



God I'm so late for work, I can't believe I didn't hear my alarm go off. Of all days... why today? Man, I really need to get my shit together, how can this be my third job this year? Why is this happening to me? Is God laughing at me by juxtaposing this beautiful morning with a nice serving of bad luck? No, I think it's just my perpetually self fulfilling prophecy of laziness. Yeah that's it... God's got nothing to do with it. I need to listen to Aileen and stop feeling so bad for myself all the time. I just need to take action and break this cycle of depression. Yeah totally man... that's what you're gonna be saying to yourself fifteen beers deep tonight on your fifth episode of entourage. Maybe I should start going to meetings again. Or maybe I should just get out of here, move back to Michigan and try something new. No... I need to stick it out here. There's nothing for me back there but my bitter ex wife and kids that don't like me anymore. They're mom always fills their head with ideas about me! Oh he's good for nothing, he never helps out with the bills, blah blah blah... What happened to just loving me for who I am? At least I try.

I really wish I could afford a car, God damn toyota never worked right. Of course I got a lemon, I mean why wouldn't I? The universe just seems to be against me every way I turn. Now I'm stuck freezing my ass off looking like a 2007 patagonia add on my way to work. At least it's not cold here like Michigan...Man it felt like the depths of hell up there... That was the absolute worst... But New York is still freezing cold... Maybe I'm late to the office everyday because I have to strip off eight layers of my brothers hand me down fleeces. God I miss the warm, forgiving atmosphere of that shitty Corolla. I even miss the trash radio hits that would get stuck in my head all day at work. But look on the bright side, maybe I'll get in better shape if I keep riding this bike. And quit those cigarettes... Maybe I should do a triathlon... Aileen always told me that exercise would help get me out of this rut I call a life. But I do love those donuts in the breakroom... What am I saying there's no chance I'll be able to do a triathlon... I'm closer to fifty than forty with a minor alcohol addiction. Man those donuts are gonna be good, I hope they have bear claws today... They never have those anymore.



Today is gonna be good man, I can feel it in my bones. Look how fast I'm getting! Two months ago I couldn't run a mile. Now look at me, mile three and that good old lactic acid is nowhere in sight! Who knew I would find such a great way to turn my life around. My friends thought I would never get excited about anything at all. I mean, working as a telemarketer doesn't radiate the deepest sense of ambition... But this is a new chapter in my life... The new me is fit, the new me gets up at 9am to go and chase his dreams. But hell, I really do need to find a new job. I can't believe this is gonna be my fifth year in January. Time is weird... You wake up one day and you're three hundred pounds with nothing but pet bearded dragon and a low level job selling people Nutribullets from a script. I have real selling talent! My talents are seriously getting wasted. My mom always told me I should've been a realtor or something. No... stop Marvin today will be a good day... One thing at a time. If you can run three miles you can do basically anything. Ok my legs are hurting now... C'mon push through it Marvin... Think about something else.

Maybe I'll go back to school... That's what people do when they don't like their jobs right? I bet I would be a good lawyer. I don't even need to be an important one... I could talk to criminals all day and have an important looking business card with a nice logo and everything. Why don't I have a business card now? I mean am I really not important enough for a lousy piece of paper. Attorney Marvin Johnston... Hmmmm that sounds nice. Ok I really need a break now... I feel like I'm gonna die. Arms above the head Marvin, remember what Josh told you to do during recovery intervals. Ok only thirty more seconds... Aw hell those muffins look good... Ok maybe just one...



Wow this park is nice... What a beautiful day it turned out to be! Sun shining and everything, I thought it was supposed to rain today... I'm becoming such a New Yorker, all New Yorkers like to talk about is the weather! Oh it was so hot today, oh it was so cold yesterday, oh I can't believe how much it rained today. Yeah I know! I have fucking eyes too man. Only three months here and all I can notice is the weather. I really need some friends. All the guys at work are so weird. They just wanna go to bars and watch those damn Yankees. Sorry I don't see the appeal to getting piss drunk and watching some tobacco chewing gorillas smack a ball while some dumb idiot from Yonkers tries to fight an Astros fan. I do like that guy Johnny however, he's a real straight shooter, just like me. He comes in, gets the job done and leaves. That's all you can really ask for no? And that girl Vanessa who works in production, I wish I could get up the nerve to talk to her. She's probably a dumb Yankees fan too anyway. I shouldn't bother...

Maybe I should get a dog... I always wanted a dog... But a big dog not a small one. Like one of those uhh, what do you call 'em... Bernese mountain dogs? With the long hair and the strong build. Man those are nice... But too much work. My therapist said I shouldn't take on more than I can handle right now... With the new job and all. New York

is just too overwhelming for me I think. If this job didn't pay so much I would pack up and move right back to Colorado. Man I miss the outdoors... Those hills and trees... when the fresh air hits your face...ahhh...there's nothing quite like it. The air out here smells like hot garbage, absolutely disgusting. I wish I could be hiking Longs Peak like me and Davis did in 2013. Not searching for any wilderness I can find in the middle of Brooklyn. At least I don't live in Manhattan. That would be a real shitshow. God damn New Yorkers... They seem to always want something from you, they can't just have a good old fashioned conversation.



Where the hell is this kid? He said he'd be here an hour ago. I should leave... Oh but I can't! I need that baseball card. Johnny's gonna love it. And I've never gotten him a good

gift before... I always seem to mess it up. Every year I get that forced smile that you put on when you get a disappointing gift. Last year it was the sweater vest, the year before a nice fedora. I mean who in their right mind wouldn't like a nice fedora? Everyone should have one. It's a real staple piece... At least for me. But what do I know? I've only been on this earth for five times as long as Johnny and he's suddenly the fashion Guru? Oh to hell with this whole ordeal. I should've never signed up for that ebay site in the first place.

What ever happened to good old face to face interactions? In my day if we wanted something we had to find it. Go store to store until we found what we wanted. But nowadays kids just get it in an instant! That's why they're so lazy. Yes it must be the internet ruining our kids. They want everything and they want it quicker than ever. I'm gonna teach this kid a lesson when he gets here... If he ever gets here. Man why won't he pick up his phone? Do manners not matter over text or something? Those kids are so disrespectful. Ok if he's not here in five minutes I'm leaving... Johnny's gonna get another fedora and he's gonna like it! It's freezing like hell out here. The things I do for my nephews... That Jackie Robinson better be in mint condition like he said... If it's not I might just beat him with my umbrella. That'd be nice... Take a good swing at the bastard. I'll show him who the real Jackie Robinson is... Might even hit a triple... Ha! I know how to make myself laugh. Maybe I should just get Johnny a good old book... He's into that kind of stuff I think... It would be much easier... Yes that's what I'll do, a good, hardcover book... You know what he needs... The Bible! That'd teach him a few things about life. He'll probably like that just as much as a lousy baseball card...



What in the world? Those squirrels are always eating these plants I gotta take care of. How am I supposed to make the park look nice when squirrels are always trying to violate the vegetation? Well, I'll have to do my best and hopefully my supervisor understands that we have a serious vermin problem. That's the number one problem with this godforsaken place. Prospect park? They should call it rodentville. I'm gonna have to dig up this whole section and start over now... Just my luck. If I hadn't switched shifts with Jenice she'd be dealing with this mess not me. But hey, at least I don't have to clean the statues. That's the absolute worst. People never realize how filthy those things get! All they see is some grand monument that they can gawk at stupidly for five minutes and go about their day. They never realize how much effort goes into making this park look nice. Why even bother if they don't notice?

Is it lunch yet? Oh God! I've only been working for thirty minutes? I swear time goes half speed when I clock into work. It's like I enter an alternate universe where the hands on my watch get stuck with some magical glue. Then when I check out those little hands go back to normal. Oh why won't you move stupid watch! Maybe I should just sit down and take a little break. Just for five minutes. I don't think Marty would be too mad if he saw me. Oh boy I hope Marty doesn't come around today. Always bothering me and giving me orders. Do this, do that. The plants don't look neat... the statue has grime on it. I swear working for the city is a trap. An inescapable trap. I need this job to feed my little Jannette... Too bad her good for nothing dad can't get a job. I swear I'm gonna whoop his ass next time I see him. Always hanging around smoking black and milds. Those cigars stink like a skunk. Thank God I divorced that man... At least I don't have to smell those terrible things anymore. Well, I should probably get back to work now. Here we go..... What in the...Hell no why is that boy taking a picture of me!