



Structure

Freedom Club

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Chapter 1:

“DO YOU WANT TO DIE, OR NOT”

It is hard to get a word out when a knife is pressing down on your throat while looking down the ledge of a six story building.

“I ASKED, IF YOU WANTED TO DIE”

When you have a knife against your throat, it only takes a little bit of pressure to cause severe harm. If either the carotid artery, jugular vein or the trachea gets damaged it can lead to fatal consequences. A diagonal cut is usually more dangerous than a straight cut, which is the case here. One wrong move and the knife will slice through my jugular like knife through hot butter.

Chapter 2:

3.46 dollars is the average cost of a cup of coffee. 7.25 dollars is what I'm paid an hour. That means my labor is valued at just over 2 cups of coffee an hour, which is about as many cups I need to get through one day. I work an hour each day just to pay for my coffee. The company of course doesn't give out free coffee, you have to get it at the cafeteria.

Is it hard being a wagie? It is not hard in the way that going to war, or hunting a mammoth is hard. But it's hard mentally. When you see the clock ticking in anticipation of the sweet release from work, you're really waiting for the end of your mundane life, one tick at a time.

No, pet damage isn't covered by warranty. No mam, the TV was not advertised as waterproof in the commercial.

When you work in customer care you have to deal with the most obnoxious people you'll ever come across. They try to hold you responsible for them getting ripped off by whatever corporation you're representing. I am just trying to pay my rent; you don't have to yell at me you bitch.

That's about as much glory there is in wagiedom. The higher purpose? Some Jewish CEO gets to light another cigarette on his yacht. Great.

Tick.

It's lunch break, at least according to whoever decided that "lunch" starts at 2:30pm. I see most of my coworkers getting up, but it's company policy to resolve any ongoing calls if they drag into lunch break. The time I lose on it is of course not added to the end of my lunch break.

Tick.

It's 2:45 when I finally get to use the remaining 15 minutes of lunch break. If I had the will I'd probably have enough time to prepare myself a healthy meal to take to work. But I don't.

Subway it is then. I look at the wagie behind the counter. He has huge rings around his eyes, his hair looked like it hasn't seen a salon for months. It was like looking in a mirror. I tell him give me a footlong, he just nods.

He grabs the bread, and another. I only ordered one.

WHY?

WHY?

WHY?

"That will make \$23,50, Sir."

That's the price of two footlongs. Maybe I should have said something, but I didn't. I paid him and took my sandwiches.

My mother always said everything happened for a reason, when she was immersed in her spiritual teachings. Maybe the universe arranged it so that I will share my sandwich with the cute girl from work. Maybe she just so happened to have forgotten her card today. That's how it works, right?

I go back. Nope, she's eating a homecooked chicken breast salad-thing. All healthy and shit. How can someone be so motivated as a wagie? I've never actually spoken to her. She's probably thinking "What's with the creepy guy munching on his second footlong staring at me for?"

I should head inside.

I finish my second footlong while scrolling through the endless sea of posts on Instagram. My dopamine receptors reacting ever so slightly less intensely with every next reel going through.