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## A Day in the Life

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## A Day in the Life

For J. Shlep, garbage magnate, it was a day much like any other day. The atmosphere of his office was a blend of energy, boredom, and acrid smelling orange peels, with just a hint of rancid fat. These two were last because of Shlep's policy of identifying with his workers. It was at this precise moment that Sylvester O. Sylvester, vice president in charge of sales, entered. "Say, J. S., aren't you carrying this company policy a little too far?" he calmly intoned, slipping on a banana peel and severing his spinal column.

"Tell me you're joking, boy!" he yelled, laughing hysterically and holding his desk while watching the ambulance driver carry his subordinate away. J. Shlep was proud of his desk--it had been custom demolished by an axe wielding maniac, namely, his wife.

The clock struck twelve. J. Shlep arose from a short nap, feeling fresh and decomposed. Time for a board meeting, he thought. He got off the orange crate he was sitting on and slapped the sides hard. The boards met. He smiled to himself. Think big and you'll be big. Shlep pondered deep mysteries, the meaning of life, the world of the future, and the tying of his right shoelace, a puzzle that had often eluded him.

Yes, J. Shlep felt philosophical today. He took a deep breath, letting the fresh spring air flow into his lungs. Unfortunately for him, the air conditioner chose this moment to have a service lapse, and his office was engulfed in a sea of smog that permeates the New York sky at this time of the year. Yet, in the midst of the darkness, there was light. This was mainly because Shlep had attempted to ignite a stale cigar, but instead was faced with a flaming proboscis. Deterred, you ask? Shlep merely smoked his nose.

The story that had started on such a high note was, perhaps, predestined to end in agony and defeat. That night at five o'clock, Shlep withdrew from his desk drawer a silver pistol, and placed it in close proximity to his skull. All of his earlier dreams had been shattered. This was it. He pulled the trigger and lit a winchester cigar. Poor Shlep had resigned himself to the fact that he was rich, and therefore could not afford to be amusing or eccentric, merely mediocre.