

TITLE: THE FIRST BREAKFAST.

MALE CHARACTER

Two big scoops of raisin bran and a cup of milk.

Ever since I can remember that's been my breakfast. Every single day.

It's got me through some rough times like when I had to wake up every morning at 3:30 am and go clean those downtown offices before they opened.

That stuff works! It wakes you up. From the inside out.

I learned that from my father... He'd get the cereal, I'd get the milk, He'd get the bowls, I'd get the measuring cups... it was like a dance.

It was just the two of us growing up... Just a couple of outsiders in this world.

You know, there's something to be said about growing up alone with him. To have a team like that from the get go made me realize the importance of a role model.

I lived with him till I was about twenty seven. Then I moved out and lived alone for about a month... He had a stroke shortly after that and couldn't live alone anymore so I had him move in with me and let me tell you... best of the best. I could finally repay him for all the wonderful things he gave me. All the lessons... all the words of wisdom... all the raisin bran, all the milk. It was **my** turn...
correction: **my pleasure** to provide.

He died last night. In his sleep. Like heroes do.

And I don't know what to do this morning. I can see the box of cereal, staring back at me. And I can't seem to grab it... I can't.

I think I'm gonna have eggs.