**Continuity of the Outfits**

By Kat Jensen

She ordered her favorite drink at her favorite coffee shop. It was probably a huge cliché, or at least a lot of irony, to spend her morning off at a coffee shop but she went to work so early that she never got to stop on her way. She was also always running late so even if they were open that early she wouldn’t have time. It wasn’t a new thing that she was late though, she had terrible time management skills and loved to sleep. She lived on island time in the middle of a desert.

 But today was the one day that got to be island time and she was soaking up every minute of it. As the coffee people prepared her drink, she strolled through the books section of the little shop and thought about the book that she had yet to return to that breakfast joint she liked. She had fallen in love with the book they offered her check on (a pun she thoroughly appreciated) and she promised with fervor that she would return with it someday. She returned with the book but had yet still to give it up. Maybe she would just find a replacement.

She looked through the rugged, unloved bookshelf to find a book of similar size and shape. They really only cared about the look of it anyways. She stumbled upon a science fiction that was similar enough and brought it over to the counter. Who knows? Maybe it was gold and she would unknowingly gift someone else with the magic of an unassuming gem in the ruff.

She purchased the book and headed outside with the book in one hand and the drink in the other. She juggled them both as she replaced her sunglasses and picked out her favorite straw patio chair. It was a weather loved old piece of junk, beaten by the incessant sun and falling apart at the seams of its green, suede cushion. Nonetheless, she loved it for its comfy sag on the left side.

She settled in and let the warm sun cover her body like a blanket and illuminate her beautiful new dress. It was her favorite color of green and she had been dying to wear it for days. Now was the perfect day to be fancy because since she was seeing a house later and she wanted to put off the impression that she was a good tenant who could afford the place. She had some time before the showing so she snuggled in, took a sip, and started reading the new book.

The two boys were hunting her she knew. They however did not. Even though she was so high above them she could still see them crouched low in the grass and sweating from the already too hot sun that drenched the land in drought. She wished more than anything that she could once again feel that unbearable heat but with her newfound feathers she was immune. Moreover she wanted to be able to come down from her safety perch and hug her boys once again. She was sure it had only been a few days, maybe a week at most but she didn’t know how much longer she could submit to this torture. If only she could get a message to them and let them know where she was, who she was, what she was now. She was sure they missed her terribly. Then she saw it, her perfect opportunity. She veered sharply to the left and beat her wings as fast as she could. She didn’t dare look back but she knew the boys were following, feet trying hard to keep up. She positioned her body and timed it just right to drop a large white poop into the lap of a girl drinking her favorite coffee and reading her new book in her beautiful new dress.