

Survival of the Un-Fittest

The prayer is finished, but the destruction is only beginning. As if with some kind of psychic alliance, all ten hands explode into action. A blur of motion covers the once well-set table, as we fight to retrieve our favorite dish. Tim immediately goes for the stuffing, shielding Jimi with a fancy body block, causing his aging face to scorn, disgusted with his slowing reflexes. With cheeks protruding and a Stove Top smile, Tim acknowledges his victory and without hesitation moves towards the undiscovered potatoes. Jimi, rebounding, slams a mountain of cranberries, plate and all, into his famished face. As he gobbles ferociously, a crimson trail spills down his shirt. Silverware and curse words fly everywhere, as the raging inferno of hunger continues to burn. Both wielding knives, Spike and John fence their way towards the peas, an evil, disgruntled look embedded in their grins. The bloodshed is minor, a trivial detail in the unyielding quest to be nourished. Stephen unable to find the nicotine casserole, remains calm, and slowly lights his smoke, as Jimi, now resembling a rabid wolf, rips barehanded into a drumstick. As food and saliva are spewed uncontrollably throughout the room, Spike is now beating Tim with the same cob of corn inconspicuously purloined from his plate during an altercation with John, coleslaw now in his nostrils. Vulgarities and screams ignite us into a whirlwind pace, adrenaline and hunger controlling our every action. We are ravenous creatures fighting to survive, with no regard to the carnage and death that may ensue. Days later with candied yams adhered and hardened to our skin, we rise up from the three-legged table. Our knuckles are caked with food and blood, the result of a hard fought battle of gluttony. Just happy we could share the holiday with friends.