

# The Power of Suggestion



Fenster and Polawski stared sullenly at Heather as she entered the building. Clad in a chiffon peignoir, fur wrap and spiked heels, she was ill-dressed for the rigors of the Broome Abattoir. Plus, as a representative of Vegans to Rid the World of Carnivores, she wasn't exactly a welcome presence. Taking a whack at his mule carcass, Fenster angled his cleaver just enough so that it flipped a chunk of entrails onto Heather's coat. "Oh, sorry there, miss," he said unrepentantly. "Guess you was just a bit in the way there." Polawski didn't even bother with subtleties. He picked up the giant badger he'd disemboweled and simply threw it at her. "You ain't welcome in these parts, you flippin' harlot!" he snarled. Covered with viscera, Heather angrily shook her fist and said "Sooner or later, you'll all come around, you'll see!" And she stormed out. Amazingly, her prognostication came true. Two months later, Fenster and Polawski were seated in The Organic Cherub drinking lightly spiced chai tea, nibbling soy-based nutrient crackers and drawing up plans to launch the Broome All-Vegetarian Council. So, dear Reader, never pooh-pooh the puissant power of suggestion.