

DOORMAN

The doorman stood by the door, as usual. A hungry look in his eye. Hunger that could only be fulfilled by opening a door for someone.

"No need to open the door for me Steve," I said as I exited the building. "I got it."

Probably disappointed, the doorman crossed his arms and stepped back.

"Maybe next time, sucker," I joked as I breezed by.

A few hours later I returned with a shopping cart of loose florescent lightbulbs. I shouted at the doorman to let me in. He did so in a less than enthusiastic way, almost like he hated me.

I took the blubs downstairs and installed them in what was going to be the building's new laundry room. Then I patched a leak in the floor with a big piece of cardboard. Then the property manager came down and said I needed to get upstairs and be the doorman because Steve was going on his lunch break.

"Oh and some punks just stole our door handle, so you're going to have to open the door with this."

He held out a toilet brush that had been tied to a wood block with a bungee cord. At the base of the block were 4 suction cups.

"The suck opens the door," explained my boss, pointing to the cups.

"uh ok," I said

I took the apparatus and went upstairs to take my place at the door. The old doorman passed me on the stairs, heading for his locker. He was eating a tuna sub. He held the sandwich in his mouth so he could give me double middle fingers as he walked by.

THE END