

## **A Woonsocket Legend Arrives at the Quiet Corner Festival**

If you've never met Franklin DeCosta from Woonsocket, Rhode Island, don't worry — you'll hear him before you see him. He's the man with the booming voice, the spotless apron, and the kind of confidence that only comes from knowing you make the best Dynamites in the state. Maybe the world. Certainly better than whatever passes for "sloppy joes" outside of Rhode Island's borders.

Franklin has been running his Dynamite booth for over twenty years, hauling his stainless-steel steam trays and his secret family recipe from festival to festival. He's a fixture at every major Rhode Island event, and this year, for the first time, he's crossed the border into Connecticut to grace the Quiet Corner Festival with the food of the gods.

A Dynamite, for the uninitiated, is not a sloppy joe.

It is sloppy joe-adjacent, yes — but only in the way a housecat is adjacent to a tiger. A Dynamite is a finely seasoned, slow-simmered, pepper-packed meat mixture served on a grinder roll (and yes, Franklin will correct you if you call it anything else). It's a Woonsocket staple, a point of pride, and a dish that has started more arguments than politics and parking combined.

Franklin stands behind his booth like a king behind his throne, ladling out Dynamites with the precision of a surgeon and the swagger of a man who knows he's changing lives one grinder at a time. He's friendly, loud, and absolutely convinced that anyone who tries his Dynamites will walk away a better person.

He's not wrong.

## **RayRay's Moment of Transcendence**

RayRay spots the Dynamite booth before anyone else — his Rhode Island radar is strong like that. One glimpse of the red-and-white banner reading FRANKLIN'S FAMOUS DYNAMITES – WOONSOCKET ORIGINAL and he stops dead in his tracks.

His eyes go wide.

His knees buckle.

He clutches Tilly's arm like he's seen a vision.

“Is that—? Is he—? Oh my God. Oh my GOD. That’s FRANKLIN. From WOONSOCKET. I need a minute.”

Pete thinks he’s joking.

Lois thinks he’s being dramatic.

Tank checks to make sure he’s not actually fainting.

Chomper just wants whatever smells that good.

But RayRay?

RayRay is having a religious experience.

Because RayRay is from Woonsocket.

And RayRay knows his Dynamites.

He grew up on them — school fundraisers, church picnics, late-night cravings, and the occasional questionable life choice. He knows the difference between a good Dynamite and a great one, and Franklin’s are legendary. The kind of legendary that gets whispered about at cookouts and argued over at family reunions.

So when Franklin recognizes RayRay — “HEY! YOU’RE MARLENE’S NEPHEW!” — RayRay nearly ascends into the sky.

## **Franklin’s Philosophy**

Franklin believes three things:

1. A Dynamite should never be dry.
2. A grinder roll should be soft enough to hug the filling but strong enough not to collapse under pressure.
3. Anyone who says they don’t like Dynamites just hasn’t had his yet.

He’s not shy about sharing these beliefs. Loudly. With hand gestures.

He also believes in tradition, family, and keeping certain recipes locked down tighter than Fort Knox. Which is why, when people ask him for his Dynamite recipe, he laughs so hard he has to wipe his eyes.



## RayRay's Testimonial: "What a Dynamite Means to Me"

As told by RayRay, Woonsocket native, emotional eater, and proud defender of the grinder roll.

Listen. People think a Dynamite is just food.

They look at it and go, "Oh, it's like a sloppy joe."

And that's when I know — instantly — that they have never lived, loved, or suffered the way a true Rhode Islander has.

A Dynamite isn't a sandwich.

It's a memory.

It's the smell of peppers simmering in your aunt's kitchen while she yells at the TV.

It's church fundraisers where the line wraps around the building because Mrs. So-and-So "puts extra love in hers."

It's late-night cravings after questionable decisions, when the only thing that can save your soul is a grinder roll filled with spicy, saucy redemption.

I grew up on Dynamites.

They're woven into my DNA.

If you cut me open, I'd probably bleed marinara with a hint of bell pepper.

So when I saw Franklin's booth at the Festival — Franklin, the man, the myth, the Woonsocket legend — it wasn't just nostalgia. It was like seeing a piece of home parked right there between the kettle corn stand and the questionable tarot reader.

I swear my knees buckled.

I saw stars.

I heard angels.

I smelled peppers.

And when Franklin recognized me — "MARLENE'S NEPHEW!" — I nearly ascended. I'm not kidding. I almost left my body. Tilly had to hold my elbow so I didn't float away like a helium balloon.

Because a Dynamite isn't just food.

It's belonging.

It's comfort.

It's the taste of every loud, messy, loving moment that made me who I am.

So yes, I got emotional.

Yes, I cried a little.

Yes, Pete rolled his eyes so hard he almost sprained something.

But I don't care.

Some people have hometown songs.

Some people have family heirlooms.

I have Dynamites.

And if you don't understand that...well, sweetheart, you just haven't had the right one yet.