

## Chop Logic

The premium price of veal chops is inconsequential when compared to that first, tender bite. Knowing this, Ron Walters was obliged to pick the chops up from the Giant Food Store for his wife, Kathy. Plastic packaging in hand, Ron saw past the organic food aisle to the queuing register lanes. The wait would be a lifetime. Ron began to feel his own calves tense and tender over the dread of standing. He saw the barring tabloid and candy bar racks around him. He would stand immobile in the lane, receiving only a pale of water and two meals of milk and grain a day. His final meet with the cashier would be a cut to his coarse throat, and the harvest of his ready calves. Oh, how tender the night would be as Ron's nine children would feast on his own premium chops!

Ron's thanksgiving thought was broken by the ill sight of her, Gladys Mitanskeoliskievi. The strolling Gladys caught his eye, too, and soon the wounds of the day's Hill lobbying would fall to the organic food aisle. Ron and Gladys reverted to their profession, bickering over appropriation funds in congress. The two resurfaced their high school rivalries: he, a powerless boy barely able to through a pigskin half a yard, and she, a mammoth of a woman with the grip and forearm contraction of a brute. Their tussle ended as Ron sped for his standing cage of a register lane, but only after uttering a late expletive at the tense Gladys.

The two colors of the rounded melon flew from her French-tipped fingernails. The fruit swirled without effort in the air. Just as it reached the back of Ron's haired head, his lips pruned into his mouth as if from sucking on a lemon. And while his body fell to the tiled ground and the pink flesh of the watermelon poured, he knew the veal chops would have to wait for another night.