

## *Sprinkles*

Devon hated rainy Sundays, and none more than those during the middle of summer.

He had planned on going to Jones beach that day, but when he woke up to the sound of the rain pelting against his bedroom window, that plan died a quick death. With no new plans in mind, he lingered in bed for awhile, thinking about what he could do that day instead. Nothing seemed all that great, but finally he decided it was time to get up and eat.

A big breakfast and spending some time in front of the TV might do the trick. Yes, indeed, that sounded good.

He stretched out and thought about it, staring up at the white-sprayed ceiling in his apartment. Once he was properly motivated, Devon jumped out of bed quickly. He felt his circulation kick in and instantly became more energetic from the simple act. He decided to stay in his shorts and not get dressed. Why bother? Maybe he'd just stay in his shorts all day.

Once in the kitchen, he pulled open the fridge, grabbed a pack of bacon and tossed it onto the counter before diving back in to look for some eggs.

That was when his second plan collapsed as well. No eggs.

Devon grumbled. You couldn't have bacon without eggs. He tossed the bacon back into the fridge, shut the door, and sulked for a moment. Cereal it was; hardly savory like some good bacon and eggs would have been. But he was denied again. The cereal was gone and the bread was moldy. Then a wind gust slammed some more rain against the window in the kitchen, emphasizing the point.

Yeah, he *hated* rainy Sundays.

He considered going without, but his stomach growled loudly in protest. It looked like Devon would be getting dressed that day, after all.

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In a matter of minutes Devon was soaking wet. It wasn't a short walk to the nearest place that would be open on a Sunday, either, but he refused to drive if he didn't have to. New York City was never ideal for driving unless it was absolutely necessary and hardly ever worth it if it was raining out.

With each step he took on the pavement, it seemed to rain harder. Eventually, his umbrella gave way to a squall and he sighed as he squinted against the fury of the drops. He wondered if he looked as lousy as he felt. Yesterday was sunny and he had procrastinated going to the store. Today, he paid the price for it.

By the looks he got from the few other brave souls who had ventured out on this miserable morning, his assessment was probably right. They weren't looking too good at that moment, either.

Ten blocks later, he was glad to walk into the supermarket. His clothes dripped on the mat at its entrance, which was soaking wet from the sliding doors, angled rain, and the few people who'd dared go out into it.

The lights were very bright in the supermarket, a stark contrast to the dark gray world outside. Devon began to walk, his shoes squeaking on the tiled floor. He glanced behind him and saw a trail of water drops that left a trail of where he'd walked.

He shrugged, dismantling a trickle of rain from his hair that proceeded to slide down his neck and give him a chill. Then he stopped at the refrigerator isle and began to look at the bacon—you could never have enough, after all—and the breakfast sausage. It was no time to guess about anything. Devon got bacon, breakfast sausage, a new loaf of bread, and the eggs. He mused at what a dull day it was shaping up to be. His trip to the grocery store was filled with thoughtful insight, like it was a matter of profound importance.

Then he lingered, slowly walking up and down every isle in hopes that the rain might let up enough for him to make a beeline home. His stomach was grousing vehemently, but he blocked it out. But unlike Saturdays, there were no free samples on Sunday morning to nibble on as he went about his business.

Finally, people were looking at him strangely and he got why. Pushing his basket to a stop, he stood in line waiting to check out.

He picked up a blue rubber ball from the container near the checkout and began to twirl it on his index finger like Meadowlark Lemon of the Harlem Globetrotters used to do. He looked up to find a woman waiting in the other line, smirking at him.

“I could have gone pro, you know,” he said to her, wondering what moves he could show her with the ball that wouldn’t break something in the store if it didn’t work out like he wanted. Probably none, he decided sullenly.

She didn’t reply, but the smirk remained on her face. It was all he could see of her really, under the combination of brightly colored coat and sunglasses. It was quite a nice smirk, though, all things considered. Her lipstick was a sexy hot pink, and it captured his attention.

He was about to try and think of something a bit more intelligent to say, but she turned away to focus on the cashier checking her out. Then she walked out of the door and most likely, his life.

Devon sighed and tossed the ball back in the bin. He moved forward in line and waited until it was his turn to pay for his own stuff.

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The rain had calmed down just a bit when he stepped outside, for which he was grateful. Clutching his plastic shopping bag in one hand and his umbrella in the other, he tapped it on the ground and hoped it would hold up against the rain better en route to his home.

Success... By the time he got home, he felt a bit more optimistic about the day, despite the rain. There was even a glimmer of blue skies in the distance. So maybe the day wouldn’t be completely lost.

Swinging his umbrella one more time before he searched his soaked pockets for his keys, he felt it connect with something and heard a shocked gasp. He turned around and was startled to see that he’d accidentally hit someone in the face with it.