

Culinarianism

Cover story 2019-2020

Mason Taylor And The Culinary Appetite

“Mason time for lunch!” Mason shoved his bible into his backpack and sprinted down the stairs and slide over to his mom. He knew that lunch wasn’t ready but he was called to help make the meal since he was the best cook in the house. The warm Sunday air was blowing through the house and with the late summer smells he started to hum. The knife sliced through juicy tomatoes and lettuce, he put both on a piece of bread criss crossed some bacon and spread some mayo, and bam a perfect BLT. He did this several times until there was a sufficient amount of sandwiches. “Guys they are ready” he called. He could hear minor thumps coming down the stairs. The next minute he walked out to the dining room filled with 4 other people. They all sat down to eat, “when is Dad getting back from his trip?” inquired Mason. He had to stay ‘til tuesday. There was a collective sigh around the table. Though this was expected, it was still disappointing. The meal after that was eaten in silence except for the compliments Mason received for his cooking. When he was finished, he told his mom he was going up the stairs to his room and disappeared there for the rest of the day watching YouTube, and thinking about his impending doom the next day when summer vacation ended.

The next day he woke up at 6:45am and groaned he knew what was in store for him today and it wasn’t pretty, he was looking forward to culinary class though. He got up and got ready, he shuffled down the stairs and quickly ate one of the left over BLT’s in the fridge. He looked at the clock to make sure he had time and it was only 7:15 so he finished his sandwich and walked out the door he had gone for about 5 minutes when he realized he had forgotten his backpack! He ran back home and shoved all of his books into the bag and sprinted all over the house trying to find his “1 million years of physics” textbook when he finally found it under his bed it was 7:45 and he was going to be late. He shoved his book into his backpack, slung it over his shoulders and dashed all the way to school and got there just after the bell rang. He got lots of “heys” and “wazzups” but he kept on running when he got to class he was to only one who wasn’t seated. Mr. Boranny looked straight at him and said midway through his sentence “and this is demonstrated through...” he looked around the room. “The tardiness of Mr. Taylor”. The whole class snickered but waited for what Mr. Boranny would say next. “Why were you not here on time Mr. Taylor?” the whole class held its breath for Mason had a reputation for outbursts soon after comments like these. Mason was looking down, as he murmured “if I cared then i would be here bright and early every day like all of these dweebs” “can you say thats a little louder Mr. Taylor ”. He

repeated in a yell “ IF I CARED THEN I WOULD BE HERE BRIGHT AND EARLY LIKE ALL OF THESE DWEEBS!” “actually Mr. taylor Mr. Williams arrived here only 2 minutes ago and he received only half of what you will” he said this in his annoyingly calm at all times voice “you will receive 4 days detension, now please sit down you are costing me and your fellow students valuable time” he sat down with fury pulsing through his veins. The rest of the day was horrible, until culinary class he was walking to the best class of the day (though with the worst name) high school cooking class. He was about to walk into the new relocated classroom when, for the first time all day he saw his girlfriend Marissa Knox she was the most Beautiful junior in the whole school. They exchanged quick hugs, and words about their day and walked into class together feeling great. They were making, as the advanced class Creme brulee, this took all of class to do and they still had some work left to do so they covered what they had with plastic wrap and would finnish it the next day. He was Marissa walked out of class together and Mason told her about his detention. Marissa sighed “ you know if you want to go to the school you want to then you will have to be much more careful with your temper” “Mason nodded his head and said “ yah i guess, but for now there's nothing I can do but wait this one out” she let out another sigh and said “ well bye, ill see you later” they hugged, the Marissa left and Mason went to the principal's office, he did some school work while he was there but when the principals watch striked 4:30 he left in scilence.

When he got home he ask his mother the same question as always “how was your day?”

Then “ any news from any of the schools?” and as usual he was disappointed when he got the answer. “ not that i know” then she added. “But honey you know that even if there was we just don't have the money” Mason stormed off. Under his breath he was muttering “well then make more!” he studied for a while came down for a dinner he wasn’t making, then went back up stairs to watch YouTube. He was halfway through a dude perfect video, and was still resenting his mom because of their talk earlier and was thinking of how to make more money other than his job a Taco Bell when his sister Julia came into the room asking for help with her mathwork. Mason thought about this for a minute and then said “no I am busy” “busy watching that stupid dude perfect” she muted under her breath “ so what if I am” hi anger was rising “and its not stupid, but you tinny little brain can’t understand” “My brain is larger than yours” “just get out of my room julia” “fine” Julia walked out of the room and Mason was feeling worse than ever. He turned off his phone and tried to go to

sleep but he couldn't finally he got hungry and went down stairs at 2am, but heard voices in his parents room he was curious but was more hungry. So he went into the fridge and got out some pudding. He started to eat it when he heard crying from his parents room. He finished his pudding and soundlessly crept as close as he dared to the open door. "I don't know what to do" sobbed his mother's voice "this is his passion but we just don't have the money" Mason was shocked and his eyes watered but he kept listening. "He just so moody lately" then a new voice started talking, the voice of his father "I know he will get in but we just don't have the money" then all of the sudden his Mom stopped sobbing, and said with newly found confidence "I will start to work. I will support his dreams, love can do that much can't it? Tear trickled down Masons face. Before he had thought that his Mom and Dad were just being greedy but now he understood. He rushed upstairs not wanting to hear more. He lay in bed for a long time that night but finally fell asleep around 4 AM.

The next day he got up, got ready and ate breakfast quickly. He got to school 30 min before it started and was surprised to find that Mr. Borranny was already there and the teacher was surprised to see any student here so early. "Hello Mr Borranny, is there anything i can do to help set up the classroom? Mr. Borranny was so surprised that he fell off his chair. He thought to himself "what has come over the boy" then he said out loud "yes can you clean the chalkboard ?" "yes sir" he cleaned the chalkboard. After that he did various jobs for the teacher and soon class started. The day went by quickly, and when he got to culinary class and finished his creme brulee he posted a pic of it on instagram. He went to detention but the was over quickly too. When he walked through the door there was a very loud BANG! He looked around for a moment and then several family and friends popped out of their hiding places, He soon learned that me had been sent a 3 quarter scholarship to his choice culinary school. The rest of the party went by quickly much like the rest of the day he went to bed with a smile on his face. He was woken up up by his little sister. "Can you help my with this?" "sure how can I help?" he helped her through the math problem and when she was about to leave she called behind her "thanks bro".

The End

Story By: Arron White

The Restaurant

There once was a man strait out of school
He wanted to celebrate
He'd heard of a place to get some great food
So he went to see how it'd taste

Se made a reservation for one
Because he didn't have a girl
He'd have to wait so-so-so long
So long it made his hair curl

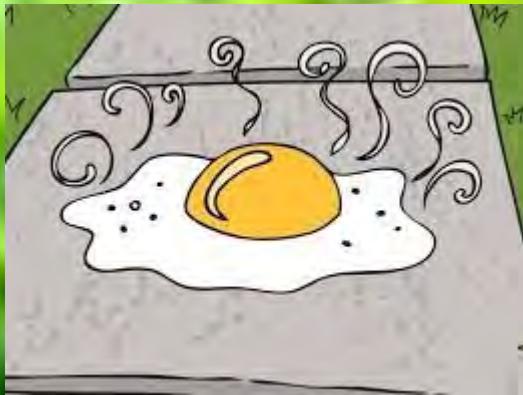
He waited what seemed like forever
He almost wanted to cry
Then he got a letter saying he could
Finally come inside

He walked to the restaurant with high hopes
He sat down and ordered the thing he'd have to pay the most
Waiting again for food to come the waitress cam and asked
If he was like some breadsticks of some toast

He said he would like some bread-sticks
He munched on a few hungerily
It seemed like hours and hours before
The food he would finally see

The most expensive food then came
With no more adieu it came
It was the most expensive food he'd had
But he hurled it up all the same!

Broke your fried egg again?



I have your solution!

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You'll never have to flip an egg
again or master flipping it in the pan.

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How to plant an herb garden

Are you tired of having to drive to the store every time you run out of herbs for your latest concoction? Well I just might have a solution. It's simple, easy, costs virtually nothing, and only takes 20 min of working! Just follow these simple instructions and you'll have your very own herb garden in no time!

First pick a spot in your yard that has fertile soil or buy 3 flower pots about 8in in diameter. Next prepare the soil by loosening it until it is the consistency of kinetic sand. Dig planting holes about the width of your finger and about 3 inches deep and about 18 in apart (make sure not to make the holes too deep or shallow or your seed won't grow). Add 2-3 seeds to each hole the more you add the more likely each hole will grow out. Label herbs. Water regularly(make sure you don't add too much water or your seeds will drown and it will ruin the whole project). Wait until the herbs are big enough to harvest (this will usually take about 2 weeks). Harvest your herbs with scissors or garden trimmers. Be free to cook your tastebuds to heaven!

A page of poetry

Chipotle

What am I wrapped in silver
On the inside I make your tongue quiver

Only in the wrong state of mind
Would you ever leave me behind

I am the burrito you always
It sometimes even come to haunt

If you thought I was ever called poison
You were right, It made a lot of noisen

I am chipotle still so tasty
So come on in and don't be hasty

Acrostics

Calamari

C runchy
A romantic
L uxurious
A we inspiring
Magically delicious
A ppitizer
R ecipy

IN-N-Out

I ntelligently flavored
N ot dietary
-
N ative only to America
-
O utstanding
U nder rated
T asty

Haiku

burger on table dog
jumps on the high table
dog licking his lips

Sizzling juicy steak
Flipped onto the large plate
Now I get to eat

Restaurant Review

Food! It's all over the world. From France to Italy, from China to America, And of course there are good restaurants for all of these but right now I'm focusing on one french place in downtown escondido. OMG the food there was like a little taste of heaven the staff was good to.

This restaurant is a family owned business. I went there with my sister, Lauren and her friend. And boy was the food good, it was like eating ambrosia from Percy Jackson, or like putting my taste buds in daycare. I ate a chicken pasta thing. I was stunned, it was so good my tongue rejected anything for the next two days while it was getting used to mortal food again! For dessert we ordered vanilla ice cream and an apple pie thing, and I know what you are thinking that's just and ordinary dessert but no, once more my taste buds were enduring enough tastiness to power a rocket ship! While our taste buds were being bombarded (and half melted) by the chef, there was a large family sitting across from us and even the children were being hypnotized by the chef, they were completely silent (much to our added pleasure) contently munching on their food. But all of this had an unexpected turn the meal cost (wait for it) drum roll please over \$250 for the three of us.



A letter from you

Dear Martha,

Recently I have been thinking about opening a french restaurant. I live in las angeles in A pretty nice part of town. But I don't know where to start. I know there are several ways to start a restaurant but I don't know which is the best. If you would send your reply as soon as possible that would be much appreciated

With many thanks,

Jefferind Gaute

Dear Mr Gaute

Thank you for a question that made me think for a long time. As for the answer , there is no one thing you should start with.But I say that there is a list of things you should have before you start a restaurant. First you need a good plan for how your restaurant is going to run. How much each employee is going to be paid, How many employees you are going to have, What kind of restaurant is going to be (formal, informal, semi-formal, walk-in, drive-thru). But the most important thing is location you need to find a good location before anything else.

With respect,
Martha Churchil

Thanks for reading!