

A Rough in the Diamonds

It's hard to justify dream-seeking when the garbage bill was due last Wednesday. It is now Tuesday of the following week. Fuck.

"That'll be \$68.15."

Jessie clicked the button on the register to process the payment and mindlessly waited for the beep to alert her the transaction was complete. She handed over the receipt.

"Thanks, have a great day," she said so robotically it could practically be considered lying. The sweet, weathered old woman mumbled inaudibly in return and began shuffling her way, grocery bag in tote, through the automated store door.

When the coast was clear Phillippe started back in on his regularly scheduled shit-talking session.

"..... if they don't give me that weekend off, I'm out of this shit hole!"

"Dude, how many times have I heard that from you?"

Jessie chuckled to herself. This was her life. Her daily. It was okay. Right? I mean, things could be much worse. Except, something felt... off. Always has. Like, she isn't where she should be. She was made for much worse.

(The rest can be viewed upon publication.)