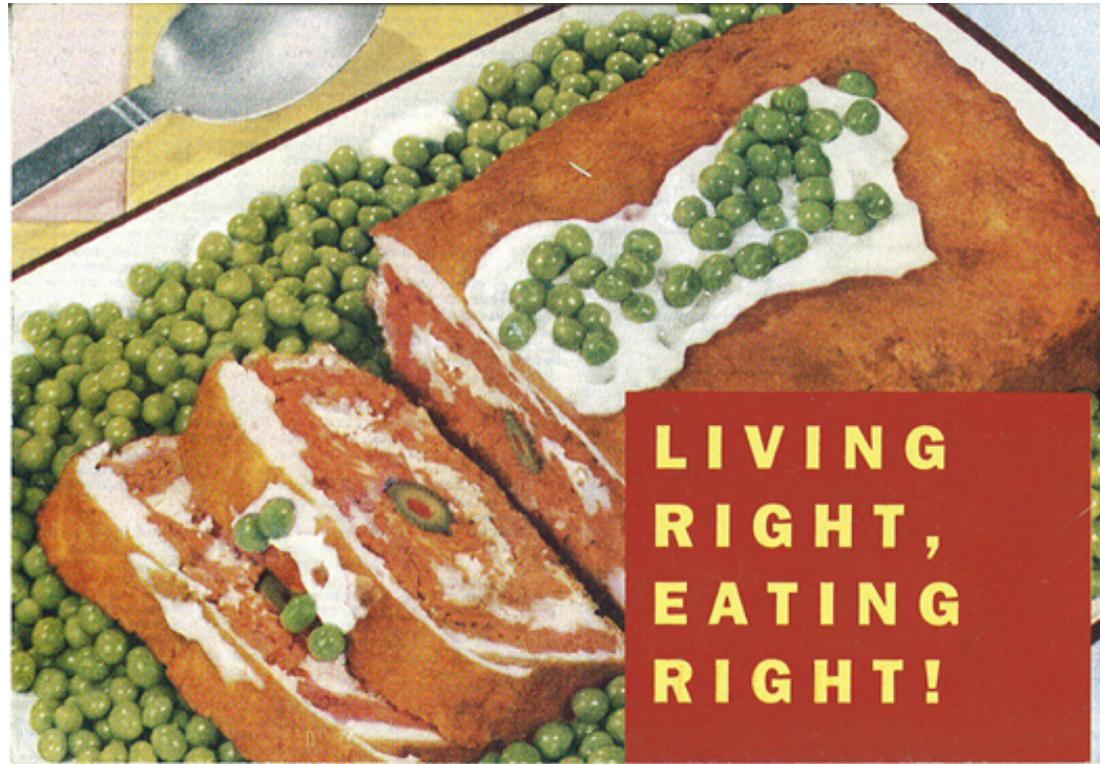


Eating Right



**LIVING
RIGHT,
EATING
RIGHT!**

With a mixture of fear, loathing and, ultimately, relief, Bob stared at the plaque on the wall: “Living Right, Eating Right!” Boy, it sure hadn’t been as easy as it sounded! Especially the first part, the “Living Right” part. He’d had to give up his rowdy ways with the Gert Jonnys, that irrepressible gang of no-goodniks he’d been in back in Sweden. As it turned out, that hadn’t been such a problem after all since they’d disbanded in 1979. But he still managed to generate a deep-seated angst over the privation. Then came the “Eating Right” part of the equation. That, too, had been pretty rough on him at first. Mrs. Crenshaw, the stern culinary arts warden, had taken away all of his eating utensils – tongs, entrenching tool, vibratory truss screed – and forced him to eat exclusively with his right hand. For a fellow whose right arm had never developed beyond a primitive rack-and-pinion flipperlike appendage, this was indeed a challenge! But determination and grit – that is, the hard, coarse sandstone used to make millstones – helped him overcome that adversity, too. Now, his reward was sitting in front of him in a casserole dish, jiggling ever so slightly in the breeze. Mrs. Crenshaw had called it “Sunrise Surprise.” Bob picked up his entrenching tool, which the good warden had also returned, and dug in. But after only the first bite, Bob discovered how much the strictly late-night Mrs. Crenshaw hated sunrises.