

Confession No. 8 : Deceitful man-food ordering technique

Yesterday, I ate at one of my favorite spots: PCH Dog on Chapman, in Orange.

When I poked my head in the little window to order, I was too ashamed to order my usual, it just seemed too much like man-food—chili cheese fries AND a sauerkraut dog—so I thought I would throw everyone off with a clever ploy, “I’ll have one chili cheese fries and one...let’s see what did he want?...um, one sauerkraut dog, oh...and just one Diet Coke, please.”

I am CERTAIN no one caught on it was all just for me...and even MORE certain no one cared.