

Relishing Runza Recipes

It was the day of the big football game and Runza Rex was wearing the number 60 in honor of Runza's 60th anniversary. He was running to the stadium because the pre-game Runza hamburger meal was about to be served to the team when a man wearing a Runza apron caught his eye. His brown eyes looked frightened. "Is something wrong?" Rex asked. "Aren't you supposed to be cooking juicy hamburgers?" "I was supposed to.... until.... I..... *lost the recipe book!* How will we ever be able to make our mouthwatering food again?" the chef cried. "You lost the recipe book? This is worse than I thought... but I know we can find it! My name's Rex. What's your name?" Rex asked. "Sam!" he exclaimed. "Hello, Sam. Now let's go find that book!" Rex yelled. Sam's eyes gleamed hopefully as they began their trek.

After looking for a place to start, Rex and Sam approached a restaurant. "Excuse me sir... is there any chance you've seen a book? It has some Runza recipes in it," Rex asked a man at the cash register. "I'm afraid not.... Runza, you say? I would give anything to have that book! I could cook crunchy chicken strips and out-of-this-world onion rings every day!" the man exclaimed. "Thank you anyway, sir. I guess we won't find the book here, Sam, but we'll keep looking!" Rex said determinedly.

A while later, they walked into the stadium right as the National Anthem was being sung. They had to feed the players! "Get your polish dogs! They're hot, they're fresh! Only \$3.00 each!" a vendor yelled. "Ma'am? I'm sorry to bother you, but have you seen a big book, one with Runza recipes inside it?" Sam asked hopefully. "Well, yes I did, at a clothing shop down to your right, but he quickly put it away when I asked about it. I've been trying to make my polish dogs like Runza's, but it's impossible. They use some special technique to get their foods' flavor just right. And to think they've been in business 60 years- it's just amazing!" the vendor said. "Oh, thank you!" Sam said excitedly.

Once Rex and Sam had reached the shop, they saw shirts and hats hanging from a ceiling.

“Hello? Is anyone working here?” Rex hollered. A man with an unhappy expression on his face ambled up to the counter. “Yes, yes, my name’s Harold. I’m right here. What do you two hooligans want with me?” the man grunted. “We...um...” Sam muttered, intimidated with Harold’s attitude. “We were wondering if you have seen a Runza recipe book anywhere.” Harold froze, but soon regained himself. “I’m not sure I know what you’re talking about. I might’ve seen it....” Harold mumbled. “Somewhere? Could you be more specific?” Rex asked. “You kids get out of here!” Harold yelled. Rex and Sam stayed where they were. “Okay... I stole the recipe book. Working in this place is boring, and I want to make Runza’s delicious food! The salads are amazing, the french fries are phenomenal, and nothing energizes me like a savory, spicy runza,” Harold said as he gave the book back. “I think we can make this work,” said Rex with a grin.

“Hello, welcome to Runza!” Harold cheerfully said at the Runza cash register while Sam and Rex sat at a booth. “Harold makes a great Runza employee. He even helped me make the pre-game dinner that fueled the Huskers to their winning game!” Sam exclaimed. There’s no doubt about it – Runza puts smiles on peoples’ faces with their fantastic food.