

The earth rotates once more on its axis. The darkened side becomes the sunny side and the sunny side becomes the darkened side. All the while, people are either getting ready for another hum drum day or going to sleep in order to be rested for another hum drum day.

My day used to be this way but today is different. Today I've decided to take a walk. I wake up when my alarm goes off at 8:30 am. I have my usual breakfast of waffles and two sausage links. That's right, two links. I change into some suitable walking attire. A faded blue t-shirt, black sweat pants and my favorite pair of green converse.

After a quick stretching of my joints I walk out the front door and into the luminous morning glow. I look up at the sky and try to breathe in its vibrant blue. I notice a bird fly overhead, looks like it has lagged behind the rest of the formation. I set off on foot down the end of my street. When I get there I turn right and continue in a straight line for two miles or so. I fix my gaze on a palm tree up ahead. Its bark looks rather dry and cracked, like it hasn't been watered for a while.

When I reach the palm tree I take a moment to choose a new path. A big, yellow school bus passes by and emits some strong fumes from its exhaust. I plug my nose but I still choke and gag for a second or two. I finally decide to cut through a vacant lot in order to get onto a decent walking path.

The lot is as vacant as you'd expect a vacant lot to be. I remember when I was about six years old and I first heard the word vacant I thought it was the same thing as bacon. But in this vacant lot there is no bacon. There isn't even a stove on which to cook bacon. But there is a concrete foundation and a half finished house frame. I try to imagine what the house will look like once it is completed. I hope it doesn't end up looking like most houses. But it probably will. I try to imagine what kind of family will inhabit the house. I hope they don't end up being like most families. But they probably will.

I quickly wave good-bye to the vacant lot with no bacon and continue walking down a newly cemented sidewalk. After another two miles, I come upon a marching line of red ants. Some of which I accidentally step on and some I try my best to avoid stepping on. I like to think that they are grateful every time someone purposefully avoids stepping on them. I know I'm grateful every time someone avoids stepping on me.

I try to follow their militant pattern but they are far more devoted to it than I am. I suppose that's a good thing. A couple of them are carrying what looks like bread crumbs on their backs. Some of the bread crumbs are at least five times bigger than they are. But somehow they manage to carry them all the way to their nest or hive or colony. I think ants live in colonies. Much more structured colonies than us.

I wave good-bye to the militant ants and hop over some discarded beer bottles. Two have been smashed and four are still intact but empty. They almost look like shiny, gold chalices. But it is the sunlight that is successfully pulling off that illusion. The labels on all of them have been stripped and scraped off. I wonder why someone would scrape a label off a beer bottle. Maybe they weren't supposed to be drinking. Maybe they were drinking on the sidewalk because they weren't allowed to drink in their own home. Whatever their reason was they could have at least disposed of them properly. I pick up one of the empty bottles and toss it high up in the air. It lands and smashes six feet in front of me. I can hear a dog barking in the distance.

My eyes scan the area for some kind of bag to collect the remaining bottles in. I spot a dusty garbage bag stuck to some weeds. It's pretty big and only has one small tear in it. The only other garbage in it is some torn up fliers for a new techno club. I doubt we need another monotonous techno club taking up valuable space in order to charge twelve bucks for a margarita. One by one I place the three scraped beer bottles in the garbage bag. I tie the top as best as I can and drag it along with me.

I try to wave good-bye to the broken shards of beer bottles but it just seems a little sad. They continue glistening in the sunlight and I continue walking. As I walk past a stray cat I begin to contemplate what to do with the beer bottles. I could bury them. But a dog or little kid might dig them up and start playing with them. I could just chuck them into a dumpster. But I really would like to find some better use for them. I could recycle them. But that's practically the same thing as burying them. Or is it?

While my mind is preoccupied I come upon a busy intersection. Traffic had come to a halt due to the fact that a motorcyclist had slammed into a traffic light. The motorcyclist and his motorcycle didn't look badly injured. The motorcycle had a few small scrapes. The motorcyclist was shouting at the other motorists for not helping him move his motorcycle sooner.

An elderly gentleman who was waiting at the bus stop walks up to me and says, "You missed a great show here!" He laughs and coughs and laughs and coughs.

I wait for the cross walk light to blink on and I cross to the other side as smooth as butter. That's right. Butter. Who doesn't like butter? I dare you to say you don't like butter! The only thing that can compete with butter is bacon. Yes, bacon. Perhaps I'll start up my own bacon factory and call it Vacant Bacon. Sounds like a good idea.

The three beer bottles in the garbage bag make a clinking sound with every step I take. It reminds me of a metronome. Every time I hear the word metronome I instantly picture a gnome on a subway train. Short people have a need for transportation too. If gnomes exist then why wouldn't they use public transportation? It's just common sense.

Two joggers jog ahead of me. They are panting and perspiring a lot. One of them is a young woman and the other a young man. They both smile at each other as they jog. They seem pretty fit and full of energy. But they will never know the same kind of joy that I know.

I approach another intersection but this one is less crowded with vehicles. But not because it isn't heavily trafficked. It is less crowded because each car is whizzing by at a speed that is unrecognizable to me. I push the button for the crosswalk light. I wait a few seconds. Nothing happens. I push the button for the crosswalk light again. I wait a few more seconds. Nothing happens. I debate with myself on whether I should risk crossing or not. I am unable to come to an agreement with myself.

Then I get an idea. I untie the garbage bag, reach in and pull out one of the torn fliers for the new overrated techno club. I crinkle it up into a tightly packed ball and place it gently in the street. When I see the next car approaching at a speed that is unrecognizable to me I make sure to pay close attention. The next car whizzes by and I watch as the balled up techno flier rolls away at a speed that is unrecognizable to me.

I decide not to cross. I re-tie the garbage bag and sling it over my shoulder. I then turn around and walk in the opposite direction. After walking a good four miles, I come upon a street vendor. He is selling a variety of snacks and beverages. I flag him down and examine his selection. He does not know much English but he is able to recommend a bacon wrapped hotdog with mustard and relish. I call him a genius and pat him on the back. I also select a Diet Pepsi to wash down his magnificent masterpiece. I give him a five dollar bill and tell him to keep the change. He then tells me I'm fifty cents short. I offer him one of the empty beer bottles instead and he reluctantly accepts it. He wishes it wasn't empty but knows that he can get a few cents by recycling it.

I wave good-bye to the bacon-wrapped hotdog genius and walk on. The harsh sun begins to take its toll on me after another three miles. Where am I going? I ask myself out loud. I pass a couple of shops and restaurants and stop walking as soon as I see a lovely plant-filled park. I drop the garbage bag on the moist grass and plop down under a shady tree. I'm not sure what kind of tree it is. Maybe some kind of oak or maple.

A group of skateboarders are attempting a series of complicated maneuvers on the green painted tennis court. Two little girls are fighting over the "good swing" and two teenage lovers are caressing each other on a grassy knoll. This is what life should be like every day. I lean back against the shady tree and rest my eyes for a spell.

I am awakened some minutes later by a loud scream. I stand up and look around for the source of the scream. Apparently one of the little girls punched the other one in the nose and they were now locked in a death grip of sorts. They start rolling around in the sand and shouting incoherent phrases at each other. Finally, their mothers run to them and pull them apart.

I glance over at the two teenage lovers on the grassy knoll. I walk over to them and hand them one of the torn up techno fliers. Apparently the monotonous techno club allows the under twenty-one crowd in once a week. They both look ecstatic when I hand them the torn flier. The teenage girl looks up at me and says, "Thanks! We've been wanting to go to something like this for a while!" The teenage boy half smiles.

I then walk over to the group of skateboarders on the green painted tennis court. I watch them try to pull off some flashy tricks and jumps. "I wish we had something to jump over besides this lame tennis net." One of the skateboarders says. I then reply with, "Would you like to jump over some beer bottles?" All the skateboarders stare at me in a confused manner. I take out the two remaining empty beer bottles and place them in the center of the green painted tennis court.

"If you can jump over these bottles I'll give you whatever is left in this garbage bag." I say to the skateboarders. They still have a confused look on their faces but they are also intrigued by what the garbage bag may or may not be carrying. We shake hands to seal our deal and they all line up like militant ants.

One by one they jump over the empty beer bottles with their skateboards. Some of them fall but they all jump clear over the bottles. I congratulate them then hand them the garbage bag. As they all peer into it I wave good-bye and continue walking.

I walk for another mile and a half then decide to sit down on one of the bus stop benches. I still have no idea where I am going but I am glad I have no idea where I am going. I kneel down to re-tie my right green converse. "Are you taking the bus too?" I look up and am greeted with a beautiful face that belongs to a beautiful girl. "I might take the bus but I'm not sure." I reply. "Oh. I'm taking the bus to school today. It's my first year in college." She sits down next to me and fiddles with a textbook. Her perfume smells like a bouquet of roses. "Your first year of college? That sounds exciting." I respond. "Yeah. I guess." She looks at me and smiles.

Her blonde hair hangs down in curls just above her shoulders. She is wearing a light blue long-sleeved blouse and tight fitting blue jeans. It appears she has written something on her pink sneakers. "What is that you have written on your sneakers?" I ask her. "This? Oh it's just the bus schedule. I wrote it on my sneakers in permanent marker so I wouldn't forget which buses go where. I'm no good at keeping a paper schedule." She blushes a little. "Oh I see. That is quite ingenious. You wouldn't happen to like bacon... do you?"

She stares at me in a confused manner but then quickly smiles and laughs. "I love it! The only thing that can compete with bacon is butter!"

My heart starts beating a thousand miles per second. I gradually slide closer to her on the bench. "You are fascinating. Please tell me your name."

“Cindy. My name is Cindy. Cindy Simon. Well, my full name is Cinnamon Sable Simon but I prefer just Cindy.” She blushes a little more.

“It is a great honor to meet you, Cinnamon. I mean Cindy. My name is Van. Well, my full name is Van Confucius Schwartz.” I extend my hand to hers, she pauses and then slowly grips and shakes.

“It’s an honor to meet you too, Van. My bus is approaching so I’m afraid we have to cut our conversation short. Unless you’ve decided to take the bus after all?” Her eyes display a large amount of passion.

“Maybe I will.” The bus comes to a strong halt as she tries to coax me on.

“Oh and I happen to have brought some bacon with me to snack on.” She whips out a plastic baggie stuffed with bacon.

“Okay, we shall ride the bus!” We both laugh out loud as we hop onto the bus.

All this happened while the earth rotated on its axis once more. And the sunny side became the darkened side and the darkened side became the sunny side.

This is what life can be. This is what life should be.