The cover features a scenic landscape with a mountain peak in the background, a river flowing through a forested area in the middle ground, and a close-up of water with rocks in the foreground. The text is overlaid on semi-transparent grey bands.

Beyond Potatoes

An Idaho Lifestyle Magazine

Street Eats to Wild Stories!

2022

Summer Issue

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Tin Roof Tacos

Every time I imagine it, my mouth fills with saliva! The crunch, the taste, the experience! *The* taco restaurant!

Tin Roof Tacos can be found in Meridian, Boise, and Nampa, Idaho, and is one of my favorite Mexican taco restaurants. What sets Tin Roof apart from the rest of the taco places is that Tin Roof



Tacos sell authentic street tacos! The tacos Tin Roof make are small and almost the same as the authentic street tacos you can find in Mexico, but the quality is much higher. For my Interview, I went to Tin Roof Tacos in Meridian.

As I entered, the experience hit me in the face with smell of taco. I could sit outside or under the tin roof. I chose to sit inside. I could see the employees

filling the tortillas with meat and lettuce with care. Behind the glass wall was a machine that flipped and warmed the tortillas.

It was my turn in line but all of Tin

Roof's taco options overwhelmed me. There was Texican, an Americanized taco with a good amount of cheese. Then there was Fried Chicken. It had (of course) fried chicken and had a tiny spicy hint. I

couldn't decide between the two. That's why I took both. I'm glad I did. Both tacos fit the description; *delicious!*

When I was done eating, I realized that Tin Roof sold churros and sopapillas! I had to get one. I then got a sopapilla and took a bite. I was surprised to see how fresh and sugary it was. It wasn't even too sweet! Tin Roof wasn't talented at just making tacos.

The Perfect Camping Treat

When you think of Idaho, what comes to mind? Most people (the people who don't live in Idaho) think of our famous tuber, the Idaho potato. However, I need you to dig deeper into your mind. Now, only a few of you (the people who live in Idaho) will say Idaho wilderness is the first that came to mind. Now, what do



you do in the wilderness? You go camping. And what does camping need? It needs those chocolate, gooey, sweet bombs of deliciousness: s'mores! However, s'mores depend on the constancy of the marshmallow. If the marshmallow isn't perfectly cooked, the

entire dessert is flawed and must be thrown away. Here is the perfect recipe



for these delicious treats.

Step one: Grab a marshmallow and stab it entirely through the stick. (When the marshmallow is fully impaled, the 'mallow collapses and loses its shape, making it easier to eat and gooier).

Step two: Rotate the marshmallow evenly over a blazing fire, and make sure to cook all the sides. The bigger the fire, faster it cooks.

Step three: Cook it nice and even until it turns into that brownish golden color. (If it catches on fire that's

fine, just blow it out quickly. In my opinion, let the entire thing catch fire. It tastes better to me charred).

Step four: Gently slide the ‘mallow off the stick and onto a square slab of chocolate atop a gram cracker. (I recommend using Hershey’s chocolate; it is easier to divide and it tastes creamier).

Step five: Place a gram cracker on top of the marshmallow and put light pressure on the top and bottom. (Doing this makes the marshmallow ooze and melt into the chocolate).

Step 6: Take a bite and savor it! (You should *always* savor it).

Camping wouldn’t be complete without a good smore. It is very difficult to give it that brown color and not burn it, but keep practicing. (. Remember to keep on camping. It gives you an excuse to eat some-more.



Fun Fact!

Did you know the largest s'more in the world weighed 343 pounds?

The Unpredictable Grizzly

It is August 2021 in Glacier National Park, Montana, and Idaho native Josh Ren is about to experience something unforgettable.



While journeying through the wilderness alone, the experienced hiker comes face to face with a grizzly and lives to tell the tale.

Josh grew up in the wild. He often discovered animal tracks and also spoke to the animals. He had seen coyotes and black bears in the distance a few times.

Once he was even circled by a pack of wolves. But never had he experienced a grizzly before, let alone one only ten yards away.

Hiking through the wilderness of Glacier National Park, Josh was off the main road and on one of the small, separate trails. While he was trekking through the brush, fallen leaves crunching underfoot, an enormous animal leaped out before him. Wearing a brown and shaggy coat, a dished face, rounded ears, and large humped shoulders, was a grizzly.

The grizzly is one of the most dangerous species. Large males can weigh up to 600 pounds, and large

females can weigh up to 400 pounds. Josh said this bear must have been young because he looked to be “only” 300 pounds. He immediately thought to himself, *I need to make myself look big and scary*. So, he slowly walked backward, frantically waving his arms while yelling at it. “Come on, bear! Move it!” But every step he took, the

bear matched. Same pace, same speed. It was only 10 yards away, and slowly closing in. *Oh, no. It isn't scared of me,*



Josh knew. While slowly backing up, he ripped out the bear spray from his backpack, and pointed it at the bear. However, he never fired it. His firearm was buried in his pack, but that was no use to him now.

The bear was about to charge. Josh clenched his teeth. Sweat dripping

down his brow, Josh still slowly retreated. The bear lunged but didn't touch him. It was a bluff. *This, is it,* thought Josh, *Next time won't be a bluff*. Out of equal parts determination and desperation, Josh faked a (Glacier National Park)

charge at the bear. It stopped walking. Then, very slowly, the grizzly decided he had better

things to do, and sauntered into the wilderness. Josh resumed his hike, frequently looking over his shoulder to see if the bear had changed its mind. Josh was very lucky that the bear was young. If it wasn't, the outcome could have been completely different.

Brian Pearson, a wildlife expert with Idaho Fish & Game, says that

grizzlies are unpredictable. For brown bears and mountain lions, Pearson says you should back away slowly while maintaining eye contact and try to make yourself big and scary. If you are attacked, Pearson recommends different techniques depending on the attacker.

For brown bears and mountain lions, play dead and cover your neck. But for grizzlies and black bears, fight back or risk dying while playing dead. “And generally,” he adds, “For any predator who might attack you, bear spray is the best weapon.” Bear spray or no bear spray, Josh Ren is truly fortunate to tell the story of this incredible encounter.



Fun Fact!

Did you know
“Pizzly bears”
and
“Grolar bears”
are hybrids between
Polar bears
and
Grizzly bears?

Lost in the Woods

-by Elijah Briggs

The sticks and stones that covered the dirt crunched underneath his boots. He stayed low to the ground, running to a tree, pausing, then running to the next. From point of concealment, to point of concealment. A rifle was slung on his shoulder and a dagger was attached to his belt. His combat uniform blended into the dark woods. His next victim: the man sitting on a log by a campfire. His rifle was down in the dirt.

A horrible mistake.

Someone called his name, but he was so close. He held the dagger and slowly walked towards the unsuspecting man. His name was called again but he

ignored it. Before he could get the kill, the world was sucked into a whirlpool of black.

“Nooo! I was so close to beating my record!” Jeff whined.

He took off his headphones and looked up into the eyes of his impatient mother, who held a power cord in one hand.

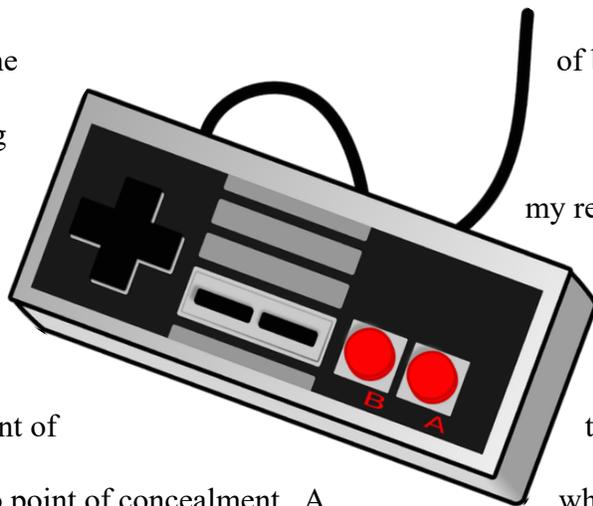
“Jeff, I asked you to pack two hours ago!”

Jeff blinked. He had no clue to what she was talking about.

“We have to leave in the morning!”

Blink. “Camping!” she said, exasperated.

“Oh,” Jeff said, translating his mother’s words. “I’ll pack in fifteen



minutes.” He began to pull his headphones back over his ears.

His mother had had it.

She ripped off the headphones from his head and spoke, “That’s what you said two hours ago! You’re going NOW!”

She pointed to the closet in the back of his room.

“But, but, but…”

His mother gave him the look of no return.

“Fiiiiine.” Jeff slumped out of his chair and stomped over to the closet to pack.

...

Jeff was obsessed.

Badly obsessed.

The only thing he loved in the world was games.

Video games.

Violent video games.

Murder Woods Three to be exact.

He hated every active thing in the world that involved doing anything other than video games. He hated it when he moved to Idaho when he had to leave all of his gaming friends behind. He hated it even more when he discovered that no one at his school even played video games that were not of this century.

Yeah.

Lots of hate.

But the number one thing Jeff hated more than anything was camping.

...



“Okay, you guys go on a

hike. I’ll stay back here and make the tent,” Jeff’s father said, as he struggled to figure out where pole C and pole D were supposed to go.

“Okay!” said Jeff’s chirpy, annoying sister, Jenny.

“We’ll come back if you need help,” replied Jeff’s mother.

“I’ll stay behind and...uh...supervise,” Jeff spoke, trying to get away from the great outdoors.

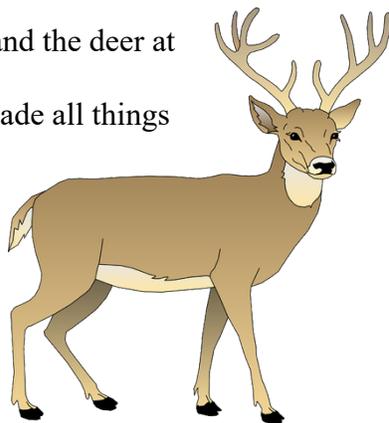
“No, you’re coming with us. You need more time in nature. You need to understand that nature isn’t that bad.” His mother grabbed his wrist.

“It’s already terrible,” Jeff mumbled softly to himself.

His mother had amazing hearing sometimes.

“It can’t be that bad, Jeff.”

As they walked through the damp woods of the Sawtooth Valley, the birds in the trees and the deer at the river’s edge made all things majestic. But not to Jeff. The walk was taking



very long due to his sister exclaiming over and over again, “Look at that! Oh! What is that?!” Jeff was beyond bored. He pulled out his phone from his pocket and started to play. The sounds of ricocheting bullets and collapsing buildings came from the small screen and echoed through the woods.

“Jeff, come on!” yelled his sister, somewhere ahead of him.

“Coming!” Jeff lied, as he took two steps, sat down on a rock, and resumed his playing.

He must have been playing for a couple hours because the sky was now dark and the voices ahead of him had faded away into the distance. Jeff stopped his gaming, slid his phone in his pocket, and looked around. Fear began to wash over him as darkness closed around him, and he came to an inescapable conclusion: He was completely lost.

Jeff started to panic.

He ran, ducking under branches, leaping over rocks, not knowing where he was running, but he hoped to get lucky and find his family. He heard a wolf howl in the distance and he decided to run the opposite way. He kept looking over his shoulder to see if it was chasing him. When he heard it again, he ran faster. Jeff looked over his shoulder again and saw nothing, so he turned his head forward. Too late. His forehead met a thick branch and the branch won. He landed flat on his back and, just like his video game, his world went black.

. . .

Jeff woke with his bloody hand on his forehead, feeling the large lump that was continuing to swell. His eyes

were scabbed shut with blood and his back was sore. He also felt like it might be bleeding. He rubbed at the dried blood over his eyes until it was gone, restoring his vision. The sky was bright and alive with birds singing in the trees. It was morning. He slowly rose to look around. Everything was new to him.

“Mom! ... Dad! ... Jenny! ...”

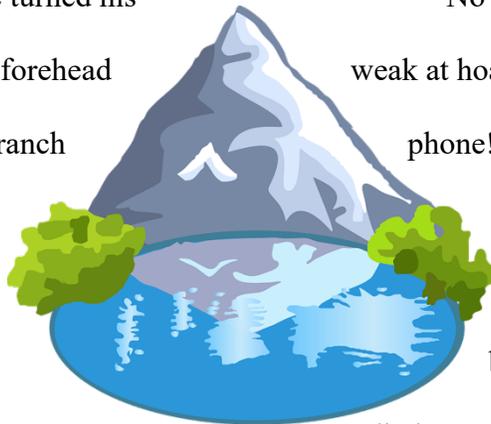
Jeff called.

No answer. His voice came out weak at hoarse. He needed water. His phone! There were tons of new texts from his parents asking where he was. But as he began to read them, his phone died.

He had to get back to the camp.

But how?

Jeff started to walk around, looking for things that might be familiar. As he searched, his hiking boots crunched the sticks and stones underfoot,



just like in his game, only better. *Cool.*

The trees swayed in the wind as the birds sang their tunes. He saw a deer drinking by a lake, and...wait...the lake! He ran to the shore, the deer disappearing into the woods as he approached. He gulped the ice-cold water and looked to the other side. There! Could it be smoke from the camp? He tried to shout but his voice was still weak and he realized he was too far away anyway. He just had to make it to the other side. Sprinting along the shore as fast as he could, he encountered rough terrain. It took him an hour to make it even halfway. He was winded. *Grrrrr.* His stomach reminded him he was hungry, too. He slowed to a walk, but he was still determined to make it.

His feet were numb and his back and head were throbbing. He willed himself forward, forcing one foot

in front of the other. As he neared the camp, he could make out voices.

“Mom! Dad! Jenny!”

“Jeff?!”

He stumbled into the camp and saw his family’s faces.

“Whoa! What happened to you?!”

They ran to engulf him with a huge family hug. Jeff sighed.

“You have no idea.”

. . .

A few months later, Jeff was back at home playing his video games. Only he didn’t want to play *Murder Woods Three* anymore, it was nothing compared to real life experience. He just started playing his new racing game when his mom walked in.

“Did you pack yet?”

“For what?” His mom’s eyebrows began to lower and her lips became tight. Jeff just smiled and pointed to a stuffed backpack next to his closet door. His mom carried on the smile. Jeff looked back at his computer and continued to play.

He might still love video games, but it will never beat the great outdoors to Jeff.



Fun Facts!

Did you know the first ever video game was made in 1958? It was very similar to the game pong.



IDAHO

Invitation to explore

Discover

Adventure

Hike

Outdoors

