

Foreigner  
Ruby G

He walked through the double doors of the restaurant, his eyes wide and filled with curiosity and confusion. He was overwhelmed by the bright colors and the abundance of large, thin...televisions?

He couldn't be sure, they did exactly what a television would do, but they were so...thin. And there were so many, it seemed to surround him and everyone else in the building, encasing them in a bubble of moving pictures.

"Hello!" A voice rang from behind him. He jumped in surprise and turned around. He was met by a short woman in an oversized yellow and black jersey.

"Welcome to Buffalo Wild Wings," She exclaimed, shouting over all of the sounds of the strange televisions and the voices of people. "Where would you like to sit?"

He leaned forward unable to hear her.

"I said where would you like to sit?" She said once more.

"Oh um..." He looked around. "The bar's fine."

"What?" The hostess asked.

He huffed "The bar is fine." He said a little louder.

Her eyes lit up in understanding as she nodded her head. She walked him over to the bar.

"Sit anywhere you like!" she said before walking back to the front to greet a couple who had walked through the door.

He took a seat at the bar. There were two others there with him, one man was screaming at one of the many thin televisions that was showing a football game on its screen in vibrant color, it amazed him how clear the picture was. The other was passed out on the counter, his

head resting on his arms seemingly drunk, or just taking a moment to himself after a long day. He liked to give people the benefit of the doubt.

Across the restaurant was a group of college aged students wearing the most interesting type of clothing he had ever seen.

On the opposite side of the bar a dark woman leaned on the counter, she wore the same shirt as the hostess. He looked down and noticed a tattoo of a dragon spiralling down her arm.

“What’ll it be buddy?” she asked

He stared at her, his eyes showing the surprise in his face.

The woman raised an eyebrow. “What? Never seen a black woman behind a bar before?”

“Honestly?” He replied “No, but it’s good to finally see it. Perhaps the world isn’t as prejudice as it used to be.”

“Nah,” The bartender said. “It is, people just finally got the idea to keep their precious opinions to themselves. Now what’ll it be?”

He smiled at her comment. “Perhaps, you’d know better than I would. Just a water please.”

The bartender looked at him, slightly befuddled as she filled a glass with water and handed it to him.

“You don’t slide drinks across the table anymore?” he asked

The bartender narrowed her eyes.”I haven’t seen a bartender do that in decades.” Her head tilted to the side ever so slightly, slight wonder in her face as she examined this man before her. “What’s your name?”

“David, but most people these days call me John. What’s yours?”

“Jessie.”

“Well, miss Jessie,” He said “It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance.” He held out his hand to her.

Jessie stared at John’s outstretched hand, looking back up at him, she slowly took it.

It was cold, ice cold, and almost didn’t seem real. The look on her face showed her confusion yet intrigue at the man before her.

“You’re not from around here are you?” she asked

“On the contrary” He said “I grew up here.”

“Well Then I take it you haven’t been around here for awhile.”

He stared at her, a small smile on his face.

“You could say that,” He looked down at the glass before him. “Last time I was here it was called Buffalo Wild Wings and Wolk. Back then it also wasn’t so ... boisterous and loud.”

Jessie narrowed her eyes, taking in his young appearance. “The name was changed over twenty years ago, I’ve never met anyone your age who remembers that.

He smiled “Guess you could say I’m an old soul.”

He got up from his seat. “I think it’s time for me to go,” He looked around at the atmosphere, a disappointed look on his face at the world he saw around him. He turned back to Jessie with a genuine smile. “It was lovely talking to you. Perhaps one day we’ll meet again.”

“Come back again and I’m sure we will.”

Without a word, he smiled and headed towards the door.

Jessie watched as he walked away, when her attention was pulled by a breaking news report that appeared on many of the television screens.

*Breaking News, The body of John Doe found last night has been identified as David Walker. A young adult who went missing in the 1980's. As his family begins preparations for a proper burial they say he can finally be at peace.*

A photo of the victim appeared on screen, Jessie's eyes widened as she saw it. It was John, it couldn't be anyone else. Her eyes snapped toward the door just as he walked out. He looked back at her one last time, a smile on his face. He looked almost transparent.

With the tip of a hat, he said his adieu, and as the glass door closed behind him he was gone.