

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

225 words

Napkin

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Bobby orders a latte and three macaroons. I get an éclair and a kiwi strawberry Snapple. Bobby paid the cashier as I head over to a table by the windows.

I set down my food, take off my coat and sit down; Bobby doesn't follow. I look back and he is, of course, flirting with the woman that had been behind us in line. She had large breasts and perfect teeth. As she flips her hair, I roll my eyes. Why is it women fall for him? Well, why had I?

As they both linger at the napkin dispenser, I turn to look out the wide shop window. But now my hearing has been super sensitized and every word of their conversation floats 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 is talking about his favorite improv troupe again.

I glance back; she is writing her name and number on a napkin.

I shake my head and think “Poor girl.”

I hear them saying goodbye.

As he approaches our table, he is grinning.

He sets down her napkin then puts his coffee cup on it.

I look at it, then him.

He shrugs.

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