

Ouch! Liver – with Onions – Coming Up, Sir

By Reg Green



Last week I sent the photo above of New Year's Day in our small town near Los Angeles to friends on the frigid East Coast and Europe in the same spirit that the sadistic Captain Black in *Catch-22* greets the news that the air crews under his command will be going on a dangerous bombing run to Bologna. "Oh, boy. I can't wait to see those bastards' faces when they find out they're going to Bologna... Eat your livers, you bastards."

I should have remembered mortals are courting disaster when they boast of power that rightfully belongs to the gods. This morning at six my wife woke me to say everyone in our neighborhood was being mandatorily evacuated because fierce winds were driving a forest fire

straight at it.

An hour or so later we were checking into the local emergency center (below.) As we did, I distinctly heard Vulcan at his heavenly forge jeering, "Bon appétit, smartass."

