

i go to buy folgers coffee & see ninja robots & am okay with it

by Craig Snyder

I execute my plan (conceived hours earlier while painting toenails) to go next door to the 7-11 clone and buy some coffee. I am too lazy to walk six blocks to the grocery store. I understand that this is a problem but I will deal with it later I swear.

Inside the store everything looks nice and normal and antiseptic. There is no emotional impact whatsoever and I am comfortable with that. It is freezing cold. There is a smell I identify as air conditioning smell.

I see old hotdogs with grandpa skins skewered on steel spines. I see people buying dirty magazines and people buying cigarettes and people buying lottery tickets. I buy my coffee and walk out the door with my coffee and see two ninja robots in combat pose. One of them a girl ninja robot in a slick black catwoman thing. She is wicked-looking and in control and I want to be like that too someday. I am just standing there like a block of meat with my plastic bag in one hand and moths flying in my open mouth.

I see the guy ninja robot spinkick and smack girl ninja robot in the face. He starts to beat the crap out of her. I hear gears whine. I smell lubricating oil, and delicate smoke. Then bam girl ninja robot is sprawled out on the blacktop with white stuff like curdled milk trickling down her chin.

I am sensing a total lack of justice in all this but then five more girl ninja robots leap out of the shadows and start to whale on the guy ninja robot, and it is a beautiful dance. I think to myself, it has all worked out perfectly and my expectations have been fulfilled.

I forgot tampons so I go back in.

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