

This mouth-numbing dish is a hunk of flesh ripped from a factory-raised chicken, coated in high fat bread crumbs, burned on top and bottom, and covered with soggy bacon and dry, hard mozzarella cheese, all on wheat-filled sourdough bread. This sandwich is served with a cup of tomato soup that probably isn't government approved, made from a cherished family recipe handed down through the generations, bought by this company, and made by a big guy in the back with greasy hands.

Even your family members with the heartiest appetites will have to be carried out on stretchers after dining at Gargantuso. At Gargantuso, we believe that there's never too much of a good thing, at least where money is involved. Every dinner comes with mounds of crispy french fries (a bit too crispy), a never-empty jar of your favorite soft drink (from a very small list of them), and a sundae made with soggy brownies, liquid vanilla ice cream, and torrents of hot fudge sauce sprayed from a none-to-clean tap.