

Pied du Gorille



Wanting to impress Chloe, Gerard had taken her to the swankiest restaurant in town, *Le grand gros mangeur*. Trouble was, the menu was in that darn foreign language that he was supposed to have studied in seventh grade, except his dad had made him take shop instead. Oh, he knew that *le vin* was something to drink, but at two bucks a glass? No way! He settled on *le Sprite* for both of them. As for the entrées, he was prepared to splurge on anything up to ten dollars, or seven-fifty, anyway, and that restricted him to the menu's last page. Hmm, there were no pictures to help guide him like there were at Tamale Joe's, so he just picked the House Special – *pied bourré du gorille*. The waiter looked at him quizzically, clicked his heels together with a prim “bon!” and scurried away. As usual, Chloe said nothing. How could she? She was a figment of Gerard's imagination! Minutes later, the waiter returned with a steaming plate. Wrinkling his nose, he carefully set it down in front of Gerard. “Monsieur 'as chozen wisely,” he said snootily. “Ze stuffed gorilla foot iz ze specialty of ze 'ouze. Bon ...” He paused, gagged, then dashed off. Gerard picked up a fork and gingerly punctured the skin. The resultant plume of vapor was so putrid that Chloe squealed and keeled over. Within minutes, the entire eatery had emptied of hearty trenchermen. Then, the foot, the horrible *pied bourré*, lifted itself up from the plate and ... well, I'm sorry, but this part of the story is simply too gruesome for words!