# Flea Family Fables 1 – Mama takes everyone out to eat

One day, Mama flea from the flea family that lived in the old **Bible** in the **library** of the old pastor who made his living from **selling** Bibles, decided to go out to eat. The flea family all **worked hard** but didn’t often have enough money for a restaurant. Food was scarce and they enjoyed eating **seafood** and **turkey** but **gave up eating lamb** after the pastor sold all his sheep to become a salesman. Sometimes they’d make money by letting **other flea families** stay in their **Apostle** Hostel awhile but only if they knew their Bible and Papa flea would **test** them first.

But now they had enough money to go for a short trip in their flea bus to the city. The bus started out as a something like **Noah’s** ark but then the kids decided it looked better with lots of colors and glued decorative objects, and turned it into an **ungodly** **artsy mess**. They had it parked in the pastor’s back yard which looked like an **atomic bomb** went off, but Mama flea knew how to navigate out to the main road.

The flea family all piled into the bus with a packed lunch that Mama flea, not that great of a cook, had prepared as the journey was a long one and the kids got hungry often. Most of the items weren’t that gourmet but they were fresh. They had a green salad **smeared** with tons of cheap **fish** oil made up of **purslane** and Chinese **lanterns** growing in the yard and garden. The kids would have eaten all the food as soon as they got on the bus, so she had to **lock up** the salads until they were at least half-way there.

Mama flea also packed a sandwich in some old discarded Red **Devil** deviled ham cans the pastor ate every week. She decided that the **chrysanthemums** in the garden tasted like meat and made a pressed **burger** from them. She would have liked meat, but she was so delinquent about **paying for the lamb** she got from the pastor years ago that she can’t ask him anymore. Besides not being a good cook, she wasn’t that good at business. At one time, she even thought about using the hostel as a **brothel**.

Just about a mile from the restaurant, when the whole family was singing flea songs which they **loved** to do, they got a flat. One of the younger fleas quipped, “**Thy** **tire** has burstesth.” They had been doing **good deeds** by doing regular maintenance but ran over someone’s **purse** in the road with something in it that had **severed** the rear tire. They got out only to find that it was a ploy to bring business into a brothel and restaurant called the **Jazzy Belle**. The woman owner came out and proclaimed “**I knew** you were going to stop in!” She talked to them for it **seemed for hours**, but Papa and Mama flea were not enticed and decided to abandon the bus. They told their family to **hold on** to each other and they would hoof it the rest of the way to the restaurant.

Mama flea knew exactly where her restaurant was and got the family there in no time at all. She loved the glamour of **Sardi’s**. You walk in and there are **seven** Hollywood **stars** from the Golden Age of Hollywood above the entrance and many more old pictures on the wall of all the dead movie actors. Some of the waiters even dressed up like them which **make you think that they are still all alive**.

The fleas all sat down and took a menu to see what they wanted to order. The one low-cost item that really took their breath away was a slab of **Philadelphia** cream cheese covered in **turkey**. That was it. They all ordered the same thing. The waiters, all having been there for most of their lives, were so feeble and **weak** that they had to bring orders out one by one. They were **in heaven** when they saw that this fancy restaurant customized each order and had the **Sardi’s** name with New York City under it, and each flea’s **name** **written** on the cream cheese.

For dessert they all ordered a little ice cream and hot coffee. But it was then that Papa flea became irritated with the open windows to the sea. Being **blind** for many years, and slightly embarrassed from him wanting to wear the same old **tattered clothes** even when going out, the other fleas didn’t mind getting up to shut out the noise of the **loud sea**. But there were over a hundred windows in the restaurant. They tried to **pay** the staff to close them, but they refused. So off they went to please Papa flea. By the time they returned, the ice cream had melted, the coffee was **tepid**, and the ice in their water had melted. One flea, used to his hot tea at home, **spit it back out** showing his disgust at the wait staff who then all disappeared. He got “the look” from Mama flea. She had to go up and **knock at the** kitchen **door** to apologize. Not the best ending to a trip but a **victorious** one with all the fleas on the bus ride home talking about who would **sit next to Papa** flea at church the next morning.