

## Anticuchos

By Weeb

Mary was fed up with Bob and was glad he was finally completely out of her life.

With a contented sigh, she placed the fork next to the empty plate and pushed back from the kitchen table. Full, stuffed beyond comprehension, she stared at the empty plate that once contained the freshly made anticuchos. The spice of the three different chilies lingered on her tongue. She smiled and laid a hand across the bloated stomach.

Done, she thought, he's out of my life now.

She felt victorious. Since the breakup, she tried in vain to purge the apartment of any sign of his existence or their failed relationship. Unfortunately, every time she believed he was gone for good, BAM, another little piece of his past appeared. First it was a shirt found in the dirty laundry, then the post office delivered mail addressed to him, common friends begun asking about his whereabouts... it was almost as if he was haunting her. At first, she believed that once people realized he was gone they would leave her alone and stop asking: "Have you seen Bob recently? It's as if he's vanished off the face of the Earth."

"No idea," Mary would respond in a kind, slightly concerned voice. "After the affair that ruined our marriage, I told him to get out and leave me alone. Haven't seen him since."

The final purge came when Mary was cleaning out the freezer section of the refrigerator. Behind a frozen leg of lamb, she found a brown paper bag that contained the one thing he could never truly give her until after the breakup... and that was his heart, which she took herself and through his chest.

Mary belched and then laughed. Like her mother always said: "Nothing beats a good anticuchos. Especially if the heart is fresh and young."

Cow heart, Bob's heart – it all taste like chicken in the end.

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