

Sean's Dilemna

By Biolord42

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My first story on FAC and it was one of by best writings.....or at least so far.....

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1 - Sean's Dilemma

Sean's Dilemma

The first week of college is always hectic. The campus is huge, you don't know your teachers, and even though you got your schedule ahead of time, you still have no idea where in the world your classes are. The funny thing though is that everyone is having the exact same problem. It was especially hectic for my friend Sean Muir who is the new owner of La Maison Du Chocolat, the expensive Belgian chocolate restaurant where every dish has Belgian chocolate in it. This is the story of how his restaurant and homework interfere with each other.

It all started when Sean inherited the ownership of the family restaurant three days before the first day of college. Not only did he become the restaurant owner but the chef too. It took him the three days just to get used to running the business. Now he has to learn how to run the business and do his homework. On the first day of school Sean's teacher, Mr. McTickle, gave him math homework. I went to the restaurant that night to see if he needed help. I saw him in the kitchen stirring chocolate and doing his math homework. I said to him "You look stressed. Can I help in any way?" He stopped what he was doing and said "No I have it covered." Then he resumed what he was doing, but in the wrong fashion; he was writing his homework in the chocolate that was in the pot, and smeared his homework with the chocolate covered spoon. I quickly told him what he was doing but it was too late; his pencil was covered in chocolate as well as his homework. So I asked again "Are you sure you don't need my help?" This time he said yes and I put on an apron and began to stir the chocolate as I helped him with the word problems. It was actually a lot of fun to stir the chocolate. Maybe I'll ask Sean for a part time job.

That Tuesday was very hard for Sean because he had to explain to his teacher why he kept falling asleep in class, and since Sean talks in his sleep he was ordering a waiter to cleanup table 8 while the teacher was explaining calculus. Later that night Sean was at home doing English homework because the restaurant was closed on Tuesdays. He was beginning to fall asleep when he got a call that the restaurant had been robbed and vandalized. Now his only thought was that he had to get to the restaurant to see what happened. He drove to the restaurant in his Corvette to find the place covered in black and green graffiti. It was obviously the work of a gang. He thought to himself, *This means that I am going to have to miss school tomorrow and talk to the insurance company.*

Sure enough the next morning it was on the news. *At least one good thing is coming out of this, the restaurant is getting publicity.* he thought to himself. So that day Sean went to the insurance company. When he got there everything had been worked out. Apparently his uncle gave him a little help and did it for him. So Sean rushed back to school only to find out that he had missed out on a test that he forgot to study for. After school he went to see the restaurant and when he arrived he saw that La Maison Du Chocolat had been restored to its former glory. *I guess my uncle got some volunteers to help out too.* The windows were fixed, the tables were brand new, and the kitchen was much larger than he had remembered. He was looking at the new stove when a man in a black suit walked through the door saying "You know this place is not bad. Too bad it's being shutdown." Shutdown!?! said Sean "What do you mean shutdown!?"

I mean that if the owner doesn't start working full time this place is going to become a Pick-Up-Sticks. said the Man.

Well, I'm the owner and&.

What you're the owner, but you're just some kid? said the man.

And so what if I am? asked Sean.

Well in three days this place is mine unless you quit school.

No I won't let this happen!

Well, the government says it is going to happen, it says so in this contract said the man as he pulled out the parchment.

This place isn't going to close - I'll make sure of it! And Sean stormed out of the restaurant to go home and think this over, leaving the man with a blank expression on his face.

That night Sean called me. He told me of his problem and asked if I had any ideas. I told him that I didn't so we sat in our houses for hours on the phone trying to think of a way to get through this. I told Sean Why don't you present this in court? He replied saying What's the point, the man said that&, and I quote if the owner doesn't start working full time this place is going to become a Pick-Up-Sticks. Then I said Good night Sean, I'll tell you if I think of any thing. See you in the morning. And then I heard the sound of snoring on the other side of the line, Sean had fallen asleep. *He had a rough day.* I thought to myself.

The next day I couldn't stay focused at all during class. I kept looking at Sean; he looked tired and confused. I talked to him at lunch, and I again suggested the idea of taking this to court. He thought it over for some odd minutes and resulted with yes. He said This means that I'm going to have to call my lawyer, and I'm going to have to reserve a day at the court. I quickly replied saying But who's going to be the witness? Oh, shoot... he said I don't have one. Well maybe my lawyer will think of something. And he rushed home to call his lawyer.

It was court day, and I was on the jury. I walked in and took my seat. I saw Sean and he smiled like he wasn't sure about this anymore. Then entered Sean's lawyer Matt Welch or more properly known as Mr. Welch. The judge slammed his gavel and said Order in the court. Mr. Welch you have the opening statement.

Thank you your honor. said Mr. Welch and he began his opening statement. Then the man in the black suit's lawyer said his opening statement, and once again it was Mr. Welch's turn and he said I call Mr. Cedric to the stand. Apparently that was the man in the black suit's name. Tell me Mr. Cedric do you have the document with you? asked Mr. Welch.

Yes I do. said Mr. Cedric.

May I see it? ask Mr. Welch. Mr. Cedric reluctantly handed over the document. Mr. Welch read the

contract and shortly after asked Mr. Cedric can you tell me what font is used in this document?

It s Times New Roman. Why? said Mr. Cedric.

Because, Mr. Cedric, all men and women of government know that the font used is not Times New Roman, but in fact Berlin Sans FB. Not only that but the signature is false, there is no man in the government by the name of Thom Cruz! exclaimed Mr. Welch. Right then Mr. Cedric stood up and ran for the door. Stop that man! cried the judge. As I sat bewildered in the jury box I saw Mr. Welch with a grin on his face that seemed to say *Am I good or what?*

As they dragged Mr. Cedric into the holding cell for copying a government document the judge walked up to Sean and said You know that those documents were copied so you still have to choose to work full time or go to school.

I know. replied Sean.

Later that week Sean was cooking in the kitchen and I decided to pay a visit. He was talking to his uncle when I got there. After a few minuets he said Can you tell my uncle that I m not feeling well, and that I m going home? And tell him to take over for the night.

Wait that s it! I said. I think I startled Sean because he jumped a few feet in the air. What s it? he said.

Nothing but the answer to your problem! Why doesn t your uncle take over for you during school and& and finishing my sentence Sean said And I could be owner at night! It s been a few months since he made this decision and he is very happy. Especially when I stop by to visit during his break.