

So, I've never been a picky person.  
Picky people don't go far in life.

I just don't like certain foods...

Which isn't being picky,  
I just don't like some foods.

Which is okay.

That's not being picky.

Sometimes broccoli is too mushy.  
Way too mushy in fact that there needs to be a law in place.  
Broccoli should never be mushy.  
Those who cook broccoli to the point of mushiness shall serve 20 to life.

Not liking mushy broccoli,  
does not make me picky.

I extremely dislike  
(hate is a strong word)  
when my pizza rolls are microwaved for less or more than a minute and thirty seven  
seconds.  
In fact, I can't eat them.  
I physically cannot consume them.  
Something in my brain,  
will tell me that they're poisonous.

That is NOT being picky.

(Perhaps, that's called being mentally ill...)

But not picky.

Never picky.

I am not picky.

And yeah, okay, sometimes I can't eat breakfast because I'm not hungry in the morning.

And I can't eat dinner unless I have socks on.  
And I don't eat ramen unless it's made with three specific seasonings.  
And I hate tamales but love pasteles.  
And I will choke if I don't like the texture of a certain food.  
And I won't drink fruit punch on sundays.  
And thinking too much about what I'm eating makes me gag.

But that is NOT being picky.

I am not picky.

I am SO NOT PICKY, that I will eat whatever I want when I go home today.

I'll abandon my usual habits of eating a heat up burrito and maybe have some ramen.

Because I am not picky.

I'm not picky.

I'm just...specific.

(Wynnstan went home and ate a heat up burrito)

- Wynn :)