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HUMANS' BISTRO: EAT THE DISHES

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It was inevitable, almost like a foretold prophecy, that capitalism and greed would seep into the very fabric of Foodville. Jack's plan to rid the world of parasitic humans was going swimmingly, with even the aquatic creatures feasting at the swim-up tables of every restaurant.

But then came Chuck, a clever and enterprising porcupine who saw an opportunity where none seemed to exist. Night after night, the Foodville restaurants were packed to the rafters, with lines stretching for hours on end.

With a staggering 8 billion humans to devour, and approximately 200,000 fresh ones being born daily, life had become easy for the animals of Foodville. So easy, in fact, that many of them now had cardiologists.

Just last week, Stan, Cheetah's cousin, a cheetah, lost a leg to diabetes.

But Chuck, unlike Stan who had become a slow-moving tripod, acted swiftly, and seized the opportunity.

He opened a delivery service to cater to the voracious appetites of the animals in Foodville.



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An advertisement was placed in the Foodville Gazette:

“Save your Life. Why become a meal for the cuddly creatures of Foodville when you can deliver meals to their doors on your trusty little scooter?”

Chuck even created a currency called Foodville Dollars to pay the delivery experts, luring them into his diabolical plan.

This job is perfect for immigrants seeking a fresh start in Foodville.

Do you adore animals?

Do you savour the scent of human flesh?

Do you relish...

Come on down to **EAT THE DISHES** and sign up to be a delivery expert in this fast-paced world of human removal.

We are currently hiring delivery experts for every restaurant in Foodville. You must adhere to the 80% rule.

Translation: To deliver fast-food you must be a fast-food connoisseur.

To deliver Hanover’s Fine Dining: You must possess wisdom (be old).

Eat the Dishes is your ticket to independence.

What are you waiting for?

- ❖ Don't have a scooter? Don't worry. For 75% of your weekly pay, we will rent you a scooter guaranteed to make the citizens of Foodville hate you, as they despise seeing you on the sidewalk.

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The revolving door at **Eat the Dishes** spun incessantly. Chuck somehow neglected to inform the delivery experts they would never survive long enough to receive their pay – as part of the 80% rule, every time a dish was delivered by an immigrant delivery person, the animals were encouraged to devour the delivery person themselves – hence, **Eat the Dishes**.

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Bill, an 80-year-old man, and all the Hanover's delivery personnel were never eaten.

Chuck mistakenly assumed that everyone in Bill's age group must come from money, as in a just society, people at the age of 80 shouldn't be so desperate they have to deliver food.

Foodville was slowly crumbling, thanks to the likes of that conniving porcupine, Chucky. He saw opportunity, disregarding the fact that people mattered.

Bill and his fellow delivery experts were often seen pleading with the animals to eat them, just to end the misery of being swallowed by the cracks in society.

The chasm in Foodville was growing into a colossal abyss.

You might be wondering how Bill managed to secure a job delivering fine dining.

The simple answer is that he lied on his application. He didn't want Chucky to know the last thing he had eaten was a rotten apple and some discarded scraps he found in a dumpster.

Bill had hit rock bottom. And unfortunately, not only was he too proud to beg, but he also had no family left to beg to.

The last time Bill was spotted, he was in an alley with Rocky's cousin, Ron, desperately trying to obtain a lethal dose of street drugs to end his pain and suffering.

What has the world come to when older people – did I mention I applied to work at a 7-Eleven (and was rejected) – have to sacrifice their dignity just to survive another day?

Ignore the question mark; it's a rhetorical question.

Hey, does anyone know a synonym for rhetorical?

Oratorical?

Sure.

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Bill?