

It's Worth It, We Swear

The wind whipped wildly and thunder snapped as the stranger, his gait staggering and one hand on his hat, forced his steps forward along the desolate street. An ebony sky lurked above him, causing his limbs to quiver erratically, not only from the cold, but from fear as well. The rain lashed at his skin, striking his face with a grimacing howl. The unforgiving weather was indeed his toughest nemesis, but he had a goal he would not abandon. As he pushed on, exhausted and sore, he realized he was alone on the usually busy road. No one in their right mind would brave nature's cruelty on a day such as this. But he was foolishly determined. His feet roared with pain as he saw his destination come slowly into focus through the opaque mist and the bouncing hail. After what appeared an eternity, his soggy, outstretched arm finally grasped the cold handle of the door. With one tired pull, the stranger entered the music store. The bearded gent behind the counter, puzzled by the strange, dripping man, leaned over and made eye contact. "Can I help you?", he asked cautiously. "Yes yes, I hope ... you can" he replied, his sentence broken by coughs. "Do you have Infinite Recess by The Menus?" "No, sir, I'm sorry we don't." At that moment, the stranger's head began to swell with agony as the room began to spin around him, his swollen knees buckled as he collapsed lifelessly to the floor. He was silent for a moment and then began to sob. "Oh my God!" he blubbered sadly. "How can this be happening?!! I don't even want to go on liv" "Hey, hey there pal, relax", the clerk interjected, "The Menus have re-ordered their CD and is now available at all their shows and can even be ordered off the internet. Perk up. No need for Prozac here." With that, the man slowly stood up, brushed himself off and faintly started to smile. He shook his savior's hand, frightened him with a hug, and turned for the door. As he cascaded down the once ominous pavement, he began to whistle, as the sun now slowly began to warm his back.