



WikiLeaks has just released a series of emails that have been traced back to Buckingham Palace.

These inflammatory posts point to a multi-tentacled conspiracy that involves good old-fashioned *British Colonialism* and economic exploitation, bribery, cultural appropriation, 'fake' restaurant reviews, and the planned manipulation of fur shares on the London Stock Exchange.

See email thread below (n.b. more details can be parsed from the *Gourmet Travel Club's* restaurant reviews that have been posted on the *Vive la bouffe!* page on foodhippo.ca):

From: Her Royal Highness, The Very Venerable, Very Majestic, Etc. Etc.

Subject: New Trade with the Colonies

To: *The Gourmet Travel Club*

Date: Feb. 1, 2017

With Brexit coming soon England needs new trading partners. Philip and I can no longer trust Parliament to accomplish anything, so we hereby instruct you—as our royal emissaries—to travel across the Atlantic Ocean to re-establish trading ties with our erstwhile colony. Your mission is **Top-Secret**. You will masquerade as members of a Fine-Dining Group on a **GastroTour of Canada®**. In between eating and reviewing meals, though, you will find suppliers of timber and minerals and most important, furs (beaver, bear, moose etc.), that you will bring back to Buckingham Palace without delay.

Carry On, *E* (*HRH*)

From: *The Gourmet Travel Club*

Subject: New Trade with the Colonies

To: Her Royal Highness, The Very Imposing, Very Grand, Etc. Etc.

Date: Feb. 12, 2017

We are now in Upper Canada. Only meal so far was at a little bistro called *Tim Hortons* (read review [here](#)) on Hwy 7 en route to Ottawa. Upon arrival at *Vive la bouffe!*, met with 'M' – if he has any connection to *our* beloved 'M' at Your Majesty's **Secret Service Bureau**, he's keeping it very, *very secret* (he seems quite dumb) – but he'll be of some use as our Métis guide. Today he led us north to a fur-trading post on *Lac Perdrix* (in Lower Canada) – we were hoping to establish commercial alliances with the *coureurs des bois* there, but although we saw lots of *bois* there were no *coureurs*, and no furs either (except for the one on the dog that 'M' keeps prattling on about).

Obediently, and , *Gourmet Travel Club* members

From: Her Royal Highness, The Very Esteemed, Etc. Etc.

Subject: New Trade with the Colonies

To: *The Gourmet Travel Club*

Date: Feb. 13, 2017

Keep Calm, and *bouffe on!* (If 'M' isn't being helpful, try 'P'. Can u at least get the fur from the dog?)

E (*HRH*)

From: *The Gourmet Travel Club*

Subject: New Trade with the Colonies

To: Her Royal Highness, Etc. Etc.

Date: Feb. 15, 2017

At our final potlatch last night at *Vive la bouffe!* we gave the local Indigians the rest of our supply of beads and trinkets. They seemed very happy to get them (they are trusting folk who probably think the pearls are real) but *they gave us nothing in return* except for some salmon that 'M' smoked over an open fire outside (read review [here](#)). And no, 'M' said we couldn't have the dog's fur.

Faithfully, and , *Gourmet Travel Club* members