

Late Night / Early Morning

by Jowell Tan

It's 2am. The wind is moving at speed, whipping gently the tree branches, and their leaves rustle simultaneously to create a audible sound, like hands flipping through sheets of paper, or that feeling you get on your fingertips when going across a textured surface.

I'm just out of the office after a long day. My eyelids are droopy. I walk like I have a limp. At this rate my right shoe sole will give out earlier than expected. There's not a car in sight, no cab that I can hire to send me home.

In this moment, my mind is not on the big typical question - "What am I doing with my life?" No, I know what I'm doing, I knew it when I signed up for it.

The big question on my mind, right now, at 2 in the morning on the sidewalk of a deserted road walking like an injured man hoping to seek shelter before he succumbs, the question is:

"Dude, I need to find me some food."

Oh look, an all-hours McDonalds. Perfect.

