

Rain All Over Me

by Misti Rainwater-Lites

The waitress bullies me but I keep returning to her section. I'm there every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon ordering the same thing. Pancakes. Grapes. Black coffee.

"You don't have any friends. You're gloomy. What happened to your mom?"

Her name is Krystal. She signs her name with a smiley face on the receipt. I tip what is expected plus a couple of dollars extra. Some version of Krystal has been showing up in my life since I was two and got punched in the stomach by a brat in an Incredible Hulk t-shirt at the park where there was a joyless air of resolve. I've accepted this as karma although I was forced by my parents to attend Sunday school, church, Bible study and choir practice during my formative years. No talk of karma, meditation, the chakras, reincarnation. It was all Heaven and Hell and Jesus versus Satan and getting dunked in water six or seven times just to make sure.

Who does this bitch think she is? Courtney Love? I wish she would punch me in the face for no reason so I could pull a Karen and demand to see the manager with blood dripping all over the pancakes.

"My mom died of cancer when I was five," I wanted to say, which would have been a lie. I always think of the best things to say when it's too goddamn late. Instead I faked a laugh and said, "Yep. You called it. Oh, she's fine. Still selling real estate and making the rounds."

She's scrappy, this bullying waitress. Looks like she lives on bacon and green beans. I imagine she takes it up the ass from her football rooting beer guzzling husband. I can see her three or four kids

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jumping all over piss stained furniture screaming for more Cheetos and Dr. Pepper. Of course she didn't have an epidural. No, she grunted and sweated in pain like a cave woman.

Once it was raining. My hair was dripping rainwater as I sipped the coffee. Big deal. These are mundane details. Not to Krystal. She pounced like a mountain lion.

"You don't have an umbrella. It's like you don't care at all. 'Here I am! Rain all over me!' You look like a drowned rat."

I remember the song that was playing. "Some Guys Have All The Luck" by Rod Stewart. All these decades and the ugly bastard is still a hero to so many. I must have been born in the wrong century.

