Not Lovin’ It

A white bag with red lettering, a yellow McDonald’s logo and the phrase, “I’m lovin’ it,” written in 100 different languages sat dormant atop of a crusty red feeding tray. Beside it sat a thirty-one ounce white Styrofoam cup with the same logo, the same phrase, and a paragraph about how refreshing and good McDonald’s tea is. The inside of the two containers, however, did not meet the promises made by the exterior’s text.

The hollow center of the bag revealed a jumbled up mess. White napkins had been shoved into the top of the bag; the corner of the napkins held greasy fingerprints, and had been shoved partially into the container of French-fries. Several bunched up packets of ketchup also sat in the top of the bag, one of them even had been tossed inside the carton of French-fries. A straw with a white wrapper had been bent in half, it stretched into a v-shape, and the torn wrapper exposed the plastic. A dark white smudge of color in the middle of the clear straw showed a rip in the fold. A burger in the little yellow package barely made a presence; only its corner was visible.

The French-fries sat inside a red funnel-like cardboard container with golden arches. The container overflowed with shriveled up strips of potatoes. Brownish black streaks lined the French-fries, as well as white hardened splotches of grease. The edges of the fries curled upwards, each of them burnt to a crunchy crisp, while the middle stayed soggy and moist. Each fry sparkled from the tiny clear squares of salt that covered them.

A flat yellow package with more wrinkles than Moses sat in the bottom of the bag. The ever-widening grease stain discolored the paper to an off orange color. I picked up the package; the slippery oil-like texture of the grease oozed through the wrapper and onto my fingers. I peeled off the wrapper, exposing the sandwich underneath. The two halves of the brownish-white bun had been mashed together leaving the white spongy layer of the bun exposed by the damage. A tiny grayish meat patty with white and black specks of mysterious ground up ingredients hung awkwardly out of the bun towards the left side of the poorly made sandwich. I picked up the burger and removed the top bun. A layer of the bread ripped off and stayed glued to the newly exposed cheese atop the meat patty. A gooey mix of white, yellow, red and grey sat atop of the sandwich. The dark red ketchup looked like it had already spoiled, chunky bits of it pooled up in the middle of the colorful mess, resembling coagulated blood; and it appeared as if it were oozing out of the meat patty below, giving the whole sandwich the primal appearance of road-kill on a bun. The yellow mustard added to the effect and looked like oozing infection. One lumpy slice of a yellow green pickle had been placed dead in the middle of the sandwich. It shimmered in the light and had a slimy rubbery texture. My appetite died, and I turned to the drink.

Tiny beads of clear white water danced around the edges of the white cup, where the liquid seeped through the pores of the Styrofoam. A clear white lid with a circular patch of bumps concealed the appearance of the inside. Because of the broken straw I opened the lid. Brownish-clear liquid filled with square blocks of ice filled the empty space of the cup. A clear layer of water from the melted ice made up about an inch of the top of the drink; in it floated tiny brown peculiar particles. I closed the lid and tasted vomit.

Contrary to the bag’s slogan I did not love it. Into the trash went the yellow package, the white Styrofoam cup, and the red carton of French fries. Along with my meal, my appetite dies, as well a the urge to eat fast food.