

Mary Domowicz
626 East 9th Street, 5F
NYC 10009
917 596 3769
mary@domowicz.com

225 words

The Napkin

Mary Domowicz

Bobby ordered a latte and three macaroons. I got an eclair and a kiwi strawberry Snapple. Bobby paid the cashier as I headed over to a table by the windows.

I set down my food, took off my coat and sat down; Bobby didn't follow. I looked back and he was, of course, flirting with the woman that had been behind us in line. She had large breasts and perfect teeth. As she flipped her hair, I rolled my eyes. Why is it women fall for him? Well, why had I?

As they both lingered at the napkin dispenser, I turned to look out the wide shop window. But now my hearing had been super sensitized and every word of their conversation made its way across the crowded cafe to my ears.

“Yes, that would be fun!” she was saying.

“You won't be able to stop laughing, I promise.”

He was talking about his favorite improv troupe again.

I glanced back; she was writing her name and number on a napkin.

I shook my head and thought “Poor girl.”

I heard them saying goodbye.

As he approached our table, he was grinning.

He set down her napkin then put his coffee cup on it.

I looked at it, then him.

He shrugged.

“I just wanted to see if I could get the number” he crowed.