

CHEESEBURGERS

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When I was a little boy, I didn't like cheese. The smell of it completely repulsed me. So when I went to McDonald's, I never had cheese on my Quarter Pounder.

By the time I was an adult, I'd overcome my aversion to the smell of cheese, but I still avoided cheeseburgers. I reasoned, and I never told anyone this before, that if I tried them and *liked* them, I'd look back to all the cheeseburgers I could have had, and regret that I'd been eating their, cheeseless, cousins. Kind of like when I was six years old. We were on a two week long seaside holiday. Every day we went to the fairground, and every day I watched the other kids on the horses on the merry-go-round. I was always too afraid to go on them. Until the last day of the holiday, when I finally tried it and loved it.

I cried in the car all the way home, because I could have had two weeks of the horses, if only I'd been brave enough to try.

So, when I was asked what I wanted to eat today, when according to long-standing tradition, I could have anything, I asked for a cheeseburger. I asked for a cheeseburger with mustard, pickle, and lettuce. No sense in holding back now.

I was really nervous with that cheeseburger in front of me. Could I send it back if I didn't like it? I suppose it didn't really matter.

It was worse than that. Much worse. That cheeseburger was the most beautiful thing I ever tasted. Even before I had swallowed the first mouthful I was regretting every plain burger I ever had. Now, today, I discover I like cheeseburgers, and I'll not get a chance for another one.

Father, if I cry you'll make sure everyone knows that's why, won't you?

