



# The Weekly Man

## Episode 30: Tuesday - Jackson

For Jackson, it was a nightmare scenario.

Jackson my man, over 500 units of "Toward a Sweeter Working Environment" sold and still counting You're a genius! I know I supplied the content, but you wrapped it up so sweetly, like you always do. You're the cover we judge the book by.

Got something I'd like to talk to you about, Buddy. Not sure what it's all about, but I think it might be good for a few chucks. Our mutual friend contacted me and says he wants to bury the hatchet. Says the feud has been going on too long and maybe it's time to bury the hatchet. I'm not sure what he's up to, but I don't trust him. Like I said, though, might be good for a few chucks. Here's the plan, Jody wants to meet with me at the Floret Coffee Shop on Wettmore tomorrow morning at 9. He says we should talk about things. He also wants you to be there. I don't know, referee or something?

Would really like to go with this and see what happens. What ya say, Jackson? Meet with him tomorrow? All the best, Buddy.

Roy

Nausea flowed through him like a slow electric current.

*Meet with them? Face-to-face? Tomorrow? In a coffee shop? Outside? The two of them together? Out there?*

His hands began to shake. He knew this couldn't be good. He would have to go outside. Where there were people. He'd been in a coffee shop once. It was full of people. And they looked at him when he walked in. They studied him, talked about him, said things about him and he didn't know what they were saying but he could hear the giggles and see the smirks.

*What am I going to do?*

He didn't mind losing one of them as a client. In fact, he was almost looking forward to losing Jody. But losing both? That would put a big dent in his cash flow, and they'd both been clients

for years. He'd built up trust with them, knew them. They paid their invoices on time. They had content that he could actually use to create courses that received great reviews and sold better than most of his other courses.

He was boxed in and the box was tightening all around him, squashing him. His breathing became irregular. His heart beat faster. He was getting dizzy. He walked erratically across the room and slumped down on the floor between the two high windows. They were open and he could feel an autumn breeze circulating around him. He breathed in deeply.

*Face-to-face?*

*Why? Why can't we just do a group meeting online?*

He'd done group meetings before. They'd always worked out well. He couldn't think of any good reason why they had to meet in person. The internet was so much easier. So much more focused without all the distractions of people staring, talking, jeering.

He sat on the floor for nearly an hour wondering what to do, how to handle this?

*How to handle this?*

He stood up, walked back to his computer and re-read Roy's email. He noticed there was another email in his inbox. It was from Jody. His heart started pounding again. He opened the email.

Mr. Gabriel,

I've been in contact with Roy Pickering. I've been doing a lot of thinking since our meeting and decided that you may be right about the antipathy between the two of us.

*What antipathy, Jody? We never talked about your antipathy. It was just understood.*

It's quite possibly time that we did something about it. Possibly bury the hatchet, so to speak. I'm not quite sure what can be done, but, as they say, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained". Mr. Pickering has agreed to meet tomorrow at nine o'clock AM at the Floret Coffee Shop at 481 Wettmore Street. We both feel that it is essential that you attend the meeting. You know both of us so well and our business relationship goes back years.

I speak for both of us when I say that we look forward to seeing you at the Floret Coffee Shop (481 Wettmore Street) at nine o'clock AM. Tomorrow.

Please respond with your confirmation.

Sincerely,

Jody Blake

*What? What? What? What is going on here? These two hate each other. They've hated each other all their adult lives. And suddenly they want to meet and make up and they want me there? This can't be happening.*

He needed to make a decision and he needed to make it soon. He hated the thought of leaving the flat and going to some coffee shop filled with people. He hated the idea of having to come face-to-face with Jody and Roy in real life. He hated the idea of coming face-to-face with anybody in real life. He wondered if he could even do it without a panic attack, or fainting, or throwing up. What if he pissed his pants...in front of them—before even sitting down.

He went back to his place between the two windows and sat, fists clenched. A thousand scenarios tumbled through his mind. He felt like screaming but he wasn't a screamer. Screams drew attention. Mrs. Gilbert would be at his door. And the other tenants. He'd finally get to meet them. As they stared at him. As he screamed.

Just before the time, he pushed himself to his feet and walked slowly to his computer. There was only one thing to do. He was trapped and no matter how much he didn't like what he had to do, he had to do it. He was going to do it. Now. He sat down in front of the laptop. It was still opened at Jody's email. He closed the message and clicked on Compose. He entered both Jody and Roy's addresses in the Recipient field.

Gentlemen,

After giving this matter some thought I've decided, even though it's not customary for me to meet clients face-to-face, to meet the two of you at the Floret Coffee Shop tomorrow at 9 AM.

Please do not be late.

Jackson

He closed shop for the night and headed into the bedroom. He generally had a snack before bed but tonight he just wanted oblivion.