



"I'M REALLY HUNGRY. Wanna grab some Indian from Gerrard?"

"Nah. I don't like hanging out on Gerrard anymore."

"What? Why? The food is good."

"Look, I don't fit in. They all look at me like I'm a potato. A punk potato."

“A punk potato?”

“Yeah, all brown on the outside, all white on the inside.”

“That’s fucked. What gives them the right to label you? Who cares?”

“Yeah, well, I could do without the stares. I lost touch with it all when my Dad died. The whole place, the music, the smells, everything - it just gets to me. I only go there with my mom. Rarely at that.”

“Shit. Sorry.”

“It’s not your fault.”

“Hmm. A punk potato.”

“Yeah? What about it?”

“Nah, nothing. It’s just that now I’m hungry for french fries. Burger and fries. Punk fries.”

“Punk fries? What the hell are punk fries?”

“Punk fries are punk fries.”

“What are they are like freedom fries?”

“Freedom fries? Nah. These aren’t infused with the idiocy of American apple pie.”

“What makes them different?”

“Easy. Punk Fries. Are punk. It is food you spit on first. Ensuring you don’t gotta share. That’s punk fries. It’d be like poutine.”

“Like poutine? Gross.”

“Yeah. Like poutine.”

“Distinctly Canadian.”

“There you go.”

“Goo it up good. You can make anything better by dumping cheese on it.”

“Punks do like to spit.”

“They do.”

“I don’t spit all the much.”

“You aren’t dissatisfied with the world?”

“Is that why you spit?”

“Yeah, I guess.”

“No, I got plenty of discontent. I just don’t want to encourage the spread of unfriendly neighborhood diseases.”

“Spitting is fun.”

“It is. Diseases aren’t. Spitting is like swear words. Great for effect. Better when used for necessity’s sake.”

“Fat Mike hates spitting.”

“How the hell do you know what Fat Mike likes?”

“He complains at the NOFX shows. It’s on the live album”

“Oh. Cool.”

“I’m still starving.”

“Well, let’s go get some food. But now we have to make sure it is punk.”

“We’ll hold-up a McDonalds. Make away with a million Happy Meal toys. A veritable fortune in plastic crap. That would make those fries punk-ass. The Mickey D’s on Coxwell. I think I could handle some chicken mcfuckits right about now.”