An Open Letter to Metropolitan State University,

Hey guys, how is it going?

I’ve been sitting back and thinking on something that has been on my mind for quite some time. One that not only affects my personal life, but the lives of many of my family member over the course of multiple generations.

Are hot dogs sandwiches?

I mean, c’mon, right? Sandwiches are based around two pieces of bread and fillings. A hot dog is a cylindrical mystery-meat tube with a bread shell so processed and white, you’d mistake it for one of Mike Pence’s children. If anything, a hot dog simply doesn’t have the same respectability of a sandwich.

The complexity, the diversity, the palette of simple fillings forming into a medley of savory flavors that it has to have been passed down from generation to generation. You see, in my family, baseball is king. That’s all fine and good, but there is one simple vanguard of entry: the hot dog, the Frankfurt, the bratwurst. Whatever you would like to call it, it’s a staple of the game.

It’s created tension in my family for decades. It makes me toss and turn, and ponder what my legacy shall mean to my kin on this hotly contentious subject. But, after all, it’s not like sandwiches have hinge-based buns or anything.

Except for meatball sandwiches. And Subs. And any sandwich that uses hinged bread instead of bread slices…

Oh my god. My life is an illusion.

Well, that does make sense, I suppose. Why wouldn’t hot dogs be a subset of sandwiches? What are we, “sandist”? \*Insert Nod and Wink\*

\*Editor’s Note: All apologies to the ACLU and everybody fighting the good fight.

But, that being said, can’t we all get along? Can’t the down dogs lay down their arms—if they had any—to make peace with the bread slices that make deli meat taste the nicest? Er, I mean, best.

Besides, it’s all carcinogens, baby. It’s all terrible for you, depending how you look at it. If anything, getting offended over a freaking meat debate is kind of an arbitrary thing on which to argue. It’s almost like people need to see eye to eye more often to recognize the legitimately ludicrous.

It’s almost like people need to try to see each other’s point of view. It’s almost like thinking outside of our limited scope to expand our cultural horizon can actually benefit us on an individual and communal scale.

Better yet, it’s almost like it’s worth laughing at tiny differences that are actually, honestly, ridiculous; like how hot dogs versus sandwiches is a viable news article in an age where politics is hyperbolic and is a self-realizing parody. But, at least we have the sandwiches in common.

Thanks for reading, everybody. I hope next year is a little more settling.

Best wishes,

Brayden Mann.