





MILK

Most days, Jan and Willem brought packed lunches to work, but this day they felt adventurous. As their office is near the entertainment district of Leidseplein, they sought out a bistro that serves hot fare while avoiding the places with overinflated prices usually reserved for tourists. As consensus is the preferred method of decision-making in the Netherlands, they agree to eat at De Balie, a cafe/restaurant just north of the former church/current locale of live music worship, Paradiso. They choose a table near the front window with the intention of basking in the sun while enjoying tostis and a non-alcoholic beverage.

The waitress arrives casually dilatory and utters the Dutch equivalency of, "Can I get you two anything to drink?" Jan retorts instinctively with confidence and immediacy and tells the pretty, college-aged blond waitress the Dutch equivalency of, "I will have a milk, please." Willem smiles proudly at Jan, looks at the waitress, and says the Dutch equivalency of, "Jan, that is a good choice. You know what? Bring me one of those cold glasses of milk, too." The waitress leaves and allows the gentlemen to peruse the menu. Willem leans towards Jan and whispers the Dutch equivalency of "I love cow milk, Jan. Fucking love it."



CHAPTER 2

"It seems like every time I open my mouth
in this town, I'm telling people something
they don't want to know."

Howard "Bunny" Colvin, "Final Grades", *The Wire*



