

Untitled
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The audible rumbling in my stomach catches my attention. I slide my high backed black chair away from the keyboard and close my eyes. Hot. Cheesy. Greasy. Yes. I want pizza. I think about rushing to open my front door. I dream about the perfectly shaped red and white cardboard box. I know I will sit comfortably on my couch cradling the precious package on my lap, the heat seeping into my knees. Slowly lifting the box top, I will inhale deeply, adoring the scent. I ricochet out of my chair and race for the phone. It can't ring fast enough.

"New Munchy's Pizza and Grill."

"For delivery please, " I say quickly, the words tumbling out of my mouth.

"Phone number?"

"215-725-2370," I report mechanically.

"1829 Emerson?"

"Yes!"

"What can I get you?"

"A chicken ceasar salad please."

What? Who in the hell said that? What happened to my pizza? I was craving pizza. I was dreaming about pizza. I hold the receiver away from my ear and stare at it in disbelief. Then I smile. I have been brainwashed by my own positive self talk.