

# Deborah's Turkey Sandwich

Deborah walked into the kitchen to fix lunch. Her head buzzed from her most recent bouts of insomnia. She popped two pain pills into her mouth as she began pulling items from the refrigerator. Mayonnaise, lettuce, turkey, onion, tomato...to make the same old turkey sandwich she had made hundreds of times before.

As she methodically washed the tomato, Deborah felt a strangeness in her body she had not felt before. She felt a lightness in her head and a tightness in her stomach. She thought at first that she might need to sit for a moment, but instead continued her preparation. She dried the tomato and took a knife to slice it.

She looked at the reddish-green tint of the vegetable and could not force herself to prick it with the knife. Instead she found herself alone in the kitchen, staring intently at this one lonely tomato—unable to move.

Within a few seconds, she was amazed that this odd vegetable had developed a face. Small, beady eyes were now studying her and an all-knowing smile graced the tiny mouth of the tomato. When the little fellow had grown its own arms and legs, she decided to drop him on the counter. "This turkey sandwich isn't going to be quite like all the others!" she declared.

"Not like all the others?" the tomato exclaimed. "Isn't that what you've been afraid of all these years? To be just like all the others?" Deborah could hardly believe her eyes and ears. The food she was preparing was suddenly confronting her with a psychiatric evaluation. She was feeling somewhat defiant, however, and responded to the vegetable with conviction.

"I hardly think I need to be cross-examined by a tomato," she said coldly. "Why, I could cut you up right now if I wanted to."

"Go ahead and try," the tomato replied.

Deborah took the knife and thrust it at the tomato. To her surprise, the knife bounced back as if the vegetable had a rubber-like skin that could not be penetrated. She stabbed harder and harder, but the knife only buckled back. She decided that the best strategy was to ignore this intruder and go on with the rest of her business. She took the lid off the jar of mayonnaise.

Before she could put her knife into the jar, small blobs of mayonnaise began taking shape and crawled onto the counter. The blobs looked like little cloud men from a television commercial. Each little mayonnaise man had a happy expression that made Deborah feel elated.

"Ooooooh! You're all so CUTE!" she exclaimed, as she brushed all of her new little friends into her arms and began to cuddle them. As she did so, she got the feeling that her skin was getting rather sticky. She looked down and realized why. Each small mayonnaise man had melted onto different parts of her arms and chest. She tried to claw them off, but her efforts were in vain. She grabbed the knife to try cutting them off, but they were permanently attached.

"Get off of me!" she screamed. "Get your goddamn little asses OUT OF HERE!"

Deborah began whooping and hollering at high volume, racing around in circles in her kitchen. By this time, the tomato was doing a fancy little jig in the sink. The kitchen counter had turned into a vapor with a strange aroma that was making her feel sick and dizzy. The bag which held the turkey transformed into a small blimp and was circling her head amongst the chaos. Deborah scratched at her underwear and jumped up and down frantically. "Stop it! Stop this RIGHT NOW!" she demanded. As she made her final command, her head slammed into the side of the doorway and she fell to the floor unconscious.

The blimp landed on Deborah's forehead. A teeny-tiny (yet very dignified) captain jumped out of the blimp and placed a blue capsule into her mouth. The tomato leapt down and forced the capsule down her throat. The linoleum began to ripple and shimmy like an investment banker. Drywall tore itself from the ceiling and covered Deborah's body. Her car drove itself out of the garage, crashed into the house, and began racing around the kitchen. At that very moment, her mother appeared to see what was causing all the commotion.

"That Deborah! Even making a fucking sandwich has to be a huge ordeal," her mother said as she placed a twenty dollar bill in Deborah's panties and left for work. "Just go buy lunch, for God's sake."

*Shriver*