

Rowen is 21 years old and is away from home for her last 2 years of college in Nashville. She is majoring in Performing Arts at Belmont University. Her family is fairly well off, but she still had to save much of the money she earned by babysitting and working at Chick-Fil-A to go this "dream college". Because she is a student, she does not have very much money. Rowen's parents wish she would call them more often. She is their only child and having her away for so long is hard for them. Rowen misses her dog, Lacey back home in Massachusetts.

In this interior monologue Rowen is trying to decide whether or not she should invite the Muslim girl, Aishah, that she met at school the previous week to come home with her for Thanksgiving, because the Aishah doesn't even know what Thanksgiving is and she isn't doing anything over the weekend.

Rowen swerved her car to avoid hitting a shopping cart in the Kroger parking lot as she pulled into an empty space. What moron left their cart in middle of the lot!? There is a shopping cart corral right there! She huffed as she opened the door and stepped out of her car. Her thoughts swirled and mixed into each other in her brain. So many things had happened that day. She tried to rein in one thought in particular. Aishah. How can she be living in America and not know what Thanksgiving is? Rowen went around the front of her car and grabbed the offending cart, now thoughtfully. Going home for thanksgiving is going to be great! I wonder if Lacey will remember me. Wait, no, of course she will! It's not like I've been gone for a year or something! Man, some nerve women have to wear leggings like that in public! How did our society get here? A hundred years ago it wasn't even proper for a woman to wear pants! Rowan smiled back at a Kroger worker dressed as a Muslim. Aishah! Right. That's what I was trying to figure out. So she didn't even know what Thanksgiving is. Wow. Thanksgiving has always been a big deal for me so if she weren't Muslim I would consider inviting her back home with me for the weekend. But she's a Muslim. I'm a Christian. I "...need to chose my friends carefully because they hold sway in our lives", that's what my parents have always said. But she doesn't have any friends. She called me a friends today. Her only friend! I should obviously reach out to her. As Rowan wandered up the fourth aisle aimlessly and consumed by her thoughts, a man ahead of her caught her attention. He was yelling at his young son who must have been no older than four. Apparently the boy had torn open a bag of candy corn while his father wasn't paying attention and now he was in hot water. The little boy was crying and his dad slapped his hand. Both father and son were grubby looking. That'll teach the boy for opening something before it's purchased. I remember when I did that as a little girl, but I opened the box of Godiva chocolates. Ouch, I can still feel the spanking I got when I got home! They were meant for Grampi's Christmas present. I wonder if Nana and Grandpa will be there for Thanksgiving. I think Nana said she wasn't sure. I should ask Mom if she knows. Oh no! I haven't called Mom and Daddy for quite a while! I think since yesterday morning! They're going to be upset. I could ask them what they think of Aishah being my friend and if she should come home for Thanksgiving. What if they say no to her coming with me? I'll tell them about her, but I'm not sure if I should mention Thanksgiving. They are so opposed to Muslims! I don't think I'll even say that she's a Muslim. When she comes with me, I can explain and they won't be able to turn her away. She's such a sweet girl. Wait a sec, what am I in this store for again? Rowen stopped and stood still for a moment. She'd been so caught up in her train of thought that she hadn't even realized that she

was in the store to buy something! She looked around her trying to remember. Oh yes, my small group is going to be eating together tonight at -- what time is it?? Great. It's 4:30, the thing starts at 5 and it takes 30-minutes to get there. And I still don't know what to bring! There's some chips. I could do pita chips and hummus. The garlic kind! Yum, that'll be good. Should I bring something else? I mean, it's just me, but I probably should. Since I'm bringing chips and hummus people will think I'm a health freak unless I bring something that's not healthy. Rowan grabbed the pita chips put them in her cart. Then she exited the aisle and hurried toward the refrigerated section of Kroger. She passed the snack aisle on the way. Hey, I'll get those. Everybody likes Oreos. I just hope the other people will provide the main dish sorta stuff. Okay, there is the hummus. Where the garlic kind? There it is. Anything else? I don't think so. Alright, let's get outa here! Rowen hurried toward the cash register. She stood in line twisting her ring decorated with music notes round and round. I've got to talk to Aishah. How should I bring Thanksgiving up? I could say something like, "You're not doing anything next weekend, right? Do you want to come back home with me to Massachusetts for Thanksgiving?". I hope she'll say yes. What if she doesn't. That'll be awkward if she doesn't want to. I'll ask tomorrow morning first thing if I get the chance. I really feel bad about not telling my parents though. I know that they will accept her and I think it would be neat to surprise them with bringing home a friend. All my other friends have plans for Thanksgiving.

"Your turn ma'am. Hurry up; there's a line." Rowen started when she realized that the cashier was talking to her. Oh dear, caught up in my thoughts and lost to my surroundings, again. She did hurry and grabbing her bag containing the groceries with one hand and pushing the cart with the other, Rowen hurried to her car. She unlocked it and put the groceries in. I could just leave the cart here because I'm running so late. Oh wait, it really annoyed me that somebody else left their cart lying around. It'll only take a second to put it in the corral. Rowen put the cart away and ran back to her car. I can't believe that I almost left the cart in the middle of the lot! I guess I'm more hypocritical than I let myself believe. I'd better hurry so I won't be any later than I already am.

You can decide the outcome of this interior dialogue yourself. It is intentionally written that way. What will happen when Rowen asks Aishah to come home for Thanksgiving? Or will she get so scared to ask and back out of it? You decide!