

MEALS READY TO EAT

ALRIGHT, YOU MAGGOTS, IF YOU'RE GOING TO COMPLETE YOUR TRANSFORMATION FROM A BRAINLESS SCUM-RAT INTO A LEAN, MEAN, BADASS-SON-OF-A-BITCH LEARNING MACHINE READY TO TEAR THE HEAD OFF A PAPER AND SHIT A SOLID "A" DOWN ITS THROAT, THEN YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO KNOW HOW TO GET YOURSELF THE FUEL YOU NEED

TO SURVIVE.

THIS HERE'S YOUR DAMN FOOD BIBLE, SO BEFORE YOU START STUFFING YOUR CRAW, TAKE A SECOND TO READ IT, OR YOU'LL SOON FIND YOURSELF PENNILESS AND ALONE ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR, WISHING THERE WAS A BUNKER BUSTER YOU COULD USE ON YOUR COLON.



CENTRAL ACADEMIC BUILDING CAB

This is one of the primary mess halls, where the majority of the grunts eat. It's cramped; it's loud; and the seats are worse than what you'd find in a Soviet POW camp. But as winter approaches, it damn well beats trudging through the cold over to SUB. And once you figure out the lay of the land, you'll be able to get to CAB with minimal time outdoors (even if it does mean walking a few extra minutes).

For seating, there's your standard four person tables—though you'll quickly learn how to seat eight at them—and then there are the coveted round tables with unattached chairs. You'll likely have to send a scout ahead to secure an adequate spot to bunker down here, but be mindful of where you sit: you don't want to be one of the pariahs who sits two-to-one at one of the big tables. If you do, you'll find out what it's like to have a roomful of people with the urge to spit on you.

TARGET AREAS

Burger King: The quality of food here is basically the same as you'd find at any of their other locations, and the service is quick and to the point. They'll get annoyed with you if you stand there moon-faced without a clue about what you want to eat, so don't step out of your foxhole without your finger on the trigger, soldier.

Woks Cooking Breakfast: Fast, cheap, and greasy, it's a good way to fill up before you start your day. It may not be A-grade material, but at 09:00 your taste buds won't be awake enough to give a shit, and if you're hung over from a hard night of R&R, it's goddamn ambrosia.

Mr Sub: In order to enjoy this one, you're going to have to come to respect the term "sandwich artist." Each person working there has their own individual style, and you'll have to figure out for yourself which one suits you best. The food

can be great, but if you don't take the time to learn the workers, you're going to end up thinking there's some kind of pickle shortage going on as you drip mayonnaise all over your pants.

Booster Juice: It's food minus the chewing part. Slightly lower quality than what you'd find in a civilian area, but a decent way to get a meal in during a lecture. Just stay away from the adjacent Extreme Pita Express—a pita from there is like taking a tour of 'Nam all over again—only this time for no discernable reason whatsoever.

Tim Hortons (alternative locations: ETLG; 8427 112 Street): If you didn't know any better, you'd think Mr Horton was running a Red Cross food distribution centre, with lineups stretching all the way from CAB to Cambodia and from 112 Street to Sudan in the mornings. If you're looking to get your coffee here between classes, you'll have to come to terms with the fact that you likely won't be getting a seat—either in Timmy's or in your lecture theatre. Your torture-resistance training will also come in handy here, as standing in line for a large double-double is not unlike the prolonged stress-positioning techniques they've been using in Guantanamo.

GRIPES

The main problem CAB has is that you can't buy yourself a decent meal without feeling like you're getting a taser to your rear wallet-pocket. Whether it's the service charge for using Interac or the large and frequent price markups that will occur without warning, CAB never fails to give you service with a smile, and a swift boot to the holster right after that. If you're looking to save money, walk to the vending machines to get your favourite carbonated beverage for cheaper—and for the love of God, stay away from the salad bar. That thing's pricier than a pair of Levi's behind the Iron Curtain.

STUDENTS' UNION BUILDING SUB

SUB is probably the most comfortable mess hall on campus to grab some grub. You won't be crammed assholes-to-elbows with other recruits, and there are big, comfortable couches as well—the only problem is, you're never going to get the chance to sit on one. See, SUB isn't so much a cafeteria as it is a turf war, with rival gangs staking claim to their couches early in the morning, slowly annexing others throughout the day in a "leave no couch behind" approach. Gaining access to these facilities requires a cut-throat attitude and a dedication to skipping lectures in order to maintain control of this highly coveted and strategic territory.

TARGET AREAS

Funky Pickle: If you're in the mood for pizza and are too lazy to venture out into civilian areas, then the Funky Pickle in SUB is the best place to grab some. While they're not nearly as funky at this location as their name suggests—pepperoni, hawaiian, and cheese are the standard fare here—the crust usually manages to taste like bread instead of cardboard. What else could you ask for?

Subway: This is pretty much the safe staple of campus dining. You wouldn't go so far as to call it good, but it is a consistent level of acceptable nutrition that doesn't contain any detectable grease, outside of the odd slice of mystery meat of course. If you like your food to be organized according to the imperial measurement system, then this is the place for you.

Juicy: If you're wondering where you can get Corn Pops on campus in the afternoon, the answer is Juicy and their cereal bar. They also have a good selection of smoothies that'll fill you up when you're too busy to masticate—just be aware that, unlike their Boosted counterparts, these blended concoctions don't by

default contain any supplements in powder form.

Cram Dunk: If you're looking for a fancy, light-roast, non-fat latte with a twist of cinnamon and a pretty umbrella sitting in it, this isn't the joint for you. They've got regular and decaf—and if you're lucky, there just might be somebody standing at the counter to sell you some. If you just need to get Joe and get going, this is the place to go. And make sure they give you a punch card—many a soldier has lost their chance for a free coffee after paying for twelve, due solely to Cram Dunk's stamping neglect.

Marco's: A haven of delicious deviance where only the bravest of recruits dare to venture. If you're jonesing for a quick dose of tasty meat in its rawest form—that is, seasoned and cooked upon a rotating pillar—Marco's is your eatery of choice. Noteworthy items are the sloppy-but-delicious Mushroom Burger, and the Wildcat donair, for the truly daring soldier (see also Weapons of Mass Destruction).

RATT: The service is poor, and the food is greasy, but Room at the Top on the seventh floor of SUB serves beer and has a great view, making it an excellent location for both refueling and surveillance.

GRIPES

If you were looking to escape the high-school cafeteria atmosphere you left behind in your civilian life, then SUB isn't the place for you. Just grab your food and exit with your head down. The controlling groups here are pretty territorial, so if you do manage to snag some decent real estate, you'll know whom it normally "belongs" to from the icy stares you're getting from a nearby bench.



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SUBJ:
FUNKY PICKLE
STATUS:
CONFIDENTIAL
THERM:
|| 29.6° C ||
85.28° F ||
302.75° K ||
/END

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