

# The Waitress Had Freckles

*by* Carl Santoro

He took a long, noisy sip from the glass of wine as he peered across the rim to see her walk by.

"Now SHE would never get our order wrong" he said to his two friends seated at the table with him.

The two men looked at each other and laughed. It was obvious Johnny was really serious. Hell, their male waiter didn't actually get their order wrong tonight. He merely ordered one plate instead of two. He even assured them the missing meal would arrive soon.

The attractive redheaded waitress, still in Johnny's crosshairs, was busily swooshing about, her freckles like fireflies, teasing his mind to fantasize. She looked very professional. She could own this place. Customers were loving her attention. Only thing was, she was totally unaware of our gaze.

Johnny finally swallowed the house red and stared at us with a look that could've put frost on french fries right out of their deep fry basket.

We knew immediately that he wanted to get to know her.

Putting down his glass, he stood up and mumbled, "men's room", but briskly walked away into her direction.

I looked over at Joe in amazement just as the sound of Lady Gaga reached a fevered pitch. A loud shot rang out. Joe spilled his seltzer into my plate. All the lights went out.

I felt a hand grab my shoulder. I heard Johnny say, "Let's get outta here!" He grabbed his jacket. We ran like hell.

Ahead of us were many frightened people tripping over each other as we all scrambled to get outside the building. Joe and I almost lost sight of Johnny as he leaped ahead into the dark night. A young teen, with cell phone in hand, fell hard as her foot became trapped under Johnny's large shoe. Johnny, kneeling on one knee was screaming for everyone to "get down!" as he fired shots at a dark blue car.

Plastic shrapnel sprayed our faces as the tail light burst into dagger-like high speed shards exploding in every direction. The car sped away into the darkness.

In total disbelief of it all, I looked up at Johnny's sweaty face as he got up reaching for his cell phone. Joe pulled my arm. " He must be on to something big!"

"They got Freckles. Two men. I saw them grab her. They shot at me, but I guess they must've hit the fuse box. Lucky for me. Hello Arlene? Get some cars here quick. We have a kidnapping."

Johnny's many years of detective work never brought him this close to danger. "Wait here guys." We watched him walk to the restaurant. The lights were now back on. "Thanks for trying mister." It was Freckles standing at the entrance.

We all looked at each other in amazement.

"I know, you're wondering how I got here. Well, you scared 'em off and well, they left a big tip on the table. Can I buy you a drink?"

