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Abigail Belcher

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I’m searching the room frantically and I can tell I look ridiculous. Everyone’s staring at me, I can feel it. Oh gosh, I’ve never done this type of thing before. Why did I start now? Is there a different place people stand and wait, like maybe they’re always hiding in the corners waiting for their other half to meet them? Oh gosh, no one looks as awkward as I do right now. Okay, okay, okay. Brown hair, glasses, six feet tall. Will be holding a rose. Wait. No, I think I just saw that on TV. Just brown hair, glasses, six feet tall. Oh… I really hope he’s not a five-foot redhead. I’d hate a liar. Yeah, but like, I’m really into running and nature. I guess we’d work well together then, two liars. A short redhead and a chunky soap opera addict living together at the beach where we will take long walks every night. That is, assuming we both really like to stride along the ocean line after dark with crabs running over our feet and sand sticking to our toes for the rest of the week. Oh, this is a disaster. I don’t see anyone matching his description and no one is walking towards me. Maybe he came, saw me, and left? It’s really embarrassing to be the first one here.

I walk to the bathroom to touch up my makeup and wait there for a few minutes. Everyone is watching me walk over there. Just go fast. Faster. Wait. Am I a chico or a chica? Chica. That was close. Good thing I took Spanish in college. Perfect. A one person bathroom. How long do I wait? I’m so nervous I don’t even need to go to the bathroom. Let’s see, oh, right, mirror. Oh… I definitely wouldn’t blame him if he came, saw me, and left. Did I even look in the mirror before leaving my house? Well, I can’t change what God gave me. Time to face reality. He’s either out there or he isn’t. Go find out. Okay. Here I go. Wait. Why won’t the door open? It’s stuck! My God, it really is stuck—I wasn’t just exaggerating when I thought it was stuck a second ago! Why isn’t this opening!? This probably looks ridiculous from the other side of the door. Okay, calm down. Think. How to escape a bathroom you are trapped in in a Mexican restaurant. Is the window really my only option? Wait. No window. Oh God. No window! A knock at the door. Okay. Just tell them what happened so they can go get help. How embarrassing! Oh. This is even more embarrassing. How did I seriously not think about unlocking the door? This is the worst thing to happen in the history of Match.com. Forget it, this is ridiculous. I’m 38 years old, stuck in a Mexican restaurant bathroom, waiting for a guy who may or may not show up or who may have already shown up. I’m going to be alone forever. I’m getting too old for this type of shit; this should only be allowed to happen to teenagers. I guess love and misery have no age restrictions.

It’s time to go home. Okay. Here we go. A run to the car. You can do it.

Unlock door and walk out of bathroom. Check. Walk swiftly across the floor to the exit with your head slightly down, looking up once on your way out the door for one last quick scan. Just in case he came in during your breakdown. No sign...Check. And I’m out of the building. Start the self loathing process all the way home for believing in internet dating but then persuade yourself to try another website. Check. Delete Match.com and download eHarmony. In progress.