

It happens in every workplace - be it factory, foundry, or office.
It happens to even the most irrepressible Pollyanna.
There comes a time, a moment of introspection, doubt and maybe even fear.
It might be ennui born of tedium, or the stress of confusion, or overwork, but in
that moment we all might say,
"Why? What am I doing this for? Why am I at work today?"
I can't answer for everybody else - but as for myself - these last few days have
been crystal clear.
I know exactly what I'm after.
It's the air conditioning!

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