The Claw Machine

bored with grown-up conversation waiting for food at Zorbaz and lacking money for the claw machine a nine-year-old explores

coins spotted through gaps in the deck timbers call for immediate extraction requiring a suitable stick grandpa is dispatched to find while mom rifles her purse for chewing gum to put on the end of it

cold pizza is beside the point later as cupped hands and a broad grin tell the real story and her luck holds when mom lets her spend it all in the claw machine