

## One of those days.

It's one of those days. I am sitting where I usually sit, my cigar is still alight, and I'm staring at the four lane road. I keep wondering what's at the end of those roads, if ever I should go there; just to see what it's like. Is the sky the same swimming pool blue? Are there gas stations there? Maybe we are the only one in the world...

Peggy is talking to me again. She's disturbing me. But it doesn't matter.

I'm thinking too hard. I shouldn't be; who cares about anywhere else, I'm fine here. Here, at the side of a four lane road, yet not a single car in sight...I don't know how Peggy and me have managed for so long with so few customers. As a matter of fact, I can't remember our last customer. What car was he driving? I seem to remember a mustang...or was it one of those french cars with a funny name, "duh chevo?" No, that doesn't sound right. Oh well, maybe there wasn't a last customer...

I wonder if I will ever leave. I've heard that there are so many things to see, but that would mean leaving the gas station, and even more so, leaving my chair. I like my chair, it's extremely comfortable. Peggy wouldn't know: she hardly ever sits down. Just spends all day clucking about like a wild chicken. She's much too stressed for a woman of her age. She tries to stress me too, but I just ignore her. She tells me I think too much, that my « daydreaming » costs her time and money. But she doesn't realize that she has too much time, and far too little money to be concerned by it.

The days here are long. I can't remember a time when I couldn't sit outside because of bad weather. It's what attracts people, I guess. I like people, so I'm not complaining. People bring ideas and conversation, but I never speak to them, oh no! What would I say? They would think I'm a fool, an old man that lives on a gas station, and them, people from the outside... I just keep staring into the distance, hoping that they may be wondering what I'm thinking, or what I'm looking at.

Peggy is telling me to come and help her with customers. She's leaning out of the window, and I assume she's got that stressed, nagging look about her. She should take a rest. And besides, there are no customers.

I met Peggy here. Well, I think I did. It's almost as if she was always hanging out of that window, and that I was always sitting under it! I'm too old for memories now, when I look at the past, all I can see is a blur of colors, lines, a stroke of pure white sunshine that came and woke me up. Even now, life seems to stagnate and blur. I can't remember what came first, me, Peggy, or the four lane road.

However, sometimes I get the feeling that all this is strange, that somethings missing. It's difficult to say, how would I know if something was missing? I've never been anywhere else. I think that I would have liked to leave, but somehow I know deep down that I never had a choice. As if I was made to feel this way, but never given the means to do something about it. It's frustrating, though I don't feel frustrated. Emotions are complicated, meaningless things, and I won't be bothered by them. But I do know what I'm supposed to feel, which is the same thing, no?

Somebody's watching me.

It's that man again. I won't look in his direction. I can't. But I know it's him. He comes here all the time, I guess he must work on the outside. I think he's a little queer. I tried to talk about him to Peggy once, to see what she thought, but she just told me to stop asking silly questions. She doesn't seem to be bothered by him. The only thing that bothers her is me and my daydreaming.

But I can't help wondering...who is he? Why is he always here? He stands right in front of us, sometimes blocking our view. He's not like the others that come. He seems to understand something, as if he knew why we are here. He's the one that triggered my curiosity, I blame him for that, but I also thank him...for making me feel alive with fear. If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't wonder what I was doing here...

There are people, but not like him. They pass, linger, and leave. Sometimes they bring news of the outer world in whispered conversations, but usually they just stare. Some of them are happy to be here and stay for a while, they talk about the scenery. Others don't even bother to look. I don't know if I would stop if I had their choice. Maybe I would carry on without a second thought, maybe I would stay...like the man. He's the only one from the outside to stay for so long.

My cigar is still alight, even though it's been ages since I took a puff. Peggy doesn't like it when I smoke. Though she never managed to tell me exactly why. I wonder if she's frustrated too, if she wants to leave, but doesn't know how. Or maybe she understands the fact that if she wasn't here, she wouldn't be anywhere else.

The people are leaving. Lights are switching off on the outside, somewhere, I don't know where, it's the end of another day. But the sun is still shining here.

He's the only one left. He's standing there, as usual, as if to get a last glimpse of us before leaving. He scares me so, he does, even though I can't see him. I think I can hear him chuckle. And then, far away, beyond the canvas that's preserved us for so long, a curtain falls...

And the museum's gone.