

Senior Division, Short Fiction

Willow Kean, St. John's

Haha Sushi (an excerpt)

It's time for a feed and Allie panics. She is not whipping them out in front of a man who's seen them before they were milk bags. She bounces Penny up and down a little harder.

"I'm just gonna grab my order before she loses it"

"Ok, I'm over there. Come say bye before you go." Daniel reaches over and touches Penny's nose.

Why did she do this.

She goes to the cash register and tells the girl her name. The order slides across the counter and in the same moment Allie realizes this will actually be a lot to carry home with a baby strapped to her, her stomach drops like a rock to her toes when she remembers she didn't bring her wallet. On this three-hundred-dollar, ergonomically-designed, Swedish top-of-the-line baby carrier, there is no pocket to store a wallet, or a phone, or a goddamn lip balm because fuck you mom, it's all about the baby and nobody cares if you have chapped lips on a two-hour walk, or have to shove a five-dollar bill in the arse pocket of your jeans because there's nowhere else to put it in case you want to buy a coffee so you can feel like a fucking human again, but you can't taste it till it's cold anyways because you have to drink it over the baby's head, and now there is fifty dollars worth of sushi in front of her and there is no fucking, fucking wallet. Just a hungry baby and an ex-boyfriend and a cashier waiting for a credit card that's sitting in a wallet on a kitchen table six blocks away.