

Been here for hours ya know, just sitting, watching the feet. Some girls wear socks with their flat shoes. They have bows on the toes but it looks funny I recon – nobody wants black feet in black shoes. Other ones have heels that clunk along the footpath, stupid if you think about it. I'm trying to sleep and it's in my ear, real loud. Sometimes I go inside but usually I get told to get out by the people in the uniforms with those brooms that have dustpans with a handle so you don't have to bend down. I like sundaes but the topping isn't cheap and I have to get a fifty-cent cone. Used to be twenty cents but maybe they realised it attracted mucky people like me so they put up the price. I get a sundae if someone offers to buy me something instead of giving me money, people do that now more than before. Spend it on drugs anyway, but I'll get a caramel sundae if some stranger's paying. I'm ravenous some days but I can't always go inside because the weekday workers know my face and the game I play. I'll stand next to the wooden box, you know, the one where they store all the extra salt packets and straws and tissues and stuff – yeah, I hang out there and wait till the girl yells something out. *“Large cheeseburger meal with six chicken nuggets and a strawberry thick shake...”*. If nobody moves I look around. *“Large cheeseburger meal with six chicken nuggets and a strawberry thick shake...”* She throws the docket on the bench, exasperated and swans off towards the drink machine. Mine. All mine. It's gone before she's back and I'm outta there like a bullet. Smooth as. I give the nuggets to the skinny girl who doesn't talk much. Been hangin' round me like a bad smell all week. She'll be gone soon for sure. Fridays and Saturdays are the best. Everyone's too drunk to remember ordering and the staff are too pissed off to care about a lost meal or forgotten nuggets. Free food flies and there's half eaten, abandoned food on every surface. I don't know where to start. It's good but I don't feel so flash. That's what life does I guess. Mine's not so bad I guess. I live under the golden arches in Melbourne so can't really complain, ey?