

The Man Who Almost Purchased a Snickers

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I wonder what went through a man's head
that made his way into the Dollar General on
Arlington and Mississippi. I remember the event well.
There was a mother and her child in front of me.
The child pointed at a cooking magazine and said,
“Look mom! A wecipe!”
“Yes, that’s a recipe”, said her mom with rolling eyes.
Behind me were three people: an older lady with a
shopping cart full of seasonal Easter decorations;
a nice looking Mexican man with a tattoo on his
upper-left arm that read, “Dios está muerto”,
holding two bags of peach gummies at his side;
and a middle aged woman who seemed to be
mentally disheveled, leaning on her cart full of potato chips
and canned fruit.

A man entered the store and grabbed a Snicker’s bar.
He walked timidly toward the medley of people,
myself included, and asked where the line started.
I got the sense he was hoping it was directly behind me,
but breaking his hopes, I pointed behind the older lady
with the shopping cart full of seasonal Easter decorations,
who was behind the nice Mexican guy, who was behind the
mentally disheveled middle aged woman, who was behind me.
He shook his head with disgust, and
the collar slightly opened on his finely pressed
short plaid shirt. He forcefully threw
his Snickers into an empty bin that was
reserved for newly arriving chocolate rabbits—
his belt buckle shimmered like a golden egg
as he opened the door and left.