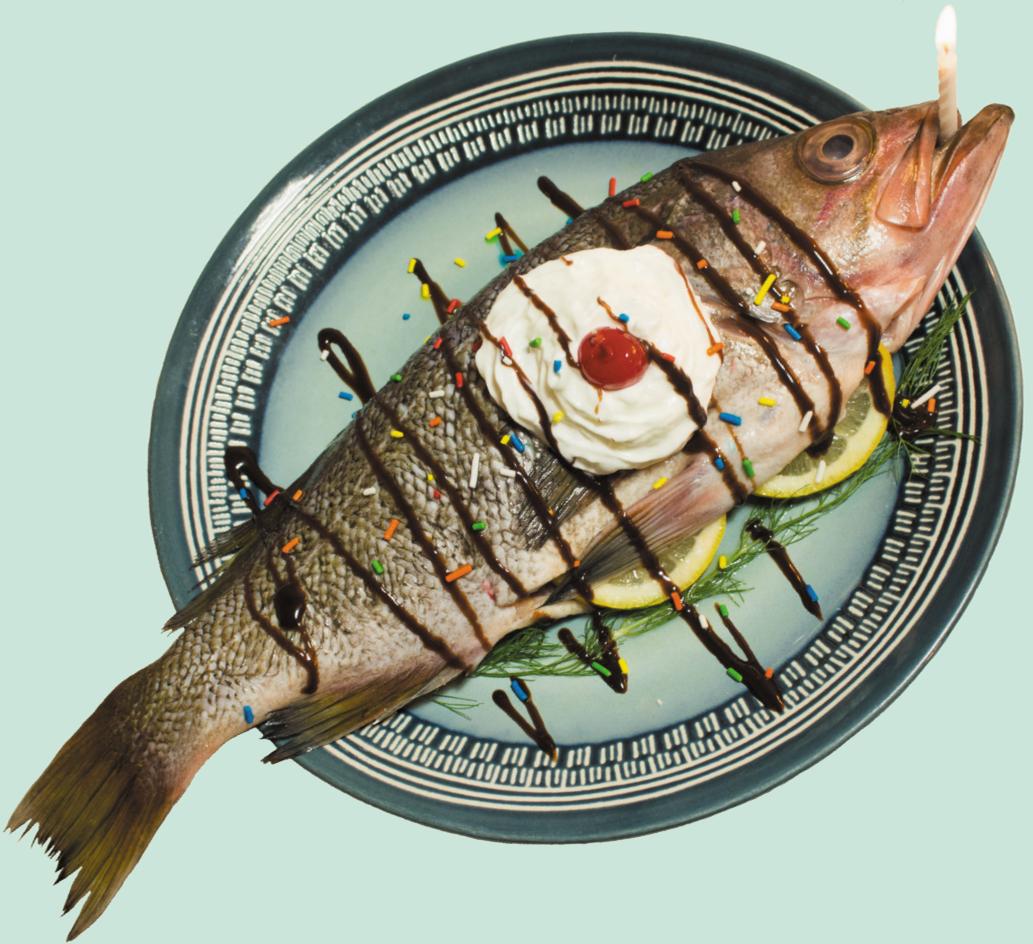


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FOOD



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Letter from the Editor

You stumble back into your apartment after a late night at the office. Another drab day and you're exhausted, looking forward to another five and a half hours of sleep. But even before you can set your bag down, you hear a distinctive squeak coming from within the confines of your minuscule living quarters. It sounds like a rat. And it has to be coming from the kitchen. Really? A rat in the apartment? Curious, you pass through your living room. You trip past the old chip bags, beer bottles and used plates. There's no use in cleaning up after yourself. The whole apartment complex is already beyond saving. With plumbing problems, asbestos and stains on the wall, you wouldn't be surprised to find out there's a rat problem now too.

And yes, that's exactly the case. You look and find a big one standing on its hind legs on the edge of your sink. It squeaks again, and you soon notice the stove with multiple pots boiling. That's weird. There's the cutting board too, adjacent on the counter. With freshly cut vegetables, and a knife nearby, it appears to be recently used. But you haven't cooked a meal in a week. Did you leave your bedroom window open? You're on the seventh floor. This rat must be crafty, you think—and the culinary skills! You quickly put things together and... WHAT THE FUCK? Is this the actual rat from the movie... Remy! From Ratatouille (2007)?

Just then, he leaps like lightning, up from the sink and onto your head. He grabs hold of your hair tightly as you cry out in both fear and confusion. Quickly you try to reach up and shake him off, but you find that your arms are locked—and then flailing, out of your control. You attempt to run, but you find to your own horror that your legs have been immobilized. You begin to move, but it's no conscious movement; you're being bent against your own will. You think back to the underrated Pixar classic, Rata-touille, trying to make sense of it all, and soon it all comes together. Your eyes open wide in disbelief. Of course! Fuck! Remy can control anyone's body with just a simple tug of the locks! (It never really made sense in the film, but now it feels all too real. Shocking and lifelike.)

Your vision becomes blurry and you're sweating hard now. Your heartbeat quick-ens to a frightening pace. You stumble like an automaton towards the back bedroom and the rat commands you to open the closet. The most horrid sight lies in corner—but you can't look away. You are forced. Clockwork Orange-style, you gaze upon a freshly dead corpse: a white man, about twenty-something, with curly brown hair. No, it can't be. But it is. It's Linguini, dead, nestled beside your dirty clothes; disheveled hair, with blood pooling around his lifeless body. He's mangled. You want to cry and vomit, or at least call the cops. But you can't. Your body has become fused with the will of Remy the rat, a cold-blooded killer from the sewers of France.

Before you can even begin to contemplate your own fate, Remy guides you back to the kitchen. You try with all your might to override his control but to no avail. Back to the cutting the board, the knife is open and accessible. No, this can't be how it all ends. Remy tugs carefully at your soft hair and your arm begins to rise up slowly. Sweat and tears join together on your beet-red face as you feel your fingers clasp around the dirty knife. You can't let this happen. You think about your family. What will they think once you're dead? But there's no use. You remember Linguini's empty stare, eyelids half-closed with the blood drained from his face. Soon you will share in his fate. Remy, the culinary king, is living out his wild death fantasy. And you are his helpless surrogate. Framed for a murder-suicide by a psycho hell rat? He will scurry off, guilt-free, as soon as your body hits the linoleum floor.

You let out a powerless scream as your own hand plunges a kitchen knife into your fast-beating heart. And you collapse. Just before all goes black, you see Remy scamper off into a hole in the kitchen baseboards. The pots on the stove are boiling over.

You open your eyes in purgatory and a genderless spirit hands you a copy of Food, volume two (and a half). You begin to flip through the issue. They really worked hard on this it seems. Although... it does seem hastily assembled and oddly familiar. Where have I seen this before? Whatever. If this is what death is like—so chill—what was up with all the existential dread back on Earth?



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YOU'VE HEARD OF COFFEE AND CIGARETTES, BUT WHAT ABOUT JUUL & AMP?

Wake up in America with a hot cup of joe. Let it burn as it flows down your throat. Follow it up with one or two... maybe a whole pack (bad) of cigarettes. A cheap high and a fresh buzz. You do it so much that your head feels numb, or even too heavy to hold up... it feels damn good! But is that the best this country has to offer (for a contemporary consumer)?

Coffee and cigarettes. You know them and you love them. It's a manageable addiction. And addictions are fun, but it's the information age. There's better ways to get your fix, with the same ingredients (the important ones at least) and the same effects (sink down into oblivion on a cement staircase & invite some friends). They exist in newer forms, better suited for today's capitalist society: Amp and JUUL.

The excellent and affordable product of a forward-thinking energy drink company, combined with the Windows 10 of e-cigs. A match made in heaven. In larger cities you can purchase them both at most gas stations. In a smaller town you can probably buy them off a kid at the local, public high school.

Out with the old and in with the new. Drug use is better with a USB charging port anyway. Don't risk taking out a lighter at the next house party. People will only point & laugh. It's the new age. It's the wifi world. You can buy a pack of JUUL pods off the McDonald's value menu.

Coffee is for little stupid babies and Amp is hella good... and healthy! And it actually comes in a variety of flavors, unlike coffee. The only coffee flavors are black and black w/ sugar. I hate the taste of coffee. I hate how it burns me.

Listen, I'm dying here. I wake up every morning and I can barely get out of bed. I have absolutely no energy, but I set an unopened Amp on my nightstand every night and in the morning I just fucking down it. Sometimes, I have a second or third after I gain enough energy to get out of bed and put my pants on and walk to the fridge. If I drink too many Amps I start to shake. But it feels alright. I never eat breakfast. The Amps give me enough energy, and I feel buzzed up!

I let the JUUL charge over night, every night. It's also there waiting for me in the morning, and I can't help but take a few hits. I cough and I cough. If I were to slow down I wouldn't cough so violently, but I need something to fill my lungs and give my head that sweet sweet rush.

Sometimes I jerk off and take a JUUL hit right before I orgasm. When I do that, I completely pass out. And not even like falling asleep. It knocks me out completely like I was hit hard in the head during a boxing match.

I have Amp stains on my clothes.

3 FAST AND EASY VEGAN RECIPES

Loaf of Bread

No matter what you tell yourself this will be eaten in one day.



An Entire Sleeve of Oreos

"Cream"



Not Eating

Also a great way to avoid doing dishes. Alan, if you're reading this, they're soaking. Stop bothering me.



Tom Gardner
4 photos



★★★★★ 2 minutes ago

Good but why is there a gun in my Cold Cut Combo



RECIPE: DIET WHIPPED CREAM

You will need:

- A balloon (deflated)
- Whipped cream chargers
- A nitrous cracker

Instructions:

1. Place whipped cream charger inside of your nitrous cracker. Twist until completely tight.
2. Stretch the opening of your balloon over the top of the nitrous cracker where the holes are. Make sure the seal is tight.
3. Loosen your nitrous cracker slowly until the balloon is completely filled. You may want to use gloves as the device gets extremely cold.
4. Exhale completely, and put your lips on the balloon and inhale your whipped cream. Hold the vapor as long as possible.

5. wrrrrrrrrrrRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

WHOMP

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EeeeeeeeE

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oh fuck dude



Horoscopes: What Should You Eat Today?



Pisces (February 19-March 20)

Have ten quesadillas and hate yourself. Not because of the quesadillas, though. Those are pretty good.



Aries (March 21-April 19)

It's time for a water fast to cleanse your chakras. Slam two 40oz Mickey's and have some saltines for electrolytes.



Taurus (April 20-May 20)

You need to eat healthy. It's only a matter of time before everything lying dormant from years of fast food, alcohol, and sitting one place for eight hours a day will break you down. You will develop hives, arthritis, pneumonia, lupus, Think of your knees, your lungs, your heart. Eat a salad; drink a kombucha; choose life.



Gemini (May 21-June 20)

Swiss-chard-retrograde-alignment-polarity-venus-element-ascension-imacusp-solstice-meridian-tofurkey.



Cancer (June 21-July 22)

Chicken sandwich.



Leo (July 23-August 22)

You've worked hard this week. You need to treat yourself. Go to the nicest restaurant in town and demand their finest meal and most expensive wine. I know you're broke so bring a gun.

I'M NOT
GONNA
DRAW THIS.



Virgo (August 23-September 22)

Three celery sticks; six chicken nuggets; a spoonful of olive oil; one heirloom tomato; chicken alfredo; a snickers bar; popcorn—kettle or caramel; a bowl of pretzels; two pickles cut into 1-inch cubes; deli turkey and ham (ripped into thin strips and laid at least 2 centimeters apart), radishes sliced into thin ribbons (make sure they are transparent); 1 oz of thousand island dressing for dipping; ambien.



Libra (September 23-October 22)

Bulk up. If you want to survive the next winter, you need to amass reserves during these times of abundance

Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

A cactus. Raw. With the peel. And the bones.



Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

The planets are whispering gently to you to try keto. Start light with an avocado slathered in a block of cheddar cheese with a pound of raw bacon. Move on to a whole roasted pig stuffed with cottage cheese submerged into a bathtub filled with coconut oil, with a barrel of cashew nuts as a snack. Munch on 3-4 spinach leaves for vegetables. Install a salt lick in your bedroom.



Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

Capricorn is the final earth sign and is ruled by Saturn. Capricorns are responsible, but cold, and occasionally distant. Capricorn is represented by the sea goat, a cross between a goat and some sort of sea creature, I assume. That being said, eat corn. It's in the name.



Aquarius (January 19-February 18)

Eat shit, loser.

Review:

Gum From the Seattle Gum Wall

An uneschewable component of Seattle's exalted Gum Wall is its location. Softly and brilliantly nestled between slabs of raw fish and naked, homeless people fucking is a cascade of gum passed its flavorful haydey — only ascended by the scent of a shit-laden pier.

The Gum Wall boasts a plethora of flavors and diseases. Fitted with a pick-choose-and-savor serving style, the establishment emits a freeform experience, much like its malleable servings. It's hard not to beget the options daunting, yet any choice provides an exciting, stomach-tossing dish.

My first choice was the tantalizing worn grey flavor. It's stale offering evoked a sight-weakening, stiff-jaw'd encounter. I followed it's humble palette with a reddish preparation, a tingly enigma complete with the memories of chews had. The combination made for a rancorous meal, like a colorful oil spill in an Albertson's parking lot.

The wall begs to be caressed, thus brass handcuffs couldn't keep my hands from its adventurous surface. As-audacious foodies were threatened by my eagerness, and soon authorities arrived. Amidst a courageous bout with Seattle P.D., I slipped a few more samples in my gullet, feeling them slide down my esophagus, and the euphoria crashed over me, finishing the luxurious dinner. Any Seattle-goer deserves a much-reserved spot.



Review:

My Co-worker Kevin

After a painstaking preparation process, the dish is ready. And though the serving size seems daunting, a heavy supplement of a red wine allows for the heaps of white meat to lose its insurmountable facade.

The most difficult part of this endeavor is the first moments of the first chew. Don't fret; although the initial bites are reminiscent of alligator hide, the deeper you get into the cut, the tenderer and juicier it gets.

Depending on the route of the chef, some plates lean more on traditional flavors of thyme and dill, and others rest on Kevin's natural tinges of khaki and sunblock. Wherever it lies on this spectrum, you'll find that the hearty meat's tone strikes like a dissonant chord who's only resolve is the aftertaste of blissful elation.

Most often, the serving size yields yearning leftovers. The distaste of another tiring workday is usually only satisfied with a swift other helping. But in these moments, another helping quenches the thirsts of the soul. You'll find that the last bite's whirling trance is only defeated by the next.

Important to ignore with this meal are questions from other coworkers, calls from Kevin's parents, and a seemingly intrinsic ethics code. If it's worth the ecstasy, it's worth the moral hangover the day after.





~All About Beer~

Stella Artois



Are you a fancy motherfucker? Ever order wine at an Applebees or put a seat lining in the third story library bathroom before dropping a dinger? Then yes, yes you are. So why would you suck down Coors Nationals and shit when you could be a high-flying aristocrat at a party filled with Dolly Parton's and Tom "Foolery" Cruise's? Assert your high society dominance with a master class, widely manufactured brew like this. Fuck Uncle Bucky for making fun of your sweet, rent-free sitch at mom and dad's. You have at least 4 ties that weren't bought by your pop pop — and one of them is a bow tie. So fuck the haters and drink on like the gentleman's before you: The Dude and Rick Sanchez. Cheers.

Beak Breakers Double IPA



Bro. B.R.O. Brotherrrr. This shit right here - I'm telling you - This shit right here will get you, wait for it, fuuuucked up. I'm talking like schwasted, twisted, sauced. It sneaks up on you too, like a Bank of America overdraft fee (LICK MY TAINT YOU LEECHES). But like, seriously, you will get straight up slimed. I don't mean you'll get all loosy-goosy and dance around in your living room and maybe have an experimental homoerotic sexual encounter with your roommate that you'll only bring up once, years later, via text message after getting too high and accessing repressed memories because this new-fangled weed is too good, and then vividly recalling it again that night as you are lying in bed trying to fall asleep and crying soft sweet tears while you wonder what could have been and whether or not you are actually gay and you've missed the prime of your sexual years. No. I'm talking so drunk you'll be smashing your head through your friends plasma TV while hot piss dribbles down your leg and then waking up in the hospital with a limp IV sticking out of your wrist and getting pissed off that you have to pay a thousand dollars to sleep in a sterile building. But yeah it's pretty good.

Deschutes Abyss Barrel Reserve 2017



Oh man. The last Abyss I had was between a lip-tattoo'd woman and a swampy bathroom sink with knobs like the remains of a bike left out in the acidic rains of Detroit. Motown, baby. Ever sucked off a chocolate Easter bunny? The sweetened throat this brew leaves brings you to the front steps of baker street food market. I swear I thought Willy Wonka dipped his nuts in my drink. I talked slower, my mouth was molasses'd shut. I was about to lay lips with this chick but I couldn't open my mouth open any more than Air Bud when he found that jar of Jif. Later on I found out that her tat made her 3x more likely to catch herpes. Good thing her friends called her out of the bathroom, otherwise I'd be shit-out -of-luck with a carburetor bulging out of my throat. Deschutes turns you into a wreckless motherfucker.





Also, fuck:

Traffic
Natural (Natty) Light
Wet Bread and Socks
Unexpected Item in the Bagging Area
Toddlers
When Your Fingers Go Through the Toilet Paper
The Wall Street Journal
J. Cole
Dry Cinnamon Rolls
Skim Milk
The UK
Those Fake Play Buttons on Semi-Legal Streaming Sites
Human Trafficking
Space
More Than One Pancake
People Who Talk about Reading Infinite Jest
When Someone Calls You “Buddy”
Centipedes, Most Bugs Actually
Infinite Jest

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