

Queuing up for leaflets 'How to Get Ahead.' Well, one man grumbles next to me, "That's the one I never read, but no one tells me what I need so it doesn't really bother me." Outside someone sweeps the road, I ask, "Is it good pay?" "Throw that leaflet in the bin and ask some other day. I do my job to make ends meet. Reasons, they don't bother me." In the lineup by the sign that says, 'Wait here until it comes', everyone is standing in the rain, doing mental sums. The fare has just gone up again, so the weather doesn't bother them. The bus is late again. The driver smiles, he knows that the people who complain at him will thank him when they go. "Well I get paid, and they pay me. So it doesn't really bother me." A kid walks down the pavement kicking stones and cans. His mother slaps him harder to make him understand. "You can try and impress your friends, but it doesn't really bother them." And his friends are laughing loudly, but they're feeling just like him. There's always someone bigger who tells you, "You can't win." So they hang around in groups of ten, pretending nothing bothers them. A man lumped in the corner was talking A to Z about where he'd been and what he'd done and why all his friends were dead. "I know I drink too much," said he, "but now it doesn't bother me." Nothing bothered anyone, so I wondered, "Who am I to be the only person to ever wonder why?" And someone said I was in the way. "Does it bother you?" "No, it's okay."