

## **Good Food On a Good Day**

By Rob Reid

Finally, spring has arrived, and the world starts coming back to life. As I walk home, I see the trees budding and the bushes flowering. I pass by the teal-ish building right by the road. The newly finished renovations on the previously horrid looking dilapidated building really put a nice look on it that complemented the return of the plants. The beaten asphalt sidewalk I walked on was covered in leaves and empty nips. Shattered plastic and pumpkin guts right by the CDC card. While walking home is an uneventful 10 minutes, it is interesting to find all the strange things people have discarded. I turn onto my street and the packed dirt is dry and full of tiny potholes and bumps. I come up to my house and find my dad left the door open, it's nice to not have to take out my keys. I go to my room and change out of the Cheney gear and go to the kitchen.

A cat screeches meows as she starves (despite having lunch an hour ago). I grab her and hold her as though I am holding a baby. As I stand up I see a newspaper clipping of a coupon for a pizza place called Danny's Pizza. I grab that and, while still holding a cat, go to the living room. My dad is in his usual spot on the couch with his free Z Book laptop he got from work after they were going to discard it. I sit in my usual spot, the section of broken couch I dubbed "The Pit." It has no springs anymore, but with some blankets it's more comfortable than a bed. I put the cat next to me and asked Dad to go to the pizza place. It was a friday afterall, we usually get pizza on fridays. He agrees and I watch the show he put on the TV. The cat started squirming, so I let her go.

Time to leave. The restaurant is around half an hour away from my house, but that doesn't matter, as we wanted to try this place we hadn't been to before. We get into his Jeep and start our way. It's one of the nicest days of the year, hot, but not hot like it had been a week ago when it was 90 across New England. We drove past many familiar sights, the roundabout fountain, the abandoned 7-11, and even the roundabout veteran's memorial. My dad hands me his new handheld emulation console. I had put a few games on it, most of which are odd, like 3D Tetris for the Virtual Boy or Pepsiman for Japanese PS1. Anyways, I start searching that machine for games I hadn't added, but that it may have like ET for the Atari 2600 or Marlboro Adventure Team (yes, a game made by the cigarette company) for the Atari Lynx. Alas, I cannot find either.

We arrived at the place. It has fewer people than when the weather was cold and crappy. At least we could actually get into the restaurant unlike the other time when there was a line going out the door. I pick a booth by the wall and bar area. We order and in a few minutes plates of fries and onion rings arrive. To my dad's surprise, I try and eat the onion rings. Before now, I would rarely eat onions. We finished and I'm already stuffed. The pizza arrives and shimmers with its greasy greatness. I grab a giant slice and another and another and now I am way too full. My stomach feels like it's about to burst. At the end, the waitress gave us our bill, and it was giant. Twenty five dollars. This place has some good prices. We pay, and leave, and drive through Hazardville to home, in what was an enjoyable, average friday.