

DAY in the

# LIFE OF A FOODIE

We're living in a food-mad era. To prove it, here's F&W's very own Mad Libs®-style word game. Tweet a photo of your filled-in page @fandw, using #FWWordGames; we'll post our favorites on foodandwine.com.



ALARM GOES OFF: I stumble into the kitchen and brew a cup of single-estate beer from Namibia I eat a bowl of my homemade Tasmanian devil-milk yogurt and an egg from the dodo I raise in my backyard.



The phone rings: my daughter. "Can you meet us for dinner? There's a brand-new farm-to-bed nose-to-Doobies restaurant we want to check out. It's where all the carrot-avores are going, and it only uses ingredients from within a 800-mile radius."



I can't go, because I've got to stay home to finish breaking down a whole elephant. (I sometimes turn the back into prosciutto.) But I've also got a date. We're going to a new cocktail lounge hidden behind a Home Depot, where mixologists wearing snowboarding make cocktails that harken back to the Medieval Ages.



Before getting dressed, I check Twitter and see that the takedown of Kim Kardashian new restaurant is blowing up. My favorite quote: "The Slovakia tuna tacos tasted like they were seasoned with the tears of 1,000 flamingos." Burn!



I hop on my bike and ride to the new artisanal-food market inside an abandoned Spam factory. It's the only place in town to get gluten-free croissant. By the time I get home, I have just an hour to get ready for my night out. But first I have to feed my sourdough starter, which I inherited from my 3rd cousin, who brought it over from North Korea in the hull of a dinghy.



I've got a surprise for my date: After drinks, we're going to try to get into Emeril Lagasse's new tasting menu-only spot. There are just 1 seats, and each one is made from a reclaimed Colostomy bag.



After waiting for 900 hours, we're in. It's crazy: I'm sitting next to Shakira, and the seats are so close that Clarence Thomas is basically sitting on my date's lap. Even though the stereo is blasting Beethoven at ear-splitting volume, the food is exquisite.



We walk out, full and happy. My date invites me over, but I have to decline: I can't be away from my fermenting Heinz 57 for more than 5.37 hours.

