

Describe a hamburger from the point of view of a 6-year-old dying to go to MacDonald's.

The beautiful hamburger sat in a delicious, warm bun. Tony stared at it. He could almost taste it, as it sat in its little box on the MacDonald's counter. He almost reached out and grabbed it, but there was a glass window in the way. Then the hamburger was sold, to a monstrously large man who grabbed it and ate it in one bite as he waddled out the door. Tony dissolved into tears, and the fat guy gave him a "what's-up-with-him?" look as he walked down the street.

Describe a hamburger from the point of view of a vegetarian.

The horrible object sat on the counter of MacDonald's. Harry, and the other vegetarians and vegans who stood outside, waving signs and shouting slogans like "Cows are your friends!", glared at it. Then the hamburger was sold, to a monstrously large man who grabbed it and ate it in one bite as he waddled out the door. Harry stepped in front of him and informed him of what a commercially farmed cow went through on the way to being in his burger. "Get out of my way, you little twerp." snarled the fat man, sending burger bits flying into the air, and pushed him aside, knocking him over. The vegetarians charged and came down on him like a sackful of carrots, and so the riot began.

Describe a hamburger from the point of view of a father who has just grilled (in his opinion) the perfect burger.

Mr McKindy stared at the grill. There, smoke wafting lightly in the breeze, sat the perfect hamburgers. "Wonderful!" he cried, sweeping one up in his arms. "I must tell the kids! Where's my camera?" Suddenly, he heard shouts from the street outside his yard, and hurried to the fence. A group of people dressed as farmyard animals were attacking the staff and patrons of the local McDonalds. Suddenly, a man in a bright pink pig costume broke off from the mob and charge towards him, smelling the hamburgers. "In the name of all vegetarians," he screamed as he vaulted the fence, "I end this madness!" He grabbed the burgers and threw them into the street. Time slowed down for Mr McKindy, as he watched his beloved, perfect burgers crushed under the feet of the rioters. Then he grabbed his gardening hammer, and brought it down with a "BO-O-ONG!" noise onto the smug-looking pig's head. The pig crumpled, and with a fearsome war cry (Burger, Burger, Burger!) he ran into the street to join the fray.

Describe a hamburger from the point of view of someone who works at McDonalds and is really sick of it.

"Thank you." said Mike listlessly as he handed the burger over to the fat man, "Have a nice day." *God*, he thought, *I have to get out of this place. I hate burgers. Hate 'em, hate 'em, hate 'em. Oh, what's going on in the street?...* Suddenly, the fat man flew back through the door with a tinkle of glass, because the door opened the other way. Patrons screamed and turned over tables for cover, as a man in a turkey costume, wielding a fearsome potato, climbed through the hole where the door used to be. "For fruit and veg!" he cried, and ran towards Mike. *Excellent*, thought Mike, *something interesting is happening!* He lobbed burger after burger at the turkey man, who slipped and fell on his back. The patrons grabbed their own burgers, and the fight was on!