



DUDE,
WHERE'S MY
BAG?
Au Bon to go.

THE MODEST PROPOSAL

AU BON PAIN IN THE BUTT

A call for an end to the sandwich maker's maddening sack-it-yourself system.

Consistency is my thing. Every workday, I crave the same scrumptious stack of turkey, melted Swiss, onions, and cucumbers on multigrain from my local Au Bon Pain. The young sandwich makers know this. They also know I like my bread toasted and my herb mayo dabbed, not slathered. Then I get to the cash register, and the blissful symbiosis falls apart.

For months, I've had to request a bag for what is obviously a takeout meal. I don't see why this should be an issue. My sandwich is wrapped. I'm not carrying a tray, and my jacket is securely buttoned. Clearly I am not planning to stay. But there I am, bagging my sandwich myself as I try to pay and stow the change, futzing with my purse and trying not to drop everything on the floor, dammit. So I plead with you, my dear local Au Bon Pain: You've got a new manager, an upscaled menu. Why keep leaving your customers holding the bag?
—Cheryl Alkon