

Chicken or Beef

Did you know that there is a debate raging in this country over chicken or beef? You hear it all the time.

“What will you have, sir? Chicken or beef?”

And what is a person to do when presented with this dilemma? Eat chicken half the time. Go for beef the other half. I suppose you could. You’d only be making the wrong decision about half the time my friends, but there is a simpler way, an easier way, a way that will insure you get the better tasting food selection each and every time. Go for the chicken.

Now granted. If someone asks you, “Would you prefer the grade A, choice, top of the line, savory filet mignon or overcooked chicken strips with dunking sauce?” Go for the filet, but that is hardly an example of chicken or beef. No. Chicken or beef is what the airline stewardess asks, as in, “Which would you prefer, sir? Chicken or beef?”

Hmm? Tough one. The toughest, fattest, most horrendous awful cut of beef imaginable or chicken. Think about that for a second. Notice how chicken doesn’t come in multiple grades. There is no select chicken, no Ranchers Reserve, nor any premium chicken selection at the grocery store. It’s simply chicken. What this means is, when you’re eating at the lower end of the food chain, the one in which the question, “Chicken or beef?” appears, you’re getting the same chicken, the same raw ingredients as when you are dining at the upper end of the food chain and they ask, “Would you care for the aged to perfection T-bone? Or the same old chicken they serve in the cafeteria... only with a white wine sauce?”

I hope it’s clear. The beef changes, but the chicken doesn’t, and if they’re calling the beef, “beef,” then take my word for it, any resemblance between what they are planning on feeding you and beef, steak, hamburger, or any one of those other tasty items is totally and completely coincidental. The chicken on the other

hand, is just that, chicken. And until someone finds a way of changing that little fact, stick with the chicken.

{I like my steak like I like my women... wait, no, that's a bit raw for this site...

So, how about, I like my chicken like I like my... um, sorry, still a bit raunchy, I'm afraid.

Nevermind.}

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