

Tater tots

They say what they will about the food at Edendale, but after a couple Mezcal Palomas—

Here we go.

Here we go, what?

I've seen a variety of our 'indulgences' after a couple Mezcal Palomas, and well, "the jury is still out", as they say.

They say, do they?

Oh, *they say*, Jon said.

And *now* you speak up.

Muted e'r the voice of reason when muzzled so by thine beloved Mezcal.

Oh, shut it.

Perhaps why you 'indulge' so frequently? asked Jon.

We're really doing this right now?

Anyhow, you were on about the food at—

I was *saying...* *they say* what *they* will about the food at Edendale, but the tater tots will change your life.

Jon simpered.

What?

Well, I suppose I'm stating the obvious here but it's pretty hard to mess up tater tots... nevertheless, I understand the indulgence.

Funny we still feel the need to.

Indulge? Jon asked.

State the obvious.

We do.

You know, Jon, even when you're on my side, it feels contrarian?

I see your point though I don't agree.

Oh, fuck off.

Think about it, Jon said. Really the only way to fuck up tater tots, is to *NOT* offer tater tots.

Valid.

And we both know how we feel about Ketchup.

There's Heinz and there's the other kinds.

Truer words ne'er a spoken, Jon said.

Where is the *jury* on one more Paloma?

Hung.

Great.

Though on an entirely different matter, Jon said.

Oh?

One of the many indecisive characters in your psyche brought up the dilemma of

sweet potato tots.
Bartender!

-Cookie