

# letter from the editor

Dear Reader,

I must admit, my relationship with gas is...complicated. A few months after I turned 14, a long-winded journey of stomach issues commenced. I didn't know it at the time, but what was once the occasional bellyache or episode of bloating would eventually turn into years of tests, medical procedures, diet omissions, and a significant amount of discomfort along the way. And the result of it all? "Everything appears to be fine!" doctors would say, nearly shoving me out the door before hastily ushering in their next patient.

When your health struggles are boiled down to a statement of "nothing is wrong with you," you begin to take matters into your own hands—and the road to healing can get weird. What sort of 18-year-old dreams of starting their day with sixteen ounces of celery juice on an empty stomach, or indulging in a mono meal consisting of nothing but honeydew for breakfast? Ever heard of niche gut health authors/bloggers like the Medical Medium or Earthy Andy? No, you probably haven't, and for that I am envious. I can't help but question why so many young people around me experience the same symptoms as I do with little to no understanding of their cause. What is the average consumer to make of the degradation of food quality in America and the effect it may have on our digestive systems in the long-run? Perhaps that's a conversation for another issue.

Regardless of how horrible certain foods make me feel (or what it is that's causing the pain), there is still nothing that brings me more joy than a fantastic meal. The Oxford dictionary defines gastronomy as "the art and practice of cooking and eating good food." As our title illustrates, there is humor to be found in the word "gas" literally being the first syllable of gas-tron-o-my. That being said, if my future consists of a little pesky indigestion after a fantastic meal to no fault of my own, then so be it. Food is a creative medium, a complex science, the ultimate memory maker, and an edible time machine—the occasional bout of gastrointestinal discomfort will never successfully challenge that.

The process of making this issue has illustrated to me that gas isn't always a dirty word—it's often an essential aspect of some of the best edible and drinkable delights. Within these pages, the creative minds of Crème will take you on a journey through bubbles, beers, bellies, and beyond, but also through our appreciation for the art that is exceptionally good food. Maybe you're hungry, thirsty, gassy, or just curious to learn more. No matter the reason you picked up this magazine, we thank you for being here. Now it's time to grab your GasX (maximum strength, of course) and allow our staff to blow you away.

Forever wishing you a lack of tummy aches,

Mikayla Stock  
President and Editor-in-Chief

