

Mac & Cheese

It was a cold, Wisconsin winter night when we headed downtown for dinner. Parking was a struggle, per usual. The waitress asked, "How many?". And my father replied, "Four," and of course there was a wait. As we waited, twiddling our thumbs, I began to look forward to doodling on the kid's menu and playing tic tac toe with my brother. We were finally called and the waitress to us to our table. This was the critical moment, she set down four leather bound menus instead of the usual three leather bound menus and one kid's menu. No crayons, no doodling, and most definitely no tic tac toe. The shock was unreal. I had to close my eyes and make sure I wasn't hallucinating, because man did it feel like it! It was in this moment that I realized that adults don't get to color with crayons. I considered asking for a kid's menu but suddenly felt too grown up for it but at the same time not grown up enough for the regular menu. I looked over the menu for what felt like an eternity, struggling to find something to eat. I ended up with a fancy bowl of macaroni and cheese that wasn't nearly as good as the macaroni and cheese on the kid's menu. I ate. My mom, dad, and brother ate, without realizing the catastrophic event that had taken place. We asked for the bill, got it, and paid. And I walked out of that restaurant without any crayons.