2012

Observation on an Affair

Bethany Quesnell

Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Quesnell, Bethany (2012) "Observation on an Affair," The Promethean: Vol. 20 : Iss. 1 , Article 40. Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol20/iss1/40

This Story is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
The ding dong buzzed
Chimney nearly gone
So I grabbed the criminals by the hair
And threw some seasonings on
I tossed them in the oven
for the crime they committed
once they were just barely crisp
in my mind they were acquitted.

Observation on an Affair
Bethany Quesnell

I watched him sit at the table with the largest cup of coffee
I had ever seen and look impatiently around the crowded café. He
looked tired, like he hadn't slept in a day or two. The deep purple
smudges under his eyes looked like storm clouds and his t-shirt and
jeans were wrinkled. He checked his watch and his left heel started
bouncing beneath the table, impatient.

When she walked in I knew why he'd been so antsy. His leg
stilled when he saw her and his eyes followed as she walked past.
I knew she had come to meet him there, though she didn't look
around. She strode purposefully through the door and up to the
counter to order a sophisticated espresso and classy-looking pastry.
Then, food and steaming beverage in hand, she pivoted on her heel
and strolled to his table. He nodded and she sat.

No words were spoken for ages. They simply sat, he with his
jumbo cup of Joe and she with her snack, sipping silently together.
His once-sleepy eyes seemed to brighten as the moments passed and
her lips curved into a small smile. When she finished her food she
asked, "Peanut butter chicken wings?"

He considered this, tilting his head to the right. His left heel
resumed its bounce. "Sounds good."

"I was thinking of that night we went to that party with the
horrible food..."

"The one with the suspicious looking fish and the fat guy who
was telling those awful jokes?"

"Yeah."

"And we went to that park afterward."

"Mhmm. But we were both so hungry that we left before you
could really see the city lights."

"I remember."

"Well, I was thinking we could go to that park and have those
wings...like a picnic."

The bouncing stopped. "Are you going to be able to get away
tonight?"
She shrugged, "Most likely."

He nodded and stood, tossing a bill on the counter. "I'll see you later, then."

---

Starbucks

Benjamin Crane

Facing the overbearing cult that is Starbucks Coffee Company is inevitable. The curious Google user will type "how to" and instantly be paired with "order at Starbucks." The quest for success at any Starbucks location is a necessity. Treat this coffeehouse like a delicate infant. You must cherish Starbucks and love it. If you don't pat a baby's back with the right amount of intensity, the baby will never burp. Instead, you shall have a regurgitation of foul food on your favorite shirt. Learning the steps of Starbucks ordering is of utmost importance. This is not about getting the perfect beverage. Perfection is far from your unworthy hands. Ignore the "extras" of your coffee and order a (relatively) basic drink. Listen carefully and you shall receive your caffeinated beverage in due time.

A fulfilling Starbucks experience must have humility. Before you even enter this coffee establishment, you must face a bitter truth. Starbucks, aka the Evil Corporation, is purchasing goods produced under exploitative labor conditions and ceaselessly ripping off low-wage workers in third world countries. These workers do not earn enough money to feed themselves, much less their malnourished children. Face the reality — this won't change anytime soon. The persona of Starbucks is a despot. The Evil Power will claim that the hodgepoddages of cynical rumors are simply myths. Accept that there is a deep evil embedded upon this corporation. Have you ever found it strange that the symbol of Starbucks is a siren? Let me use alliteration to emphasize my point. The sadistically sinister and sexy siren of Starbucks is satirically stopping our sense of security. Ever since Starbucks came to life, coffee shops around the world are envious of Starbucks' success. The siren used to have her goodies showing until the logo changed in 1987. The lustful allure of Starbucks causes poor saps to splurge on seasonally flavored coffees instead of flowers for their beloveds, hence why the divorce rate is up. Just accept this conglomeration of malevolence and step into their doors.