

Alcoholic Haze

by Jeff Roberts

The running commentary describes a walkaround from eatery to eatery in Porter Square, with connected circles containing the same letters.

Well naturally I started at, um, what's it called ...



... right, and when I left, I turned right. Or maybe it was left? All I remember is I went by some kind of Asian restaurant ...



... and I remember they had some rice dish, it had a weird name and I remember that the English translation seemed oddly appropriate at the time ...



... but they weren't open, and so I tried going to some other place nearby ...



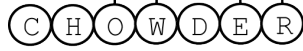
... and they had just closed I think, but they had something that sounded kind-of funny, like maybe an opera-singing sandwich or something like that ...



... and so I went around the corner to another place, I remember thinking it was not nearly as old-fashioned as it sounded ...



... I decided not to go in, but I laughed because in the window there was a sign where they had misspelled a word. They had to fix it with a marker to get the right word ...



... but I shouldn't talk, I'm not a great speller myself. I'm especially terrible at punctuation too. I always leave out apostrophes when I need them. But I'm not sure why I'm telling you that ...

... oh sorry, I got distracted.
What was that funny word?

Oh yeah. I don't really like
that. So I went across the
street to someplace a little
more up-market ...

... and then things started
getting even more hazy, but I
remember thinking that I
should go back in the early
afternoon for something that
sounded really tasty ...

... but then I think I went to
some other place because I
got a different kind of craving
...

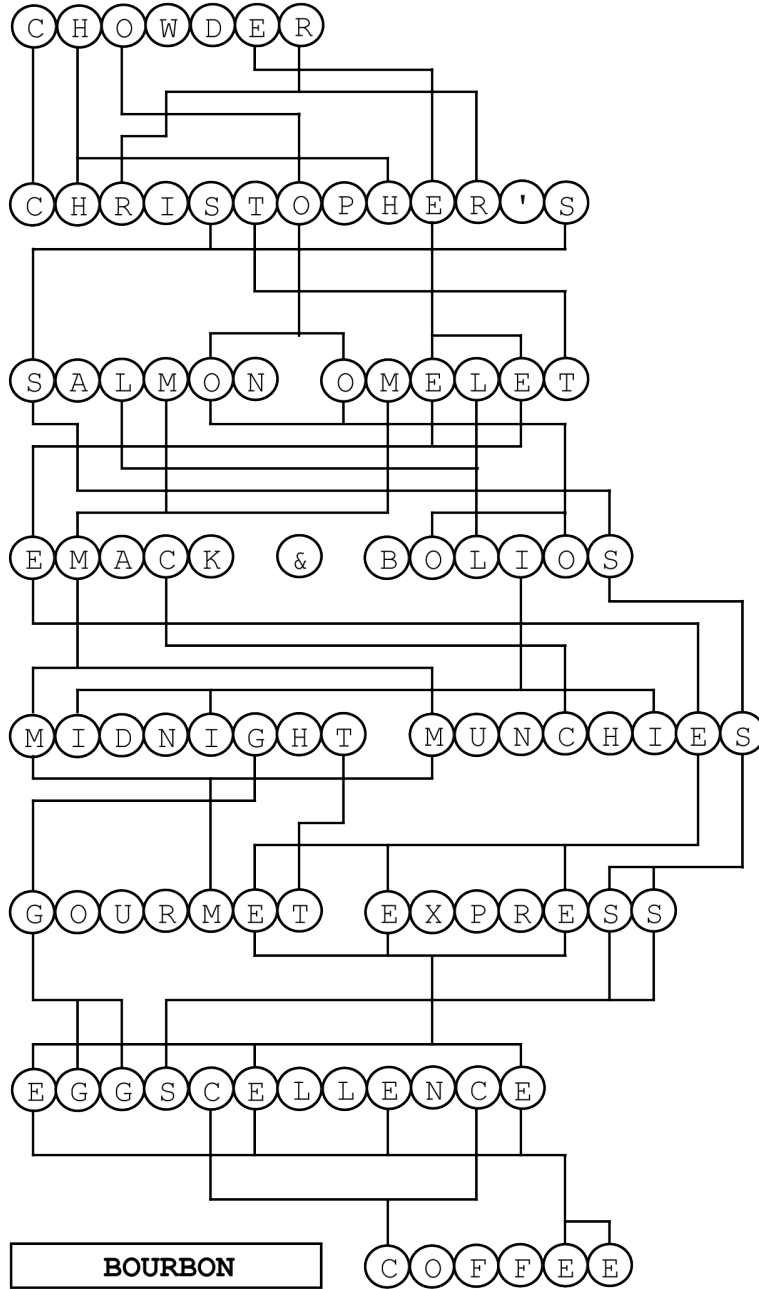
... and I remember looking at
their display case and thinking
that they knew exactly what I
was in need of ...

... but I think that was closed
too, and after ranting for a
while about flagrant false
advertising, I went someplace
I knew would be open ...

... and I just had to order
something off a certain part of
their menu because it had a
really cool punny name ...

... and then on the way out of
Porter Square I walked by a
place, and I have no idea
whatsoever what it was, but
for some reason I feel like it's
exactly what I need today ...

... ah, of course!



The puzzle answer is the conspicuously boxed word, **BOURBON**.