

“Oh!”

The meat giggles, letting out a small laugh as the batter begins to cover its body. Lottie pours steadily, getting the batter all over. She always starts by covering the midsection of the meat, then going lower, and finally back up and even higher to the face, sealing the meat’s eyes shut with a mix of uncooked dough and olive oil. Something about not being able to see usually makes ‘em a bit more scared of what’s about to happen. So, by now, she’s done this long enough to know to save that for last.

“She’s pretty happy about this,” says the new guy, looking over all confused as he continues to rotate the skewer. His motions have slowed a bit, too.

“They always are,” is her only reply. She narrows her eyes. “Also, ‘it’, not ‘she’.”

Before he can protest, she barrels on. “Now, make sure you’re rotating that skewer nice and steady. Otherwise, the batter won’t go on evenly.”

“Ack, sorry!” He speeds up, and now his rotations are even once again.

Lottie smiles. “Great, thank you...uh...” Her brows furrow in confusion as she begins to cover the meat’s legs. “What was your name again?”

“It’s—”

“Actually nah, don’t tell me.” She laughs. “If you’re still here in a week, then I’ll be sure to get your name then.”

He opens his mouth to counter this, but then, wisely, decides to say nothing.

“Good choice,” she mutters under her breath, before beginning to cover the top of the meat with batter. As expected, when she pours batter and a bit of extra oil over the meat’s closed eyes, it begins to squirm just a bit. “It’ll be a little wriggly as we finish up here,” Lottie explains to the new guy, quickly pouring the last of the batter, “but it’s all covered now.

“And the finishing touch...” She grins, reaching onto the nearby counter for an apple, placing it daintily in the meat’s mouth. “There we go...!” she proclaims triumphantly, dousing the apple with oil and a sprinkle of spices. “Put it in the frier, and it’ll be ready in, at most, half an hour.”

She turns to the new guy. “You’ll have to keep an eye on it, ok?” She told him this during the new hire initiation, but it *really* bears repeating. “You never really know how much body fat is on meat like this, so it’s *really* important to watch while it cooks, see how close it is to being done.

He nods. “Yep, got it,” he says. Though she definitely saw how his eyes glazed over as she repeated the instructions...

But she doesn’t acknowledge it. Lottie only watches silently as he lifts the skewer up, carrying the meat to the frier. Hopefully he really does “got it”. If he doesn’t, well...!

She licks her lips. Punishing the new hires is always a *fun* time.~