

Next

by

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'Next.'

'Ah, ok, ya. Ah, do you have eggs?'

'How do you want them?'

'Cause it's dinner time and –'

'All day breakfast.'

'Yes, but what about in an omelet?'

'What kind do you want?'

'Oh, well, what kind do you have?'

'Cheese.'

'Just cheese?'

'Or plain.'

'What kind of cheese?'

'White or orange.'

'Ok, then, yes, I'll have one of those omelets then.'

'Which kind?'

'What's best?'

'The same.'

'Hmm, orange, then.'

'White or brown toast?'

'Is that whole wheat?'

'It's brown.'

'Ok, brown will do. Brown and orange and –'

'Anything else?'

'Fries.'

'You get home fries with the omelet.'

'Oh, not french fries?'

'No.'

'Oh, then could you change the home fries to the french fries.'

'We don't do that here.'

'You don't?'

'No.'

'Then could you just take some off the price because I don't want home fries.'

'We don't do that here either.'

'Well, then...'

‘You can have french fries as a side order.’

‘Then if I have that and you don’t give me home fries then you can surely shave something off the fries because I don’t want the home fries.’

‘I’ve only got one button on the cash for fries.’

‘Oh, well, ah...’

‘Others are waiting.’

‘Oh, yes, well I should decide, but I don’t have much cash. Let me just have a quick look here.’

‘Next!’

‘Hey, finish with me first.’

‘I have.’

‘Well, I haven’t finished with you. Is this how you treat your customers?’

‘You’re not a customer yet.’

‘I’m going to complain.’

‘You already are.’

‘I don’t have to take this from the likes of you,’ said the preppy university student as he leaned on the counter, spreading his hands like cheese whiz on the pavement.

The young woman behind the counter spit on his

left hand. He didn’t move as he ignited with rage. He grabbed for her, but unfortunately didn’t raise his right hand off the counter, as she brought down the big carving knife, slicing off the tips of his first three fingers, just above the top knuckle - though it was debatable whether she meant to do that or to merely scare him.

He lurched up his hand with horrific disbelief and immediately fainted, hitting his head on the plate of tomato basil chicken, the *special of the day*, as he went down.

She swept the digit tips off the counter with a flourish of the knife, straightened her wool cap that keeps hairs out of the food, and said to no one in particular,

‘Next!’

