

Having lunch on a Sunday afternoon

Right now, I'm sitting in the Blowers Street Paper Chase. I've ordered a club sandwich and a bowl of ginger-carrot soup. I'm listening to another table's conversation about which country of the world has worst bastardized the English language. One says the United States, one says Australia, a third says Canada, and the fourth is actually arguing for England.

Personally, I don't think it should be just about country, but rather region. Actually one of the guys just brought that up. I mean look at Canada; how many dialects are there? Just in Nova Scotia, even. You can easily tell if somebody is from Cape Breton, or the south shore just by the way they talk. In England, there have been jokes written about how you can tell from somebody's accent, where they live, to the precision of what street they live on. Anybody else have any thoughts?

Incidentally, the club sandwich was exquisite. More bacon than any other club sandwich I've ever had...and this bacon was excellent. Rich, flavourful tomatoes, and vibrantly green, crunchy lettuce. Deee-licious. And their wireless access is free. That's what I like to hear. Even if you don't have a laptop, you can pay a nominal fee and use their workstations scattered throughout the place.

The coffee's not as good as Uncommon Grounds' coffee, but then, really, what is?

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