Burrito . . .

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"Sir, you are funny. Do you writeyour own stuff? Next, can I take your order?" "Yeah, I a, Yeah, I'll have a, a..."

This eventful night caught me by surprise. I was looking at many of the same faces who frequent Taco Inn after they frequent the bars. I knew what they were going to order before they opened their mouths. In five minutes they would be sitting at their table or perhaps on the floor eating a deluxe burrito "with no sour cream, lettuce, tomatoes, or cheese . . . hold the meat and a cup of coffee on the rocks." Har, har, har.

After 12:30 a.m. the line is always to the door. Your only goals at that point are to get the orders out and watch for anyone standing dangerously close to the counter with that of flu look on their face.

"Sir, can I take your order?"

A rather tall guy with glasses, a receding hair line and a pair of red eyes replies, "Yeah, I'd like (hic-cup) sorry, I'd like (hic-cup) excuse me, I'd like three tacos," "Would you like anything to drink...

I mean will that be all?

A younger man, 22 or 23, makes his way to the counter. He stands a bit shorter than the first man but he too has red eyes. "Hey, this guy cut in front of me."

Addressing the cuttee, "Oh, sir, you should have waited your turn in line. There are no cutsies here at Taco Inn." And to the short red-eye: "I'm sorry this had to happen to you and I can reassure you it won't happen again. Now can I take your order?"

"Aren't you going to make him go to

the end of the line?"

"Listen, I know what has happened I ere is a very unfortante thing indeed. But there is a line to the door, everybody wants to eat. He ordered three tacos, may they rot in his stomach I know of what I speak. You will lose three to five minutes max. What can I say? The world is an ugly place. Now can I take your order?"

"Yeah, I'd like this guys's face."

"I'm sorry, it doesn't seem to be on the menu. Would you like something to eat?" "I'm too angry to eat."

"Fine," turning to the next in line, "how about you sir, are you too angry to eat?"

"Yeah, I mean no, I, a, yeah, I'll have

The first two men moved on down the line. The young man disturbed beyond eating never once took his eyes off the first. Finally, the first, the "cuttee" picked up his three tacos only to have them knocked out of his hand by the second man. Naturally they started fighting. Suddenly they both crashed through the huge plate glass window, skidding onto the sidewalk. I stood for a moment in total disbelief.

"Oh, God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains,"

I looked around, Frank was on the phone to the police. Tim in all his pain, was moving towards the cooler faster than I thought possible. Billie was at the cash register acting as if nothing had happened, "That will be 54 cents please, 54 cents."

No one really knew what to do. Some people were laughing uneasily. Others wanted to get in on the action, just fight. Some were totally oblivious to the whole thing, "Did you say 54 cents?"

Their sober spirits were replaced by little imps and the devil was dancing through the broken glass out into the night. His order was to go, too.

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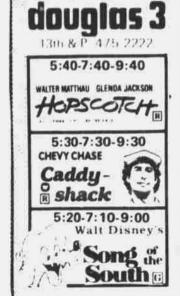
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