

Tastes Like Sweetbreads

“Do you **have** to eat that in front of me?”

The zombie stopped, shifted his head, and visibly considered it. “...No. But I’d *like* to eat it. Do I complain about your kimchi?”

“Yes. All the time. Even though you lost your nose.”

“Nope! I know exactly where it is. Your mom’s house.”

“HEY!”

“OK, it’s really at your sister’s.”

“That’s better.”

“Wish I could have said the same.”

“So... what does it taste like?”

“What, your mom?”

“No, smartass. The stuff. On your plate.”

“...You’re going to make me say it, are you?”

“Yup.”

“Asshole. Fine: *Braaaaaaaaiiiiiinnnnnnnssssss*. Happy?”

“Immensely.”

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