

Fish Fry

“This feels fairly blasphemous,” muttered the chef as she maneuvered the idol over the saltwater fish tank. The kitchen manager rolled his eyes.

“What, you’re suddenly a worshipper of obscure Mesopotamian gods? Look, the table wants fish boiled alive by the blasphemous power of Asag, so that’s what they’re getting.”

“It’s not nice for the fish!”

“The fish are evil. Irish *Beisht Kione*. It’s OK to boil them alive.”

“You didn’t tell me they’re evil! Who wants evil fish, anyway?”

“Demons, of course.” The chef glared at the manager, who wilted very slightly. “What? They’ve given their parole. And paying.”

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