

Twinkies and Ho Hos

by Kalin - Sunday, April 25, 2010

<http://kalinbooks.com/kalins-true-stories/twinkies-ho-hos/>

I was working the line on a busy saturday at the Village Inn Pub, flipping burgers and steaks, making salads, dropping french fries, when the owner, Mare, walked in and said, "I'm going to the bread store. Does anyone need anything?"

This was kind of a ridiculous question, and one she had never asked before any of her twice-weekly trips to the bread store. She had gone around with a pad of paper just like every other time and marked down exactly what we needed.

"Twinkies and Ho Hos." I said.

"You could buy me a cadillac," Jo-Ann added as she threw together some of the last remaining breakfast plates.

"No," Mare replied. "The *bread* store."

"Twinkies and Ho Hos," I repeated.

"Just what's on your list, Mare. You know better than we do what our bread stock is."

"Twinkies and Ho Hos."

"I don't think they even sell hostess products at the bread store," Mare said.

"Twinkies and Ho Hos!" I shouted as I jumped back and forth between the fryer, grill and cutting board.

"What do you need Twinkies and Ho Hos for?" she asked, strangely curious, as though I were making a serious request.

"I wanna run a burger special."

"A burger special with Twinkies and Ho Hos?"

"Hell yeah! Dice 'em up and fry em on the grill, then pile 'em on top of a burger with bacon and two slices of *American* cheese."

"You gonna put lettuce and tomato on that?" Jo asked.

"Fuck the lettuce and tomato."

"I'm almost certain they don't sell hostess products at the bread store," Mare said.

"We'll butter and grill the bun though," I continued.

"Oh of course..." said Jo "That makes sense... or we could deep fry the bun."

"Well now you're just getting ridiculous. A little mayonaise never hurt anyone, though."

"They don't sell Twinkies and Ho Hos at the bread store!"

"Twinkies and Ho Hos! We *need* them!"

Mare stared at me for a long moment.

"We'll serve it with those deep-fried macaroni and cheese wedges," I said. "...and a side of ranch."

"Oh Lord..." Mare shook her head.

"Twinkies and Ho Hos!"

She sighed. "I don't think it's gonna happen."

"Twinkies and Ho Hos!"

"I'll take that as a no."

"Twinkies and Ho Hos!"

She walked out of the kitchen but a moment later I jumped to the window under the heat lamps as she passed by. "Twinkies and Ho Hos!"

An hour later, Mare returned with her arms full of bags of bread.

"Twinkies and Ho Hos?" I asked.

"They don't sell hostess products. I even asked the cashier." She set the bags on the prep table. "So she gave me some swiss rolls for free." She pulled out two packages of Little Debbie Ho Ho knockoffs.

"Sweet!"

"Is this good enough?" she asked. "You can run your burger special now."

"Hell no. I'm eating these myself."

"Yeah... that's probably for the best. My biggest fear was that someone may have actually ordered it and enjoyed it."

<http://www.hostesscakes.com/recipes.asp> (check out the Twinkie sushi)

Here's my [blog post](#) about this little story

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