

Thanksgiving

SkreEch! Screamed the tiles of the bathroom floor as I slid into a stall, hugging my stomach. It felt as if I had swallowed a colony of fire ants and they were gnawing at my stomach lining as a means of escape. I collapsed onto the toilet, the leftover urine on the set cover burned through the thin fabric of my leggings.

Just an hour ago, I was fiddling through my wallet at the chipotle counter, searching for a crinkled up \$10 bill.

“Oh wait!” The cashier said, adjusting her black visor, “I forgot to ask about sauces! Would you prefer a spicy or sweet sauce?” she asked, smiling so that her hot pink braces showed.

“Oh ummm...” I mumbled, “ I guess a little bit of spice is okay.”

“Alright!” the cashier exclaimed, lifting up the silicon tube labeled “Hot Salsa”, squirting it over my white burrito. The blood red salsa sounded like it was farting, as it was of such a thick consistency that it could barely pass through the tube’s thin nozzle. The salsa plopped onto my clean burrito and plopped down the sides, onto the tin foil surrounding it. My face dropped.

“Enjoy! The cashier grinned, handing me my once dry– now red and soggy burrito.

“TH-thank you!” I shot her the best smile I could give as I grabbed my wrap, my fingers being drenched in salsa. I sat back down at the food court’s wooden tables and forced myself to finish.

A volcano erupted in the back of my mouth as the burrito stomped down my throat, then into my stomach. The tomato chunks in the salsa were pistols, and everytime they shot I felt a piece of my stomach- and sanity chip away. As every second passed, the once tiny pistols became canons, firing away at me. Before my pain could get any worse, I ran– well, waddled as fast as I could to the restroom.

“I’m not getting Chipotle for a *while*...”

Ellie Ho