

EAT YOUR WORDS

presented by

**Ruberto, Israel & Weiner,
The Boston Restaurant Group,
and Restaurant Trends.**

A tasting event to benefit 826 Boston

**826
BOSTON**

@826boston

#EatYourWords2018



Event Guide, 3.26.18



826 Boston is a nonprofit youth writing and publishing organization that empowers traditionally underserved students ages 6-18 to find their voices, tell their stories, and gain communication skills to succeed in school and in life.

We provide after-school tutoring, field trips, creative writing workshops, in-school tutoring, help for English Language Learners, and in-depth publishing projects. We believe every student has a story to tell.



Ways you can get involved with 826 Boston:

- 1) Learn more about volunteering at an upcoming info session: Tuesday, April 10 at 6:30 PM or Thursday April 26 at 6:30 PM.
- 2) Host a group of students at your office for college essay support through College Essay Boot Camp on the Road.
- 3) Donate or sponsor an upcoming event: **give.826boston.org**
- 4) Run the Half Half Half Half Half Marathon (0.826 miles) on Boston Common on April 12. **give.826boston.org/halfx5**
- 5) Spread the word on social media. You make us look great! Follow us [@826boston.org](https://twitter.com/826boston.org).

The Evil Waffles and Brian the Superhero by **Javier Bacz, age 9**



1/13/1935 New York City

Dear Diary,

Today, I met Brian the Superhero. He has super strength, and he can fly. Also, he has heat vision. Brian rides around on a green motorcycle. I saw him at a Chinese restaurant, eating fortune cookies. I walked to his table to ask for his autograph, because I think that he is special.

I thought his red, blue, and black superhero outfit was really awesome. I felt excited as I walked over to him, and I wanted to take a picture with him. I like Brian, because he is brave and fights crime.

But before I could even say “Hi” to Brian, waffles the size of cars broke through the windows of the restaurant. They had Cheerios for eyes, buttery mouths, and syrupy noses. The biggest waffle yelled, “We will destroy you and take over the world with waffle soldiers! We are sick of people eating us for breakfast.”

I felt so mad, because the waffles were being mean to

Brian. I tackled one of the small waffles. Brian used his heat vision on three other small waffles.

Everybody in the restaurant was screaming and running to the bathrooms to hide. There were fifty small waffles getting in through the roof. They kept coming and coming.

I looked up in the sky and saw a huge spaceship the size of three buses, and it was putting more waffles on the ground. Brian zapped a big waffle with heat vision and then flew up to the spaceship and destroyed it with his super strength.

All the waffle soldiers turned into regular waffles. I was excited that Brian and I had defeated the waffles together.

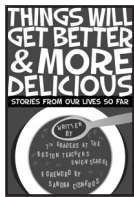
The restaurant owner gave forks to all the people in the restaurant. Everyone got two forks each, and they helped Brian and me eat the waffles. Each person could only have one giant waffle, but if they were still hungry, they could get more. I sat next to Brian, and we ate waffles (he ate three). I felt full after just one, and I felt like it was the best day ever. Brian and I rode away on his green motorcycle.

I like waffles.

Javier loves to eat pepperoni and cheese pizza, hamburgers, ribs, chicken wings, and also donuts. His favorite subject in school is math.



She Also Dreams about You: A Conversation Between Boston and the Dominican Republic, by Arlyn Cosme, age 13 (an excerpt)



Boston: It's freezing over here. When people go outside, they can hardly breathe. It feels like this cold is wrapped around their necks, making them choke. How's the weather over there?

Dominican Republic: I'm sweating so much!

Boston: Oh, man. That would be a nice feeling to have right now. I'd love to go to the beach and river every day and not have to wear a heavy coat every time I leave the house.

Dominican Republic: Yeah—I guess my country is pretty special. There was a woman here who called her granddaughter and describes how every time it rains you can smell the heat coming out off the ground. In fact, I think her granddaughter lives over there in Boston.

Boston: All this cold weather has me starving to death—I need something to eat.

Arlyn is inspired by people who believe in themselves and get back up even when they fall. She loves animals.



**2: Lincoln Tavern
and Restaurant**

**3: The Tip Tap
Room**

**4: Stephanie's on
Newbury**

1: Ned Devine's

**5: Woodman's
of Essex**

PARRIS HALL

← entrance/exit, restrooms

**more restaurants
in Rotunda →**



BAR



BAND

**8: Hokkaido Ramen
Santouka**

**7: Barcelona
Wine Bar**

6: Legal Sea Foods

**10: Darryl's Corner
Bar and Kitchen**

11: Wahlburgers

**12: Flour Bakery
and Café**

**13: Gracie's
Ice Cream**

**9: Duozo Modern
Japanese Restaurant
and Lounge**



BAR

20: City Winery

**19: Les Sablons/
Row 34**

14: Shepard

**UPPER
ROTUNDA**

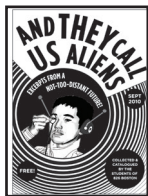
**18: The Cottage
Wellesley**

**15: State Street
Provisions**

**17: Davio's Northern
Italian Steakhouse**

16: Bar Mezzana

We Did Not Have Candy by Luca Cartwright, age 9



Dear Spoiled Descendents:

When I was little we had to eat everything we got for lunch, even rocks. When you ate peanut butter & jelly it tasted like rocks. For snack you had to eat your cardboard. When you wrote a story you had to use your fingernails.

When you used your fingernails you had to sharpen them with your teeth. We had five days of school and two days off. When we were kids we had to ride our bikes to school. We had to drink water.

When I was little I lived in a house with a mouth. The mouth of the house ate rats, which were then digested in the tummy of the house (the basement). I had to live next to a dumpster; it was very unpleasant to smell. We had to write 200 pages of homework. We had to sleep on a wooden bed and the pillow was made out of rocks and we had to use a little cloth for a blanket. We had to wear rags and a scarf.

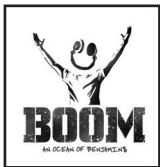
We had to cook all our meals. The kitchen was a disaster! And we did not have candy. We did not have TVs; instead we had books. And for fun we had to do paperwork.

Love,
Luca Cartwright
1,008 YEARS OLD

When **Luca** wrote this story, she was nine and a half years old and had 13 pets in her house. She has one younger brother. Her favorite color is black.



Delicious Bananas by Samsam Ismail, age 8



A track by Funky Monkey, aka Samsam
From *Boom, An Ocean of Benjamins*, a CD of
original songs and raps written by students
in 826 Boston's After-School Writing and
Tutoring Program.

Chorus:

Bananas are delicious!

I eat them every

second of the day

If you haven't tried them

you are vicious

They make every morning a partay

They're the most delicious fruit

They look just like a phone

They're as jiggly as Jello

If you haven't tried them,

you're just mellow

[*Chorus*]

Animals eat them.

They're so fantastic

We can peel them,

just like a monkey.
Hey come on, just take one bite
They're chunky, spunky,
and so very funky

[*Chorus*]

When you eat them they're
mushy and gushy
If you step on them
that's just cruel
Bananas! Bananas!
They're so delicious
If you haven't tried them
you're just fictitious

Samsam, aka Funky Monkey, was
nine years old when she wrote
Delicious Bananas for *Boom*, An
Ocean of Benjamins.



Final Course: Thank You!



826 Boston thanks you for attending Eat Your Words. This event has raised funds for 826 Boston's free youth writing programs, and it would not be possible without the support of our sponsors and the participating restaurants.



ROW 34



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Event producer



826 Boston is a nonprofit youth writing center