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## Tragedy on Drury Lane

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“I knew him before he made pies” She looked dejectedly down at her hot chocolate before suddenly gulping it back. “I knew him before he let the devil take his soul”

The reporter looked at her in shock “He sold his soul to make pies?”

“Why do you think they’re so heavenly?”

She took another sip. “We were kids when it happened. We didn’t know about the curse on Drury Lane”

Her hands started shaking and the reporter just gave her a look of confusion “Drury Lane? Lady, you’re kidding right?”

“No. I never kid about that night.

“We were making cookies for the bake sale at school, but we kept messing up. The first batch was too burnt, the second one underdone, the third one too salty. So we decided to go to Drury Lane. That’s when I lost Mikey” She suddenly pointed to the picture of the wall. A little girl with dark brown curly hair was smiling and standing next to a boy, a boy with dimples that took up his whole cheeks, a smile that was slightly gap-toothed, and warm brown eyes.”That’s where we met him”

“The muffin man?” The reporter said inching closer.

“No, “ she said reproachfully, “the devil.” Her eyes glazed over, “He owned a bakery with everything imaginable, cookies, cakes, truffles. But the most magical thing there were the pies”

“The pies? What was so magical about them?”

“They tasted like everything you could ever want. They tasted like finally getting that pony that you wanted for your birthday, like winning the lottery, like all happiness”She shook her head. “We tried to buy one, but he said we couldn’t buy a pie with money. We had to give him something more important”

The reporter looked at her sympathetically, “So that’s when he sold his soul.”

“No. He lost his soul gradually by working 40 hour weeks, for minimal pay, and eventually exploiting people just like him”

“Umm—“

“I told him, that he’d lose his soul by working for corporate America, but no, he had to start working so he could become an ‘economically stable adult’”

The reporter held up a hand. “But how did he start working for them when he was a 10 year old, like that picture on the wall”

She wrinkled her nose with reproach, “We were 20.”

The reporter just gave her an angry look

“What? I mean we were starving college students and that was a corporate luncheon, the food was for employees only! He basically sold his soul for pie though with the wages that they paid him”

