

Water by the Spoonful
Monologue

FountainHead (a.k.a. John)

I've uh, wow, hello there everyone. Delete, delete. Good afternoon. Evening. Delete. (*Deep breath.*) Things I am taking: My life into my own hands. My gorgeous, deserving wife out for our seventh anniversary. Me: Mildly athletic, but work twice as hard. Won state for javelin two years straight. Ran a half-marathon last fall. Animated arguer. Two medals for undergraduate debate. M.B.A. from Wharton. Beautiful wife, two sons. Built a programming company from the ground up, sold it at its peak, bought a yellow Porsche, got a day job to keep myself honest. Salary was 300K, company was run by morons, got laid off, handsome severance which left me swimming in cash and free time. Me and crack: long story short, I was at a conference with our C.F.O. and two programmers and a not-unattractive lady from H.R. They snorted, invited me to join. A few weeks later that little rock waltzed right into my hand. I've been using off-and-on since.