

Seriously Lynched

by Catherine Davis

And what about: there's this signature dessert at the restaurant where you are eating and it is called DEATH BY CHOCOLATE? And you know it is, because you've had it, and wow. But you're youngster shy so you just wait and don't say anything, because you know if you try to talk and he listens, you'll turn lava cheeks on the surface with accompanying meltdown underneath.

He orders it on his own, so you're off the hook, sorta, but not really, because with the intensity of that cake, and well, this particular guy in his nifty white shirt and dark jacket, there's no way something is not going to happen, when the waitress puts the dessert down in front of him, and must be there are some forks for you and that other guy whatsis, but everyone's busy watching as the new owner of the Death by Chocolate spreads his hands above the table — for the silence, for the spell — and at the same time he leans slightly forward, and compensates for the lowering of his voice by the widening of these oracle blue orbacles, to get across that this is serious business.

"What if," he says slowly in this flat midwestern voice, still embracing the aura of the death chocolate with his hands, fork waving between index and middle as might a casual wand, "this is the *kind* of cake..." (here he pauses, making sure you're getting it), "that the morrre (drawing the word out) you eat of it.... (pause, pause...), "the morrre (he gestures outward) you get (here he draws himself toward the table) *small*," he finishes with a whisper, hands flat on the table now, fixing you with his eyes, daring anyone to breathe. And because this guy is David Lynch, you don't. Already tongue-tied and spastic kneed before the magic, thanks very much. No, don't breathe, but because you look at him, only a fractured sidelong glance: just as you very well knew from the absolute

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beginning of this tale.

He merely takes his fork and digs in while you, of course — yes — just as the chocolate said to do.

