Written by Dave Howard

Nice offices, down on the Wilshire Westwood area. It's 11:00 am on Tuesday and there all these happy

Diner Root Black Hash Browns over easy.

I didn't want to cough for valet... so I walk five blocks in a French suit. This suit looks good on me.. I lool

I've lived in Los Angeles for 12 years and today I finally understand the language. I wink cocky back bec

That's when it hits me. Shit, I am in THAT suit. I am in a 20 year old suit. It's held up remarkably well. Go

It was the suit that my Pop bought for me on Market Street, next to the Mitchell Brother's knockoff theater

I wasn't carded; the staff respected the suit. Pop was overly excited that his Ceasar was on a chilled sa

"Here touch this...that's class"

Class is cold.

That suit was last thing of value my father ever gave me. No knowledge, no mentoring, no cash. He didr

He was trying to live the dream at some god forsaken accounting department filled with beige. The suit i

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Shit, I am in that suit. The suit has held up well.

I walk into a room of short sleeves and four dollar Ross ties; A step above clip-on baby blue and brown s

Rudy, a twenty or something UCLA type kid asks me all the questions that are bullshit. What's your wors

"My worst quality is that I have to waste my time at an unfulfilling job everyday... I mean.. it's not the wor

But I don't say that. I go with one of my stock cutesy answer-isms.

Who gives a shit? I am looking for another job I will hate six months from now.

that pays more.

And it hits me.. this little boy interviewing me hates his job too. So we have something in common. And

We're jagovs at the diner. We're jagovs at the trough.

And we're dying for a new beige opportunity that pays just a little more.

Just like our fathers

And I have a beer at lunch.

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And a Caesar Salad,

sans chill.

In that suit.

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