

Fragments

Glancing out of the raindrop covered taxi window, he watches the many different people heading off to work on this cold wet morning on the streets of Manhattan. Looking down at his gold-colored watch, he then thought about his job. "Damn it I'm going to be late", Dan Grant said to the overweight taxi driver who could barely fit into his seat. "It's an extra ten bucks for every red light you run", he said. "Oh, you also going to pay for any tickets I get on the way?!", the cab driver snapped in a heavy New York accent. "Hey, look at this", as he motions down at the shiny badge wrapped around his thin pale neck. Seeing the badge, the taxi driver gave a slight smirk as he begins to weave in and out of lanes to avoid the traffic that lay ahead.

Finally arriving, he rushes up the old precinct he's called home since he left the academy 2 years prior. Quickly stepping into the elevator, he tries to close it before another officer, a tall man with thinning brown hair, walks through. "Hey Daniel, happy birthday dude! What are you, thirty?", his co-worker Officer Hilliard yelled. Was it a happy birthday, Dan thought, as he remembered a fifteen-year-old hunched over waiting anxiously, with voices and beeps all around? "Thanks, man, Dan says as he puts on a fake smile. "You got anything planned?", Johnson says while scarfing down a shiny glazed donut. "No, just work and hang at the apartment, might grab Wilson's night shift." Hilliard sits up, donut all in his mouth, "What, you're not going to do anything? It's your thirtieth though." Dan puts his weathered leather satchel on his desk, "Does crime stop for birthdays, I don't think so" Hilliard just stares at Dan with an annoyed look before rolling his eyes.