

Diary of a Road Warrior Vol. 1

For all of you who envy my lifestyle, allow me to ruin it for you. Tonight, I arrived in beautiful Ogallala, Nebraska (aka Big, flat, stinky place). Having skipped lunch, I set out from my hotel room in search of a decent meal. I figured the beef must be plentiful (judging by the quantity of manure) so I thought I'd find some steak or a burger joint. I stumbled on a western looking place that seemed promising from the outside then parked my trusty steed and headed in, I was unaware that Tuesday was live music night, but I seemed to be ahead of the crowd as there was only a handful of people there so I took a seat. I ordered a patty melt and a side salad.

I'm sure you've all heard of farm to table; it's all the rage. But here in Nebraska they've added a couple steps. It's farm to factory to grocery store to dumpster out back to this particular restaurant and finally to my table. They were nice enough to add two conjoined black olives on top but that didn't really help (black olives matter). The dressing was so special it was sealed in a pouch before it was brought to my table. Had I not had my Spyderco pocketknife, I'd still be there. Somehow the waitress (a lovely heifer-like lady) decided I needed the fat free version of the Italian dressing (thanks for that). Pretty sure it was mostly water with a dash of vinegar. I was hungry enough that I ate the green things and dodged the rest.

About this time two things happened, the patty melt arrived and the live "music" began. I'll touch on the music first. In the history of music there have been a handful of bands with only 3 members that truly stand out. Rush and CSN come to mind. I'm sure there are others. My point is, I think it takes a special level of talent to play great music when you're light one member of the classic formula. That didn't slow these guys down one bit. This was a sound I wish on no one. It sounded like water buffalo being tortured (and raped) by former Nazis. And all played with the rhythm you'd expect from old white guys with no rhythm. There were about 6 people in the place counting me and the waitress. Two of them left. I would have followed but I'm a road warrior, moreover, I'm a retired mechanic, mostly deaf and used to the sounds of air tools, rod knocks and bad brakes (all of which would have been a substantial improvement). Not only was the music bad, apparently, they weren't even willing to take the time to learn the set or how to read music. I assume this based on the fact that the bass player (clearly their evil leader) would shout out the next chord and the other two would then try to play that chord (or what they thought that chord should be) in unison. Oh, and let's not forget the volume. I think the thought was "if we melt their eardrums, they won't really notice how bad we play". Wrong you are Sir, wrong you are.

The patty melt was actually quite good. Marbled rye, Swiss cheese and some kind of secret sauce but what made it stand out was the beef. Fresh, lean and wonderful. I can't help thinking it's all connected. I think the reason the meat is so good has to do with the slaughtering process. I'm guessing every Tuesday the cows are brought to the restaurant alive and well. They're given a seat close to the stage and maybe a beer and told to enjoy the show. One or two songs in they start looking for an exit but being cows, they can't work the doorknobs. They soon realize they are trapped and suicide is the only way out. I believe these poor beasts actually volunteer to be dinner, even climbing into the meat grinder unassisted or hacking off porterhouse shaped chunks until they finally bleed out and are greeted by the sweet silence of death.

It was a good piece of meat and I'm sure they save tons using self-butchered cattle but I'm still not sure it's worth all that. I say, put in a jukebox, slay those "musicians" (and their families, just in case) and make your meat in a factory like good Americans.