

# Professional Pizza Patter

*by* Jack Ales-Oruam

"My mother does it," she stated matter-of-factly, pressing down on her pizza as if she were performing CPR.

The napkin drank up the grease, stabbing victoriously at a culture immersed in the unsaturated fats of comfort. Padded with the reassuring dough of success. Reflecting our immaculate, Photoshopped pictures in the oily mirror of vanity that floated just above the pepperonis. A culture that clung to all facets of life with the unrelenting, gooey stringiness reminiscent of a good order of extra-cheese.

We all stared, somewhat shocked and mostly disgusted.

And then she lifted up the pizza and sat it on the napkin. When she lifted it again, we could see that the seemingly innocuous bottom was just as guilty as the cheese-laden top.

In a flabbergastingly spontaneous display of my gastric vitality, I vomited. And then I passed out.

