

A RUN-ON SENTENCE

By Allen Gary Palmer

This year, I made the right hand turn onto Route 15 much further south than usual, waited my turn in line to cross the Sedgwick-Deer Isle suspension bridge over the Eggemoggin Reach, crossed onto Little Deer Isle, and continued to the end of Route 15 in Stonington Harbor where I made a left hand turn by the church and parked at the Lobster Co-Op, where I was able to catch up with the lady who handed out the lobster bags (like a lobster needs his own special bag), walked to the end of the pier and have one of the boys in rubber pants pull dinner for me out of the sea: 4.22 pounds of crustaceous glory, a real nasty son-of-a-bitch of a lobster, who was ready for his lunch date, so the lobster and I drove home, and I boiled water in my Le Cruet lobster pot, which I packed in my car just in case the lobster pot in the house I rented was not large enough to handle my sea creature/lunch date/multi-meal Critter, and even the old trusty black enameled lobster pot had a difficult time handling this beast, as the lobster had to do a hand stand to fit in, but the lid was able to close tightly on his tuchous, that's backside or tail for those who are no longer conversant in Yiddish, and in about twenty minutes, the lobster was ready for eating, so I pulled him out with my special lobster tongs I also brought from Connecticut just in case, and began devouring my little boiled friend, the larger claw first, carefully picking each morsel of meat from the mitt, and about halfway through the second mitt and claw, called it a night, so I picked the rest of the carcass clean and stored the shell-less meat overnight while I slept off Round One, and in the morning I felt great and the lobster was real easy to break up so I made lobster hash for breakfast, with all the meat (except for the tail), potatoes, carrots, onions, garlic, and peppers—real tasty hash—and after a hike through Scott's Corner, a new healthy appetite, and I made my version of a lobster roll—actually a lobster bagel, the remaining tail meat, a dollop of Miracle Whip, all thrown together onto a toasted jalapeño bagel, and with that the lobster was gone and I needed something else to do.