

GLUTTONY

Dim Sum, Sin Some

by Ilona Fried

Sam edged closer to Susan. He had insisted on sitting next to her while deciphering the dim sum menu. They had ordered, checking boxes with a stubby pencil, but he hadn't moved across the table. Odd, she thought. It was their second date and she glanced at his shaved head, smooth cheeks, and the line of his jaw that tapered into a goatee. His turquoise sweater brushed her right forearm. She didn't pull away.

The food came fast. Glistening Chinese broccoli spears with satiny leaves, fleshy crepes that quivered when the plate slapped the table, golden crispy shrimp balls and dumplings nestled in a basket. Susan lifted the lid, releasing a spurt of steam.

With her left hand she reached with her chopsticks for a crepe. It nearly slithered away but she quickly guided it onto her dish. She dipped the pancake in a puddle of soy sauce and placed it between her lips. Silky on her tongue, it went down easily. Within seconds, she polished it off.

"Don't eat too much," a friend cautioned her, "if you think you might sleep with him."

Choosing between the pleasures of the kitchen and the bedroom was a heartbreaking dilemma. The former were practically guaranteed. Yet an overstuffed belly inhibited the latter. She again looked at Sam. A broccoli stalk jutted from his mouth as he tried bisecting it with his teeth. He could wait. Rolling up her sleeves, the chopsticks now pincers, she piled her plate and kept eating.