

## Snapshot DJ Kane

A snapshot from a camera, which incases a roll of film, both reflecting a moment in time, a collection of life lived from beginning to end. Thus, seizing that life once lived, encapsulating all within a time capsule to last for eternity.

Marty, a twenty-year-old and down on his luck, not by his choice lived on the poor, rough, but for him engaging streets of Brooklyn.

Friends were many for him, who looked out for Marty, offering him food and shelter, whenever possible. Still, Marty wanted to pay his own way, and was always eager to accept any work, available to him.

At nights, he would sleep in entranceways of buildings. Before dawn, he would make his way to the nearest grocery store that had gotten deliveries of milk and bread. He would make available to him a bottle of milk and a loaf of Italian bread, return to the entranceway he was sleeping, and consume breakfast. He would keep a running count, as best he could of each item taken, that one day he would be able to make restitution. One day a sign went up on the window of the grocery store, which he had been taking his breakfast from each morning. The position was for a part time clerk and stock boy, no experience necessary. Marty brushed off his jeans, which showed his life on the streets, and entered the grocery store to apply. The store manager gave him an application to fill out. Marty took the application, read it, and exited the store, application in hand. On his way down the street, Marty ran into one his friends, Tony.

“What’s up Marty, what have you got there?” He asked.

“An application to work, at the grocery store,” he answered.

“So what’s the problem?” Tony asked.

“I don’t have an address or phone,” he answered. “You have to have an address and phone number to fill out the application.”

“No problem Marty, you can use mine. I’ll go back to the store with you, and help you with the application.”

Upon entering the store Tony asked the store manager for a pen for Marty to fill out the application. “Hey Steve, give my friend Marty a pen to fill out this application.” After filling out the application, Marty and Tony exited the store, and were about halfway down the street, when the store manager came running up to them, and being out of breath, shouted, “Marty, could you start tomorrow?”

Marty asked “What time?”

Steve answered, “ When deliveries start coming in, you know about 7a.m. You can have breakfast with me.” Marty never picked up the clue; the store manager had dropped, when he had offered Marty breakfast, his friend did.

“I’ll be there at seven, Steve.” Marty replied.

Marty worked five years, serving faithfully and honestly for his employer, and had become manager for the chain of grocery stores in a different town. Marty eventually did very well, purchasing his own home, car, he married, moved to the suburbs, had a family, but he never forgot Steve.

This is just the beginning of the snapshot, film not all exposed. When Marty reached his last day working for the grocery chain, he decided he would take a trip to the first store that had hired him, to thank Steve for giving him the opportunity to make his good fortune. He walked in at 7 a.m., the time of his first day starting, hoping to find Steve working. He saw Steve immediately as he walked in, and as he approached asked, “ Do you remember me Steve?”

Steve replied, “Never forgot you Marty.”

Marty shook his hand, they hugged him and Marty said to him said,

“Breakfast is on me Steve, and here’s fifty dollars, that I owed you for the loafs of bread, and bottles of milk I took each morning.”

“Don’t worry about it Marty, I wrote them off many years ago.”

“You knew it, and didn’t call the police or say something to me?” Marty exclaimed being surprised.

“We all knew Marty, all your friends knew, that’s one reason that you were hired. All your friends wanted me to hire you, no one would take the job. I’m so happy you made it; I was keeping tabs on you. You made me proud”

At last, the film is now fully exposed, to complete the snapshot, from beginning, to end.