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about 150 words

Drinks

By Samuel Roen

The sidewalk wasn't quite wide enough, leaving me to trail behind the others who walked in twos. What I was doing with these particular people, I wasn't myself entirely sure. I only knew the one, Kody, a bartender who'd taken me under her wing. The others, I'd never actually spoken a word to. The longer I took not speaking words to these people the more difficult it was to act like an actual person who thought the sort of things people thought about rather than an appliance that looked like a person who thought things, but turned out not to, and whose function wasn't actually known, but was definitely not the type you'd bring with for a night of drinking with friends...much like you wouldn't bring a vacuum out for drinks.