

The Officer Gets Breakfast

by Greg Davis

Over the cries and protests of the crowd, the officer shouted through his bullhorn. "You must all disperse!" His gold epaulets were shining in the sun.

"You must leave me to eat my breakfast!" His white linen tablecloth was snatched by a protestor who was billy-clubbed by a gendarme and bravely wounded on the temple. But it was too late for the table setting. The officer's eggs and bacon rested on the asphalt amid shattered ceramic and boot heels.

It was then that he ordered the gendarmes to fire rubber bullets into the crowd and himself retired to a café to order pancakes.

