

April 2016

Street Lunch

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Recommended Citation

Crawford, Addie (2016) "Street Lunch," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2016, Article 28.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2016/iss1/28>

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Street Lunch *Addie Crawford*

The smell slapped him in the face like a pissed off woman. Vance froze at the top of the filthy subway stairs, aggravating the walking briefcases behind him but too entranced to care. The producers had lied in the email stating, “lunch provided.” Rehearsal had lasted longer than usual. Carla kept screwing up her lines, and the dancers couldn’t manage to come on stage at the right cue. Two days until opening night, and exhaustion already teased him. Nick the street vendor stood in front of him, the smoke from the grill doing his advertising. Confidently making his way through the heard of this ways and that ways, Vance stepped up to the counter, greeted by Nick’s Yankee accent, and placed his order for two of New York’s most mouth-watering franks. Rifling through his backpack in search of his wallet, he slammed his gun on the counter, annoyed that he forgot to leave it at the set for the third day in row. “HEY, HEY, HEY!” Nick shouted, backing away from the counter as far as his tiny food truck would allow. “It’s not what it looks like, man!” Vance said back. “It’s a prop, see, it isn’t even a real gun.” Vance picked it up and leaned in closer to Nick. Whether Nick understood or not, it didn’t matter. Three NYPD uniforms were already charging the truck. Before questioned could be asked, handcuffs clicked and stern faces drug Vance from his elusive lunch. “This will all get sorted out shortly,” he thought, but his roaring stomach argued that shortly wasn’t nearly short enough.

Feline Master *James W. Davidson, Jr.*

You ramble all about the room,
when I reach home each evening.
I wonder during my time away,
if you’ve missed me even slightly.

Though you wave your furry tail,
and brush your jowl against me.
I question while your motor purrs,
if it’s love for me or wheedling.

Once your meal is in your dish,
your stomach no longer empty.
You hide away for your nap,
and leave me sitting lonely.