

Freakuccino

by Mark Reep

The bus was almost empty, just me and an Asian girl who'd cleaned up some since I'd seen her. She was wearing a too-big T-shirt that said Freakuccino and writing in a notebook. If she remembered me she didn't say so I didn't either. Everybody sheds some skin. At the Green Street stop two cops were waiting. One said something to the driver and pointed down the aisle but not at me. She looked up and said, Me? What'd I do? The older cop beckoned. She got up and got off with them. Before the bus pulled away they'd handcuffed her. I wondered who she'd pissed off, who'd made the call.

