





For Mary-Natalie,
My little dessertarian

Everyone Hates This Restaurant

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Mom, can we go
to my favorite place?
I'm hungry and thirsty
and it's getting late.



But everyone hates
this restaurant, dear!
The mere thought of going there
fills me with fear.



The food is all cold
and the waiters are rude.
The drinks are disgusting
and the cooks, they all feud.



The plates, they are dirty
and the knives are all dull.
The lobsters are vulgar
and their singing's bad.



The customer service's
as bad as can get.
The mice will attack you
with a stale baguette.



The cockroaches put on
a show every day.

The customers scream,
they flee and they pray.



The glasses are filthy
and covered with gum.

The tablecloths stink
and are stained with gunk.



The music is so loud
the windows explode.
You have to be careful
when crossing the road.



The singer can't sing;
she shrieks and she bellows
as her friends play drums,
the horn, and the cello.



If anyone opens
their mouth to complain,
the servers will tell them
that *they* are to blame.



But mom, it's my favorite
place to eat!
I know that the chairs there,
they all smell like feet.



And maybe the chicken's
so raw that it pecks
at my salad and corn
and the Parmesan flecks.



And the veal is so rare
that my lettuce it eats.

The sheep is so pink
that it basically bleats.



The food is atrocious
and the drinks even worse.

The prices are so high
you empty your purse.



But the sweets are aplenty,
the desserts are so grand!
The ice cream and cocoa
and caramel flan.



The cookies and candy,
they all taste divine.
The tarts and the pancakes,
I want them all mine.



The chocolate fountain
is such a delight
when I dip my strawberry,
'n hold it upright.



As a dessertarian,
I live for the rush
that sugar provides me.
So, mommy, please hush!



For, who cares if everyone
hates this place?

It's where I am eating
to the end of my days!



*Ban
appetit!*





About the author

Nicholas C. Rossis lives to write and does so from his cottage on the edge of a magical forest in Athens, Greece. When not composing epic fantasies, children's books, or short sci-fi stories, he chats with fans and colleagues, writes blog posts, and enjoys the antics of his dog, cat, and dessert-loving young daughter, all of whom claim his lap as home.

His books have won numerous awards, including the prestigious IBBY Award.

Connect with Nicholas on nicholasrossis.me!



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