

2001

Cinnamon

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Abstract

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

"He hadn't changed the clock in the two-seater since Daylight savings Time, months ago. God, I thought, Who doesn't change their clocks? I should have guessed he wouldn't. He is one of those people, too lazy to change them now, with the mindset that six months will come around quickly and no one will notice his broken clock. God, I hate that mentality: 'Someone else will do it.'"

Cover Page Footnote

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He hadn't changed the clock in the two-seater since Daylight Savings Time, months ago. *God, I thought, Who doesn't change their clocks? I should have guessed he wouldn't. He is one of those people, too lazy to change them now, with the mindset that six months will come around quickly and no one will notice his broken clock. God, I hate that mentality: "Someone else will do it."*

I was still staring at the clock when I realized he was waiting for me to get out of the car. I finally opened the door, hitting it on a snow bank. *He couldn't find a better spot in the parking lot?*

I hadn't said anything while he made his way around the car. Still telling me about his day, he hadn't noticed that I was unusually quiet tonight. I had stopped listening about his business suit, lunch-on-the-company-credit-card, why-he-was-late-day. I had heard that excuse enough; I'd almost rather hear, "Sorry I was late, I forgot to set the clock back."

He had manipulated our walk so we were headed straight for a sign on the edge of the parking lot. This made me remember when my fifth grade boyfriend used to do that. He didn't know he was my boyfriend though. He thought he was just my next-door-neighbor. We would walk to the pet store, hand-in-hand, to play with the puppies, maneuvering our path so that every sign we came upon would end up between us. We would let the sign catch our hands, still together, then stop and pretend our fingers were glued together and we couldn't get past the sign without letting go our hands. Each time would bring giggles into my stride and a smirk into his. I would always let him go first.

Neither of us prevented our run-in with the sign; I held on to Jack's hand not letting go and he looked at me. I guess he didn't see the glue holding our fingers together. "There's a sign there, Sugar."

No shit, jackass, I thought, *I see the sign*. He pulled me to his side of the sign and we entered the restaurant. Jay spotted his business-suit buddies at the far corner of the bar.

"Jay," came grunts from this corner. My all-of-a-sudden sweat-soaked palms slipped from his grip. My fear of meeting large groups of people for the first time had taken a hold of my stomach. Jay had convinced me that Monday Night Football was fun.

"Especially with the guys!" He added, twice. "They're great."

Introductions were casually made ("Guys, this is Cindy. Cindy, these are my boys." And amidst the "Hey, Cindy's" I made my way to a stool that faced the wall. The more I could avoid conversation, the better. I began to check out the scenery when I noticed directly above my head a sign 'Men at Work,' only someone crossed out 'Men' and replaced it with 'Women.' *Of course. Should have thought in a brewsky and mustard joint like this.*

"Cinnamon, a beer?" I nodded and caught Jay's striped tie friend looking at my tits. I winked, laughing inside. He looked away. *Why in the hell does he call me Cinnamon? It's Cindy! It's just like calling me sugar. I'm not a fucking sweetener. I'm barely even sweet.*

"Jay, going to the bathroom."

"In the back, Sugar." I wasn't listening. I didn't care where the bathroom was. On my way out, I borrowed a notepad and pen from the waitress. 'Jay, got a cab. Don't call.' *There, he should understand that.*

"Would you mind giving this to that guy over there in the suit?" I asked the waitress.

"Um, no. Which one?"

"Doesn't matter, I guess. Pick one." I went to hand her the paper but stopped and looked at it again. I noticed it was bordered with daffodils. I took the pen and scribbled them out. They made the paper look too girly, too sweet.

Like cinnamon.

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