EVERYTHING.

AND WENT ON A THREE DAY PHOTO SHOOT TO FINISH A PROJECT THAT HAD BEEN LEFT IN A STATE OF DISASTER.

WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE OFFICE THE NEXT WEEK IT BECAME CLEAR THAT I HAD APPARENTLY FUCKED SOMETHING UP. DANNY WAS FURIOUS.



ONE OF THE ADS WE WERE PRODUCING HAD COPY WRITTEN THAT TALKED ABOUT A HOSPITAL PATIENT, AND SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE PICTURED IN THE ROOM WHERE SHE HAD HAD HER HEART OPERATION.

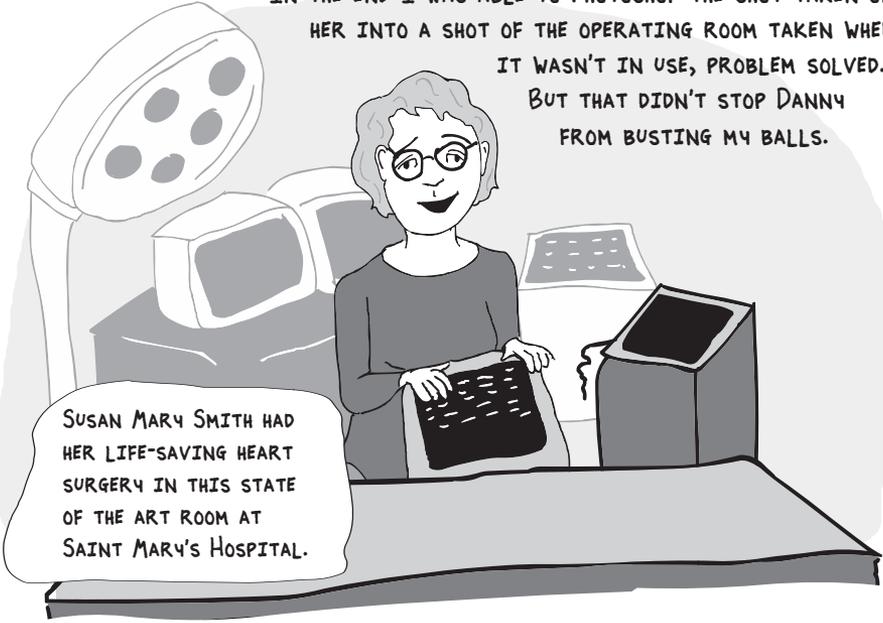


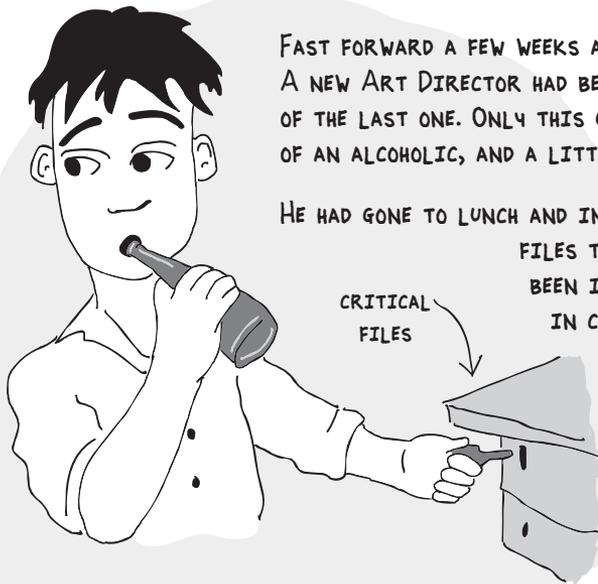
SUSAN MARY SMITH HAD HER LIFE-SAVING HEART SURGERY IN THIS STATE OF THE ART ROOM AT SAINT MARY'S HOSPITAL.

THE ONLY PROBLEM WAS THAT DANNY HAD SCHEDULED THE WOMAN FOR HER PHOTO WHEN THEY WERE OPERATING ON SOMEONE AND THE ROOM WASN'T AVAILABLE. I THINK DANNY ACTUALLY EXPECTED ME TO HAVE SOMEONE WAIT FOR THEIR HEART OPERATION WHILE I MADE SURE WE GOT THE RIGHT PICTURE.



IN THE END I WAS ABLE TO PHOTOSHOP THE SHOT TAKEN OF HER INTO A SHOT OF THE OPERATING ROOM TAKEN WHEN IT WASN'T IN USE, PROBLEM SOLVED. BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP DANNY FROM BUSTING MY BALLS.

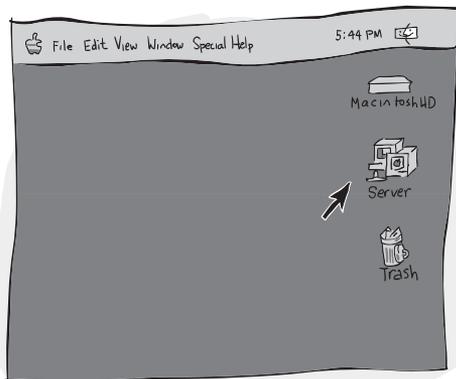




FAST FORWARD A FEW WEEKS AND WE HAD AN AD DEADLINE. A NEW ART DIRECTOR HAD BEEN HIRED TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE LAST ONE. ONLY THIS GUY WAS TALENTED, BUT KIND OF AN ALCOHOLIC, AND A LITTLE FORGETFUL.

HE HAD GONE TO LUNCH AND INSTEAD OF COPYING THE LATEST FILES TO THE SERVER, WHERE HE HAD BEEN INSTRUCTED TO LEAVE THEM, IN CASE SOMEONE ELSE NEEDED TO WORK ON THEM, HE LEFT THEM ON A ZIP DISK IN HIS LOCKED DESK DRAWER.

ANYWAY, THE JOB WAS HOT-HOT-HOT, UNDER A TIGHT DEADLINE, AND THE NEW GUY WAS OUT DRINKING SO I GOT ASKED TO FINISH AND SEND IT OUT. I GRABBED THE FILES FROM THE SERVER WHERE I EXPECTED THE LATEST VERSION TO BE AND PUT THEM ON A DISK FOR OUTPUT. THE OUTPUT WAS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FROM THE APPROVED AD BECAUSE THE CORRECT FILES WERE NOT ON THE SERVER.



THIS IS YOUR FAULT!



OF COURSE IT ENDED UP BEING MY FAULT. IT DIDN'T MATTER THAT NEITHER DANNY, NOR THE PROOFREADER, NOR THE TRAFFIC MANAGER, NOR THE MEDIA PERSON CAUGHT THE ERROR. AND IT DIDN'T MATTER THAT THEY HAD ALL ACTUALLY SEEN THE AD BEFORE AND I HADN'T.

LATER THAT SAME DAY A JOB OF MINE WAS DUE. I HAD TO PUT IT ASIDE TO DEAL WITH THE ART DIRECTOR'S JOB. MY PROJECT WAS A LARGE JOB AND REQUIRED A LOT OF PRINTING AND PASTING UP TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE ACTUAL BOOKLET IT WAS SUPPOSED TO EVENTUALLY BE. THE OFFICE HAD TWO ANTIQUE COLOR PRINTERS AND I HAD THEM BOTH WORKING DOUBLE-TIME. THEY WERE PRONE TO OVERHEATING AND BOTH FAILED LEAVING ME TOTALLY HIGH AND DRY. DANNY STORMED INTO THE ROOM.



WHEN WILL THIS JOB BE DONE!?!?

I'M WORKING ON IT.



GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR ASS, OR ELSE!!

AND HE WALKED OFF.

I TRIED TO LET IT GO, BUT BY THE TIME HE GOT TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM I ERUPTED.



HE QUICKLY WALKED BACK OVER TO ME AS IF HE WAS GOING TO PUNCH ME OR SOMETHING.





IT WAS QUITE A MOMENT. I STILL SHIVER WHEN I THINK ABOUT HOW GOOD IT MADE ME FEEL TO STAND UP FOR MYSELF. IN THAT INSTANT I DECIDED TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL AND GET THE HELL OUT OF ADVERTISING. I LOOK BACK AT THAT MOMENT AS ONE OF THE BEST DECISIONS I'VE EVER MADE.

A FEW DAYS LATER  
IT GOT BACK TO  
ME THROUGH MY  
FRIENDS THAT  
DANNY HAD TOLD  
THEM:



THAT WAS FINE BY ME IF IT MEANT  
THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TO WORK WITH  
ANOTHER DOUCHE BAG LIKE HIM.



I WENT BACK TO SCHOOL AND GOT A BFA AND THEN WENT FOR A MASTER'S DEGREE. RIGHT NOW I AM DOING WORK IN ADVERTISING. IT IS AN EASY TRAP TO FALL INTO BECAUSE THE MONEY IS GOOD AND THE WORK IS ENDLESS. BUT NOW I MAKE SURE TO DO IT ON MY OWN TERMS AS A FREELANCER. THAT WAY I DON'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE DANNYS OF THE WORLD.