

The Raisin

By Adam Graupe

I accidentally cut someone off in traffic and heard the honk and the yell, “Watch where yer going, you dumb ash!” I looked over to the car next to me and there was a face: purple, twisted and covered with wrinkles. Then I realized it wasn’t a person but a raisin. The raisin slowed her Volvo station wagon down and followed me. I merged off the freeway, steered my sedan into a Starbucks Drive thru and ordered a latte. I glanced in my rear-view mirror and, sure enough, the raisin pulled up behind me and ordered. Feeling insane and sick of head, I told the barista I also wanted to pay for the drink for the raisin behind me. I paid for the drinks, grabbed mine, and sped off.

I merged back on the freeway and felt sick when I glanced in the mirror: the raisin sped and swerved to follow me. I had ten miles to go to work and my heart *thump thumpa thumped* all the way there. I felt the sweat pool in my armpits while I pulled into the company lot with the raisin tailing me. She pulled her wagon next to my sedan. I rolled my window down and she did likewise and screamed, “You are the worst driver I have ever seen, and who do you think you are paying for my drink?”

I rolled my window back up and stared directly forward. Then I flinched as I saw a white saucer projecting toward the left side of my face: it was the Starbucks cup, full of coffee, traveling at 40 mph and it *thwaashed* against my driver-side window. The raisin reversed her wagon and sped out of the lot tires squealing.

I marveled at this event for hours. How does a person (or raisin for that matter) who gets enraged about something as trivial as an incident in traffic, how does this person cope with the major events in life, like getting cancer, being laid off or having a loved one die? Of course, we both know the answer, that raisin or person will handle the major events with indifference. The big things don’t register or seem as immediate, but the minor inconveniences, like getting a parking ticket or the milk going sour—*o no no no!* They fly into a fury and watch out: hell have no fury like a raisin scorned.

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