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Dear Melena,

As I was driving on the way from college today to go home, I noticed a small, broken light buzzing and blinking. The neon and broke down sign was a clear indication that this was not a high-class place. Still, I had just completed my finals and was starving from the stress. I decided to park my car in their parking lot, and entered the diner. The door had a metallic handle that felt greasy when I touched it. I looked at the floor and grimaced. Shoe marks seemed imprinted on the floor. As if a person had scrubbed and scrubbed to try to wear out the marks but had not succeeded. I sat down in a booth that, to my surprise, seemed clear. Two crumpled dollar bills seemed to be hung on the table. I was about to grab the money to give to the cashier when a white, wrinkly hand beat me to it. The hand grabbed the two dollars and placed the money in her shirt. I noticed the hand belonged to a female, with frizzy white hair and a pen seemingly clipped into her hair. I read her nametag, and it said "Blanche" in peeling black and gold letters. Blanche gave me the menu, took out her pad of paper, and took the pen out from her hair. "What'll you be ordering today, dahling?" she drawled out.

I looked at the menu and noticed the mediocrity of it. It was printed on printer paper then poorly laminated. The letters were faded and I noticed many printing errors. I ordered a coffee and "surprise meal." I guess I thought I had done really well on that Psychology Test. S SOON AS I handed Blanche back the menu, the nasty odors entered my nose. I smelled old coffee and a floor wash that smelled like my mother's cough medicine. The

trash was really close to the entrance as was my booth, so I smelled what seemed like a week's worth of old food through in the garbage. Upon further inspection, I noticed Moe sitting behind the counter, laughing in a rough manner. He seemed to wheeze with every laugh. He was overweight with bushy eyebrows and small squinty eyes. Right next to him was his pit bull dog, barking and growling whenever someone entered the room. The wallpaper was dingy and chipping with pictures thumb tacked up of unknown families.

A family entered, they seemed to be right at home. There were three kids, all of which were kicking and yelling at one another. The father had a furrowed brow and the mother appeared overwhelmed.