

# Blunders and thanks



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

I have always been fascinated by the rich and famous. They looked so much in control of every situation they were in. They exude a certain aura of power and many people just simply adore them. I will not try to pretend that I knew a lot of this people but in the community where I was living, a youngish couple who owned the largest construction supply business happened to live there, in a three-storey building and I often watched them with awed interest. I have bought a few things in their store and their office paneled in glass looked so grand.

The second floor of the building is a showcase for home furnishings and looking at the prices of their goods only the rich could afford them, I'd mused. I learned from people talking that the third floor is their residence and as people talk, they said that it was a state of the art home, deserving for the very rich. The husband drove the grandest car in this part of our town and every morning I watch him drove to some place, attache case in hand, looking impressive and successful. The young wife stayed and manned the office and she too took the kind of self-assured look her husband radiates. The young couple was my inspiration.

I would like to own a business one day and like them, I would be powerful too. From their looks, I believed that money brings satisfaction and contentment, happiness too. A lot of times when I daydream, I would picture myself in the fashion of the young couple's situation, very much contented and in control over my business, employees and in every deal I have for my business. Judging from the meager income I earned from my job, the prospect looked bleak and oftentimes, I would feel frustrated. I was taking

the ferry to the city and while waiting for the boat to leave, I was engaged with those daydreams again.

I was deep into it when I noticed that familiar car getting at the gangplank and the driver hurrying to open the passenger seat. Out came the young wife of the businessman carrying a small bag. She is taking the boat and she is alone. She looked so chic with that small black dress and oversized Jackie O sunglasses. I lost her when she gets into the ferry. I was about to continue with my fantasy when a familiar voice roused me. “ Is this seat taken? ” It was her, looking a bit lost. “ No,” I told her as she sat beside me. I am taking this trip alone. My husband arranged a car to fetch me at the pier. You go to our store sometimes didn’t

you? ” I am surprised she noticed. “ Yes,” I told her. I would have added, “ I am your fan” least I would look stupid. “ I am going to my husband’s youngest brother’s funeral. ” “ He will be buried today. ” “ Yes, she continued without waiting for me to ask, he is very young” “ He is a special child you know and his family committed him into an institution. ” There is a peculiar way about the way she talked to me. We were not talking really. She expected me to listen and be attentive to her chat away. She did not even look at me. She talked about being bored to death at the store. She complained about the monotonous chores she have to

do every day of her life including Sunday lunches at her husband’s family country house. She confessed about being jealous at people who have time to spend weekends at bars and cafes having good times with friends and meeting strangers. In-between confessions and complains she would get a call from somebody and they would talk for a minute or two. Some of those

calls were from their office and others from the party of the funeral judging from her conversations on her phone. I was surprised with my reaction with her. The very first time I am nearest the person I so admired and she talked to me of things I considered so personal and

between close friends only yet I do not feel the inspiration I expected to feel. I felt so drained. I felt that this woman seeped my strength like a vampire sucking blood from her victims. The boats horn sounded signaling we have reached our destination. " You are going to the city aren't you? " she asked, " You can share a ride with me, I'd be bored alone in that car," she added. Instinct told me to say no and I did. " I am meeting someone in the pier," I lied. " I would take the bus but thanks anyway and leave hurriedly away. " So much for the rich and famous," I thought so amused.