

*Lunch With Julie*

What's it like?

It's like being underwater.

You can't think straight?

Your brain synapses are snapped.  
And you taste plastic.  
Like you've been sucking  
on a blow-up beach ball.

How strange.

I mean you're dying.  
That's basically what it is.  
You're killing the bad cells, sure,  
but the good ones too.

Does it ever make you want to,  
give up?

Sometimes. It was dark at first.  
But you find reasons to keep going.

Like what?

Like I'd like to adopt a puppy one day.  
A bunch of them actually.  
And maybe adopt some kids too.  
Or just sit on a porch in the countryside.  
Reading books.

Sipping tea.

Naw, bourbon!

That sounds nice.  
So how many more rounds?

Four.  
I've done two so far.  
Four more to go.

That's the worst part?

Yeah.  
From Tuesday until about Sunday.

Can you watch TV?

I lie on the couch in the dark  
with a pillow over my face  
and wait for the pain to go away.

Awful.

It really is.  
Do you mind if we change the subject?

Of course.

It's fine talking about it, but, y'know...  
so how is everything at the office?

It's good. We all miss you.

Any new gossip?

Not really.  
Well, we got these staplers.  
They're like, heavy duty staplers.  
But they don't keep the heavy duty staples  
in the supply closet.  
So you have to keep asking for them to be delivered.

That's silly.

I know!  
Like why can't they just keep them on-hand?

It doesn't make any sense.

It really doesn't.

It doesn't make any sense at all.