

Interlude

tUnE-yArDs

Why Must We Dine on the Tots?

Old grandfather Lou begged a question at supper as mother defrosted the meat from the tupperware dish with the red polka dots, "why must we dine on the tots?"

"Oh grandpa!", she said, with disparaging tone, "you've been spending too much of your dying alone time by reading those books having radical thoughts. (radical thoughts) Of course we must dine on the tots. What good were those kids before they were our food, outrageously smelly, impulsive and rude. Thus you know very well that the fresh produce rots. So clearly, we'll dine on the tots."

"I remember," said Lou, "when we all looked ahead. Your rationale's crummy. Who'll live when I'm dead? My nightmares these days tie my insides to knots. Oh, why do we feed on our tots?"

But before he could finish (but before he could finish), his daughter placed a fork to his lips and transformed by the taste he exclaimed, "Oh the flavor! How I savor it! How did we live before dining on tots! (tots tots tots...)"