

Good Enough

Everything was always good enough for him. When he was a child, his lunches consisted of empty sandwiches. Just two pieces of bread with nothing in-between, prepared by his mother precisely 5 minutes before the school bus arrived to pick him up. Everybody made fun of him. But that was good enough for him. After all, his mom *did* make him a sandwich. Some kids didn't even have that. Some kids didn't have two pieces of bread, or even a mom, for that matter.

When he hired a carpenter to make 3 cabinets for his kitchen, and the carpenter only built a cabinet and a half, he still paid him for the entire job. His friend gave him a hard time for it. "You are such a sucker," his friend said. "If it were me, I would have kicked him out the door, and told him to go look for another fool." But he didn't mind. It was good enough for him.

When on one month he received only half of his paycheck, he didn't complain. Because it was good enough for him. He didn't really need the rest. Maybe somebody who needed it more had gotten it instead. He had a roof above his head, he had shoes on his feet. It was good enough for him.

When the waiter at the restaurant brought him a salad instead of the pasta that he ordered, it was good enough for him. When his parents never called on his birthday, but only sent a blank card with a 20-dollar bill tucked inside, it was good enough for him. When he saw that the hotel room that his traveling agent booked for him, was infested with roaches crawling upon the bullet-holed, bloodstained walls, it *was* good enough for him.

And that totally pissed her off. "Why can't you ever say that's not good?!" she would yell at him at 4 in the morning. "Why is everything everybody does always good enough for you?!" She would go on, "Why do you have to be so mediocre?" So one day, he left her. "You are simply not good enough for me," he said as he left. And that was it.