

The Guy Down The Hall Is About To Snap

Written by Dave Howard



The guy down the hall is about to snap...

Soon.

I see him pretty much everyday at the mailboxes. Guess we get off work about the same time. A good looking guy, but in LA, every 8 becomes a 6.5. He's mid-20's, good hair usually wearing a starched white shirt. I have always been somewhat envious of those guys who can wear a good, starched, white shirt. I don't have it in me. My body doesn't work that way. I take them to the cleaners, dabble between medium and heavy starch. I get them back and it doesn't matter. My 8 minute commute has them all wrinkled in the back. Fortunately, I work at a pretty laid back joint so I have just given up on being starched shirt guy and just go with the knits. They're perfect for days on end.

I notice a tan line on his ring finger as he turns his mailbox key. There is a tension that pulses through his body, it pulses as he fumbles to through the endless supply of Albertson, Carpet Cleaning and her Victoria Secret mailers to see if there is actually any "mail" in the mail. His "Dammit" has gone to "GOD dammit" to "mutherfucker" to "MUTHERfucker," It rises every time there is more junk than mail.

Mail is bills.

Bills aren't good news. I would think the Victoria's Secret Catalog would be... but he always throws it away in the junk mail bin. Of course, I steal it.

His apartment is on the opposite side of the building from mine. The worst apartment in the joint, obviously bought in a hurry. Within ten feet he has the first floor elevator, the trash chute and the manager's apartment. I live in the apartment on the opposite side of building. I have a view of the ancient, beige apartment building next door. He has a view of the really nice apartment building,

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This one is popular with Porn Stars that live on my street. Maybe “Stars” is too strong of a word. They are the kind of people who pay \$2200 a month for a one bedroom. People who are just doing this make the ends meet, buying a house is out of the question. The bottom may drop out of my bottom tomorrow. People who think they are too pretty to have a real job, Ghetto millionaires. Maybe “millionaire” is too strong of a word.

Perhaps he sees them when he sneaks home on a Wednesday for a quick lunch and a nap. Wednesday afternoon, it's beautiful day and there is one of “them.” Strolling in a yellow tank top, white pajama pants, fake tits, no bra and one those yappy dogs he could squelch out with one misplaced foot step. Unshowered, she wipes the sleep out her eyes and has her first Starbucks at 2:00 p.m.

Then he returns to his gray cubicle of making ends meet. There may be a great future in it, if he doesn't get laid off first.

He works hard everyday and that is the view he comes home too. Porn Stars flaunting their low work, high rent lifestyle. He was told to work hard. Make a solid income. Hard works pays off. But big tits and extraordinary talents pays three times as much plus you have four days a week off to heal.

He does a lot of laundry. I always see him coming out of the elevator with laundry. Why he doesn't do his laundry on our floor was a mystery. First of all, what kind of bachelor does one load of laundry? We do seven, one a day a month.

I realized why he does his laundry one load at a time, on the second floor. He's looking for an adventure, a night out, an escape. I've been there but I drank my way through that difficult time. I should probably buy this guy a beer.

But I don't, who the hell wants to hang out with a guy who is about to snap?