

The Flip Side Of Sad by Ashley Amber

Excerpt

With eyes down on his phone and fingers typing away, James didn't even realize it when he bumped straight into a waiter, a glass of orange juice splashing onto his hoodie.

“Sir, I am so sorry!” James heard the waiter say while he stared down at his drenched hoodie. “Let me get some napkins!”

“Don’t bother!” James snapped.

Everyone in the restaurant seemed to quiet down, not a single chew to be heard, all eyes on James.

James glanced around, a bit calmer when he said, “I-I've got to go.”

He ignored the stares and whispers on his way out, throwing

up his hood, hoping it would disguise him just a little.

The rain got louder as James swung through the revolving doors, offering a half-hearted smile to the bellhop who had just tipped his hat to him. He found his entourage at the end of the awning, waiting for a taxi.

“There you ar—” His manager stopped short at the sight of James’ orange-stained hoodie. “What the hell happened to you?”

“It's a long story.”

His manager used tweezer-like fingers to peel a slimy piece of pulp off James’ hoodie, flinging it to the ground.

“Well, it's a good thing we're headed to a radio station first. No one will see what a mess you are this morning.”

James took a deep breath, having to remind the devil on his shoulder that he wouldn't be where he was without this

man. This insulting, demanding, hard-as-his-manicured-nails man.

The yellow taxi looked far too cheery as it pulled up by the wet curb, each of them hopping one by one into what felt like the most unfunny clown car.

Between the rainy morning and New York traffic, this had to be the longest taxi ride in existence. It could probably win some world record. The only form of entertainment James had was to watch the hustle and bustle of the city through the raindrops decorating the window. So many suits beneath umbrellas and boots engulfed in puddles, but he still felt like he had it worse.

His EP didn't require this much promotion. He only had one hit song, no one even knew who he was. But after that hit song became the number one most requested song in the

world, every radio station, TV show, magazine... he swore he'd even done an interview on a telegraph... everyone just had to score some time with *the* James Letta.

“Here!”

James turned, tapped on the nose by his manager's phone in front of his face.

“It's a radio station in Ireland and the DJ is on the phone!” his manager whispered as he shoved his cell phone at him.

James couldn't help the eye roll as he snatched the phone and began the interview. But utter exhaustion and overly-caffeinated DJs didn't exactly mix well.

“Thanks for coming on the show, James! I've got to say, *The Flip Side of Sad* has some real bangers...”

The Flip Side of Sad. Whose idea was that title again? It certainly wasn't James'. It sounded too confusing; a made-up

phrase that only meant *happy*. That would have been a better title — *Happy*. But it still wouldn't be true.