

Another Day in Paradise

Ah what a lovely day! It's so peaceful and quiet in the library. I can finally focus on my research and working on my laptop. Oh what was that sudden noise? It nearly scared me half to death. The telephone has this irritating ring. It's so annoying and it gives me a headache. Why is it ringing so loudly. It's getting on my nerves. Why doesn't someone pick up the phone? Why is everyone bothering me?

A couple of students are sitting at the table across the room. They are whispering to themselves but the noise is deafening. Can't they see the "QUIET" sign? Why are they so inconsiderate? The nerve of some people. Why are they invading my personal space. I don't like them. This is getting ridiculous with all this commotion how can anyone get things done. It's all too much. Why can't they leave me alone. Why can't life be a placid stream.

Finally the librarian tells them to shut up or leave. Peace at last. But it is temporary. How come they can't stop moving around and passing notes between themselves? Why do they have to be so annoying? This is getting too much. I have to leave.

I go to the coffee shop to grab a java and sit by myself. I begin opening my mail and read so no one will sit next to me and try to talk to me. Hey, I received a letter from my friend Mike. How is the old dog? I haven't seen him for years. Boy do I envy him. He spends all of his time traveling around the world visiting new places and doing exciting things. Mike always sends me a postcard or letter to tell me where he is. Boy, I wish I could be like him with no worries in the world. Being able to go anywhere without any planning and leave just as quickly. He's in Hong Kong now. Last time I checked Mike was in London. Boy does he get around. I bet he has friends in very city that he has visited.

Someone sit at the table next to me. She sees my letter and tries to engage me in a conversation. “Yes, I have a friend writing to me from Hong Kong” ...,” No I have never been there,” ... “Oh that’s nice that you have been to Hong Kong”. Oh this woman is getting on my nerves. Why is she talking to me? Why is she invading my personal space? Why won’t she leave me alone? It’s not safe, I need to leave. So I hastily make an excuse that I have to go to an appointment and leave. And not a moment too soon.

There’s too much distractions out here so I head for home, where it is safe and quiet.

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