

The Regular

"The regular," she said in the same monotone voice as always. She put the same purse down in the same thrusting way and sat down in the same seat at the counter in the same café shop. I brought her the same kind of mocha latte she always got. She paid me, using the same dollar bills she always used: two one dollar bills, two dimes, and a nickel. She looked into the cup in the same she always did, smelled the latte the same way she always did, and took a sip the same way she always did. I watched her out of the corner of my eye.

A man walked in and sat next to her.

"Umm, I'd like a let's see " He trailed off and then looked at her. "What should I get?" he asked her.

"Excuse me?" she asked.

"What. Should. I. Get," he repeated.

"I don't know," she replied, sipping her latte in the same way she always did.

"I'll have what she's having," he said.

"Coming right up," I told him. He looked at the girl.

"So, how's it going?" he asked her.

"Who are you?" she asked back.

"Ah, does it matter? You meet someone, get to know them for a little while, and then they leave. And you forget about them. It's life, what're you going to do about it?" She didn't say anything. "I mean, think about it. People come into your life and then leave. Just like that," he continued, snapping his fingers at the last part. "Or maybe not," he added. She nodded, pretending to listen, taking a sip of her latte, in the same way. I brought the man his drink. "Thanks," he told me, giving me a smile as he handed me a five dollar bill. I returned the smile and handed him his change. "Nah, keep it," he told me, pushing it back. "It's your tip," he added. "Thanks, sir," I told him, and pocketed the change. I kept half an ear in their conversation.

"You see, I impacted that guy in some way. I gave him that change. It could make him one step closer to, say, getting that car he was saving up for. Or that new phone. Or to pay for his college tuition. To me, it's just giving that guy my extra change. But for him, I

could be changing his life," the guy told her. She merely took another sip from her coffee, in the same way she always did.

"See, people come into your life and they may say something or do something that'll completely change your life. And it doesn't even have to be someone you know really well. It may just be some random stranger. Like, for example, I was about to cross the street one day. And you know how some taxi drivers are, driving like a drunkard. So the sign said I could walk and I started to cross the street. And all of a sudden, this random person pulled me back to the sidewalk. And I was kind of mad, because I was just about to cross the street. But see, this car was coming right at me and it wasn't about to stop. If that person didn't pull me back, I would've been killed!" he paused and then continued. "And so when I looked behind me to see who pulled me to the sidewalk, there was no one there! I didn't even get to say thanks! The person probably didn't even know me and they saved my life! I tell you, that guy, or girl, or whoever it was, impacted me so much that day. I began to see life in a completely different way," he stopped.

He took a big gulp of his latte. She looked at him, staring, thinking. He smacked his lips. "Ah, that's some good latte," he remarked. She did the slightest nod. "Yeah, so, back to what I was saying. That person made me see life in a whole different way. Like, I began to think about why that person decided to save me, even if they didn't know me. Because some people are just like that. They just *do* things like that. The world would be a much nicer place if there were more people like that person. So anyway, I started thinking, how many people have *I* impacted? How many people have I met, have I forgotten that I've met, that I did something to them or said something to them that changed their life? Like, you could forget someone because they may not be important to you, but they might remember *you*, because of what you did or said, right?" He paused and chuckled a little bit. "Just thinking about it makes my mind go crazy." He took another gulp of his latte and then continued, "So I've made it my life goal to try to remember every person that I've met and to remember every person that's impacted me. And you know, thinking about the fact that I may have changed someone's life, *may have*, just makes me feel a whole lot better," he finished.

He took a sip from his latte and then looked at his watch. "Oh, man. I have to go. Nice talking to you, though," he said. He picked up his latte and left. She turned her head to

watch him walk out the door and down the street. Then she faced forward again, looked at her latte, and took a sip from it. But it was different from all the other sips she had ever taken.



She walked in the café shop, holding a different purse. "I'd like a medium cappuccino, please," she said, in a voice that was different from the same monotone voice she had always used. I smiled at her.

"Coming right up, miss," I said.