

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A CHARMING WHITE AND BLACK MAMMAL INTO A FILM NOIR BETE NOIRE GATE

Sure
 We wandered into a joint called The Manteau de Fourrure for lunch Tuesday. Sure we took a modest Xian lettuce salad topped with Tibetan bamboo shoots and a touch of Jakko smelly maple sap sprinkled o'er all for charm. Sure we're used to the Diablos Blanc gawking at us while we eat as we quite often forget to shave our paws for dinner and it is recognizably difficult to hold a salad fork with the large pad that our over furbished paw affords. After an uninspired, yes dreary Urinade de Cheval Mongol sur Coeur d'Endive entrée smothered in what must have been cheap imitation Raisin Feuille Jardin d'Eden, we put up bravely with the obscure, boring Calcutta Gutter rainwater aperitif that The Manteau de Fourrure afforded. We avoided dessert. We declined coffee. We are sugar and caffeine free. Tobacco is our gastronomic denouement of choice. Like sunrise over the brown coal pollution of Changzou,

We realized what must come next.	So we	lumbered
up out of our ridiculously delicate	chair,	took out
our piece and shot the Maitre d'. He	fell	poorly

like a well thrashed and trashed smoking indigene of Singapore unaccustomed out of his tree to mountain bamboo forest ways. As he gasps on the floor, he stares at us rasping, "Why? Why? Why me?" "We're Panda," we sneer as we bite the business end of our Player's Rough Cut Cork Tip and walk out of the joint, "Look it up, Tipe!" The poor fool calls for a richardsnary and gasps in confusion with his last pathetic breath: "Panda! Large black and white bearish mammal. Lovely black rings around ivory black melon ball eyes. Eats shoots and leaves."

Stars shine	bright	on shatter light.	None are f	ur black or	white. None	dine out	tonight or any	night.
Unlike we	social	genèd mammals	oralèd, they	dine but in	not out in cr	ushing bl	azing fusion e	ngine.
Thee. The.	That's	let us be over gr	ateful to our	friend almig	hty God for	providin	g that like the	stars,
Although	they	may twinkle, pl	ay and shine	as we walk	by, the Pand	as have n	ot spoken yet,	folks.