

# Misery Loves Company 1

By : **bobber41**

Something many of us have experienced at one time or another.

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## Misery Loves Company

Steven rolled over looking at the ceiling; he stretched a little and then rolled back over. Looking out of one eye he caught sight of his clock, 8:33, he closed his eyes. His eyes flew open again, "Fuck, I'm late," screamed through the early morning fog of his brain. Scrambling to get ready, he was dressed and out the door in ten minutes. He hopped in his car only to find that he had left the window cracked open, and the rain overnight had soaked his seat. Getting back out he ran back to the house to grab a towel to sit on, only to run back out to his car to get his keys. Finally back in the car sitting on a towel, he hit the ignition and nothing. "Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, why me?" Was all he could think at that point. He popped the hood and grabbed his trusty screwdriver. He took another ten minutes banging on the starter until it finally started. He stopped at the little coffee stand he always did and got a latte. Driving to the interstate he got on to it heading to his job, he almost hit a truck as he was trying to merge with the traffic. The sudden shift in the steering wheel ended up with him spilling coffee in his lap, he bit his tongue. This was not going to be his best day. He was lucky there were plenty of parking spaces and he rushed up to the building, up the elevator and past the reception desk. Luckily the pretty girl that was usually there appeared to be on a bathroom break. His pants were still soaked, from coffee and from the seat. He sat down at his desk trying to maintain a low profile. It was at that point that he noticed David the guy in the next cubicle was not there either. "At least I'm not the only one late," he thought to himself. It was at that moment he heard the noise. A vacuum cleaner followed by the janitor rounded the corner of his aisle. "FUCK ME," Steven's mind roared. It was Saturday, he didn't have to work. It was at that moment that David came running into the room, a big coffee stain on the front of his shirt, only to freeze at the sight of the Janitor and Steven. "Shit," he yelled out loud. "Welcome to the club," Steven replied.



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