HW 5: Read this early draft. On a separate paper with your name on it…
**A**)**What 3 tones** for audience appeal do you think he went for? Succeeded or not?
**B)**Write what letter grade you think it’s headed to, and write **3 reasons** why. REMEMBER:it’s not finished/not final
**C)**Look at the Rubric. Give **10** total SPECIFIC suggestions to improve this draft. Write down what category # from the rubric (eg #1 Topic Appropriate, etc) your advice fits under. Okay to repeat same category.
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EARLY DRAFT: **Meet What’s for Dinner** by Ben Platt

Whenever I go out to eat, I always comb through the menu for specific words: shark, snake, grizzly, etc. It's not that I don't like more standard dishes. I love a good steak as much as the next guy, but that sort of thing just doesn't excite me anymore. If I’m going to commit murder by eating meat, as the animal rights people say, I want my murder to count. I hunger for danger foods. By my definition, a danger food is any animal that can take me in a fair fight. The way I see it, if it could have killed me when it was alive, I get to eat it once it's dead. In fact, it's my civic duty to do so. For example, a shark could rip me apart with its rows of razor sharp teeth. Thus, I get to turn it into poop. The circle of life continues. A cow, while large enough to do some serious damage if it fell on me, is a stupidly docile animal. I could walk up to a cow and starting eating it right then and there, and it still wouldn't put up a fight until it was nothing but udder and hooves. Cheap fight, the steak. Chicken? For all the flapping and noise, the chicken is nonetheless a non-threatening creature. Pork? Pigs can eat a lot in a short amount of time, but they'll look right down the barrel of a gun and expect a candy treat. No real challenge, there.

 All of these are perfectly viable food options, but there's no real sport. They have no real tools with which to fight back. Crocodiles, bears, gorillas, elephants, tigers - God gave these animals sharp claws, jagged teeth, enormous physical size, and incredible strength with which to defend themselves. Logic dictates that if we can get good food from animals that are easily killable, we can get much better, tastier food from animals that require work. Now you environmentalists might say, "Wait, aren't some of those animals endangered?" You're damn right. That's why we have to eat them now, before they disappear! To that end, I have a new food show: Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals Today! (ELEAT!). This show shall be dedicated to hunting, prepping and cooking all of God's most dangerous, therefore most delectable, creatures, prepared by average ‘joe’ chefs. We will not be deterred from our pots, even if the World Wildlife Federation ties us up and beats us unconscious with their complimentary tote bags.

Origin story for the ELEAT show? Well, I was twelve and out hunting with my dad. We went hunting for deer; we wound up fighting a bear. Let me tell you about the first fierce meal I ever had.

The bear, a black bear that had no right being in Deer country, surprised us as we were waiting, while we were mounted up in a blind in a tree. We weren’t licensed for bear, so we didn’t want to shoot it. Heck, we had no quarrel with him; we figured we would wait it out in the tree. But it wouldn’t leave once it smelled us. Shots in the air; no effect. An hour later waiting, no deterrent. We were near a creek where the bear could have it’s value meal. But it wanted something more. It wanted a human snack. And it got it. It rushed with such force at our tree that we both were knocked out of it and the bear ripped off chunks of my father’s leg before we could shoot it enough times in the face to make it run away and skip dessert – me and the rest of my dad.

Took me almost two months,but I tracked that bear and got it. I brought it back. My dad, still in physical rehab, turned to me and told me, “Good job, son. Now let’s eat the darn thing. Let’s start with the leg.”

Dad prepped and I grilled. Never, ever, in my life has something tasted so good. We shared a meal that no restaurant could ever top. My father and I became even tighter. From that day on, regular meals tasted like plastic and hot dogs and no better than that. Dangerous dishes became our gourmet good eats.

The trend started and we found we were not alone: the animals we hunted as food got bigger and more dangerous, and a looksee on the internet said we weren’t alone. It’s dangerous and tasty, both before and after cooking. Rare meat rare -- a whole club of us knows the secret of eating predator gourmet.

Surprisingly enough, despite the overwhelming evidence that we are right and they are wrong, there are those who would rather not see ELEAT succeed in its goals. The main opposition to ELEAT will come from animal rights activists, vegetarians, and hippies who’ve never had a loved one hurt by an animal. I'd like to use this forum to address these groups in another indented paragraph that takes up a lot of room on the page and makes it look like I'm a prolific writer, but why bother: they won’t hear what I know is truth. That’s what a PETA person would do; point out in a rambling self righteous over-long speech how wrong anyone who doesn’t agree with them is. I’m not eating kittens, you know, but a Tiger that would eat your kids – you betcha, bring out the ketchup.

I'm glad to have you watch each week as ELEAT tracks, finds, and makes a meal of boss animals. Rare meat is a rare treat. Eat the animals that could make you die; they’re good for you. Watch and learn as I hunt and eat the other “fighting” meats. And who knows: maybe some veggie-types will get in the way to protest. Haven’t eaten the top-of-the-food chain, yet. Yet. Take advantage of the perk of being highest up on the food chain. It may not always be so.

