Scenes From A Friendly's Restaurant

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Scenes From A Friendly's Restaurant

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.
chiusi in una stanza
senza porte
senza finestre
solitudine,
scendo in me
vita.
Vivire,
ieri per oggi
oggi per domani.
Domani ti imbroglio
sembra che l'acchiappi,
ma e sempre l'ontano.
Oggi arriva il domani
vento che spinge violento
s'un muro di pietra
iscrizione non pertinente,
ed subito arriva il buio.
Buio in un mondo buoso
senza vedere un raggio di sole.
Vivire
oggi per oggi
domani, non si sa.

LIVING

Living
closed in a room
without doors
without windows
solitude,
searching in me
life.
Living
yesterday for today
today for tomorrow.
Tomorrow comes you,
it seems within your grasp
but it's always too far.
Tomorrow arrives today
wind that beats violently
upon a wall of stone
irrelevant inscriptions,
suddenly darkness befalls.
Dark in a world of darkness
without seeing a ray of sunlight.
Living
today for today
tomorrow reigns the unknown.

Giovanni Vella

VIVIRE

Vivere,
senza porte
senza finestre
solitudine,
cercando in me
vita.
Vivere,
ieri per oggi
oggi per domani.
Domani ti imbroglio
sembra che l'acchiappi,
ma e sempre l'ontano.
Oggi arriva il domani
vento che spinge violento
s'un muro di pietra
iscrizione non pertinente,
ed subito arriva il buio.
Buio in un mondo buoso
senza vedere un raggio di sole.
Vivere
oggi per oggi
domani, non si sa.

Bartz: Scenes From A Friendly's Restaurant

Scenes From a Friendly's Restaurant

by Suzanne Bartz

Somewhat, 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,
making 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.

One such episode is taken out of a Friendly's restaurant
while the two of us indulge in our sundae.
"See that man and two children over there?" Nonchalantly he
takes his spoon and points me in the right direction.
"His wife is working late again as usual. He lost his job
about a year ago, so now he takes care of the kids."

The story is told in between gulps of ice cream. The
waitress stops to ask how our desserts are. Jason peers at his
gooey delight and reassures her with a chocolate-y grin and the
okay sign. I pleasantly add "Fine, thank you" to Jason's
appealing, adolescent display. Before she is able to escape, he
interrupts her steps by asking for crayons to color our animated
place mats. She smiles at our childishness and is sent to find a
box.

No sooner is she gone when an elderly man of about seventy-
five is seated directly across from us. Jason, without
hesitation, begins again. Leaning towards the table, he quietly
whispers: "That man took his girlfriend to an ice cream parlor
every Saturday. They eventually became engaged and made this
event a tradition. During their marriage, not one weekend passed
by without a trip to get ice cream. As they settled down and
began to get older, Friendly's became their designated spot. She
passed away last year, but every Saturday he returns to the same
booth; all the waitresses know him by name, and he keeps the
tradition going."

I peer at the man, hoping that his wife is alive and well,
then return my eyes to Jason; he's concentrating on his sundae
again.

The waitress returns with our crayons and the same amused
smile. "Make sure you stay within the lines," she adds and walks
away. The two of us begin our coloring; however, Jason's
attention is easily distracted by a new waitress who just began
her shift.

"Suzanne, see that waitress standing at the corner booth?"
I turn my head around to catch a glimpse of this young,
petite, frail-looking girl who doesn't look a day over sixteen.
Jason agrees with my opinion of her youthfulness and uses it as the
basis of his final story.
"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