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Let's talk Super Bowl snacks

Megan Troutman Feb 8, 2018



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I know next to nothing about football. I understand there are touchdowns and helmets, and sometimes players knee during the national anthem and sometimes — maybe most of the time — players cannot speak in grammatically coherent sentences.

But other than that, I'm at a loss.

Despite this, the Super Bowl is the only game out of the entire year I actually watch, and even then, “watch” is a very loose term. It's fun because people from all over the world tune in to the Super Bowl. Last year, 111.3 million Americans tuned in, according to *Sports Illustrated*. But I know for a fact people from all over the world watch. Last year when I was living in the Netherlands, a few of my American friends hopped over to a sports pub to see the big game.

I'm a lousy sports fan for the rest of the year, so when the Super Bowl rolls around I really have to step up as an American citizen.

Now you may be thinking I'm going to start blabbing about the Eagles winning Super Bowl LII (side note, why do we have to use Roman numerals?), about how underdog Nick Foles just won against all odds or about how no football player was filmed kneeling for the national anthem.

Oh, no. I'm not going to talk about any of that.

I'm going to talk about Super Bowl snacks.

As a college student blissfully ignorant about all matters football, I cash in my good American citizen chip for the Super Bowl snacks, not the game itself, but the delectable, mouth-watering, unhealthy little snacks.

I'm talking about the chips and guacamole, bread and artichoke dip, pretzels, football-shaped pizza bites, potato chips, chicken wings, mozzarella sticks — all of those tasty, cheap delicacies and more.

As a college student, sometimes you look at your bank account, have a momentary freak out, decide to switch solely to a Ramen diet and join all the clubs offering free food at the first meeting. You don't have to join the club, but your bank account will thank you later if you can squeeze in a free meal here and there.

So you don't have to join the Super Bowl club, but again, your bank account will thank you later for the hearty Super Bowl snacks and full stomach.

That's why this year, like many years in the past, I watched the Super Bowl for the snacks. And, I suppose, to be with friends but mainly for the snacks.

This year was the first year I went to a Super Bowl party where there was only beer. I couldn't even find a tiny mozzarella stick, and, let me tell you, I was appalled. What kind of friends do I have who think it's acceptable to host a Super Bowl party without even a trace of a salty potato chip?

I need new friends.

But it's ok, I managed. Just know that we college kids live for free food and for people willing to give us free food (just a mozzarella stick for the road, that's all we really need).

It's hard to pay for everything as a student who's drowning in coursework, making minimum wage and having to pay ridiculous amounts for school, gas, groceries and just living and breathing in Flagstaff, because I'm pretty convinced there is a fee for that. So yes, I'm going to attend Super Bowl parties for the food, because I'm a college student.

Otherwise it's back to the good ol' Ramen diet.

Megan Troutman is the editor-in-chief of The Lumberjack, Northern Arizona University's student newspaper. College Chronicles aims to connect FlagLive! readers to various aspects of campus life.