The Burger who didn’t want to be junk food

Once upon a time there was a burger who had many lives. Each day she would wake up in the burger bar, and patiently wait her turn to be cooked by the chefs, before being served to the customers. While being eaten, she would do everything possible to make herself really delicious, and with the customer's final bite she would feel like the lights had gone out and she had simply fallen asleep. The next day the whole process would repeat itself.

The little burger could have continued quietly living this way for many years if it hadn’t been for the fact that, one day, while she was waiting her turn at the cooking range, she heard one of the customers referring to her as “junk food”. And, boy, did this make her angry! She was so furious that she almost spontaneously combusted.

From then on she realised that many people used that term about her and her sisters. And after listening closely to any radio or television program about junk food or healthy food, she arrived at a horrifying conclusion: it was true, she was “junk food”.

Now she understood why most of her favourite customers were now much fatter than they had been when she first met them, and why those who came most often didn't look too well. The burger felt terrible; all this was her fault! So she tried to find some solution, some way they could shake off that terrible name.

And then she hit on it. Whenever she saw one of the kids who visited almost daily, she would choose the best place to be chosen, and would wait to be served. Once he was with the child, and the important moment wasn’t far off – the first bite - the burger would concentrate as much as she could and... nothing happened. The child sank their teeth into the burger and chewed the mouthful just as usual. Then along came another bite, with the burger concentrating as before, but everything happened just as before...
Several more bites and the burger was about to give up, when she heard the child’s voice:

-“Blimey, how strange! This burger doesn't taste of anything.”

That was just the start of what turned out to be a perfect plan. The burger convinced all her sisters not to have any flavour whenever they were with a customer that visited too often, in return for being even more tasty when the customer came only rarely.

In this way they began to see fewer chubby, unhealthy-looking faces in the restaurant, and many of their old familiar friends started looking much better, while getting to eat much tastier burgers.

And these burgers became much more popular from then on, because, everywhere, it’s more enjoyable to taste something after a while of not having had it.

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