



them sneaky asians

Written by bubba



“How do you say that, *suey*? Like a pig?”

“*Swai*...It’s actually very tasty...I hear,” the female butcher interrupted. She must have been convincing because the woman had her bag up four filets.

“Ok I guess. It is two dollars cheaper than the other one,” she said nodding at the Tilapia. But I could tell she wasn’t convinced. She watched the butcher move the fish from the ice to the scale, from the scale to the bags. Her head started to scrunch up - her defaults were kicking in. “Is it

raised here?”

“Uh...don’t know. It’s actually a Vietnamese catfish,” the butcher said. Then silence.

“I don’t want it then,” the old woman barked back quickly. “Just give me the regular instead.” (The ‘regular’ being Tilapia.)

While the butcher unloaded one bag and began to fill another, the waiting woman gave me a wry smile. “You just don’t know what’s in the water over there, the way those people live...”

I couldn’t resist.

“Where?”

“Where? Oh I don’t know. Wherever those are from!” she chuckled ... nervously. Then she got her four filets of Tilapia and was on her way, almost.

“You know those fish were first harvested in Africa,” I called out...couldn’t help but dig in a little. “Glad they farm them here now too. Delicious!”

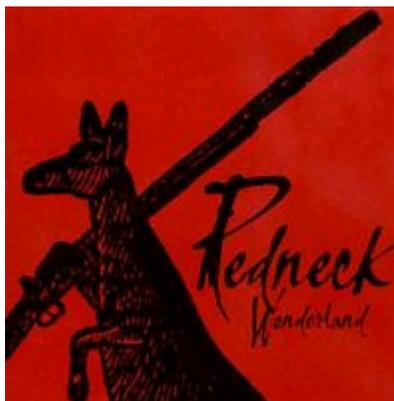
She paused, just for a second though. Was she more afraid of alleged African fish or the stranger? Unsurprisingly, she was more afraid of the stranger, me. She shuffled off with her fish.

While sadness was washing over me the butcher interrupted.

“I don’t blame her. You ever see how they live?” she asked.

“Who?”

“From Vietnam. Those people.”



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