

Dinner at the Harmony Restaurant

by Matt Potter

I ripped the glasses from his face and throwing them on the floor, stomped them into the polished floorboards.

Eight blank faces looked on. So I picked up the platter of anemone shells and tortoise shells and quail egg shells left over from the Mauritian bouillabaisse and tipped them over his balding head.

Still no reaction. Least of all from the tippee.

Balling my fists, I banged them on the retro-formica tabletop. The taste of pufferfish balls in an oleander-infused reduction with a seaweed and pomegranate side-salad tossed in a geranium-rottweiler vinaigrette rose in my throat.

"I *resent* subsidising the meals of those who had three courses AND A BOTTLE OF WINE when I only had one course and paid for my drinks along the way," I said, looking at him as the broken shells slid down his face. "Especially when they earn more than double what I do."

Recognition flickered in the eyes of those who, like me, have to watch their spending.

I slapped thirty-two dollars and seventy-five cents down hard on top of the hand-written account.

"I am NOT splitting the bill."

And walking out the door, I made a mental note to contact my Anger Management Coach as soon as possible.

