

Mark Mynas slowly sat down at a restaurant table and kicked back his chair, putting his feet on the table. A waitress saw him, narrowed her eyes, and hurried over. "Do you want to be served, sir?" she asked. "Well, I'm not here to chat, if that's what you're wondering." said Mark. "I want the spaghetti surprise and a chocolate milkshake." "Very well, sir." glared the waitress, and went to the cook. Feeling mean, she asked him for a cold spaghetti surprise and a burning hot milkshake. Then she took them back to the table, where Mark drank the milkshake in one gulp. His face went red, then white. He staggered up from his chair, bashed into the door a few times before getting it open, lurched out in the street, and was promptly run over by a motorcycle gang. He had to spend three days in hospital. He didn't return to that restaurant.