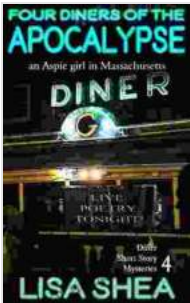


Four Diners of the Apocalypse: An Aspie Girl in Massachusetts Diner Short Story

The diner was a sanctuary in the apocalypse. A place where I could go to feel safe and at peace. A place where I could be myself.



Four Diners of the Apocalypse - an Aspie Girl in Massachusetts (Diner Short Story Mysteries Book 4)

by Lisa Shea

★★★★☆ 4.1 out of 5

Language : English
File size : 163 KB
Text-to-Speech : Enabled
Screen Reader : Supported
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled
Word Wise : Enabled
Print length : 16 pages
Lending : Enabled



I am an aspie girl. I have Asperger's syndrome, a form of autism. This means that I see the world differently than most people. I am more sensitive to sensory input, and I have difficulty with social interactions.

The apocalypse had been hard on me. I had lost my family and friends. I had been forced to live on my own, and I had to learn to fend for myself.

But the diner was my refuge. It was a place where I could go to escape the chaos of the outside world. A place where I could be myself.

The diner was always the same. The same red booths, the same checkered tablecloths, the same smell of coffee and bacon. It was a comforting place that never changed.

The people in the diner were also the same. There was Joe, the owner, who was always friendly and welcoming. There was Mary, the waitress, who was always patient and kind. And there were the other regulars, who were always willing to offer a helping hand.

I spent many hours in the diner. I would sit in a booth by the window and watch the world go by. I would read books, or write in my journal, or just sit and think.

The diner was my home. It was the one place where I felt I belonged.

But one day, everything changed.

I was sitting in my usual booth when I heard a loud crash. I looked up and saw that the front door had been smashed open. A group of armed men were standing in the doorway.

I froze in fear. I didn't know what to do.

The men came into the diner and started shooting. People screamed and ran for cover. I ducked down under the table and closed my eyes.

I heard the sound of gunfire all around me. I felt the floor shake beneath my feet.

I was terrified. I thought I was going to die.

But then, I heard a voice.

"Get down!" Joe shouted. "Everyone get down!"

I looked up and saw Joe standing in front of the men. He was holding a gun.

Joe started shooting back at the men. The men fired back.

I watched in amazement as Joe took down the men one by one. He was like a superhero.

Finally, the last man fell. Joe had saved us.

I got up from under the table and ran to Joe. I hugged him tightly.

"Thank you," I said. "You saved us."

"You're welcome," Joe said. "I'm just glad I could help."

After the shooting, the diner was never the same. The atmosphere was different. It was no longer a place of peace and safety. But it was still a place where I could go to be myself.

The diner was my home. It was the one place where I belonged.

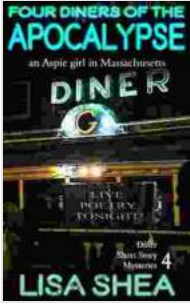
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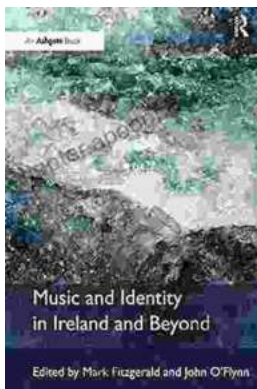


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