

# THE STORYTELLER PROJECT

Fear pulled on his overcoat and stepped out into the brisk New York air. He was running late for an appointment. He had been the CEO of the company since he could remember, he was in business of running the world, and business was good. Today's first appointment will be convincing Mrs. Sullivan to finally buy that super safe SUV to take her kids to ballet and soccer practice. She soon would learn that her family would surly die of a side impact if she chose not to get the vehicle.

Our CEO has had his hands in projects since the beginning; however he enjoys the new and exciting projects he has started. He had been solely responsible for the deadbolt lock. It had been a work in progress when he first whispered the idea of a locking mechanism to a man in Assyria over 4,000 years ago. Security systems, motion lights, security cameras, the moat; all of them were milestones in their own right. One of his most memorable achievements was the modern gun, yet he sees so much more in store for this gem.

Even with his main projects that he has headed in the past, he still finds time for the small things. Helping people choose the right fabric softener, the light bulb that will be most cost efficient (money had made his job so much easier), making sure it's a non-trans fat food, being politically correct, helping Mr. Farmer question if he has enough Riboflavin in his diet; his job is endless.

Fear sold his bed on Craigslist, he realized he could use the money and he never slept anyway. He only got \$80; just enough to fund this year's Kyra Smith project. Kyra questions every year whether she should quit her job, or to just stay with what she hates due to the comfort factor of having a place to pick up a check. Thanks to the decision Fear made to sell that bed, Kyra is in the break room this morning zoned out; she is stirring her coffee thinking of a way to kill her kindergarten teacher of a boss.

Fear laughed at The Wu Tang Clan, knowing it wasn't cash that ruled everything; it was fear.

He sometimes forgets appointments, but rarely. Yesterday was busy. He started with Janice Wilson; she didn't take the donut because of her recent weight gain. Her boy Jack needed help at school relinquishing his lunch money to save a beating from the football jocks. Stanley Chism delivered pizzas and finally heeded his grandfather's warnings and signed up to get his concealed weapon permit. Fear loved the day projects; he has always had a harder time with the night jobs. He stopped individualizing the men that worried they weren't going to be able to find pussy at the local club, they were now *all* in the 'desperate - XY' category. Oh there is a 'desperate -XX' category; however that one is much too complicated to start into now and normally doesn't involve sex. Last night was a tough one for our hero, for the first time in centuries he felt as close to sleep as he could imagine. That's why he is running late this morning.

It was to my advantage, for he had one forgotten appointment before the 'Mrs. Sullivan SUV project'. He was to come here, to make me question this story.