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A Rant About Chicken and Waffle Sandwiches

George Burquest

Am I the problem?

I have to think that I am in the top one percent of consumers of Tyson Chicken N' Waffle Sandwiches at Seattle University but have been left empty-handed on my recent ventures to The Cave, a convenience store in the basement of Campion Hall. Admittedly, in times past, when there was a full stock, I would walk up to the checkout counter with frozen sandwiches stacked up from waist to chin, but this is loyalty... not over-indulgence.

Given their propensity to sell out, with my aid or not, it is a mystery as to why the frozen breakfast sandwich section at The Cave is not better stocked with its best butcher-paper-wrapped-goodness.

For those who are unaware, the Tyson Chicken N' Waffle Sandwich is the closest thing to a McDonald's Chicken Mcgriddle one can hope for with microwavable convenience. With the perfect mix of sweet and savory, the sandwich is like a romantic comedy in your mouth.

I run a risk writing this article by inevitably further popularizing these sandwiches—I would recommend absolutely nobody go to The Cave and buy them—but if you do, be sure to administer some of the following techniques at checkout:

Handcuff yourself to the cash register and demand to know the delivery schedule of the sandwiches (then anonymously send said schedule to me).

Subtly suggest that campus mental health is directly tied to breakfast sandwich selection and availability—this is best done late at night in your most depressing attire (it should look like you haven't left your room in days).

As a last resort, incite revolt—this is only doable during rush hours—but if there are more than 15 people mingling about, grab their attention with an awe-inspiring speech and motivate them to all camp out with you in The Cave until the next restock.

In my efforts, I have name-dropped the sandwich at checkout with cheeky lines like “Man, these things are the best aren't they?” or, “Wow, I can't get enough of these (the cashier giving me a dubious look as I put seven frozen sandwiches down on the counter). You guys should always have them.” It is clear that there are either supply chain issues particularly affecting chicken and waffle manufacturing... or just a lack of awareness around the value of this product.

With the death of The Cave's suggestion box, this is my cry for help. Thankfully, the journalistic integrity of The Spectator should only be bolstered by this article. Addressing a campus need is what student-run news is all about.

I would go so far as to say that behind the intermittent disappearance of mini ketchup cups at Red Hot Rudy's or the traffic jam which occurs when people clamor for a pokè bowl, this is the most important, unimportant, food-related crisis on campus.

The Cave should focus much less on stocking up on other food options because for myself, and many others, there is no other suitable microwavable breakfast sandwich option. This may sound a tad bit specific, but it speaks to a larger issue of consistency.

Being college students, many of us have rigorous class schedules which we must adhere to, so we rely on convenient food options to get us through the day. The Cave is an institution built upon providing this convenience. Open until 11 p.m. and stocked with candy and frozen food, The Cave is one of the most important and widely accessible resources we have at Seattle U.

Unfortunately, to not consistently offer the Tyson Chicken N' Waffle Sandwich fundamentally undermines The Cave's purpose and commitment. Quintessential in its convenience and greasy, sometimes soggy nature, the sandwich represents both what The Cave is and should be.

If any workers at The Cave are reading this, I can be reached at gburquest@su-spectator.com. For the love of all that is greasy and delicious, send me a message. Let's band together and fight for what really matters for the functioning of our university:

Microwavable breakfast sandwiches.