

Baby Carrot

by Steven J. Kolbe

In my choppings, I come across a tiny carrot amidst the baby carrots. The runt if you will.

Automatically, I roll it toward me to cut it julienne for my wife's lunchtime salad, but then, conscientiously, I halt. Over years of cooking, I've handled innumerable vegetables, full-sized and baby-sized, but never have I seen one so vulnerable.

"This," I think to myself, "Must be what vegans feel when they see a calf with no dancing room." I think to myself, "This is what the Christians must feel when they see a fetus with no living womb."

Then I put aside my emotional nature and cut it julienne.

