

## Banker

Listen: I love waking up in the morning. There's nothing like it. Steam coming up out of my favorite coffee cup, a bowl of cereal, newspaper spread out on the table. I read every section of the paper except Sports. I never did like sports.

The train I take to work every morning leaves at 6:50am on the nose. I can't be even a minute late, or I'll miss it. If I do miss the train, the next one isn't until 7:45am, so I'll be late for work, which starts at 7:30am. I admit I've missed the train a few times and had to stay late. I guess that's just the way the beans go with the rice!

The bank offices that I work at are pretty close; four train stops, and then five blocks walking. I work as an administrative assistant to the administrative assistant of the manager of a call center that handles inquiries regarding boat loans. I deal with some paperwork, but mostly I just sit at my desk and stare at my computer, like everybody else. If someone gives me a task, I perform the task as quickly as possible and then wait to tell the person that gave me the task that I finished it until about double the time it took me to finish the task has passed. It sounds complicated, but it's really not. Spend time doing work, spend more time not doing work, and so the cycle continues until the day is done. I always mean to use the time I'm not working to do something productive or enlightening, but generally I feel so lethargic that I just end up sitting and staring at my computer more! There are a few websites I check pretty regularly, though. Also I check my e-mail a lot, probably a lot more than is necessary.

When I get home after work I always feel inexplicably exhausted. I didn't do anything all day that would make me feel this way...but then again maybe it's just that, I didn't do anything all day, I just sat in a chair and stared at a small computer inside of a small office, a box inside of a box. For eight hours.

I usually make dinner instead of going out (have to build savings!); wheat pasta with chicken or tofu. If I'm feeling extravagant I'll top the dish off with a fancy cheese. During dinner I watch an episode of one of my favorite television shows. Afterward I read a book while sitting on my favorite chair, an old recliner whose red fabric is starting to wither and tear with age. The time always seems to fly by at night; before I know it it's 8:30pm! I have a snack

then, call my family back home, research how to get into radio or politics (a bunch of people have said that I have a perfect voice for either).

My eyes start to glaze over around 10pm. I brush my teeth, rinse, floss, rinse, use mouth wash. My retainer, even though I tried to keep it clean, has become ungodly disgusting, so disgusting in fact that I can no longer justify wearing it at night. I'm sure my teeth are slowly but surely paying the price.

I slip under the red-and-green patched quilt that my Aunt made just for me when I was in fourth grade, and as long as the neighborhood kids aren't out horsing around, I fall right asleep. Usually I don't dream.