

Cold Sweet Tea on a Slow Afternoon at the Waffle House

RAMSEY MATHEWS

Tony, clutching a 357 Desert Eagle, walks across the Waffle House parking lot, his wife the Waitress and only person in the restaurant except me the Manager sitting at the counter on a slow Monday afternoon. "I cheated on him." I never take my eyes off Tony. "Go out the back door." A burger, my lunch, burns on the grill, so I walk around to save the meal and place the counter between him and me. "Where is she?" I point to a booth. "Sit. Sweet tea?" "Yes, thank you." I join him at the table with two sweet teas and the gun lying in the middle. We talk about the weather. The Falcons and the Hawks.

