Picnic Day

Maddie Allums
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by Maddie Allums

While holding take-out tikka masala from a place down the street, she passed by a man wearing jeans and a brown coat.

She was walking when the man stopped her and asked if she had any extra food for his friends.

She looked at him, embarrassed. “No,” she said, “sorry.” She was sure to put on her most sympathetic, kindest look.

“Oh it’s okay,” he said, almost sweetly, matching her face, before his tone turned indignant,

“It’s OK when you’re hungry, but when we are it’s a crime. But don’t worry—when you die, God will forgive you for this.”