Scenes From A Friendly's Restaurant

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Somehow, when you observe people all your life, it becomes a sort of art. Each individual is distinctly different, a mystery within itself. What intrigues me though is looking for their story: where are they going, who are they looking for, what troubles them--the list is endless. If I possessed the ability to look into each person's mind I would block it out. For the whole purpose of observing others is to use your imagination, make up a story, add other characters--there are countless possibilities. Jason, a close friend of mine, is an excellent player. His mind is in constant overdrive. He has the ability to recite people's lives as if they personally handed him the script."

Cover Page Footnote
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VIVIRE

Vivire,
chiusi in una stanza
senza porte
senza finestre
solitudine,
cercando in me
vita.

Vivire,
ieri per oggi
oggi per domani.

Domani ti imbroglia
sembra che l'acchiappi,
ma è sempre l'ontano.

Oggi arriva il domani
vento che spatter è
s'un muro di pietra
inscrizione non pertinente,
suddenly darkness befalls.

Buio in un mondo buioso
senza vedere un raggio di sole.

Vivire
oggi per oggi
domani, non si sa.
"She's a high school dropout; as soon as she turned sixteen she left school and got a job here to help support her and her mother."

She disappears into the kitchen and Jason resorts back to his place mat. I notice the group of rowdy boys she must serve and can't help but feel sorry for her. As she reappears, Jason concludes: "She also has a serious boyfriend. All they talk about is marriage which causes turmoil between her and her mother."

Finally, I lift up my place mat and compare it to Jason's. "Hmm, very interesting," I add. We finish our ice cream and pay the waitress, who is extremely impressed by our artistic talents. As we leave, I turn to take one last glimpse at all the victims of Jason's stories, and then back at the two of us. Amazingly I think to myself, "I can only imagine what they would say about us."

**Dreams Weaving**

The castles we build,
And dreams weaving
Of fabric unknown
Shelter our precious hearts.

And what of these dreams
That shape our lives?
Maybe they keep us content
As the world falls down.

Elena M. Cambio

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Magical Illusions

Amy J. Goering