

# MACARONI AND CHEESE

TONI SCORSESE

Rego Park I think was the first apartment, 1986. Maybe the second was too. A bunch of dreamers piled high into a three-two. Five of us at one point, head in the clouds. I was the only one from NY.

Barely into our second decade, out on our own for the first. We often shared. Some nights we ate Ramen (salty 😊 – YUMM). We *lived* on that: noodles, tuna, and coffee; cigarettes. And we weren't even college students.

Maybe \$10 an hour? That sounds right. At LaGuardia we scrounged for change – vendor sandwiches on our shift. Free flights made that lifestyle exciting; worth it. Kept us skinny.

One night – no one had done the dishes – there was no milk. But there was a clean pot, a box of mac and cheese. There was butter; a can of tuna. The cover for the stove vent served as our platter – YUCK. (Why didn't we just wash the dishes? Ninnies!) I must say, it was delicious, filling.

Four decades, four degrees, four times per hour later, why am I still eating mac and cheese? It's not as delicious. At least I can afford the milk now.

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