

"Hello, son of mine, take a seat. What's your name?" asked the thirty-four year old, Daniel Fox.

"My name is Tony Wheeler." replied the young man who looked to be in his mid twenties.

"All right, Tony, where did you grow up? Who is your daddy and what does he do?" continued Daniel.

Tony started talking about his life. "I grew up in Sheffield, in the United Kingdom. My father used to repair cars before he died of a stroke seven years ago."

"Oh, I see." Coldly uttered Daniel. "What about your education? What school did you go to? How about higher education?"

Wheeler thought for a second before answering "Well, I went to Public School #108 in Florida, then a year later I studied in the University of Politically Insightful Racism located in Texas. I learned a lot in those places."

As it was Autumn, the sky was gray, giving the room an atmosphere that resembled a morgue.

"After university, where did you work? Or is this your first job?"

"It's my first job, kind of." Wheeler scratched his ear. "I had a side-job while studying, I worked as a tax collector. My job was to visit small stores and aim a gun at the manager until he gave me some money, then I'd usually have to get in my car and lose the cops."

"Uh huh, so how about your family?" Fox puts his hands in front of him. "Do you have any brothers or sisters? Did you and your family do anything special on holidays?"

"No, my father was sterile so they adopted me. I really never had time to spend the holidays with my family as I've been busy trying to get money to pay for someth--"

Interruption.

Mr. Fox held up a hand to stop Tony, and looked him in the eyes over his half-moon spectacles, slightly leaning in, and after a breath or so, whispered: "Interesting... pardon the interruption. Please, carry on."

"Well, like I was saying before, I have to pay for something important which is mainly why I'm choosing this job. The other reason is that I've been a Lonely Planet lover since I was a child, and that I would love to be part of this organization. I know the main idea behind the guide books and the animal skin they're made of, so I believe I'm qualified do this if you allow me."

Daniel Fox closed his eyes and entered deep thought "Hmm. Let's presume you end up working for this organization, what would your future prospects be?"

"Well, I'd like to get enough money to pay for my sex change operation then if you allow me I'll keep working here."

Fox got up from his seat, walked around his desk and grabbed Tony by his shirt's collar.

"Listen." he said in a calm tone. "If you really want to be sexy like me, you have to bathe in my puke, not get a sex change."

"What?! What are you talking about?!" shouted Tony Wheeler.

Mr. Daniel Fox opened his hand, letting Tony's shirt go.

"I'll give you a call if you get chosen."

Tony Wheeler awkwardly walked out of the office, leaving Daniel Fox to ponder his existence.