

The Queue

by Jerry Schatz

He glanced at his watch, frowned, shook it, held it to his ear, then sighed — a look of exasperation clouding his face.

A woman behind him observed his actions.

“Not working?”

Her voice startled him. “What?”

“Your watch — not working?”

He stared at her for a moment. “No. Not working.”

“We've been here for so long.” Apparently she wanted to talk.

His lips narrowed to a thin line. “Yes, a long time.”

He looked away from her.

She persisted. “How long have we been here?”

A note of anger crept into his voice. “How long? How long? Why ... why ...” He swallowed hard, realized he had forgotten.

“Why ... I don't know.”

“How long have we been here?” the woman asked again, her voice rising in petulance.

He glanced at his watch, frowned, shook it, held it to his ear, then sighed — a look of exasperation clouding his face.

