

The following story is a quick blast of fiction.

... ..

**T**he following story is a quick blast of fiction.  
DISCLAIMER

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events, and incidents are products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

... ..

This is a story about doing the right thing.

It is also the story about what happens when three friends cast a fourth friend to the side and the devastation, depression, uncertainty, anxiety, fear, homelessness, and death that being treated differently creates.

A good man.

An aging man.

A dying man?

Not ready to call it a day.

A once in a century pandemic.

Worrisome.

Tossed aside. Blocked from a path forward. Called 'failed' with no business... 'dreams.'

*How fast can you run a mile in your prime?*

Tone deaf.

Think of your father. Think of your grandfather. If they are still alive.

Put the good man in their shoes. Ask them what it would be like if we tossed them aside?

... ..

Devastation. Life's Destroyed. Families Gone.

Relationships Shattered. Health Wanes. Fear. Homelessness. Death.

... ..

One Man Alone – A Corporate Machine.

Time is irrelevant for one of them.

Time for the good man is the end of the line.

The good man tries, tries more, tries more; he looks for a bridge and is rejected repeatedly, but he continues trying. For the first time in his life, he feels old. "How fast could you...?" He looks for a bridge and considers jumping.

Why is this happening?

He enriched his friends, every one of them. They know this, but...

Nobody knows what the but is... they do... do they see a human? Or do they see a competition?

The good man sees fear.

He trusted his friends. Why?

Why not?

As the years slip by, almost passing three, the good man has lost much, suffered much, and has reached the precipice of losing everything, including life. He wants to live. He has much more to give. But if he's not given his dignity soon, he will die, homeless, and alone. That is not hyperbole.

Is that what you want?

The good man doesn't want to know the answer.

The good man will never recover what he's lost in the past three years; nobody could. His life odometer continues to roll over. He feels old once more. The machine seems to want blood, devastation, suffering.

The good man still makes people smile every day. But the good man's reality is terrifying, Grim is knocking on his door, and the day he no longer has a door to knock on, will be his last.

Until that day comes, he will never quit trying. That is how he enriched the three friends mentioned before, he brought with him effort, civility, compassion, understanding, and empathy. The good man will always understand life is precious, hard, and not always fair – those are the attributes that helped him to enrich his three friends.

All the excellent man wants is for the friends from his past to stop punishing the good man for doing the only thing he could do – stand up for himself. And to let him go with a shred of his dignity intact.

The clock is ticking.

Please do the right thing.

Please allow the good man to start the New Year fresh and alive.

Homelessness is real.

It comes with death.

Is that what you want?

Do the right thing.

**Happy New Year**