

*PROMPT: “As Their Eyes Met Over The Wonton...”
FROM “Diving Boards...Jump Starts For
Stories...Or...If You See A Man Alone On The Beach
In Mexico, It Means His Wife Is Upstairs, Throwing
Up In The Room”*

SOMEWHERE OVER THE WONTON

By Laurel Shapiro

As their eyes met over the wonton, she knew that this was it. This recipe for Wonton Soup would make a fortune. If only she could convince him to tell her how he made it. He kept saying it was a family secret. No one outside the family ever heard it.

Howie was the last remaining Goldberg. He alone knew the ingredients to Kosher Won Ton Soup. Well she would make the supreme sacrifice. She would accept his proposal of marriage and change her name from Sun Linn to Goldberg. Then she would know the recipe and maybe someday she would ????

No, one step at a time, Marriage First—Mayhem Later.

WANTON WONTON

By Henry Markosian

I gazed longingly into two large brown eyes, a round face with a happy smile. I wanted to know her better. Our conversation touched on family affairs and common interests.

She had received a couple of free tickets to the Morongo Casino, and twisting my arm, asked me to accompany her. Which I did. We gambled together, visited a large factory outlet and won enough money to finance a great buffet lunch.

The day before she had given me a birthday card, which opened with, "To a special friend." Our relationship remains business-like, and aloof. Neither of us wants to be the one to take it to the next step...yet.