

The Wentworths' yearly get together happened last weekend. They always look forward to it all year long, because even though none of them live within 100 miles of one another, they are all fairly fond of each other. This year, just like every other year, they met at Grandpa Joe and Grandma Marjorie's house. They're both retired, and they both spend most of the year organizing the get together for next year. The only ones invited to the reunion are Joe and Marjorie's children, with not even the children's families being allowed to attend, and nobody quite knows why.

Their house is extremely small, even for just two people, so every year they eat outside at the big picnic table.

"Who do you think will get here first?" Joe asked Marjorie as they both sat down at the table.

"Well Hank I would imagine," she replied in her usual cheery tone. "He's always here first. I mean, shoot, he was even born first." Hank, their oldest child is a rather serious man who works in a major hospital in New York City. His only real job is to dispose of or safely store away the organs of the people who have died in the hospital. He doesn't enjoy his job much, because he feels like he is getting a look at the deceased that even their closest friends and family never did by working with their innards. He doesn't complain about it though, because he is paid well, and somebody has to do it.

"Oh there he is now!" shouted Marjorie excitedly as Hank got out of his black pick-up truck after pulling in onto their lawn carrying a big tray of food. He walked over to his parents with a big smile on his face because, after all, it has been a year since he'd seen them.

"Hello, how are you two?" he asked, hugging them both.

"Oh, we're just delightful," answered Joe. "We're just excited to get our hands on some of your food. Your fried liver is always out of this world."

"Oh, stop, it's nothing special..."

"But of course it is, son. You're a brilliant cook. Remember that one year when your mother forgot the fava beans, and nobody complained because your liver was already so full of flavor? It was magnificent! Why don't you take a --"

“Oh, Joseph, look it’s Samantha walking up here now! Hi, Sammy!” Samantha is the second-born. If there is anyone in the Wentworth family that is less enthusiastic about the reunion every year than the others it’s Samantha. She just doesn’t see the point of driving across the country for a day when they can all just keep in touch using social media all throughout the year. Samantha works as a psychiatrist for mothers with postpartum depression. A method she often uses is having the patients bring in their babies so Samantha can take them off of their hands for a bit. Unfortunately, this method is not always successful, and sometimes she never hears from the mothers again, leaving her no choice but to keep the babies.

Samantha groaned quietly to herself the second she heard Marjorie’s voice. Her mother has always annoyed her even though she is her mother’s favorite. Either way, she said hello back.

“How are all of the children?” Marjorie asked her.

“Oh, they’re wonderful.”

“Yes, I’m sure they are. They are all so adorable in the pictures you sent me. I just want to eat them right up! There are thirteen now, correct?”

“Yup. Well, I mean, there are six *now*.” she chuckled.

“Oh yes, yes, well let me take your lovely plate of food to the table and you can have a seat with your father and brother. Oh, and is that Marty pulling in now?” Marty is Joe and Marjorie’s youngest child. He is an undertaker for the largest cemetery in the state of Maine. He works specifically with bodies that will be featured in closed casket wakes. It was a specialty that he chose for himself because he was always fascinated with how even the most severely damaged bodies looked so peaceful in death.

“Wait, did you say Marty’s here?” called Joe from the table. “You go sit down, and I’ll greet him. You don’t gotta do everyone.”

“Hey, Dad!” yelled Marty as he walked up the lawn to his father. “Sorry I’m kind of late. I tried to leave about an hour earlier but Monica kept making me run errands for her even though she knew I had a three hour drive ahead of me.”

“Oh. Monica. She’s that vegetarian you’ve been seeing, right?” asked Joe in an almost angry voice.

“Yeah, that’s her.”

“You know I don’t want to be having discussions about that sort.”

“I’m sorry, Dad, it was just part of what I was trying to tell you.”

“Whatever. You bring the food?”

“Yeah, it’s right here in my hands. What, are you blind?”

“Nearly. So what’d you bring? Breast, thighs, legs?”

“And tongue.”

“Woah, there, dessert isn’t till later. Come on, let’s go join everyone else.” They both walked over to the table and had a seat after Marty went around and hugged everyone.

“Aw, this always makes me so happy having all my babies back at home with me.” said Marjorie. She grabbed the plate of food that Samantha brought. “Samantha, are these your special world famous mini nuggets? I look forward to these all year.”

“You bet they are.” Samantha answered, a bit embarrassed to be given such a kind compliment in front of everyone. Marjorie took the tin foil off of the plate and took a nugget.

“Dear, why do you make them so small? I wouldn’t mind eating a big, stuffed one.”

“Hey, I work with the meat that’s given to me.”

“Fair enough.” replied Marjorie acceptingly as she ate the whole nugget in one bite.

“Alright, enough chit chat.” said Joe as he stood up from his seat. “I want to say a few words before anyone eats anything else.” Everyone stopped grabbing for food and gave Joe their full attention. “Now I know you all have to go out of your way to make this event so special for everyone each year. I know that you all have to drive super far for just the one day. I know that not all of you feel comfortable taking advantage of your jobs in order to get the food on the table, and that some of you feel like it’s immoral or

something. But I mean, hey, some people gotta eat, Amen.” He was met with a resounding amen from everyone at the table. Their family might have been a little bit unconventional, but they didn’t mind. Why conform to what society deems “appropriate” if that means eating things like fruits and vegetables that grow in the dirty ground, or eating wild animals, because who knows where they’ve been? No, the Wentworths felt comfortable living by one simple principle: You are what you eat.