

I've been to many places; luckily for me, it's been a lifesaver. The other day I was about to eat a crab sandwich at a small Subway in Malasaña when I sensed a putrid slime on my dish.

Exactly, it wasn't even white and stringy like the fake crab surimi. It smelled funny—uncooked? Could that be possible?

As I opened the top bun, I saw my hypothesis was true. The mayonnaise could not mask the yellowness of the deceased water-being. In the middle, there was clearly an eye, a dark sphere that couldn't hide behind the cheap greasy sauce.

Entranced, I stared at the unholy meal with disillusion, disappointment, and shame of what it symbolized: American gastronomy is decaying.

Is it?

The biggest fast-food chain on the planet was selling me a fake crab sandwich that could potentially harm me. Harm me? That sounds tempting.

If I eat this, I would be sent out immediately to the ER. The consequences? More awareness of the shitty food we are serving to more than half of the population. I would be sending out a message: corporate fast food is more harmful than regular street food.

How did I spot this flaw? Well, 7 years ago, I went on a family vacation to Nantucket, we ate crab sandwiches almost every day. We stayed there for 21 days at a cabin facing the tranquility of the northern shore, just upward Hulbert Avenue and James Street. Uncle Jon—the unwashed, fisherman look-alike relative—always had something to say when we ate crab, like if he was a gastronomic guru. I remember the first time we ate.

"Kids, listen up. You see the white flesh, the crimson skin and the tenderness that is not entirely soggy?" Everyone responded automatically, yes.

"Good, good." He was always smoking, with a glass of bourbon. He paused for a second, as he forgot what he was about to say. I was looking at my sandwich,

which was opened like a butterfly. "As this is made with authentic crab you can easily see that it is fresh if the legs are crisp. Come on, try and break it. Let's hear the magical sound of tasty seafood!". Pleasantly, my cousins and I, even my parents, did as indicated. It was magical indeed, an orchestration of sounds from sea creatures by (apparently superior) earthly creatures. Delicious crunches filled up the dining room

"Splendid! Now you are ready to take the first bite. But before you need to remember that if you spot a black substance, that is most likely to be the eye: throw it away" He paused blatantly "It is poisonous" He stared directly at his son like he was guilty of some terrible offense. He then emptied his bourbon in one swallow.

So there I was, staring at the ugly sandwich, that for sure wasn't edible, with the dark sphere looking at me. The yellowish sauce was so thick and slimy, that at one point it winked at me. It probably had something to do with me staring at it for 5 minutes straight. I had to decide whether or not to become a corporate iconoclast. Didn't have much to lose. I was a lone wolf looking for something to say. Plus, I've always wanted to pinch the system.

I took the bite, moreover, I ate the fucking thing.

It was acid, as if it was fermented instead of cooked. I could feel the eye plowing through my bowels. I forced myself to not throw up. My duty was to be fulfilled.

It's been one hour. As I write this, I'm starting to feel the first symptoms. My skin is getting itchy, my vision blurred and my stomach is inflated like a helium balloon.

*John William's diary*

*Entry: Monday 23rd, September 2019.*

"This testimony, your honor, is clear proof that we are dealing with a suicidal psychopath." Subway's defender wiped heavy sweat on his forehead, even though the room was cool and breezy.

The judge responded with a hand gesture and wrote something on his pad. The young defender glanced at him and said, "No further questions, your honor." He sat tensely, hoping that the judge would buy his story.