

11 Home Fried Potatoes 11

Solo-M SAL

SAL

SAL - 30's-50's - Sal's All Night West Side Diner

Sal, the owner of a diner, thought he'd seen it all. But one night, a strange little man came into his diner and literally shook the place up.

SAL: He wanted home fried potatoes, that's all. I don't know. I remember, he came in here lookin' like anybody else. Short guy. Sat at the counter. Right over there. I asked him, "Yeah, what'll it be?" And he said, "Home fried potatoes." Nothin' unusual. No big deal. So I ordered up with Sam, my short order cook. An I turn around, and this guy's like smiling. Not unusual. But...there's like this green glow comin' offa him. Yeah. That's the best way I can put it. Right then and there I knew somethin' strange was happenin'. Now listen, we get all kinds comin' in here. Two, three in the morning we get truckers, drag queens, hookers, but none of 'em, none of 'em ever glows with green rays comin' out of 'em.

So, I kept it together, said, "Excuse me...um, is there somethin' else I can get'cha...besides the potatoes? An he stopped smilin. He was like staring. Intense. Like he was studying me or somethin'. He looked at me like...like I was some kinda insect. Creepy. Very creepy! If I wasn't the only one behind this counter, shi I woulda jumped an ran. But the boss woulda killed me for leavin' the register.

Now there were a couple of regulars at the counter, drinkin' their coffee, oblivious to the whole thing. Whereas I was freaked! I never seen anybody glow. Ever! An it kept gettin' brighter and brighter.

I was tryin' to keep my composure. But I was fallin' apart. Then, we get like into this starin' match. Him an me. An

even though he's not sayin' anything I can hear his thoughts. Yeah. An he was sayin' some weird shit. Stuff like a computer. Yeah. Like, "The population of New York is... The size of the city... Elected officials are." All this data shit.

An ahm gettin' so scared I think ahm gonna shit in my

pants. I didn't know what to do. Should I call 911? My wife? My mother? The army?

An this guy's glow is gettin' brighter and brighter. Takin' over the whole diner. This green shit's coverin' everything.

Finally, I say, "Hey Mister, your fries should be ready in a minute. Ya want something to drink, like coffee or somethin'." Then he screams in this high pitched tone, "Coffee? Coffee? You mean caffeine? Caffeine?"

I said, "Uh...uh, we got decaffeinated if you like, or tea... or somethin'. I don't know."

Then his green shit gets brighter, and floods the place. Guys at the counter, they fell over backwards. I figured they was dead.

I lost it. I screamed, "Mama mia, wha'ya doin' mister? Ya food'll be ready in a minute. Please! Stop!"

Then the whole diner starts to shake. Yeah. Like it was an earthquake. Dishes flyin' all over the fuckin' place. Sam comes running outa the kitchen, screamin', "What the hell...", but when he sees this guy, he turns and runs back in, leaving me alone, face to face, with *it*. Whatever *it* was.

An then his face starts contortin' in these weird ways, like it's made of rubber. Its mouth opens wide, an out comes this long pointy, yellow tongue. An this tongue starts comin' at me. Long and pointy and sharp. An the place is shakin' like crazy. I...

Finally, I totally freaked! I said, "Enough! Enough! Get that fuckin' tongue back in your mouth, and get the hell outa here! Now! Who the hell you think you are!" I felt so strong. Like I wanted to wave a flag or somethin'.

At first, nothin' happened. But then, the place stopped shaking and calmed down. My heart was racing like crazy, but I stood there locked, with my fists like clenched. Then I pointed to the door and said, very softly, "Get out."

And the green rays zapped back into his body. And he pulled that tongue of his back in. His face stopped contortin', and

he looked like anybody else.

But then, he kina slumped over in his seat, looking dejected or somethin'. He put a buck on the counter for the home fries, which he never got, an said, almost in a whisper, "Thank you. Thank you very much, sir." And he started to leave.

I stood there, still shakin', an said, "Sure. You're welcome. You're welcome." And then, he left.