Indignant Ignition

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The heat lamps never worked. The kitchen had managed to avoid its last few health inspections through an oversight or divine intervention. There was no doubt in his mind that it would have failed, but they didn't pay him enough to fix that. He worked alone most nights, cooking things to order, and sending them out as soon as they were done. He timed all the orders for each table to come up simultaneously. This strategy worked about half the time.

Three years of grease clung to the hood vent over the grill. Occasionally, he would knock down chunks of grease to keep the vent working. He had cleaned the grease catches, weekly at first. He had run out of degreaser, and no one ordered more. A permanent taint baked onto the side walls from the heat of the grill. The rear left burner of the Wolf range spit fireballs when it was switched to ignite. To combat this, one had to place an upturned pan over it to kettle the gas. They always ran out of ingredients and never had enough waiters. He had been trained for better than this, but he didn't care enough to look for work elsewhere. Most of the menu was pasta dishes; fairly easy to time and keep hot, nothing that a few whiskeys could prevent him from handling.

The first orders of the night trickled in. Reading down a poorly formatted ticket, the chef realized that several of the items were attempts at unique constructs that were not on the menu.

"HEY!" He snapped from across the dark warmer line, "What the fuck is this?"

The waiter looked down at his tie and muttered something.

"What?"

"They wanted some really specific stuff."

"That's great. We don't even stock half this shit!" He glared, nearly thrusting the ticket up the waiter's nose. "Do you seriously think I'm going to make a well done steak at the beginning of a dinner rush?"

"I don't see why not..."