

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LISA BROWN



MCSWEENEY'S BOOKS

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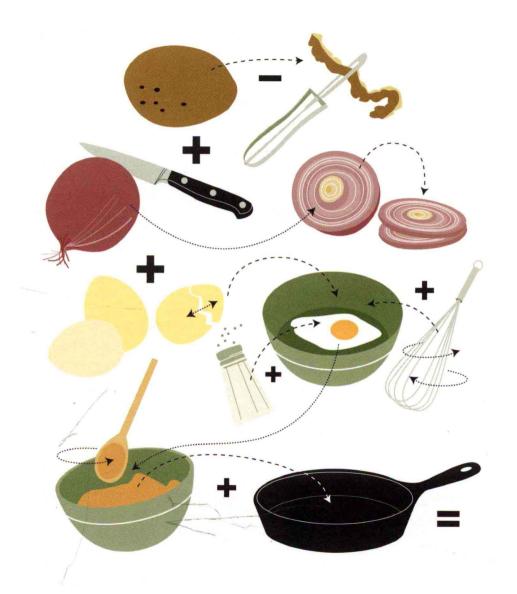
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ISBN: 1-932416-87-0 ISBN-13: 978-1-932416-87-9 HIS STORY ENDS IN SOMEONE'S MOUTH, BUT IT BEGINS in a tiny village more or less covered in snow. The snow had fallen during the long night, during which children had pressed their faces to the windows looking for a glimpse of a man who they suspected of bringing them wonderful gifts, but instead they heard a terrible noise from a certain cottage in the neighboring arrondissement, a word which here means "place where something was being born."



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THIS COTTAGE was already regarded with some suspicion, as it was the only place not decorated with flashing colored lights at this time of year.



THE THING that was being born was a latke, a word which here means "potato pancake." Latkes are a traditional part of the celebration of Hanukah, a holiday commemorating a miraculous Jewish military victory. Nearly everything in this world is born screaming, and the latke was no exception, even though the latke wasn't conceived and born the way you and I were conceived and born, but instead was fashioned from grated potatoes, chopped onion, beaten eggs, and a dash or two of salt. Once these ingredients were properly mixed, the latke was slapped into a pan full of olive oil heated to a very high temperature, and this is when it began to scream.



"АААННННННН!!!"



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"AAAHHHHHHH!!!"





THE LATKE was suffering so much that it leapt out of the hot pan and out the window of the cottage, and began to run screaming down the boulevard.



LEMONY SNICKET OF THE LATKE WHO COULDN'T STOP SCREAMING

"AAAHHHHHHH!!!"



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