

Apoclyoops in Hamburger Town

by Michael Camarata

It was a hot August day in Hamburger Town – or Heifer House, as we called it in the business – when word came down from above. The local nuclear plant was leaking toxic wastes into a stream, and a nearby farmer's cows was dying off the stuff. We was called to action.

It was the easiest job I'd ever had. Didn't use a gun; or a steal bolt like in the slaughter house. We just sat there in our jeep with our little flat bed rigged to the back and watched. When one of them cows started to wobble, we just drove that flat bed under 'em. They fell right onto it. The farmer didn't mind one bit, seeing as he woulda had to pay for their removal otherwise.

After that, we just carted 'em back to the Hamburger Town slaughter house, bled 'em, ground 'em up and shipped 'em off to the store.

That's how it all began. Soon people was coming from all over the world to try our Nuclear Burgers. It became a delicacy, like that Flue-Glue-Ya those Japanese are so crazy about. No one knowing if the next bite would do 'em in.

Yes sir, nothing like sitting back, munching on a nuclear burger and watching a two-headed calf roping contest.

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