

## **My small business**

It is possible that some people feel pity for me, but they do not let me sense it. My life is my work and my future, but my small business abuzz me with worries, which hurt me inside on my forehead and temples, but without letting me see success, because my business is small.

Hours over hours I have to make provisions, give worthwhile instructions, avoid serious mistakes or smooth away difficulties. I keep fighting against big firms and mighty bosses. My day starts even before the sun rises and ends after it sets again. In this time I just telephone and talk and argue to keep my small business alive, to be able to live my dream life in wealth with cars, women and houses. Until now, strangers still have my money and enjoy my lifestyle.

When I close my business on a workday, I suddenly see all the hours in which I worked for the running, urgent necessities of my small business, knowing that tomorrow it will yank me back like a returning flood and entrain me. Preferably I would just continue to work, but I have to go home, because my hands and my face are just exhausted and sweaty, my clothes stink and my shoes become uncomfortable.

In the subway I see some poor and normal people who have nothing else to do than making unnecessary little trips with their significant other and children. They touch each other all the time and smile. Their stupid happiness sucks. Do they even know what is important in life? Ignorant, dependent people.

Soon I am at home, open my door and step in. I see, now I am alone. I range through my flat and stop in front of my mirror. Suddenly an old looking pale man with small, tired eyes, wrinkled face and depressing mien stares right at me. I regard him. He looks like he is unhappy and overworked. Out of nowhere the man starts to run and I try to catch him, but I am too slow. He jumps out of my window. I start screaming and crying that somebody should help him, but nobody reacts. Nobody pays attention at all. As fast as possible I run out of my house to the street, call the ambulance and try to reach a family member of him. I take his phone and go through his contacts, but cannot find a “mom” or “dad” or “girlfriend”. I try to calm down a bit, turn the man around to take a closer look. Suddenly I recognize his face and it feels like I am falling in trance.

I wake up in a hospital, all alone. I realise that I cannot continue my life like this and that I need to call my mother, because the man I saw on the street was me.

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