Donairs

I'm not sure how many of you have had the exquisite experience of eating a donair, but it's an experience that I'm sure my body can only stand after an extended recovery period from the last one. It's kind of like getting radiation therapy because you like the tingly feeling.

They're wrong on so many levels, but yet they're so good. I don't claim to understand it either.

How can one resist the sweet, spicy, meat-like brown matter on that spindle? It calls to you like the chick across the bar, that you **know** you shouldn't go home with. But of course, you eventually do. The smell coming from the pizza place wafts out onto the street, like an olfactory version of a siren's song. I can't resist. I am drawn to it. I'm thinking, in the sober part of my brain, that this is bad, but the alcohol-controlled portion has been in command since much earlier in the night and vetos that judgement.

They're like one night stands. All you can remember about your previous one was good, so you go and get another one. It's good while it lasts, and maybe you even feel a little dirty after you finish, but it's a good kind of dirty. The difference is, with a donair, you're *always* in the bathroom a few hours later, wondering why it burns when you go.

So, yeah, the reason I'm writing this is because I had one last night, and now I'm paying for it. My digestive tract is screaming at me in a kind of whiny, Michael J. Fox voice, "Why?! Why did you do this to me again?" I'm listening to it, for now.

I'm sure it'll happen again, that I'll be downtown, I'll have had a few, and I'll forget the valuable lesson taught to me by my colon. I'll have another donair, and the cycle will repeat. Just don't let it happen to you.

Friends don't let friends eat donairs.

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