

# Food Magazine Centennially

Edition 5 out of 5 so far

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# Chick-Fil-A Review

All other restaurants but Chick-Fil-A should be closed. Trust me. What I mean by this is that Chick-Fil-A is a *great* restaurant who knows what it's doing, with succulent chicken, tasty fries, delicious drinks, and more delicacies. As soon as you walk in, the restaurant smells great, and it smells even better when there's flavorsome food right in front of you! When I went there recently, I had my usual of an umami 12 piece chicken nuggets, a delectable large fries, and a sweet fruit punch. (The fries were ordered with no salt, and they came out just like that.) The meal was *amazing*! The chicken was scrumptious and juicy, just as expected, the appetizing waffle fries were great with the savory-sweet ketchup, some were crispier and crunchier than other softer and more delicate ones, and the fruit punch a perfect sweetness. The seating was pleasant, and the tables were *pristine*, except for a few minor crumbs, but the tables get wiped off often, so it's not too big of a deal. There are over 2,200 Chick-Fil-A's in the United States, so it should be relatively easy to find one of these masterpieces. It is open 6 out of 7 days a week, closed on Sunday, so make sure to go on Monday through Saturday! They speed through refilling, and you don't even have to do it yourself. They speed through taking orders as well, so be ready to order when you come in! The bathrooms are kept clean 24/6. (I've never seen a dirty Chick-Fil-A bathroom.) I will repeat it again, since you should remember this, all of the food is amazing. The chicken, a light brown and savory, the fries, a tan color and mildly sweet, and the fruit punch, cold, sweet and red. All in all, Chick-Fil-A is the best fast food restaurant out there! I give it  $\infty$  out of 10!



# “Dear Editor” Letter and Response

Dear Editor,

I think you could not eat worse foods, but you seem to think that what you eat is amazing. I simply *can't* believe that you would eat a chicken sandwich at Burger King, while a Whopper is *obviously* better for anyone in their right mind. There is no reason for you to eat this literal garbage, and I can help you in a therapy session for your imminent PTSD if you would like. Moving on, what you eat at Arby's is completely horrible. *Chicken?* How could you *do* such a thing? Obviously, gyros are better! And don't even get me started on the pronunciation some people use for it. What's a (gī-rō)? All I know of is a (hē-rō)! Why can't anyone get it right? We may never know... Now let's talk about your favored restaurant, McDonald's. What a stereotypical bandwagon. Everyone knows that Wendy's is the best restaurant, but for some reason, you seem to be unaware of this amazement of red and white. You haven't even done a single article on it, so are you ignoring the facts or just shunning it? Your prejudice will not go over well for you, as Wendy's is slowly but surely overcoming the tyranny of the Dual Arches.

Sincerely annoyed in every way,

R. Estron T'critek

Dear Reader,

I hear your complaints on the front of my eating choices, but do you not accept the fact that people can make their own choices on what is edible and what is not? Surely you must agree that vegetarians should eat their preferred food, and that sole carnivores in the wilderness should hunt their prey, but they only care what they eat. It is entirely unnecessary for them to care what other creatures in the wilderness eat, unless it would be a predator of theirs. So is it truly necessary that you must complain about others' choices, and less about your own? And with pronunciation, how many times a day do people pronounce your name wrong? It must be many, because I need clarification from my colleagues when I talk to them about your letter. Now, why must you hate the McDonald's franchise for, as far as I can tell, the sole reason of because there are a lot of them? It seems extremely unnecessary to expend so much energy and thinking on this simple matter of picking a favorite restaurant. I respect your decision to enjoy Wendy's as much as possible, but did you not consider that I enjoy McDonald's to the fullest extent? And that anyone can enjoy any restaurant to the fullest extent that they wish? I do support your belief that Wendy's will take over the fast food industry, but I also agree that it will take a long, long time. As much as I enjoy Wendy's, I know that there are some people who just can't stand it. Thank you for your comments, and please take into consideration my arguments, as I have considered yours.

Sincerely,

E. DiTorr, Editor.

# Short Story about Moderation of Food Consumption

Chris Foolatofod was a person. A person with a strong desire. A strong desire to eat. Eat as in overeat. Overeat as in really overeat. It wasn't good. The juicy burgers were not enough. All the grilled meat, all the horrible junk food. It just couldn't satisfy him. Here's his story now, beginning when he was twenty years old, on the fifth of November, in the year 2016. Chris walked into the local McDonald's in the new town he just moved into, Carston, IL, and asked the cashier, "When do you close?" He wasn't the smartest person in town.

The cashier looked confused, and said to Chris, "Um, sir, we're a twenty-four-hour business."

Chris, a little ticked off, said, "Oh. Well then, I'll take twenty burgers." He then ate the burgers.

A few days later, when he was used to the place, he was staring in awe at the framed picture of the Annual Carston Burger Eating Contest Champion, Markus Andrews. He finally snapped out of his gaze, and said to the person next to him, "See that guy? I'm going to have my picture next to his." The person sitting next to Chris looked confused, as he was dropping in on Carston to visit family, and he was hungry, so he came here.

Chris decided to eat and eat in practice for the burger-eating competition that was to be held on the first of December. He scarfed down succulent sausages. He overate on oysters. He baked bread products, the ate them in a flash. He couldn't help himself. He wanted to be like Markus Andrews, the burger-eating champion of Carston. He started to eat more and more. The McDonald's he went to got fancier and fancier. It was able to support him all he liked, as long as he kept eating there. He eventually started noticing that he felt more tired and exasperated, and wondered why. "Oh well," he thought, "it will all be worth it when I win." He was what we call wrong. He started noticing that he could not see his feet, and became confused as to why. He wasn't noticing the correlation between him eating all the food and him getting negative side effects, so he kept on eating and eating.

One day, after he ate his daily breakfast of about ten burgers, he received a phone call. It was his friend Odof Ytlhaeh. He was telling Chris that he needed to stop eating or serious consequences would happen. Chris idiotically ignored what Odof was saying. He would have worse consequences than he could have imagined. But he did have an atrocious imagination. He decided to gobble down more meat sandwiched inside of bread, condiments, and vegetables for a long time, and he became wary of Odof's warning. He finally realized that his tiredness and overweightness was caused by the excessive eating, but he didn't care. He was getting better and better at eating, and the McDonald's was getting fancier and fancier. Specifically, it became the best on Earth, because when you ordered a cheeseburger, the cheese actually filled up the entire space, instead of being  $\frac{1}{2}$  the size of the space allotted. Although while the McDonald's was getting more and more extravagant, Chris Foolatofod was getting more and more broke. He started to

value burgers more than interactions with real people. He decided to keep going, with the thought still in his head, “I will be like Markus Andrews! He wouldn’t give up!”

Chris Foolatofod decided to (you guessed it) continue eating. On the twenty-fourth of November, he had a realization. He realized that he became an enemy to a lot of people, and he also realized that this was a bad thing. He thought to himself, “What have I done? Who have I become? Why should I be like Markus Andrews when I can be like Chris Foolatofod?” He decided to work on *not* eating as much crap as possible. (Editor’s note: crap is being used as a synonym for junk food.) He started going to the local gym and working out, and because he was so dedicated, he was able to lose about 100 pounds before the competition.

On the first of December, he did compete, but he lost by a wide margin, to none other than Markus Andrews. Chris was, no doubt, disappointed, but he was also proud of himself, because he lost a lot of weight, and still didn’t finish in last place in the competition. His friend Odof was also proud of Chris because of the same reasons, and also because he and Chris started to socialize more. Chris decided that the competition was a success, and he went to sleep happy that night.

On the third, two days after the competition, he got a call. It was from Odof. He said, “Hey Chris, you should come to the McDonald’s! Trust me.”

Chris, confused, jogged to the McDonald’s and was surprised to see a picture of himself next to Markus Andrews. It wasn’t what he was expecting, though. It was framed in a beveled, golden frame and it had etched on the wall under it: “Healthiest competitor to ever compete in the Annual Carston Burger Eating Contest.”

# How To: Make a Box of Fries

The Box of Fries. A classic staple of fast food. It is simple in construction, but very useful in that it can be used to hold many numerous types of food items (especially fries!), but also other items like cards, if you need it to. The construction of the Box is very simple, using only cardboard, a box cutter or scissors (I used a Stanley box cutter), and some tape (I used Duck brand masking tape).

So to start, I got a rectangular piece of cardboard. The size doesn't matter that much as long as one side is a little bit longer than the other side. Then cut off two bars on either side of the short side, each about  $\frac{1}{6}$  the length of the cardboard. Then cut off a bar from the bottom of the sheet of cardboard about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the height upwards, and tape it onto the bottom so that it faces outward, perpendicular to the back sheet. After that, cut off a part from the top of the back about  $\frac{1}{5}$  to  $\frac{1}{6}$  of the way down, and tape it to the part sticking out, so that it's parallel to the back sheet. Then take the two bars you cut off at the start and tape them to the sides, so they make "walls." When you're done with that, just cut off any extra cardboard and you're done! If you want, you can serve fries or other food in the Box, and if you don't ~~have food~~ want to serve food, then you can put possessions in it!



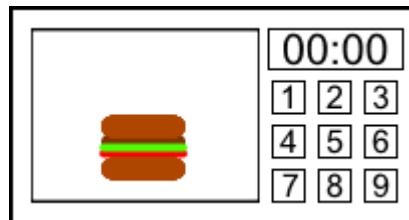
So there you have it. Your very own Fries Box! It went very quickly for me, and I hope it does for you too. I suggest you use thicker and stronger cardboard, compared to thinner and flimsier cardboard. If you want, you could also decorate it, through the use of paper or other decoration objects. And finally, you can use plastic wrap, card stock, or something else to preserve it through food, fries especially (because of the grease), and other hazards.

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# Interview

I once interviewed my grandma about her job at a Burger King in West Palm Beach, Florida. It was a fun interview where I learned about how she enjoyed her co-workers and her job in general, a bit about her social life, and her retirement period. Here's an overview of the interview with some details.

My grandma, Linda Siegel, during the course of her occupation as head cashier gave some free food to a deaf woman who came in as an act of kindness. Sometimes the woman would mouth "burger" or "fries, no salt," then Linda told the cooks to make that for her. Linda is very nice all-around and I she told me that she and her co-workers did a lot of that—helping people out.

Linda got her job at Burger King in 2000, when she was 60. She lived in an apartment, and her husband, Jack, was living at Century Village, a nursing home near where she lived, both living in south Florida. Near her, there was a Burger King (obviously), a Bob Evan's, and a Friendly's.

She really enjoyed working at Burger King, and really enjoyed her co-workers and friends who dropped in every so often.

When she was working there, she was able to bring free food home every (work) day. Some of her favorite items to take home were a chicken sandwich and a chocolate shake. She wishes she could still eat those, but her doctor doesn't allow her to eat sodium-high products anymore due to health reasons.

She emphasized how they tried as hard as they could to not get the orders wrong. She also emphasized how the employees would have to make it right if they got an order wrong, as in they would make it again, but (hopefully) remake it correctly.

On weekends, sometimes one of the people who worked there told Linda about jail stories. Pretty new stories, I might add, because she was in jail during the week! Another of Linda's co-workers, Lou, sometimes invited her and another friend to his house to hang out. On 9/11, Linda and he once talked about the Twin Towers being destroyed, and they were saying that it was just science fiction. She told me about how she enjoyed working there with her co-workers.

She also told about the uniforms that the workers wore, the red shirt with the Burger King logo stitched on and black pants, which are about the same as now.

In 2005, when she was 65, she retired from her West Palm Beach Burger King job, and in 2010, she moved to Brownsburg, Indiana, where she's currently living. She currently enjoys taking walks, vacationing, sometimes driving to stores near her, playing bingo, and getting visits from family.

All in all, it was a great interview. I learned a lot about her occupation at Burger King, and about her life in West Palm Beach. As well, I learned about her social life, and what she enjoyed eating. In addition, I enjoyed hearing about her retirement and friends and co-workers.



# Poetry about Burgers

Cinquain about burgers:

Burgers

Amazing food

Soft, fluffy, feels to touch

Savory-sweet flavorful taste

Best

---

Acrostic about burgers:

Brown

Umami

Round

Great to

Eat

Rectangular hitbox

Succulent



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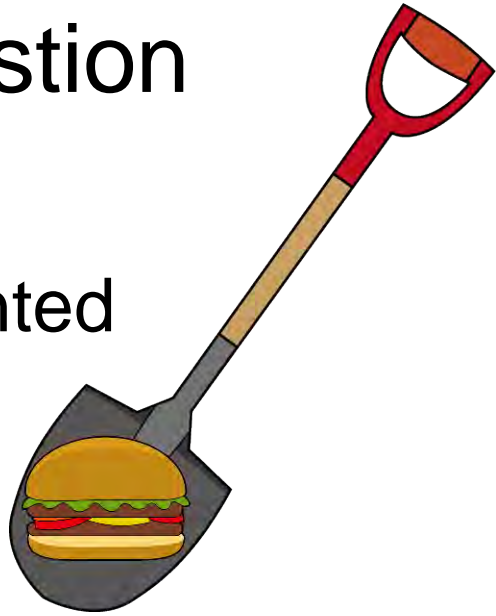
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