

The McDonald's Trial

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than one could ever imagine.

It was Sean in the chicken suit!! Patti had caught Sean eating at Wendy's. He tried to go incognito, but Patti caught him. She thought to herself, "How could I have been so clueless?" Then she remembered why seeing the chicken suit made her so curious. It is Sean's!! She remembered seeing it in their closet, and she always wondered why he kept it. Now she knew.

You may be wondering how this could have eluded Patti for so long. Well, to be honest, Patti isn't exactly the brightest crayon in the box, if you know what I mean. She has done a lot of foolish things in her life. She once sat and stared at a carton of orange juice for four days just because it said concentrate. In her freshman year, she flunked out of college after blowing up the University when a science experiment went dreadfully wrong. She claims that it was an accident, but people aren't so sure. You see, whenever someone throws a match into a gas can full of kerosene, a small portion of the general public tend to take note. She also tried to make a case for her foolishness once at the mall. She purchased a pet rock, and it didn't do any tricks, so she wanted to return it. When the cashier made fun of her, she rolled around on the ground and cried for fifteen minutes. Finally, the store gave in, and reimbursed her the 19 cents she had paid for the rock. There are many more instances, but there's not a list in the world long enough, so I am going to stop now.

Needless to say, Patti was less than pleased that Sean would do such a heinous thing without her having any knowledge of it. Immediately after the incident, she said, "We're getting a divorce. I can't believe you would go to Wendy's and sneak meals behind my back."

Actually, she said that three days after the episode, because she had to recover from the concussion she sustained when she fainted and hit her head off of a kiddie table at Wendy's. It was really bad, and she was given two weeks to live, but she beat the odds and came out of the coma in only three days. We wouldn't even be in this predicament if she would have just croaked, but the doctors these days are a little on the intellectual side. Plus, she more than likely saw the dollar signs that would come with the divorce, so that motivated her a little I'm sure. (There wouldn't really be a story if she had expired at this point, so in a sense it's a good thing that she survived).

When Patti awakened, Sean was standing next to her bed. She was unsure why he would still be with her, but her anger got the best of her. She grabbed the first thing she could find and repeatedly smacked Sean with it. She smacked him for a long time. He's a tough man though, so he didn't let it bother him. He started to wonder why people were calling him waffle man though. The reason is because of the permanent welts all over his body from the fly-swatter that Patti so furiously used to beat him. Sean, being the optimist that he was, figured the beating was just Patti paying him back for eating at Wendy's, so he did not press any charges.

Sean was not really in the highest of spirits about the divorce, but he agreed with his wife, and respected her rationale about wanting to split up.

Sean was definitely in a quandary now, and he didn't know what he was going to do. Some how, some way, there had to be something he could do so Patti wouldn't get absolute control of the business. He knew she would win in court, because she was "eye candy" to almost any man.

Sean was getting restless now. It was the day of the trial, and he had nothing on Patti. He wondered how much the judge was going to grant to her. He hoped she would not get total control of the restaurant, but knew she would probably get at least fractional ownership of something.

The moment was now. We, the jury, had made our decision. Everyone stood for the reading of the verdict.

The judge spoke while everyone listened warily. Finally, a decision had been made.

"We the jury of the town of Saran, in the county of Wrap, find the Defendant, Sean E. Mac guilty of all charges. Sentencing is scheduled for 2 p.m. Tuesday."

I know what you're thinking; how could I help to convict a man of a crime, when he was at risk of losing the only thing he'd ever known, owning a restaurant. Just read on, and you will see that everything turned out o.k.

Everyone was a little bit uneasy about the whole thing, but the nationwide exposure our town was getting was just outrageous. Some of the media outlets that were covering the trial were: CNN, ABC, CBS, NBC, ESPN, M&M's and AT&T, just to name a few. I couldn't wait until Tuesday; it was going to be really exciting.

It was now Tuesday morning, and I think I'd had only four hours of sleep since last Thursday. That was how excited I was. It was time. The judge was getting ready to announce who got what percentage of the business. He entered the courtroom, and read from a small yellow piece of paper.

"I'm going to make this short and sweet."

"Mr. Mac, you get to open another business and sell only chicken products. You get to sell curly fries."

"Ms. Donald, you get to open your own new business as well. You get to sell all other products not pertaining to chicken. Regular French fries will be sold at your restaurant."

"I have spoken, and I am late for my tee time at the resort. Three hot-shot twenty somethings think they can take all of my money, but I've got a little surprise for them in this can of pepper spray cleverly disguised as whipped cream. They'll never know what hit 'em."

"I wish luck to the both of you. I'll check on your progress in six months. Happy eating."

Silence fell over the courtroom. Patti was stunned. Sean was elated. His joy was evident, and he began making plans for his restaurant right away. As for Patti, she hired a contractor to build her restaurant, because she couldn't even boil water without somehow messing it up.

Now, both Sean and Patti own their own restaurants. Sean's is called Mac's and he sells chicken. Patti's is called Donald's and she sells burgers. Sadly, neither restaurant is doing as well as McDonald's did. Divorce usually does mess things up like that though.

All in all, I think I made the right decision, because both parties came out without losing everything. Hopefully no one ever has to go through anything like this again. It was definitely the most difficult decision I've ever had to make, but I'm happy that everyone came out of the ordeal only somewhat scarred, rather than deeply wounded by a decision.



"The McDonald's Trial" was written by juniors, **Nick Thompson** and **Joe Lukich**. Joe competes in baseball, basketball, and soccer for the High School, and on the weekends he is in an amateur bowling

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Nick is a junior at Bentworth High School. In his spare time, he likes to read and play sports. He is involved in baseball, basketball, and golf. He is also a member of the varsity academic league team. After graduation, he hopes to go to the University of Maryland in the Navy ROTC program. He would like to major in aviation. He also hopes to play on the Terp's golf team.