The New Girl

by Fred Osuna

She's new, with the enthusiasm of a new person. And everyone wants the new girl, at least they do at first.

It takes thirteen even sweeps to clear all the hair from beneath her chair. She's averaged it. It's sometimes as few as six. She has a lot of time to figure that out now, but most days there's very little hair. That hippie dude she gave a buzz cut to? His hair was everywhere. That was a good 27 sweeps.

The hippie came back in this week. He asked for Madeleine. The new girl stood alone at her station watching them, and she knew they were talking about her. I mean, at one point they both turned in her direction and the former hippie dude said her name. “The new girl,” he said. She smiled at them and they turned away and kept talking.

She's gonna get a new job. She'll be the best at it. She'll be the only one at the drive-thru that says “please,” “thank you” and “ma'am.” She'll get promoted to assistant manager, you just wait and see.

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