

Louie's Top 10 Worst Dining Experiences Ever

10) Waffle House - Columbus, OH (the #1 Waffle House in America, no kidding)

I love Waffle House and eat there often, which is misleading given the title of this page; however, let me explain. I've eaten at this Waffle House for years and probably will continue. My last experience there was a fairy tale. Brian Hall was our new worship pastor who was attending a conference with me. We traditionally ended our nights at this Waffle House for a signs and wonders debriefing ceremony for all Mennonites and Lutherans who happened to accompany us to these conferences. As we were discussing the conference's many moments in need of explanation, a large lady with flower prints on her dress appropriately pointing the onlooker toward her mile-high beehive hairdo, ergo, a Pentecostal woman with a heart for garnering attention to herself, walked up to our table and said she had a word for Brian. Brian is wearing a sweatshirt with "Vineyard MUSIC Group" in large letters. She reads his shirt, closes her eyes and says, "The Lord told me you have something to do with music. IS that true?" Brian nods giving her the only permission she would need to infiltrate our table until Jesus returned or Brian started handling snakes...whichever would come first. She asked Brian, a recovering Mennonite, if she could pray for him. I knew what she meant because of the wardrobe and hair. Brian did not, so he gave her a kind smile and said, "Sure." By the time Mama Cass slapped her heavy hand on Brian's unfettered forehead, tongues were flying like planes out of Atlanta. It scared the Holy Spirit right out of Brian who wasn't really sure he had the Spirit to begin with. Twenty minutes later and with every syllabic combination possible having been uttered at least twice by Miss Discernment, Brian thanked her as an attempt to get her to quit. When she finally jake-braked it down to a guttural rumble I asked her if she came here often. "Oh yea, this is where my ministry is," she said as she gazed around Waffle Temple. Our waitress, who was 114 years old with no teeth returned as this eternal moment drew to a close. Gloria Glossolalia looked at her with pride, placed her arm around the waitress and proclaimed, "Hey, Gertrude here got saved last night." I looked at the waitress in her butterscotch apron and asked with total sincerity, "Is that right, Gertrude?" "Hell Yes," she said as she filled my cup, which had already runneth over, with below average coffee. Now having had this momentous experience, why did I put it at #10 place I won't be eating at? Because that lady will still be there and when this ordeal had come and gone, bottom line was this: my spirit was full but my food was cold and I hate cold food.

9) Any restaurant with the word "Bob" in it.

Yes, that includes Bob Evans who has great food. However, it is expensive. The last time my brother and I ate breakfast there our bill had more zeros in it than the audience at WrestleMania 14. Sorry Bob, you should've stayed down on the farm.

8) Luby's Cafeteria

I like the food alright but the name is just unappetizing to me. Sounds dumb? Fine, get your own web site.

7) The Chinese Restaurant - Athens, OH

Only been there once. While the name escapes me, the experience doesn't. While working on my Ph.D. at Ohio University, this place was recommended to my colleagues and I. I hadn't finished my meal and left to go lay on the seat of the van. Uncle Sal Manilla had come to visit, and like my mother-i-law, he wasn't leaving any time soon. By early evening both main orifices were regurgitating at full throttle. The evening culminated when the Librarian popped his head into

the restroom and asked, "Are you alright?" I was half naked hugging a puke covered 1924 toilet with the plaster wall behind me artistically rendered with intestinal malt mixed with bok choy. I responded to the kind and sophisticated academic with the only thing that leaped to mind: "I've pooped my pants, the floor and half the wall while simultaneously vomiting colors that make Walt Disney jealous. Does it look like I'm OK?" His response was prolific: "Indeed, not, sir." And he closed the door. I should've eaten my chopsticks instead.

6) KFC/Long John Silver's Combo Stops

The new trend is to construct one building and put two restaurants in it. I think it is a great idea. If you don't like Taco Bell, you can get Wendy's. If you don't like Tim Horton, you can have Subway...you get the point. So? What's my beef with the KFC/Long John's combo? No beef, really. I like the food at both places other than it will almost kill you before you leave. But that isn't even my beef. I think it's false advertising. They should advertise that intestinal duo as "Eat Here: We're America's Cheapest Enema." Come on. If you are traveling and fill your family up at either of those two joints, you better have a state map highlighting every rest area from here to Kansas City because that's how long it will take for your system to come clean. If you've ever went to the Dominican Republic and picked up an unnamed parasite, then you'll understand what I mean, except this is probably worse.

5) Burger King

It's really not about the food even though it never agrees with me. It's about their latest advertising scheme. That King wandering around society is downright creepy. I mean CREEPY. The thought of that oversized melon-head putting a crown on my young 'un just leaves me a bit tentative, thus, I ain't eating there again. We've got enough weird. Seriously, should we not alert Social Services?

4) McDonalds - US 23, Waverly, OH

Nestled on the bank of southern Ohio's "Pee Pee Creek" and that's no joke, this is the worst McDonald's in the free world (There's one in Minsk that I think is worse but have not yet had it confirmed by two or three witnesses. I like McDonald's food, even this particular one (though I admit I was scared to eat at McDonald's for two years after Supersize Me came out). There's just one thing about Waverly's McDonald's: It smells like urine. The fact that it resides on the low side of Pee Pee Creek as nothing to do with it. I stopped many times at the Pee Pee Carry Out for gas and beef jerky. It doesn't smell like whiz. It smells like trucker butt and Vic Cales' feet, but not like urine. I gave this Mickey D's many chances while driving back and forth from home to college, but never, ever did it smell fresh, like a morning breeze. NO, it always, on every occasion smelled like I had my nose stuffed in the front end of a diaper. Not just urine, either, but STRONG urine. Like, "I OD on Vitamin C" smelling urine. Pee that smells like you just ate a pallet of Cheerio's. Know what I mean? Yep, that's why I ain't eating there anymore. Pee and a Quarter Pounder? No Thanks.

3) Eastern Palace Chinese Buffet - Toledo, OH (South Side)

I loved this place until my brother cut out of the Toledo Blade the latest health report for Eastern Palace. Almost all restaurants get a couple infractions just so the Health Department can justify their visits. That being said; this was unbelievable. The list of violations was longer than a James Michener novel. And, the restroom had cockroaches. Now if I'm a cockroach at a restaurant

and I choose the restroom as my abode OVER the kitchen, something just ain't right. Haven't been there since.

2) Central Hot Dog - Toledo, OH (East Side)

Character you want? This place has it. Central seats 16 people comfortably. On any given night you'll find these folks in the audience: Bob the East Side cop, Larry the tow truck driver, Sue, the cook and the world's foremost authority on cusswords-female division, a homeless guy that can't or won't speak and a Philippino hooker that wears bib overhauls with no shirt. The food will always, and i mean always, give you diarrhea and the restroom is single-handedly the worst latrine on earth and I am including Mexico. The last time I went to Central, I saw a full-length turd encircling the toilet seat and that's no lie. I haven't been back, but not because of the turd, but because the food sucks.

1) Hooks Truck Stop - Hooks Texas

It's the quintessential truck stop including faux cologne (a quarter a pump) in the restrooms replete with showers. Cassettes & 8-tracks of country music next to the cash register (Eddie Rabbit's Greatest Hit (yes, I refuse to make it plural). Major supply of lot lizards for your viewing pleasure. A huge wooden indian in the corner. And the worst, spoiled gravy on my country fried steak (hockey puck). Yes, I said the "worst" spoiled gravy ever. How can you say "worst?" you might ask? Of all the spoiled gravy I've had, and I've had a tub full, this gravy was so bad it might have been worse had it not been spoiled.