

Death At McDonalds, or How I Learned To Love

by Erin Zulkoski

Like an abused woman that keeps going back to the boyfriend who beats her, I keep going back to McDonalds, hoping things will be different this time.

I wanted something for breakfast. I was having problems choosing between getting a bagel and some coffee at a local bagel joint, or getting the "Erin Zulkoski Mickey D's Special": Sausage Egg McMuffin, orange juice, and the fruit and walnut salad. Not wanting to pay a quarter for the parking meter, I foolishly chose McDonalds.

I drove up. Ordered. Paid. Got my food.

But what's this? The bag seemed curiously light for the bulk of the items I ordered. I grabbed the bag from the nice drive-thru employee, who seemed terrified to be at the window, or perhaps it was my haggard appearance, as the "Erin Zulkoski Special" is code name for "hangover cure." Regardless, I think she was relieved when I drove off. I got to the end of the drive-thru lane and looked in my bag, suspicious of the contents inside. Sure enough, my sandwich was AWOL.

I sighed heavily. "Goddamn it....." I spat under my breath. "Every motherfucking time...."

I kept muttering self-deprecating phrases to myself as I walked in and stood in line. Finally, it was my turn.

McJob: "Hi, Welcome to McDona—"

Me: "Save it, twinkie," I interrupted him. "You folks fucked up my order for the last time. Now, I fuck YOU up!!"

With that, I lept over the counter, grabbing the young teen's neck, I pushed him to the fryer, dunking his head into the bubbling oil. Pandemonium erupted as all the employees scattered about.

Someone started throwing Big Mac's and chicken nuggets at me, but I swatted them away as they came hurling towards my face.

“FEAR YOUR MAKER BECAUSE YOU ARE AT THE BRINK OF MEETING HIM FACE-TO-FACE!!!”

I get very prophetic whilst on killing sprees.

People were screaming, crying, huddled in corners, sure that I was going to take my wrath out on them next. Then, I saw her. The waifish flower that had made the mistake of forgetting my sandwich. She was crouched down by the ice cream machine. I stopped and stared at her. Sweat, grease, and blood were dripping down my face. I reached down and snatched the visor off of her deceitful head and wiped my face with it, throwing it back at her.

Anger raging inside me, I pointed a trembling finger at her.

“You. You caused all this pain. Because of your actions, innocence has been lost today and the blood of your slain co-workers is on *your* hands.”

I motioned for her to get up off the floor and come over to where I was standing, which just happened to be by the griddle.

“Get up.....” I looked at her name tag so I could know the name of the beast that caused this. Her name was Elena. “Get up, Elena. Get up and defend yourself.”

She slowly rose to her feet. She was sniffing and wiping away the tears that were rolling down her face in great wet trails.

“Please. Please, senorita....don't hurt me. No muerta....no muerta...” she begged.

I grabbed her arm and yanked her towards me so we were standing facing each-other. I slowly walked around her in a circle, glaring at her, hating her.

“Why did you do it, Elena? It is a simple task. All you had to do was put my sandwich in the bag. That's all. Open bag, insert sandwich. You've done it hundreds upon hundreds of times before. Why did you choose now to forget how to do something so easy? Why me?”

No answer.

I walked behind her and stood.

“Well, now, this is going to happen to you.”

I grabbed Elena by the hair and shoved her toward the grill. She went flying face first onto the sizzling hot surface. All I could hear was the desperate screams of a woman being burned horribly. Because I'm sure getting a face full of hot iron on your face hurts a great deal.

Elena slumped down on her knees, unconscious. I turned to leave and I saw my missing sandwich sitting on the counter. I grabbed it, ripped open the wrapper, took a bite, then threw the sandwich at Elena's motionless body.

I walked in to McDonalds a scorned woman, but I left having served justice.

The End.....?

Ok, actually, all of what happened after I got in line is a big load of crap. Here's what really happened:

I walked in, stood in line, and when it was my turn, I politely told the cashier that I was in the drive-thru and had ordered a Sausage McMuffin but didn't receive it. An employee from the drive-thru was standing nearby and heard me, and grabbed a bag that was by the french fries and said, “Oh, here you go. Sorry about that.” I said thank you and left. Not nearly as dramatic and exciting as the above fabrication, but dammit, that's what I wish had happened.

The Real End.

