

The sounds of his sushi-making echo out into the streets, a loud *thwap* sound as his knife meets the cutting board, beheading one of many fish of that night. John Michaelson, the proprietor and sole chef of *Sushi John's* had been in the business for decades.

Tonight was a night like any other. It was pouring rain, and business was slow, as it tends to be.

A man in a black jacket, hood pulled up over his head, approaches John's stall. He sits on a stool, seeking shelter from the rain under the stall's awning. He looks at John, expectantly.

John pauses, setting the knife down on the board. "Can I...help you, Sir?" He holds his breath. The Jacketed Man, smiling, asks for an order of the daily special roll. John nods, and gets to work.

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John gets into his car, tired after a long day of work. Rain pours onto the window and roof of the car, oblivious. The Jacketed Man had been just one of a handful of unfortunate souls who had dined with him that night.

He started the car, and pulled out of the parking lot. He had been getting less and less business these last couple of years, after a damning article in the NYT. They had claimed that he sourced his fish from dubious sources, and used them long after they went bad. Over half of his customers died within the week. It was all true, of course, but they should have had some common decency, one man to another.

He stops at a light, thumping his thumbs at the top of the steering wheel, waiting. Hunger gnawed at his stomach, despite the temptation he had given into. In all the time he had run his stall, not once had he eaten his own "cooking." Before today. The light turns green, and he keeps driving.

In the middle of the intersection, another car slams into his own. His car spins out of control, before slamming into a telephone pole.

The car had dented inward, piercing his side, and he bled profusely. His last conscious thought, before passing away, was "Damn! I should have waited 'til I got home..."

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