

## Undecided voters

To put them in perspective,  
I think of being on an airplane.  
The flight attendant comes down  
the aisle with her food cart and,  
eventually, parks it beside my seat.  
"Can I interest you in the chicken?"  
she asks. "Or would you prefer  
the platter of shit with bits  
of broken glass in it?"

To be undecided in this election is to  
pause for a moment and then ask  
how the chicken is cooked.

**David Sedaris,**  
**New Yorker, October 27, 2008**