

Her hand lay palm down on the tablecloth, relaxed. It was tan, smooth, and soft for a lady of her age. The nails were painted the colour called “I’m Not Really a Waitress” red, which was silly; no one would ever mistake this hand as ~~one~~-belonging to a waitress, even a former one, but the irony was lost ~~one~~ everyone but the mind of God. She had been a waitress, once.

The hand picked up the cup of ~~t~~Tea next to it and ~~s~~he sipped without tasting it, thinking about Tuesday. Not the deliciously greasy breakfast, or the grisly scene during their drive, but about Amos himself. He’d been so affectionate and spontaneous, like she’d never seen him.

How long’s it been since we made love in the morning? ~~h~~He’d asked when they awoke. *Too long!* ~~s~~She’d answered, strangely unaffected by his fetid morning breath, surprising them both. They had rolled around on the sun-lit sheets until almost 8:00 ~~a~~A.M., ~~and~~-breaking their routine of missionary position they’d maintained for the past ~~ten~~10 or so years. Then he’d pranced around in her hideous yellow dressing gown, not bothering to even close the curtains!

Was that only two days ago? Tears formed, held in place by thick waterproof mascara. Three days ago, life had been so wonderfully normal....

The real waitress came by to offer a refill of ~~Coffee~~tea, or dessert or something. Lorenza was startled out of her reverie and jerked her hand under the tablecloth, blinking rapidly. “Check, please.”

She glanced around the ~~R~~restaurant. She hadn’t eaten in a ~~r~~Restaurant alone in how many years? Ever? It was relaxing, without the pressure of trying to make conversation, without asking, “Well, what are you going to have?” then ordering something different even if that wasn’t what ~~she~~you wanted, simply so as not to end up with the same entrees.