

T I M O T H Y  
M C S W E E N E Y

GINGERLY PLACES HIS INK-DIPPED  
PAWS ONTO THE FOOLSCAP.



REVIEWS  
OF NEW FOOD.

Catalan Nachos

*Submitted by Allison Moon*

While I was staying in a small village in the Spanish Pyrenees and pining for my hometown of Los Angeles, the Mexican restaurant nestled in the town square looked as comforting as a hug from Grandma. My companion and I ordered nachos as a starter and, in return, received a large terra-cotta bowl of melted cheese, a few slices of jalapeño, and four thin corn chips. We looked to the other couples gathered in the restaurant: all were enjoying their nachos by spooling the cheese on their forks like spaghetti and eating it by itself. My fellow Angeleno and I shared a weary look and dug in. We slept without touching that night. And the night after that.