



THE FOODIES

There was a time when you could get away with cooking and ordering just about anything at the dinner table or restaurant. At some point in the early seventies your friends and customers began to suffer some form of food allergy or objection. At first there were vegetarians and pescatarians, and then little by little they became vegans and picky about any kind of food that was put in front of them. On occasion, one or two would become Jainism members, objecting to eating anything that was a life form- insects, plants, pinecones. It was a miracle they would eat wheat or barley, though even that became an issue in the eighties and nineties where folks began claiming to be celiac and gluten intolerant. How much of this was true? How many times had you passed on a restaurant over some silly objection to the menu? One date once caused you to force feed fake bacon and eggs because of her ridiculous objections to going to any eatery that served beef. Oh, yeah, then there was that lactose intolerant crap, which now caused you to serve strange dinners at the homestead shorn of any dairy products. Even worse, the whole idea of favoring foods from certain countries like Italian ice cream became an insult to the poor ethnic minorities you dined with who believe Korean ice cream was just as good. Lord, help you, the climate of political correctness on occasion had even cost you your job as a cook, food talk show host and business entrepreneur. Even referring to people as "Fat" became something off; you had to refer to them as Rubenesque, curvy or just simply "Big."

You were something of an athletic junkie who worked out at the gym seven times a week and sported a thin and toned figure. The truth be known, it was your genes and thankfully you had escaped that glandular problem known as obesity that plagued many people, and no ethnic group escaped that possibility.

Your catcalls and insults and innuendos were no longer acceptable in the community as it had evolved. You were on your way out for your blatant lack of political correctness. If you did not make amends soon, your entire career as a restaurateur, waiter, food producer and talk show host would be derailed.

The only way to straighten your path was to undo the harm you had inflicted on the foodies who were so damn picky. It would also help if you took back those ethnic slurs that made you so notorious.

1. Dairy shouldn't be the enemy,
In fact you're thinking of something tasty,
A certain find is on your mind,

At a *forested* avenue and E. Side you'll unwind,
In order to make this clue a go,
In your bag is a certain logo.
Cross Alameda after Travis Heights,
And after the sun sets the oak trees are in your sights,
The lactose intolerant won't be free,
Unless they find ice cream upon a tree,
A verdant beltway shows the way,
So drive there now without delay,
Park by the triangle and get out of your car,
With luck you won't have to walk very far,
Above a picnic table down the path,
Is the place to find their wrath.

2. Near Westland and South Lamar,
Is the place to find your reservoir,
Everyone is gluten-free,
Now you have to be a wannabee,
Take it Easy and you'll soon find,
A craft beer & food joint that's not refined,
Artisan bread to please the palate,
They know a leek from a shallot!
Turn right in; you'll see the sign,
Behind is the face of a feline,
In the back on the patio,
Is the place you'll find your rhyme's a go.

3. Aunt Jemima was so politically incorrect,
Then at this place you must reflect,
Yes, the namesake of Howard E. Butt,
Is where you'll find a lack of smut,
At Oltorf and **So Co** now,
The product found is still there somehow,

Even Paula Deen with her n-word,
Was not as terribly obtuse and absurd.

4. You've eaten candy all your life,
Calories now are everyone's strife,
If you head just a little bit north,
You'll find the place to sally forth,
You wouldn't be in such a fix,
If you travel to MDCCVI,
If the gold coins are gone, in all your haste,
Toxic waste, as always, might be the correct taste,
Some say it's a *Circus* trying to park,
But to this decadence you must now embark,
They know you're coming but you don't have to sing,
So feel free to search with no fear of losing.

5. They refer to people as Rubenesque,
Even when to some obesity is grotesque,
Fatty Fatty, two by four,
Couldn't get through the bathroom door!
Surrounded by good eats on every side,
You can't blame him for stretching his hide,
At Comal and E. Sixth you'll find a boy,
In a food court where there's little joy.

6. The slaughter of animals gives you pause,
To possibly take up the vegetarian cause,
People talk about woking their dog,

Maybe you should start a dialogue,
Monkey brains and veal as well,
Gives you something on which to dwell,
But no recipe is complete,
Unless to a Memorial Museum a path you beat,
Not a single place to park,
Jump to the back and get your mark,
The crossword is helpful but not mandatory,
You'll need the recipe in your bag even if gory,
Behind it there on campus near,
Pray to St. Jac and the coast is clear,
It's time to whinny and not meow,
We're sure you'll find the clue somehow.

7. If you visit this watery field,
You'll find a clue below a shield,
Under the left foot by MDCCCCXVIII,
The food revolt will be undone,
Maybe shortbread and **T**,
Will bring your foes to their knees.
21st is split in two,
By the splashing waters of this clue.

8. Hasbro had its time in the sun,
But the Potato Head thing left you undone,
Was it Mr. or Mrs. that was in question,
Seems the pc way gave folks indigestion,
How nostalgic that just a simple Toy,
Would have given others so much Joy!

Not far from Lady Bird resides this fun section,
You'll need to transit to an intersection,
A parking garage will be nearby,
So time to deduce where you must fly,
Andrew and his staff are cool with you there,
But you don't have to sing in order to snare,
You might want to announce just who you are,
Or you and your clue won't get very far,
At the start of the ramp keep your eyes peeled,
Surely your harvest you'll soon yield.

9. Gino and his staff at this ice cream place,
Will shower you with some disgrace,
After all this health nut stuff has **B**een said,
Tod**A**y is time to pig out instead,
Now is the stage to get your just desserts,
His instructions must be dealt with first,
Walter Seaholm will **K**eeep you alive,
NEAr APL, it's just a short **D**rive,
Make sure you tell them your team's name,
Any staffer can play this game,
But to get past the counter you must sing,
Your bag's song with some zing.

10. The saga of things that are not meant to be,
Everything's either gluten or sulfite-free,
The drama of food allergies does now unfold,
A **second** time you don't need to be told,
Très classique to enjoy a sip,

Now to be free of food censorship,
Announce yourselves as Foodies true,
In order to receive your clue,
Not far from the 38th state,
Your thirst you're bound to satiate,
Clink a proper glass to this nightmare,
Ask Jason or the bartender for your fare.

11. You've fixed your food for these correct times,
And you're probably tired of these rhymes,
Frankly you're cranky and worn out,
You're ready for an easy route,
You've earned a rest and a libation,
You're not that far from your destination,
You've found one last clue to make you think,
So you'll have earned your non-cancelled drink.

Help lines:

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LITTLE CLUES

1. In cone

Eeny, Meeny, Miny Mo,
Catch a _____ by his toe,
If he hollers make him pay,
A bakery clue left to foray,
Under a sign of this wildlife,
Is the place to end your strife,
If you look under his chin,
I think it's certainly a win-win.

Square root of 9:

Third prime number:

Can't divide by this:

Cube of 2:

2. At Easy Tiger

Your product sits on aisle five,
Where baking needs are kept alive,
Happily it's the perfect time to make,
Some yummy extra hearty pancakes,
Purchase the box and have it scanned,
Even if it looks like a different brand.

3. IN HEB Aunt Jemima Box

You'll be sure to be in the know,
If you travel up a short distance on SOCO,
Don't spin too much out of your league,
In this relatively big intrigue,
If you want to be on top,
Angle your car and carefully stop,
Towards the back and be discreet,
These folks are on it, but forget the beat

4. At Big top candy

The best comfort food for 85 years,
Was marked by burgers and fries for your peers,
The symbol of this high carbo chain,
Stands in evidence like a scatterbrain,
On eastern sixth he beckons all,
And fast food fans are in his thrall,
Dressed in checkered clothes with an upheld hand,
Is the place to make your stand,
He offers a burger to all who come by,
There's an optional clue if things go cockeyed.

5. At Big Boy

Food shows like the popular Top Chef,
Served items of interest from right to left,
In Canada their viande chevaline,
Caused an uproar sight unseen
In the back of this source of food you'll find,
The clue after a short climb,

An even **two dozen** will get you there,
Hasten to the street – don't be a square,
Mustang Sally might give you hint
Be careful to examine the hoofprint.

6. At Mustang Statue behind Memorial Museum

From jumbo-extra-large to Little,
The journey to good health can be quite brittle,
Fountains of knowledge are of some concern,
Especially on campus where people learn,
Surely on this open Field,
Dieters might finally yield.

7. AT Littlefield fountain – to Toy Joy – CUSTOM CLUE

One of the diets you despise,
Causes you one thing to ostracize,
If anything, what you prize
Is a plate of greasy fries,
At Second Street where toys are sweet,
In a window sits your treat.

8. At Toy Store

Another beast is left with which to cavort,
Only this one's waiting for your retort,
Remember that Di Caprio film called "The Revenant?"
You'll deduce soon why this is relevant,

Behind Trader Joe's, you are now hellbent,
For the 3rd time today you'll drive with intent,
The script might have been a little half-*baked*,
But for this food your belly's ached,
Make sure you videotape that monstrosity,
If you want to add some velocity.

9. At Baked Bear in ice cream sandwich

If you like French food in the raw,
Then 238 might just leave you in awe,
It's not nice to pine and wine,
A cheese pairing off the menu might be fine,
Along with a wine flight for a \$17 dollar fee,
That gives you a bit of Pinot Envy,
For ordering it in return,
Your destiny just might be earned.

10. At CRU

**In the alphabet, there's a letter,
It's the 23rd , it doesn't get better,
That's your destination to which to fly,
200 Mexican cows you might espy,
At the front desk please check in,
And the Foodies might just win.**

TEXT US WHEN YOU ARRIVE

IN BAG

(to tune of "My Favorite Things")

Gluten free muffins and rich vegan donuts
Salads, paninis that will make you go nuts,
Cold Beerworks packages tied up with strings,
These are a few of my favorite things!
Hot free trade coffee and chilled matcha lattes,
Kolaches & tacos and treats that are cray-cray!
Organic croissants that makes us go zing,
These are a few of my favorite things!

When the geese honks, When the cow dies,
When I'm feeling sad, I simply remember my fav vegan things
And then I don't feel so bad!

IN BAG for TITO: (more poem than song)

We love sweets,
The flavor of them just can't be beat,
Even though we're on a diet,
Now's not the time to be quiet,
Though we're not politically correct,
We'd prefer something to confect.