

# Trigger, Part 1



**BALKAN - AMERICAN RESTAURANT**  
"Our Speciality": Chopped horse hearts, braised to perfection and served on a bed of rice and chick peas. With or without Balkan sauce. Take Out - Eat Here

Trigger was on a mission. He'd heard tales, horrid ones, of a restaurant in town that catered to a bizarre clique of humans who ate equine flesh. But he simply couldn't believe it. *Who* would eat a horse? Oh sure, they *shoot* horses, but they don't then *eat* 'em! Do they? He was determined to find out. Disguised as a Panamanian fur trader with a dysfunctional thyroid, he strolled slowly down Maple Street. (It was *so* hard not to break into a gallop!) As he approached the restaurant in question, a sickeningly recognizable aroma greeted his huge, sensitive nostrils. It was the smell of death! Someone had been beating a dead horse! The front door of the restaurant was open and Trigger trotted in. A snooty maitre d' appraised him, smiled thinly, and said "An' 'ow many for dinnair zis evening, Monsieur?" Trigger clopped his hoof once. The maitre d' nodded, ticked a box on the seating chart, picked up a menu and gestured to Trigger "Zis whay, s'il vous plait." The ceiling was low and Trigger had to drop to all fours so he wouldn't bump his head. He hoped the maitre d' wouldn't notice how effortlessly he walked that way. Trigger was led to the back of the restaurant to a tiny table next to the kitchen. Here, the stench of dead brethren was overpowering, and he nearly swooned from familial grief. Shakily, Trigger seated himself, barely squeezing his gaskins under the table. The maitre d' continued "Ah 'av taken ze liberty of ordering for Monsieur ze 'ouse special." He snapped his fingers and suddenly a waitress shoved a steaming plate of equine viscera under the horse's nose. The shock was too great. Trigger couldn't hold back. He whinnied plaintively. "As I suspected!" snarled the maitre d'. "You are one of *zem*! Guards!" And abruptly Trigger was surrounded by four burly abattoir attendants, their steel knives glistening in the fluorescent light. To put it mildly, he'd sure had better days.