

Hot Dog Hot Dog

by S. Asher Sund

A man on the sidewalk dressed as a hot dog hits a triangle dinner bell with a clang and yells for everyone to come and eat at Hot Dog Hot Dog. We were feeling more like fish and chips or spicy pulled pork, but there's something about how he says it a second time, and for how he's dressed as a giant hot dog, that makes us feel sorry for him.

When we step into Hot Dog Hot Dog, I ask the girl behind the till why the two names? She says that she doesn't understand my question.

I say, "Why Hot Dog *Hot Dog*?"

Again she says that she doesn't understand the question as another girl in a matching ponytail steps out from the back.

"Are you two sisters?" I say.

"Twins, actually," they say, in unison, and laugh.

"Really? So are we."

They nod and smile sadly, for some reason, and I ask them what's good here to eat.

The first girl runs through a list of dogs, spicy and otherwise.

I say that I'm sorry, but I wasn't listening, to see if she might go through the list again. But her sister hands me a menu and then another one, for my Siamese brother, off of which I order two turkey sandwiches, just to be funny, or ironic, or different. Which of course I ain't (which of course I ain't).

