

## Dave Eats A Dorito

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# Dave Eats A Dorito

by [Classpectanon](#)

## Summary

We take it for granted today, but a single Dorito has more extreme nacho flavor than a peasant in the 1400s would get in his whole lifetime.

Dave reached his hand inside and grabbed a particularly triangular chip. It was natural, of course, to have the big boys this early, slightly curled at the tips, when you have a freshly opened bag like he did, the loud, ripping-crinkling of the bag's plastic still ringing in his ears like the echo of a gunshot.

26/365

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

We take it for granted today, but a single Dorito has more extreme nacho flavor than a peasant in the 1400s would get in his whole lifetime. Dave Strider stared deep into the abyss of Nacho Cheese, and it stared back, wafting that off-spicy scent that all cheese-flavored Lays products (Dave guessed it was a Lays product, because what kind of chip wasn't?) inevitably provided to one's nostrils. The Nacho Cheese Depths. Oh, there was flavor alright, perhaps the faint, faintest taste of cheddar, of burning MSG dissolving on one's tongue. Oh, the horror! Oh, the excitement!

Dave reached his hand inside and grabbed a particularly triangular chip. It was natural, of course, to have the big boys this early, slightly curled at the tips, when you have a freshly opened bag like he did, the loud, ripping-crinkling of the bag's plastic still ringing in his ears like the echo of a gunshot. Underneath, of course, there was the Fuckup Strata, where all the broken chips went, the snapped-off tips, the awkward cut-in-halves, and then, beneath that, the Crumb Ocean, where few men dared to tread.

Except for Dave, of course, who would always tip the bag backwards and let them fall into his mouth and almost always onto the couch like a fucking animal. Oh, are you hungry for some Doritos now, dear reader? Eat Doritos. Consume Product. And while you're thinking about the delicious, faux-nacho cheese flavor of Doritos (tm) brand Nacho Cheese Flavored Chips, dear reader, Dave will reside here, lying backwards on his couch, examining his chip like it's a gemstone and he's a jeweler. Like this chip is about to make him a million dollars. Like he's some ratty diamond district hustler about to make a bet on an important basketball game with this billion dollar chip. Like he's going to bite into this trillion chip and it's going to demolish the world economy as it makes its way into his gullet and is [redacted] [redacted].

It's like opening up a mint condition Action Comics #1. You just don't do that.

It had good coloration - a nice, heady orange-red, radioactive, about the color of "google image search result for Francium", the one with the orange-red rock, but with the saturation cranked up a couple of notches. There was always something kind of strange about the color of Doritos to Dave. You could swear they were orange until you looked close enough, or got the light hitting it at the right angle, and it brightened up into a much more vivacious, seductive sort of red. The kind of red that begged you to eat it like the disgusting, Cheeto-eating monstrosity you know you really are inside.

Go ahead, Dave.

Eat the Dorito.

Dave bit down, snapping it on his teeth. Before he really had time to process the extreme nacho cheese flavor, he pressed the now decapitated bottom half of the dorito into his mouth, snapping it once more, and then the rest, creating a mostly equally sized pile of three segments of large dorito that were then pushed further into his mouth. You all know the process of mastication, the way his tongue could press food against the inside of his mouth, or its roof, on occasion, to snap them into smaller pieces. The incisors, used to crack and crunch, the molars, used to grind to a fine paste.

He licked his thumb and index finger, to remove any evidence of the crime, and swallowed.

Delicious, of course. You sinner.

## End Notes

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