

OVER EASY

by Ramon Collins

The young waitress smiled as she approached the booth. "Would you like a menu?"

"Yes, I would," said the old gent. He took the menu, slipped it under the left side of his jacket.

Her forehead wrinkled. "What are you doing?"

"You just gave me a menu."

"No -- like, I meant to read."

"I read it once. Boring." He placed the menu back on the table.

"I'll give you a minute." She leaned over the table and reached for the napkin holder. "Excuse me."

"What'd ya do -- what'd ya do?" He picked up the menu and fanned the air.

The waitress straightened, turned as red as a Mexican sunset, looked around and mumbled, "I didn't do anything."

She brushed back a loose strand of hair, regained her composure and said with a chilly tone, "Would you like to order now?"

The old guy leaned forward, squinted at the menu. "I'll have ham an' eggs."

She slouched on one hip, scribbled on the order pad. "How do you like your eggs?"

"I like them very much."

The waitress frowned. "No -- how do you like them cooked?"

"I like them that way."

"I'll make them over easy."

"I'd rather you asked the cook to do it."

Megan delivered the order, then walked over to the cashier's counter. "That ol' guy gave me a hard time."

The cashier looked at the booth. "Mike? He always pulls a routine on new help. But he'll leave an awesome tip."

"Does he come here often?"

"Almost every day -- he owns the place."

