

My Luck is About to Change

By Dennis Knight

I was walking on my lunch break when I saw a black cat shooting out of the alley, hackles raised. He was about to cross my path when a piano dropped in the middle of the avenue. The cat screeched and went the other way, and I continued on mine. The piano died.

I stopped in a market and picked up my favorite box of Lucky Charms to lunch on at the office. I thought about buying a lottery ticket, but my fortunes have been bad today, and besides, nobody should trust their luck on a lottery ticket from a place with a name like 7-Eleven.

The planter on the corner still had some hardy pansies, survivors of last week's cold snap, and I spotted a four leaf clover peeking out below a blossom. I pulled the intruder and dropped it in my pocket, my attention diverted to a man from the city setting up a tall ladder in front of me. I would have walked under it, of course, but my eye caught a penny on the curb, heads up. I jumped quickly to pick up the litter and I swear I landed on my own shadow. I felt sorry for the little old lady who dropped her mirror before I beat her to the coin. She walked away and passed under the ladder, muttering something about my mother while I kicked the mirror shards into a corner. There I picked up an old playing card, the seven of spades, intending to toss it with the other litter I had accumulated in the circular file under my desk on the seventh floor at Eleventh and Shamrock. The horseshoe that I stubbed my toe on at the entrance to the building would go there too.

My right hand has been itching since I picked up that penny. Makes me realize what a lousy day I've had. It's a good thing I didn't blow my money on that lottery ticket. Maybe if I get up on the other side of the bed in the morning my luck will change.