

## Wilderness House Literary Review 17/3

*John Sheirer*  
*Change*

“\$6.16,” he said.

“Here’s sixteen,” I said, reaching into the drive-thru window, “and eleven.”

He held the cash above the drawer. His profile showed crow’s feet and thick glasses. Close behind him, his young manager lurked.

“Just a five in change,” I said. “When I worked the register, we always ran out of ones.”

Our eyes met. We could be brothers despite my dress shirt and his McDonald’s polo.

He slotted the bills and plunked the change as if this weren’t his first day, passed me the fluttering \$5 bill. “Have a good one.”

“You too,” I said, meaning it.