

27 Reasons to Avoid Farmers Markets

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Eating local is all the rage right now. Still, there are plenty of reasons to avoid farmers' markets and roadside stands. If you can say — and believe — the following statements, don't be taken in by all the foodie hype!

- I prefer bland, tasteless food. Taste buds are best kept lulled and complacent. Like old-school vanilla before the French got hold of it.
- If farmers have faces — which I doubt — why would I want to look at them? Anonymity rules!
- I love factory-farmed meat, dairy, and eggs. All animals belong in little boxes.
- I love eating chemicals and pesticides. After all, if this stuff preserves food, it will preserve me, too. Won't it?
- The goal of living in community is to be like all the other neighborhoods in the world. We'd all be happier if we were homogenous.
- Diversity is a killer.
- I love GMO. One day I might sport gills like a fish or raise glow-in-the-dark rabbits. Could anything be cooler?
- I hate my neighbors and I hope they all lose their jobs and have to move away. Small local businesses are nothing but a pain.
- I like being ignored by my growers. Why would I want better service and people paying attention to my needs? Someone trying to understand makes me uncomfortable.
- Ignorance is bliss. I need to protect my kids from knowledge, fun, and health at any cost.
- I love paying the middleman. Why should farmers get actual wages when we could support commodity traders instead?
- I demand every fruit or vegetable to be the same size and shape as the next one and absolutely blemish free.
- I live for confusing labels. They keep my mind active.
- I adore excessive packaging. If I didn't have so much plastic to get rid of, how would I ever fill my garbage bins?
- I prefer to limit choices. Boredom is good; creativity is evil.
- I hate fun and the outdoors, preferring to stay within my four walls and doing the same things every day.
- I enjoy supporting economies in far-off places. My taxes shouldn't cover local needs. That's just selfish. We don't want to be selfish.
- I avoid antioxidants and phytonutrients. Such big words. Do you have any idea what they could do to you? Me either.
- I love being at the mercy of chain supermarkets, because I know they have my best interests at heart.
- I prefer sterile urban landscapes to farmland. Smog is a better inhalant than cow manure.
- I like to spend more money on food, especially if more fingers can get a piece of the pie. We all like pie. May I have lemon meringue made from a mix?
- With labeling, I don't need to think about what I eat. Who knows how many calories are in a zucchini? They can't be trusted.
- I prefer elevator music to guys with guitars or fiddles. Wouldn't want to be exposed to anything like original music played by real people. Shudder.
- Why sniff real food when I can indulge in fake smells like an apple pie candle? Achoo.
- I'd rather eat fake sweeteners made of chemicals in factories than honey made by bees. Regurgitated pollen? Ew. That's gross.
- I want to suffer from fun things like cancer, heart disease or diabetes. Maybe I'll get to die young.
- I love seeing big reefer trucks on the highway. They make driving more of an adventure. Love it when semis tailgate me.
- I don't approve of seasons. Food is dumb if it can't figure out how to be grown 12 months of the year on all 6 continents. And in Antarctica, come to think of it.
- If these statements represent your foodie opinions, run — don't walk — as far from your local farmers' market as you can get. If not, come join the fun! Beware: real food is addictive.