

Admit it, food is more about the experience and memories surrounding the event than what is actually eaten. Except in 广州... the food here makes the experience a moment of euphoria, splendid joy, and blissful happiness to compliment the atmosphere. Cheers!

Lunch Sept 2: At a restaurant across the street from my apartment. This was a more upscale location, meals around \$5, and we received service directly from the restaurant director.

Squid - I think I've had gum that was less chewy than the squid I tried. Flavor wise, it was cooked in soy sauce and tasted as such.



Fried pork ribs – eating the meat off these can be tricky. The Chinese also like to leave the fat on their food.

Something between sweet & sour pork and orange pork. – The authentic is even better than its American cousins. I thought I as capable with the chopsticks, but picking up slimy objects is harder than it looks, providing great entertainment for everyone else. This also comes with a lesson on how to hold chopsticks from the locals. (Shown below)

Pepsi – Like Thailand, it's the soda of choice around here.



Dinner Sept 2: Sliced up chicken wing. Covered in a sauce not too unlike soy sauce, but different. A little thicker. Sliced up into several pieces about a quarter inch wide. Again, its not part of their cuisine to remove the fat and cartilage beforehand, and doing so only gets harder when battling the bone too. Served with a soy sauce doused green vegetable that Jeremie and Monica love. I'm still not a veggie convert, but it is alright.



Lunch Sept 3: We find a late lunch at a restaurant in the back corner of an electronics flea market. Its marketed to an international audience with pictures of burgers and fries, a meal Jeremie is craving on his one-week anniversary in 广州.

Turns out they don't actually have any of those things. I am asked to make the decision for us three on whether or not to stay. Out of curiosity, I decide we should stay and find out what the food is actually going to be like. Monica and I order yellow curries; my chicken was a lot more flavorful than her beef and actually pretty good. Curries aren't Chinese food. Jeremie negotiates himself a Chinese club sandwich, or an attempt by a Chinese chef to replicate the photo of an American club sandwich from the menu he hadn't planned on ever making (it was just there for marketing purposes after all). After a couple bites, he votes it was better than adequate, but not as good as the real thing.

As our wanderings continued, we came across a fancy seafood restaurant, offering the finest in snakes, eels, turtles, and for some buyer later this evening, a crocodile!!! (Pictured in the cage, above right.)

Snack on the way to dinner: So after an afternoon of wandering around 广州 turns to an evening of people watching down by the river, hunger sets in again about 8:30. Walking towards the apartment, we notice a street vendor barbequing pieces of red meat. Jeremie and I think it would be fun to give them a shot. When asked if we want it spicy, we figure, again, why not? Turns out the meat was lamb, and the spices had a real kick that lasted for a few minutes. Really good though.

Dinner Sept 3: We stop for dinner at Top Noodle. I order shrimp wonton soup. Review: Just like in America. The server talks Monica into accidentally ordering two dishes. Great sales on his part, but she was quite irritated. I was too tired by this point to really care.