

A Story...

Walk into my favorite coffee shop. It's a little busy. I'm sixth, no seventh, in line. Clock the pastry case. Only one left.

The cinnamon roll I've dreamt about all week. One amazing, beautiful, delicious, fucking cinnamon roll. But again, I'm seventh in line.

So now, I'm sizing up everyone in front of me. First guy, breakfast burrito. It's too big a meal. He won't have room left.

The next guy has a little dog, adorable brindle-coated chihuahua and orders a skim latte. Are these details related? I don't know. The dog and I lock eyes. I think we'd be friends. Intuition tells me his owner is not going for my cinnamon roll.

After him, a couple. They seem nervous, first timers, not sure how this whole place works. My golden idol of a pastry could be easy pickings when they suddenly blurt out items, ordering in a panic so they won't hold up the line.

Whew. They didn't go for it. A coffee cake instead. Meh, always a bit dry. For the moment my desire remains intact.

The next couple. Super fit. Ath-leisure wear for a coffee shop outing. I've got this. No way they've eaten refined sugar this year. But a lapse in vigilance here could be my downfall. What do I do? How can I stop this?

"Excuse me, I'll give you \$20 for that last cinnamon roll." But what if that leads to a bidding war? I'm not that savvy. Or, willing to go over \$25 for this baby. I mean, seriously, who'd pay that? Or maybe I jump ahead and--

"Sorry, really need the bathroom code. Not to be graphic but a shit storm's a brewin'. And, oh, can I grab that last bit of magic while I'm here?" Fuck. That won't work. Those baristas are organizational machines. You can't jump line in this fucking place. This is getting dicey.

My chest tightens. My pulse races. Like my rib cage will suddenly implode and explode at the same time. And in my place on line will be a small vortex of sadness people will have to walk around to get to the counter.

Here it comes. The final seconds. Their drink orders in. He's eyeing the pastries. She might be judging him for it. Oh, she totally is. Will shame win out? He points toward my prize. No, please God, no.

"Vegan? It's vegan? Who eats vegan cinnamon rolls?" "Yeah honey, that's not your thing. Try this cold-pressed juice that tastes like dirt with a hint of turmeric and ginger." Assholes.

I move slowly to the register. My chest is locked down. It almost hurts. I can barely clear my throat to order. Did a tear just fall on the counter? Jesus, man. Keep it together.

"A large cold brew and, and..." "Are you okay, sir?" "Yeah, it's just been a really long week and..." Now I'm unloading on him. My awful work week. Struggles in my new script. My mom's health. My dog's proclivity for traumatic dingleberries...

"Sorry... uh, may I please get the last cinnamon roll?" And he plates it and hands it over and I pay and it's mine. The sun brightens. Air rushes back into my lungs. I can feel my legs again. So I walk.

Away.

To a table.

Where my destiny awaits.