

An excerpt from Tyler Sheldon's *Reevaluating Expectations: Buying Shrimp When You're Midwestern*

When I opened my apartment door this past Independence Day after an unusually loud knock roused me from reading, I didn't know what to expect. Here in Old South Baton Rouge, a storied neighborhood but one to which, for example, many pizza joints won't dare deliver, a knock on the door usually comes with someone interesting on the other side...

After unlocking the iron bars on our front door, which are standard issue for many apartments in my neighborhood, I followed the younger man out to the street, bemused—I saw no truck, no guy with a cooler. When he yelled, "Hey! Hey, over here, man!" I looked up to see...