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Period 4

Frontier Cow Pies

Have you ever had hepatitis? That's a disease in which your liver shuts down, you turn yellow, and then you die. Hepatitis is spread by folks who don't wash their hands after they go to the bathroom. Frontier Pies in Ogden almost gave me hepatitis once, but that isn't the only reason I will never go there again. Hot meals are served cold, the service is agonizingly slow, and the prices are outrageous. Frontier Pies is the worst restaurant in the history.

I ordered a taco salad, not knowing that Frontier Pies' idea of a taco salad is a cold tortilla shell, stuffed with cold beans, cold shredded meat (with no taco seasoning), and covered in a soggy bed of dripping lettuce. I mean it was *ice* cold, not even a suggestion of heat anywhere on the plate, which, by the way, was one of those metal things that felt like they had just removed it from the deep freeze! I guess it wouldn't have been so frustrating if the menu had not listed the taco salad under a the heading *Hot Lunches*. Imagine eating a piece of stringy, raw chicken, straight from the fridge, and you will have some idea of what it was like to taste the taco salad at Frontier Pies. When the waitress returned to ask if we would like anything else, I pleaded with her not to bring anymore of this so-called

food to our table. It was the first time in my life that I have not finished a restaurant meal. My wife's meal was no better. She had the lasagna, and it looked like a little yellow brick covered in blood. The cheese inside had hardened to a tooth-shattering, cement-like consistency, and the "sauce" was, you guessed it, cold! It appeared that Frontier Pies did not actually employ the use of ovens and stoves, or maybe they just do not know the temperature at which food should be served, but whatever the case, they have no business being in business! Uncooked food spreads disease, and that is why everyone who ate at Frontier Pies that day had to go get a hepatitis shot the following week. This restaurant is so bad that they literally try to kill their customers!

A western theme runs throughout Frontier Pies. They have wooden booths shaped like stables and old wagon wheels hanging around on the walls with lots of old-time pictures. The menu is like a newspaper from the 1800's, and everything on it falls under the heading *Grub*, a fitting description of the food. There are gas-burning lamps on each table and the waitresses wear old-time dresses with lots of lace and frills. To be fair, Frontier Pies has captured the western feel pretty well, but you get a little too much time to enjoy it all as you wait in line for hours! There was not much of a crowd, but for some reason it took almost twenty minutes for us to get seated, and then we

didn't see a waitress for another fifteen. By the time she had taken our drink order, I was so hungry that I was going to faint. I had finished all the water in the dirty pitcher on the table, and my wife and I sat and stared at each other, wondering if we'd been forgotten, our stomachs growling like rocket engines. There is the frequent crash of dishes in Frontier Pies because they require their servers to carry the orders on large round trays which must be held above their heads. Lots of things get dropped...including my meal. It crashed to the floor in a clattering array of silverware and cold food. I was ready to leave, but the waitress promised she'd put a rush order on the replacement meal. So we waited some more. The seasons changed. Pages flew free from the calendar. Finally she returned and served us the worst dinner in the history of food. The atmosphere of Frontier Pies borders on ominous because all the workers keep these frozen smiles glued on their faces. If their kindness doesn't kill you, the hepatitis will.

After choking down some of our meal, my wife and I began to get up, but we realized that no check had been brought to our table. We waited some more, fighting the urge to vomit up the icy chunks of frontier goo that was turning our stomachs to jelly. Finally, the waitress returned with the check, asking first if we were sure we didn't want some pie. I snatched the check and ran to the cash register, desperate to be away from

the insensate evil of the place. I was astounded to learn that the "meal" cost more than 20 dollars! I paid Frontier Pies 20 dollars to torture me with waiting, poison me with cold food, and almost kill me! I will never set foot there again.

As you can see, Frontier Pies is the worst restaurant in the history of eating establishments. The food is little more than cold slop, the service and atmosphere are terrible, and my experience there was worse than eating raw cow pies! For your own safety, I suggest that you avoid this restaurant at all costs. If they send free meal coupons in the mail, as they sometimes do to seduce people in, throw them away. They'll kill us all! Run for your lives!