

From: Paradise Adventure Group <paradise-adventure@att.net>
Subject: New review on YELP
To: bowerskenny@yahoo.com
Date: Tuesday, June 23, 2009, 1:33 PM

Kenny

This one just in.....pay attention to the last line (written by a guy)

Xo Lynn

This is actually my first review of a burger joint, which is surprising since so many cows are sacrificed in my name every weekend to pacify my god-like appetite for beef. Burgers, steaks, kabobs, sandwiches, stew... if it's got beef, I'll eat it. My vegetarian friends call me "The Murderer," which is kind of cool because it sounds notorious, and I like that.

I don't even have a problem with taking a trip to the park and crashing a local family barbecue. If you cook your food in public, I will find it and I will consume it, and your children will cry, and maybe call the police.

On my dinner break today, I sped over to Kenny's Burger Joint in west Frisco. My friend Val suggested I go there and report back to her after she missed the opportunity to eat at Kenny's last weekend. And since it's impossible for me to turn down a hot woman's request, I was on a mission to Kenny's like a good little lackey.

The restaurant is located in a ritzy area, next to a salon and spa and a fancy steakhouse, but Kenny's is straight up casual. Finding parking for the red menace was easy and I headed right for the black canopy covering the entrance. Classy, but not snobby, just like me.

The interior is small, but has all of the essentials for surviving a night out: nice lighting, a dining area, a full bar, a super friendly staff, and walls adorned with quotes from Animal House and Fast Times at Ridgemont High. Putting Jeff Spicoli's one-liners on the wall is a simple stroke of genius. I'm thinking of doing that in my apartment. No joke.

I was greeted, sat, and beveraged almost immediately. I sat at a table close to the bar area. It's segregated from the dining room, which was perfect for me since I knew I'd be destroying a good burger or two and I wanted to minimize the visibility of witness encounters. It gets ugly when I discover great food.

Clay was my runner for the evening, who also happened to be the bartender. He

addressed me by my name the entire time I was there. Unlike all of my first dates, if you can remember my name halfway through the evening, you're alright in my book.

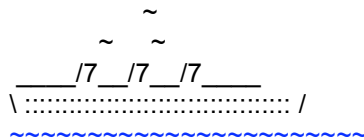
Now for the damage: I ordered the Zed's Straight Up Burger with a side of fries, a shot of Hendrick's gin, and The Attitude Changer off the adult shakes menu.

The gin came first. I ordered Hendrick's because it's a rare gin that most bars no longer stock, and I spotted it right off the bat when I sat down at my table. Already Kenny's is up ahead for being a hip drunk.

The shake came second. I don't even like milkshakes. A milkshake is like cheapened, melted ice cream in a glass, but the The Attitude Changer really impressed me. Of course, what else did I expect from mixing Vanilla Stoli, Oreos, vanilla ice cream, and Godiva chocolate? It shouldn't be called a milkshake. Let's call it a sexshake. I can't even imagine what I looked like while sucking that thing down. Let's just call that my "Oh!" face.

The burger and fries were last, both cooked to perfection. The burger was juicy, simple, and uncomplicated by useless condiments and lacked all of that fru-fru crap you see on so-called fancy burgers nowadays. The fries were crispy and not too greasy. Whether it was the gin, shake, burger, fries, or a combination of them all, I was certain I felt some sort of dinner nirvana for at least a few minutes when I was done.

Kenny, marry me. I'll show you my "Oh!" face.



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