

It was a day like any other. "I hate my life", Farkus muttered under his breath as he counted the grains of rice, like he did every single day of his life. Farkus worked for one of the charity companies that donates rice to poor children in Africa called "Free Rice". It was a great organization that donated rice to hungry people in poor nations based on how well people in poor countries did on trivia from the organization's website. It was Farkus's job to count each and every grain of rice that had been donated from the website to ensure that the correct amount was given. Not a grain less, not a grain more. He would count from 8 in the morning until 12 noon in which he would halt for an hour to enjoy a lunch break. Work would resume at 1 and end at 5. It was a very boring job but it did pay the bills; and in this economy, that is priority number one for most people. Besides that, it was a good cause. Farkus usually used the "good cause" idea as a way to cheer himself up when he started feeling extra bored and depressed. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't. Regardless, Farkus had just clocked in and was already ridiculously bored and ready for his break.

"I don't know how I will make it three and half more hours" he thought to himself as he put a grain of rice into the bag. The silence drove him insane. Sitting in a hot room all day counting rice. The supervisor wouldn't even let Farkus bring his iPod to listen to. He was afraid it would cause him to miscount and possibly give too much rice. The only sounds he heard throughout the day were the sounds of his own breathing and occasional talking to himself.

"Eight thousand four-hundred ninety-eight", he said aloud. "Eight thousand four-hundred ninety-nine", he spoke once more, with a little more passion flowing in his voice. "Eight thousand five hundred!", he yelled loudly. This seems like a good stopping point, he thought to himself. The time clock was two minutes shy of the noon break. "What the heck, I'll just clock out early" he said, looking at the bags of rice that he would have to count after he returned.

Farkus walked out of the basement of the building and headed to his favorite pizza place on 23rd street. He headed there like normal and was surprised to see that the place was closed. "What the crap!?" he said at the homeless man sitting at the door. The homeless man just held his hand out for change. An action that Farkus countered by giving the man a few grains of rice that had fallen in his pocket during the previous shift. The homeless man sneered. "Sorry," Farkus said, "it's all I have" as he walked away looking for another place to eat.

He stumbled on another pizza joint around the corner. Farkus convinced himself that even though it wasn't Greenio Luigi's, it would just have to do. He was hungry and he wanted those slices of pizza topped with broccoli and mushrooms. Farkus entered the disgusting building and got in line. The cracks in the walls, spider webs in the corners, and dust on the counters should have been a sign to exit, but Farkus did not. After all, Greenio Luigi's did not look like a five

star pizza hut either, but it had what counted - taste. Farkus finally arrived at the front of the line and was ready to place his order.

“What the frick do you want” the cashier asked Farkus. He looked a lot like Mario of the Mario Brothers videogame series. What a coincidence, he thought and kind of smiled to himself.

“I will have two slices of broccoli and mushroom pizza... and two cans of Mountain Dew” Farkus told the cashier in a chipper tone.

The cashier just looked at Farkus like he had watermelons growing out of his nose. “We don’t serve that trash here you moron. Only real pizzas are served here.”

Farkus just scratched his head and looked at the man. “Are you serious?” he said, kind of ticked off. “Why not? What is a *real* pizza?”

“Because we aren’t friggin’ idiots. We serve organic you fool.” The cashier said with the same rude tone that Farkus was becoming accustomed to.

“Are you telling me they don’t make organic broccoli and mushrooms? That is the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever heard.” Farkus kind of laughed, obviously making fun of the fat slob. “On top of that, it doesn’t look like you’ve eaten organic a single day of your life. You make me want to vomit, to be honest.”

The fat slob looked Farkus in the eye, and said in a somewhat quiet yet firm voice “get the frick out of my restaurant and never come back!”

Farkus just glared back at the Mario-looking man and said in the same quiet yet firm voice, “It will be my pleasure.” It was then that something happened to Farkus that had never happened before. Perhaps it was due to his hunger. Perhaps it was due to his depressing job and life. Regardless, Farkus experienced a great sensation run through his body. A sensation very much resembling extreme rage. Farkus had already begun walking out when the sensation reached its full peak. He saw that no other people were currently in the disgusting restaurant – which wasn’t surprising. Farkus immediately turned around and headed back to Mario.

“What are you back here for” Mario said in his native Brooklyn douche bag voice.

Just then, Farkus made a fist, tensed up his arm and sucker punched Mario right in his big fat nose. Blood began pouring out and Mario started screaming obscenities and flashing fingers that should never stand up on their own. Farkus smiled and once again started leaving the restaurant.

He still had one more thing to do. His rage was not over yet. He glanced over and saw the refrigerator with the cans of pop in it. Farkus walked over and grabbed a can of Mountain Dew. He then used the strength he had received from his fury to turn the refrigerator over on its side sending cans of pop everywhere – many of them spraying cola in all directions.

“I’m sure the sticky floor will go great with the rest of this dump,” Farkus yelled as he laughed uncontrollably.

“Why can’t you just leave!” Mario said to Farkus.

“Oh, I am. You have a nice day,” Farkus said sarcastically. He then continued out the door, into the street and on with finding another place to eat. Eventually Farkus encountered a hot dog stand and bought a couple wieners for the walk back to the boring basement containing billions of grains of rice. After consuming the hot dogs and curing his hunger, Farkus realized that he had a lot of fun during his lunch break. Despite eating two crappy hot dogs for lunch instead of quality broccoli and mushroom pizza, Farkus couldn’t help but feel somewhat happier than usual. “I really enjoyed that,” he said aloud. “I really did!”

Farkus had never committed any crimes before. At least not of that magnitude. Sure, he had downloaded the occasional song off the internet. But never had he punched a man in the face, stolen a drink, and destroyed inventory. At least not until today. “I think I will do something fun like that again tomorrow” he said as he clocked in. “And maybe even the day after that” he said as he sat back down to count his rice. “I think my lunch breaks – and life in general - just got a lot more interesting,” he said with a final smile. The smile was now gone and it was time to begin counting rice again.

Farkus began saying aloud, “Eight-thousand five-hundred one, eight-thousand five –hundred two, eight-thousand five-hundred three...” It would feel like an eternity before his next hour of crime would be ready to grab by the horns, but until then, he would sort out charity rice for poor children and plot his next victim to wreak havoc on.