

Bites, Biting, Being Bitten - Part 2

Written by Alex Baer

Sunday, 01 April 2012 18:58 - Last Updated Sunday, 01 April 2012 19:01

From sound bites biting back, with biting or back-biting remarks, and on through to being bitten by forbidden love -- as in *bacon* -- the American experience provides plenty of toothsome food for thought.

Of course, there's nothing like a big bacon-cheeseburger after knocking off early for the day -- although, to insert a medically-approved phrase, there may be nothing like a fat bacon-cheeseburger to end one's days early.

Experts are again flying their red-alert, Red Meat Flags of Warning, periodically hoisted up the flagpoles of news, severe gusts coming up fast over the rare, medium-rare, medium-well, or not-too-well-done, event horizons, not to mention the Food Channel. *Well done, you destroyers of hearty appetites.*

This time around, the villain of the piece appears to be an extra portion of meat that would be likely to increase your chance of death by an unlucky 13 percent. This may sound alarmist, but, consider: experts say this *might-maybe* translate to someone checking out of the Human Hotel by one year earlier than someone who's taken a pass on extra meat, not counting any bypasses, of course, as main courses of action.

Irony often travels *au jus*, basted in its own natural juices, arriving in great-tasting stuff quite bad for us when we get on a good jag. On this hunger for the roundest molecules of fat, we can blame evolution's prodding to help keep us alive, making us always on the lookout for dense, high-calorie feasts from sugars and fats -- signs of information the usual fast-food chains use to keep us chained-up, slowing down at any sign of their store signs.

Whether one is already smitten, or not yet bitten by that bug, it is wise to keep it all in perspective: those meaty urges we feel today are haunts of survival tips that applied a long time ago, to keep us alive in desperate, cave-dwelling times. Try to see those urges as bus-high speed-bumps on your dining freeway, reminders to keep you from plunging your food cart hurtling over the cliff.

However, some people insist on *slingshotting* their carts, as was the tragic case of a man who

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suffered an apparent heart attack while inside a restaurant, eating a six-thousand calorie, 1-point-5 pound, "Triple Bypass Burger" at the Heart Attack Grill in Las Vegas not so long ago.

The Triples go for 11 bucks, just three bucks more to add on 15 slices of bacon. The two-pound, "Quadruple Bypass Burger" comes in at 13 bucks, another four bucks to add on 20 slices of bacon. The fries are done up in pure lard, and the house wine is truly called, "Fat Bastard." People weighing-in at more than 350 pounds eat for free here. Staff operates in a doctor-and-nurse-themed environment, for your amusement, or bemusement.

This may be why some customers were unsure if the patron down on the ground having a heart attack was a put-on performance, versus the real McCoy. The man is said to be still recovering -- although there is no mention of the thing being attempted as recovery is more related to health, wisdom, dignity, or, maybe, all three. The Grill is as casual as a funeral parlor, no need to dress up -- come on in as you are.

In America, pushing the envelope, and our doctors' reams of advice, is how we behave: There are always plenty of contenders for such insane food binges here, in the land of All-You-Can-Eat, and food-eating contests. Surreal, it sure seems, that kids continue to go to bed hungry here -- unless they've taken Rush's sage advice and rummaged around in dumpsters for a hot or cold meal, depending on the weather.

Possible contenders for equivalent, pig-out fare include the New York State Fair's *Big Kahuna Donut Burger*

, at just 15-hundred calories, using glazed doughnuts as buns. Still, anyone would have to go some to best KFC's monstrosity, the "Double Down," a thing that used fried chicken fillets where the buns normally go -- then they somehow slipped, stuffed, and slid in between some bacon, cheese, and an unidentified sauce.

Perhaps all these foods are served to patrons wearing ponchos as drop-cloths, and, for an extra dollar, can be professionally steamed-cleaned when done, degreased with stuff normally used on engine blocks.

In yet more head-shaking disbelief, we have already learned all we want about another horror show, sounding for all the world like a 1950s scream-queen, sci-fi-flick, *The Pink Slime*.

The recipe? *Heat up some beef parts, spin them in a centrifuge to separate the meat from the fat, treat with ammonium hydroxide gas:* ☐ *Serves almost no-one's best interests.* ○

h, except for the meat company, who has had to close down a couple plants in all the hubbub, as the stuff won't be showing up in some stores and school lunches after all.

Makers hope to reopen the plants as soon as the toxic publicity about their product has moved through the American memory system, down the *Forgetfulness Hole*, gone forever, like most points of flash-in-the-pan concerns. The meat-spinners' spin doctors are forecasting closure for two months -- seems overly long for hyper-shortened, American attention spans.

Then, for desserts -- just, or *not-so-much-so* -- here's one scrap of news many will cling to and cherish, smiling their very-much pleased, *I-told-you*
-so

smiles: Chocolate is good for you, may even help you keep slim!

This helps keep many chocolate-lovers' hopes high, and we'll do nothing here to spoil that. We make no bones about your good fortune, have no bones to pick with you about that. No, there's no "watch for bones" warnings here, nor any spoilers whatever for chocolatiers.

I am pleased for your good luck, you lovers of cacao. It's just that, from a bacon-pining perspective, there's no bones in bacon, either -- plus, there's fat in both...

Chocolate gets all the breaks. *Bon appetit.*

Today's Specials:

Meat life: ☐ <http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/magazine-17389938>

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Pink slime: <http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-us-canada-17515796>

Chocolate: <http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/health-17511011>

As a public service, there is no link for some of the foods disgusted -- uh, *discussed* -- here. However, if you are feeling a meaty urge come over you, *we feel your pain*

. Instead, just go ahead and do an emergency reboot, hit the red panic button right here:

<http://rebootbutton.com/>