

My work's usually pretty boring. Working at a mall pretzel shop isn't exactly mind-capturing; honestly, the most interesting part is the customers. Most of them are pretty normal, but sometimes I get to talk to some weird people. For example, there was once a time when a whole football team was ordering food, but none of them had ever eaten at this shop, so it took them forever to order their food. The weird part was that one of them felt so bad for taking up my time that he tipped me a hundred bucks. I mean, the store was entirely empty aside from them, and I was just doing my job, but I guess some people don't like ordering food slowly. Or the time a lady walked in with like five dogs, all sporadic, little annoyances that were so loud, I tried to tell her that dogs weren't allowed in our store, and she tried to convince me that they all were service dogs. I really don't know anything about service dogs or who gets them, but five? It seems a bit much, right? I eventually got her to leave the store with all her dogs. Besides the dogs, the weird part was that I think she was a fashion person; like, I mean, her outfit looked like a garbage bag, and her hair was standing up like she'd had a balloon rubbed on it. So, yeah, I've seen some weird people, but the one thing all these weird people have in common is that I only see them once; they show up in their weird state, order whatever, then go out the door and disappear forever. But, recently, I keep seeing this one guy just sitting at a bench outside the store, wearing the same clothes, and always lounging with one leg lifted over the other. Maybe I'll go talk to him the next time I get off work.

Finally, done with work, let's see if... Yeah, he's still there; he's like a statue; he hasn't moved in like six hours (maybe he's one of those guys who stands still for money?). And since the night-shift girl is here, I can finally leave.

"Have a good night, Stephane." I say this as I walk out of the store.

"Yeah, yeah..." She says this under her breath, looking at her phone.

Geez, what a Whatever time it is to talk to this guy, I guess I'll just walk up and say hi. I hope he doesn't think I'm weird (who am I kidding, he's been here all day).

"Hey... Uh, why are you always out here?"

Surprisingly, his head shoots up and he looks at me pretty casually.

"I have?" He asks slowly, sounding genuinely confused.

"Yeah, you've been here since," I check my watch, "7:00... You're also here, like, every day."

He looks back at me like I've just told him the sky is red. His eyes lower a bit to the floor before rising back up to meet my gaze.

"You're joking, right?"

I shake my head from side to side.

He goes silent again, and his head drops to the floor.

“So, can I sit next to you?”

He gives a silent nod.

I sit down next to him on the bench. Wow, it's kind of nice here; you can see the people just walking and living their lives. This bench could be a nice place for a movie scene, like a really casual scene. I can't blame him for sitting here all day, it's not a bad place to just sit aimlessly.

I reach out a hand to him

“I'm Eliza.”