

# A Sub in the Face is Worth Two in the Register

"I have a coupon here for a free sub," he said. "I want a turkey sub."

"You can't have it," she said. "It has to be of a lesser value."

"OK, change them."

"I can't do that. You already chose."

"Look, it says it right here. Buy one sub get one free."

"No," she says, making her stand.

"We're in America. It says right here: buy one sub and get one free. I want my sub," he exclaimed.

"No, I can't do that." Her facial expression

changed. The young woman became an immovable object.

"Look, I want my sub, and I'm going to get it," He threatened.

"You're not getting it," she replied. Two other female workers came and stood with her.

They changed. They looked like other people. Their feet were cemented to the floor as they stood their ground. It was no longer a sub they were wrestling for. It was a war between male and female, a battle for dominance and supremacy. Even those in line were startled and remained silent.

What was a small technicality erupted into an epic battle. I was sure that if he had the right words, they would have let him take it. Whatever thin and invisible line he crossed, had caused all this. What was it about him

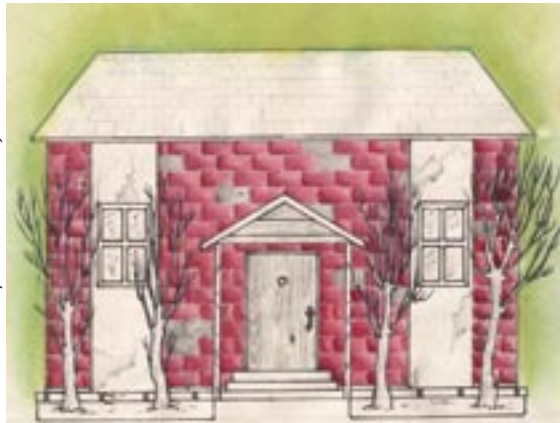
that caused them to say no? It wasn't their loyalty to Subway. They really didn't care about a minimal difference in price. Somewhere along the way instinct or some other force took over.

In anger, he flung the sub that he held in his hand at her. It hit her in the face. He walked and she stood in a state of shock. She shook in anger as tears formed in her eyes.

Everyone stood still and silent in disbelief. It was like a car accident; there was no time to react. He left angry and hurt. She wore his food in her hair. The score: 0-0.

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Illustration by Maria Montejo



## European Flavors

Gates in front of buildings from the 1900's. Double mirrors by the entrance, big and round. Small thin doors with metal locks on them. Wooden floors that creak with each step. Two small restrooms next to each other, a thick wall to split apart the flat. The kitchen beneath the scary passages that lead to storage rooms with spider webs. The backyard with no end, in front of the school yard. The bells that rang every morning at 9 a.m. I never forgot the sound. Narrow streets, rushing cars, no space, bicycles ready to go. Moving atmosphere day and night.

Through city lights we walked, many years ago. I loved it. The loud, endless laughter, the cries, the old churches with the sound of history. The sound of freedom. The subway station with cigarette butts all over the floor. The begging children on the streets, playing instruments. The market every Tuesday morning, the sausage stands every 100 feet, that smell still fresh on my mind. The mayor's office, beauty, senseless, free and soothing. The cafés, the cappuccinos with cream on top. It all seemed like yesterday, it all seemed so innocent.

Green fences surrounded the temples. Police waiting in front, they are all so scared, of racism, of hate, of death. We were all supposed to feel safe, they said. I never did. Never had the real permission to be the Jew. Molotov cocktails shatter glass through houses with people in them. They scream, they die and history repeats itself. Once again. It never stopped. The endless cycles of captured souls. Of innocent children, not knowing what the truth is, who they are or will become. And still they all remained silent.

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