

# La Cucaracha

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The old man was visiting his son in a distant town. Nearing Father's Day, the son said he'd treat his father to dinner at the old man's favorite place.

At dinner, the first thing to catch the son's eye was oysters on the half shell. Already smelling the delightful aroma in the air of various seafood, they promptly decided to split a dozen oysters for an appetizer. The waiter, a most friendly Jamaican lad, jovially took their order, a Maine Lobster for the son and a whole grilled Sea Bass for the old man.

The oysters arrived with special sauce and were fresh, firm, and mouthwatering good.

The main course came. The son raved about how large the lobster with the giant claws tasted.

The old man, said, "I have never even seen a whole, large fish cooked this way, and upon peeling the spice-sprinkled skin away, there was moist, juicy Sea Bass, the best tasting he could remember.

"I have never had lobster any better, Pops."

The old man agreed about his Sea Bass.

Time for the check. The pleasant waiter came with the ticket, and the son gave him a credit card.

Both the old man and his son were patting their tummies, agreeing there was no room for dessert, nor did they need the calories.

Then, the waiter returned with the card and tickets, and once again, the old man started to say, "This has been..."

The son interrupted, saying that it was a great meal, and during that slight pause, the old man noticed something moving by his right pocket and glanced down. Then he saw a king-size

cockroach jump from his pant leg to the edge of the table cloth and run under the lip of his plate with the fish skeleton on it.

A few ideas flashed through the old man's mind, then he looked up at the waiter as the son had finished speaking and continued.

"As I was saying, this has been a wonderful meal, best I have tasted in recent memory, perfect in every way, except for a small but important thing." As he said those words and eyes were focused on him and the exception he had mentioned, he slid his plate to the left.

Out ran the giant cockroach, across the table towards the son sitting on the other side. Both the waiter and son's eyes enlarged to half-dollar size and the son sprang to his feet shouting, "Oh my God, it's a huge cockroach."

The son jumped back as the roach fell to the floor, and the son backed further away while stomping his foot on the floor. The waiter immediately jumped into the open area and started stomping the floor, attempting to step on the roach.

The old man just sat there, amused at this flurry of activity, and over the hollering, he loudly said, "I hope you haven't killed my pet cockroach. I carry him in his own wooden matchbox. He's a pet," trying to restrain his laughter further.

The old man assumed they had stomped the roach flat and was still laughing at the entire scene.

The son, however, was not laughing. He had just taken his card and tickets when the roach appeared, and he looked at the waiter, tapped on the ticket in his hand and said, "Let's go talk to the manager about this."

The old man, still amused at the entire scene, said not to complain. It was no problem.

His son replied, "No problem? I got a big problem," as he and the waiter started down the aisle and towards the back. The old man wondered what was happening since his son was taking a long time.

Meeting with the manager of the restaurant, the son nodded to the waiter by his side, said, "You tell him," pointing to the manager, "what you just saw at our table."

“Oh yeah, boss, it was bad, it was real bad. As I was handing him the check, a big ole cockroach ran across the food they had just eaten. It was a big old sucker with wings and antenna and everything. It was gross,”

“How do we fix this?” the manager asked.

“You comp it,” was the reply.

“I can’t comp a 100 dollar ticket.”

“Either you comp it or I’ll Yelp-it, the son said.

“Hold on a second, let me make a phone call.” The manager went to call the owner.

When he returned, “The owner said to comp-it, but you’re probably going to Yelp it anyway.”

“No, I won’t Yelp it, and I’m a man of my word.” The son meant what he said.

On the way back to the table the son told the waiter, “Don’t worry, I don’t even know how to Yelp, I just knew it was big in the restaurant business.”

Meanwhile, the old man had been sitting at the table and saw them returning. The son told him the meal was free but needed \$20 cash to tip the waiter since he had none, and the manager reversed the charge. The old man gave him the bill as he stood to leave, the son took it and was about to hand it to the waiter, when just behind the old man where a young couple, recently seated, jumped to their feet.

All focus was on them, as the younger man and woman were hopping and stomping their feet, and the waiter started to run over to his other table.

The son handed him the folded money and said, “Here’s a twenty, appreciate your help, but you have bigger problems,” and the couple behind them continued to do the Mexican Hat Dance, trying to step on La Cucaracha.

*This is a 100% true story*

