

The philanthropist

- “Delicious” murmured the critic.

Such a relief for such a small word!

After years of relentless work, I was finally established as a worthy cook. All my adventures, all my travels, all my hard work rewarded with the recognition of Campbell Smin, the prestigious food critic. With this magic pass, I could finally make my entry into the world of Parisian gastronomic restaurants. I knew all my previous attempts were worth the try. After all, this recognition wasn't due to luck, but it was blood, sweat and tears all the way, during years of relentless work. I knew I was right not to give up and that, one day, my cleverness would be public, for the whole world to see.

March, 3rd, all the newspapers run the headlines “Opening of Le Philanthrope, the new restaurant of the freshly starred cook.”, “Be prepared to a travel around the world”. “Meet your true self”. I made it!

On my first day, all the Europeans food-lover elites were gathered to try The Recipe that had made Campbell Smin finally enjoy a meal. I was a total stranger to them, and the excitement was at its summit.

Day after day, the enthusiasm didn't lower. Day and night, the restaurant was full. Tourists, curious who have made the detour to taste my food and regular customers made the success of the business. The reputation crossed the borders and the oceans, I was famous.

After 3 months of agitation, a journalist of the Times called me to have a private interview with the mysterious cook who revolutionized the gastronomy.

We settled the appointment in one of the private salon of Le Philanthrope. Comfortably seated on the velvet sofa, we enjoyed a little Bordeaux and the interview began.

- “First of all, let me tell you my admiration and the profound respect I have for your work. Gastronomy reached a whole new level with you. You have created a lot of agitation by opening this restaurant and its whole new concept. How did this idea came to you ?”
- “It was during a trip in Indonesia. I was walking in a night market and it was so lively. I could feel, smell and hear food everywhere. At each stand, living shrimps, ducks, cats, fishes, snakes, pigs, chicken, and many other unknown species were waiting for the person who will eat them. Even monkeys or dogs sharpened my curiosity of new taste. I took inspiration of everything, every animal my eyes could see was creating a new flavour in my boiling mind. I knew I could bring this experience into our society, the joy of think up the meal through the sight of the creature that will die. Our ancestor were fierce hunters and we need this thrill of fight and blood to feel truly alive.”
- “I agree, I can't forget the first meal I tasted here, I still see the eye of the animal, chosen to be my meal, honoured by my choice. You were the first restaurant in the world to present a living animal on the menu, where the customer can pick whatever he wants. I mean, we know cows, calf, deer, buffalo, horse, rabbits, chicken, pork, but seeing them alive before isn't the same. I had a feeling of an overwhelming strength! It is no more about getting taste and proteins, but ...I don't know, the vital energy of the animal. Why no one thought about it before!? And how you cook this delicious sauce that goes so well with the meat, incredible! ”
- “It's my goal to create new experiences, I think gastronomy have to be broader than just gustatory pleasure, but also a way of redesign our world and our perception. I'm truly surprised too that no one dared doing it before.”
- “Could you tell us more about your restaurant for our readers?”
- “Of course. The whole point of “The Philanthrope” is to propose a journey. Any mean is good if we want to reach food orgasm, if I may.

- “I agree so much. I think you have managed to propose the food people really desire. By the way, I have heard there are some troubles with Animal Protection Associations. How is it going?”
- “Don't tell me, they are as annoying as the flies they want to protect! They understand nothing of the thrill of Gastronomy. If they don't want to eat animals, it is not my problem, their stupid empathy shouldn't block my way. But I'm not worried, I know I'm right. Humans are entitled to rule over the animal world, especially if it's done with elegance and class! Even the Bible says so!”

After the departure of the journalist, I stayed in the salon, thinking about the spinach and pecan nuts pie I cooked the very morning. I was sure it was a perfect side dish, I only needed a meat to eat with. Not too strong in taste, neither too greasy.

Suddenly, one of the cooking assistant ran towards me, with a total expression of panic. I could see blood on his apron. One look at his terrorized eye and I understood what happened. These bloody mammals had escaped again. The boy was new to my restaurant, so it was his first time. I reached the raffle hidden under the reception, well decided to put an end to this stupid riot. I went into the basement, the sincere smile of the hunter on my face. Each time such things happened, I was kind of reliving again my first tracking. The stable was upside down, and a deadly silent put a lead weight all over the place.

All of a sudden, a noise! The yellow glance of an eye got caught into my lamp torch light. “You can run, but you can't hide!”, I yelled. I could see the back of the beast running. Bang! The body felt down, and I could see the puddle of blood, growing and growing. Cling! There was another one! Why do they always try to escape?! Couldn't they recognize their masters? I could feel the excitement running through my whole body.

Crouched behind a table, I could see it, the head behind its leg. The fear was almost palpable. A small sound escaped from its mouth. I moved closer and closer, to the point of smelling its sweat.

“Please don't kill me”, whispered the girl. She caught my leg, and tried to touch my arm. Seeing no compassion in me, she tried to run. “Help, help me please!”. Her cute Japanese accent was no use in here. Her purpose was only gustatory.

“Everyone loves Asian food from time to time, sweetheart” I said when pulling the trigger into her leg. “You will be perfect for tomorrow 's clients”. I had found just which animal to serve with my Spinach pie.