

Anxiety

Bright lights is the first moment I can remember. I walked into the restaurant and felt blinded by the light. I put my hand up to block the light and notice Elvis staring at me. Then I notice the whole restaurant is filled with past music memories. The Beatles, Rollingstones, and others covered the walls. That's all well and fine, but I started to worry about the price of the meals.

Unfortunately, I work for an alcoholic gambler who pays me in small bills and lotto tickets. I didn't have time to cash the lotto tickets, so that left me with 39 dollars. As I start to have a minor panic attack, the waiter quickly asks me for my name. I give him my last name and tell him I have a reservation for two; my first blind date. The waiter seats me at a table for two, near the back of the restaurant.

As I sit down, I turn around to see a big picture of Frank Sinatra. I nervously start to shake my leg as I wait for my date, a habit I have since I was a kid. I notice an older couple watching me as I shake, I turn to them and give them a "piss off" smile, and start to get myself to relax. As I raise up my head I notice a beautiful blonde hair girl with curly hair starting to walk toward my table. I am making an educated guess that this is my date, since everybody else in here seems to be in their 60s. The waiter shows up to pull out the chair for her, which is nice because my leg was still shaking under the table. We both introduce ourselves, and the awkwardness starts to begin.

I notice the prices of the dishes and start to get nauseous. The waiter comes back to ask us the courses we would like to order. I went with the chicken finger and fries, to even out the

total cost incase she wanted something pricey. I was hoping for the best since she looked like she was about 90 pounds. Now, up until this point you may believe that I am being quite harsh in my thought process, but let me explain that the date was going quite awful. We had nothing in common besides both being mammals, and the conversation was as dull as a cpac conference. “I’ll take the lobster”, she says. I smile and nod my head like a buffoon. The waiter eventually comes back with our meals, and before we start to eat, she gets a “call”. She tells me how she is on-call tonight as an ER doctor, and immediately has to leave.

Before she can finish, I am already attempting to ask the waiter if I still had to pay for the lobster; I did. She says “bye” like she is shooing away a fly, and leaves with a smile on her face. The smile coming from the fact that she just left with a bill that included an uneaten lobster. The waiter asks if I would like the check, like I had a choice in the matter. I tell him I have to go to the bathroom first. I stumble into the bathroom and run cold water on my face. I had two choices I could make; I could either explain to the waiter that I didn’t have the money, or I could find a way to sneak out of the restaurant.

Before I could finish my thought process, I found myself going with option B, as I tried to squeeze through a small window in the bathroom into the parking lot. The only problem was that the window was big enough for a small child, but I was 6 foot 3. My body hung down as I dangled from the high window like a leaf on a tree. I got down from the window and tried to regain my dignity; I didn’t have much left.

I left my phone in the car so I had no choice but to explain to the waiter that I could not pay. I open up the bathroom door and notice the waiter waiting patiently at my table. As I start to walk over to the table, I notice the front door. I chose this moment to spring to the door without a

care in the world. I quickly started my car and drove away like I just committed an armed robbery. I hadn't ran in six years so it was rather exhausting. I sighed with relief and started to make my way home. Once I got home I had a message on my machine. It seems I lost my wallet when I plowed over that poor waiter, and that they were waiting for me back at the restaurant with the police. This is currently the police statement that I am filling out. END OF POLICE STATEMENT.