

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
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Cheeburger in Paradise

My sort of boyfriend chuckled while putting his hand on my loudly growling stomach.

“I haven’t eaten in two days,” I shoot at him.

My stomach feels as if it’s about to eat itself. Seconds feel like hours as my car slowly inches its way down College Street during the lunchtime rush. I’m a woman on a mission.

My destination: Cheeburger Cheeburger, a fun hamburger joint located in the heart of Auburn.

My goal: The notorious one-pound burger, a local legend.

Upon walking in, I’m immediately surrounded with the aroma of seasoned salt, Italian dressing and delicious college gossip. Luckily, the energetic waitress, Megan, seats us in the far back corner, away from the heap of freshmen girls. I don’t want to be distracted by who got a bid, who didn’t and who was caught with so and so’s boyfriend. My attention is on the burger, and my stomach is screaming for it.

I slide into the green metal chair and Megan hands us our menus. As the words “I got you babe” flutter throughout the air in the background, I’m engulfed in a poodle skirt, 50’s style atmosphere.

“Can I start you off with a milkshake?” Megan asks.

My eyes wander to the back of the menu, the milkshake page, and one rather large number grabs my eye -- 378,000. That’s right, there are 378,000 possible milkshake combinations. Cookie dough-almond-Reese’s; Oreo-Butterfinger-pecan; birthday cake-raspberry-banana-OH MY! It’s enough to make your brain hurt.

“No milkshakes for me today,” I tell her. “I’m here for one thing only, the Famous Pounder.”

I can already see her facial expression change, showing signs of disbelief and laughter.

“To split?” she asks.

I sit back in my chair and smile.

“Nope, just for me.”

Because of my size, growing up I was pegged toothpick, stick girl and had to endure countless cliché anorexic jokes. But I’ve never been a salad and water kind of girl. I couldn’t live without steak and will take every opportunity to Supersize my order. All 110 pounds of me is determined to conquer the beef.

“OK,” Megan says, holding back giggles. “Would you like any toppings?”

I find the part of the menu dedicated to burgers. I have a choice between eight cheeses and 30 toppings, anywhere from bacon to bell peppers to black olives. Right at the top there it was, in white bold letters “Our Famous Pounder...10.99\$.” For the less brave, the Pounder is sliced down to “The Delirious” $\frac{3}{4}$ pound, “The Serious” $\frac{1}{2}$ pound and “The Semi-Serious” $\frac{1}{3}$ pound. Today, I’m feeling brave.

“Just put some Swiss cheese on there please,” I say.

“And for you sir?” Megan asks.

“Give me a Heath bar milkshake, a small order of fries and the fried chicken salad,” he says.

With a smug smirk Megan walks away with our menus. Who ever said girls can’t do anything guys do?

A rendition of “I think we’re alone now” that I’ve never heard of begins to fill the air. I’ve been blasted 55 years into the past at a local sock hop, and I’m just waiting for the waitresses to drop their French fries and start doing the twist.

Megan skips over to set a torturously mouth-watering milkshake towards his side of the table. The sweet aroma cruelly creeps its way to my nostrils and naturally the evil shake was clutching two straws. I will not give in to the chocolately paradise, I’m saving all my strength for the Pounder.

There goes my stomach again.

To my right, I notice the “Hall of Fame.” The smiling faces of the brave and uncomfortably full individuals who conquered the “Famous Pounder.” Soon, my face will join the elite. I hope.

“Here’s your salad sir, and for you mam, our Famous Pounder with Swiss cheese,” Megan says. “Good luck.”

Wow. This is one big burger.

“You’re not going to be able to handle that,” my date says while pouring Zesty Seasoning over his fries.

“Shut up and eat your salad,” I say.

After one deep breath, I struggle to pick up the monstrous patty sandwiched between golden flat bread and take the biggest bite I can handle.

Magic. This is the perfect reward to my food-deprived body. Little by little I begin to make a dent in the massive, cheese smothered beef. Minutes pass and no words are spoken as I continue on my conquest. The boyish snickers coming from across the table serve as a catalyst,

motivating me to push on once my stomach begins to fill. I'm now at a jeans-being-ready-to-pop point, so I know I have to be close to the finish line.

“Oh my gosh,” I accidentally say out loud upon looking down at my basket. I'm not even half way there. No, I cannot let the burger defeat me.

I only muster three more bites. I look over to the “Wall of Fame” again, studying the victorious faces. Struggling, I take another zesty bite. Unless this is going to lead to a messy scene, I finally surrender to the Pounder.

Leaving the graffiti walls of Cheeburger Cheeburger, I'd highly recommend the exciting atmosphere, creative milkshakes and fresh fries to all ages. Moderately priced with quick, friendly service, the hamburger joint is an inviting and enjoyable place to bring a date, family or friends. However, if you have the courage to challenge the Famous Pounder, make sure to bring one enormous appetite.

I didn't eat for another two days.