

As we sat down at our table at the Crispy Crumb, we peered through the menus before us. Before we could even begin to select our dishes, a waiter bounced over to our table. "Could I entice you to try our meal of the day, stewed clam in pumpkin sauce?" asked the waiter. Dan, my little brother, gave a disgusted snort. Everybody began to yell what they wanted at the same time. Frantically, the waiter recorded all our orders in his notebook. Gradually the noise level went down as we finished ordering. Happily, we all turned our heads to stare at the waiter. Icy sweat poured off him as he checked our orders, and then he departed as quickly as possible. Just a few minutes later, our meals arrived. "Karat soup, just as you ordered, sir!" barked the waiter, laying down a bowl of golden broth on the table. "Llama surprise!" he yelled, laying down a very alive and rather angry llama in place of my lasagna. "Mushroom madness!" he said, giving my mother a plate full of angel death caps. "Nachos with French toast and roadkill!" he said, serving my little brother, Dan (who likes to be called Zags). Opportunistically, the llama began to eat Dad's Karat Soup. Perhaps he thought it looked good, but he soon spat it out in dad's face. Quite a sight we must have looked! Rather angrily, my father yelled "this wasn't what we ordered!" Somewhat sarcastically, the waiter said "Got it all down here!", but we kept complaining. The cook came out a glared at us. Understandably, the llama vented its frustration with the situation by spitting in the cook's face. Very slowly, the cook collapsed. White as a sheet, he lay on his back as the llama leaped over him and charged out the door. Extraordinarily, when our food was brought back, it was just what we ordered. "Yes!" I yelled, glad to be able to eat, and soon we were done. Zags angrily swore that he would never eat here again, and we agreed.