

Where do I Looooove to Eat?

By: Francis



The other day, my friend asked me what my favorite restaurant is when we visit the United States. This is what I told him.

Imagine this... The car ride is three hours; that's how long it takes to get there from my house. It is three hours of looking at the endless fields of wheat and listening to my music which consists primarily of Daft Punk and other electronic music. Eventually, we get there.

I step out of the car to stretch my legs which are sore from disuse. The cool and slightly damp air fills my lungs. Finally fresh air, I tell myself.

Nearing the entrance my heart fills with glee, my mind floods with memories like a sudden flash flood and my stomach gurgles and rumbles with hunger. We have been here before and my body remembers.

As we approach the hostess, we take some time to look at the many mugs, odd garden gnomes and other small trinkets that we see in the restaurant's waiting area. Then, the hunger sharpens when I see by the corner of my eye the many rows of candy. Bigger than I remember. The thousands of multicolor candies filling the giant plastic bins. My parents need to pry me and my brother away from the candy aisle.

We sit down at a table for four near the wall lined with old pictures of people, farm tools and other old timey tools. I can hear the clatter of pans

from the kitchen and smell freshly cooked meals. We tell the waitress what we want: good old fried chicken and dumplings which is my favorite meal. The wait is short. When the plates arrive, I savor each bite.

As we leave the restaurant, my parents say that we get to pick out a few of the candies. I make my choice of sweet treats. We decide to get a funny little trinket to remember this faithful day.

We drive away. Seeing the old man in his rocking chair on the restaurant's sign in the rear-view mirror, I can still taste the chicken and dumplings. I am already looking forward to the next time we visit my favorite restaurant in the United States : Cracker Barrel.



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