

I start to drool whenever I catch sight of these oval-shaped products of a feathered nearly flightless bird.

I flinch and stagger if I catch a whiff of this horrific purple-skinned vegetable cooking. Its taste is so vile that I would need mountains of a certain tasty red condiment to mask it.

I am overjoyed whenever I glimpse this tasty dish, composed of circular tubes of pastry with vegetables in a sauce made with the liquid taken from hazelnuts. It has crumbs of a dry wheat substitute on top, and also has the dried product of the milk of a medium-sized furry mammal.

I am repulsed by the wafting smell of pastry composed of grain from a plant I cannot ingest. It may contain the dried product produced by a female bovine, which might also contain the dreaded gluten. If I ate it, I would be overcome with convulsions!