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Seeing Stars (Part One)

Julia Brzhosnevskiy
NSU University School

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Seeing Stars

(Part One)

Julia Brzhosnevskiy

It's a real wonder that stars don't collide in their travels through the universe. I always thought so. But then again, most of the time, they're already dead when their light reaches our insignificant little eyes. Who knows? Maybe they're not even planets at all, as those scientists claim. Maybe it's all a big spoof and they're actually some reflections of the sun or some miracles of nature or maybe dust particles on a huge empty bottle in which our planet is confined. That is, if you believe in that kind of thing. But enough of that. I have work to do. I have people to meet. I have plans to make. Plans that will, maybe, possibly, hopefully, enlighten my human existence. If not, then at least it'll spice up my already mundane life.

The technician called the other day, saying that the crew may be "just a few minutes late." Translated to laymen terms, that probably means that they will completely forget to show up for the job, but I pretended to believe him and kindly informed him that his crew can take as much time as they need; they'll receive a "bonus pay cut if they mess one single thing up." I hung up the phone with a smile. I used to hate talking to strangers. All they ever want to do is rip you off, just like that technician. Come to think of it, he must have some title, other than technician. I know he certainly repeats something or other every time I call him "technician," angrier with each moment. Oh well, I'm not paying him to tell me what his profession is. I'm paying him not to mess up my show.

(to be continued...)