



## JESSICA NAAB

### *SINNERS ON SIXTY-SIX*

The wind whistled through the shoddy window insulation, waking me. *Another crap-tastic day.* But in the thick of an el Niño winter in Denver, Colorado, the weather was always bad.

I rolled out of bed, and my lower back creaked. At twenty-four, I wasn't old enough for those kinds of problems. But my body, it seemed, hadn't gotten the memo.

I heard my roommate and best friend, Alanna, tooling around in the kitchen. She wasn't normally a morning person, but she always seemed more awake than me, more alive.

I stayed in the shower longer than necessary and then picked whatever outfit wasn't dirty. When I pulled a long-sleeved shirt over my head, my back cracked again. Mondays were bad enough, but having my car repossessed on Friday made everything worse. Now I was already looking forward to this weekend. A weekend where I would do absolutely nothing, because that's all I ever did.

Here I was, a young woman who should be taking on the world. Instead, I was weary from everything I hadn't done. But, the thing about the rat race of life is that it is, indeed, a rat race. One that, even if you managed to win, you're still a rat in a cage.

I headed to the fridge and pulled out the sack lunch I'd made last night. Alanna sent me a chipper greeting, for which I internally begrudged her. How dare she be in such a good mood so early?

What was there to be in a good mood about? I had a snowy trek ahead of me now going to work. Life just kept getting better and better.

I began my trek to the nearest bus stop. Driving, it normally took ten minutes to get to the insurance company I worked for. By bus, it'd take over an hour. I'd spent the weekend testing my new route, and the subsequent hours crying about it.