

Fight at the Seafood Buffet

I come to you with a tale of warfare. It is no less epic than Homer's Odyssey. In fact, in many ways it is greater. Police officer Gerald Johnson is Odysseus and he's on his lunchbreak.

Like Odysseus, Officer Johnson finds himself being tossed around the sea like an almond in a hot tub. Only instead of a ship, he's in a booth at a seafood restaurant in Huntsville, Alabama.

Instead of the Strait of Messina, Officer Johnson must navigate the treacherous Meteor Buffet, which has a 4/5 rating on Google and dated decor and the constant, never-ending stink of fish under lamp lights. It's about as classy as a budget seafood buffet with less-than-excellent health ratings can be.

In an interview with AlabamaLocal.com, a Meteor Buffet regular and local pastor said that Meteor is perfect for him because he's diabetic, adding that the boiled shrimp is "out of this world."

The line of people at the buffet is as long and winding. The diners snarl and shove with their elbows pointing out. And the line keeps growing as people wait in what is undoubtedly the longest ten minutes ever known to mankind.

It's not that there's no food for them, there's plenty: people are waiting for one dish in particular, the crab legs.

Out of nowhere, shrieking:

"He cut me!" yells a man, who's older, bald, with large wire-frame eyeglasses.

"No! *You* cut *me*!" yells a woman, early-forties, short hair.

The fierce battle of sharp and razor-like words grows more bitter by the instant. Then, an eerie silence settles over the room, life itself appears to freeze, as a man in an apron emerges from the kitchen with a steaming tray of crab legs.

The onlookers gasp and rejoice, drooling as they look at the steam. The man and woman shove each other so that they can get closer to the crab legs. It's getting nasty.

Officer Johnson just sat down with a plate of food and he's two bites in when he hears the unmistakable sound of plates smashing against the floor and the walls.

Before he can fully turn around he hears a weird metallic racket.

Metal tongs, like the kind you use to flip hot dogs on the grill, only larger. The man and the woman each have a pair of them, and they're jabbing them like swords, lunging at each other.

"I WANT THOSE CRAB LEGS" shouts the woman.

"NO WAY! I'VE BEEN HERE LONGER THAN YOU!" shouts the man.

"THEYRE MINE!!"

"HEY! YOU TOOK WAY TOO MANY!!!"

"I PAID MY \$10.58 LIKE YOU!"

On one side of Officer Johnson, there is the man, Scylla (Silla), the six-headed monster who demands a toll from all passing ships: one sailor for each of its ugly heads. On the other side, the woman, Charybdis (Kar-IB-dis), a quaking whirlpool that does all it

can to rip every passing boat apart into a million tiny pieces of wood in the sea.

The woman swings her tongs harder and faster and lands a blow to the man's head, and by the time Officer Johnson can break up the fight the man has circular cuts on his face from the tongs.

Luckily, Officer Johnson was there to capture them like two swordfish with his handcuffs and take them to jail. The man was charged with disorderly conduct; the woman, third-degree assault. More than likely, they'll have to take an anger management course. Imagine how they'd acted if Meteor Buffet had all-you-can-eat lobster.