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Russia behind cyber-attacks on popular Westboro bistros

THE SHOCKING REVELATIONS: 'Bogus reviews, malicious rumours and bad grammar'

OTTAWA - A Westboro Association of Restaurateurs (W.A.R.) inquiry has revealed that at least 1,000 paid internet trolls working out of a facility in Russia have been posting bogus dinner reviews on prominent North American restaurant review sites like yelp, tripadvisor and foodhippo.ca. A cybersecurity expert in Ottawa, who wishes to remain anonymous, has confirmed that the cyberattacks are being committed by the hacker groups Fancy Bear and Cozy Bear, which have been closely associated with the Moscow Institute of Restaurant Criticism. W.A.R.'s inquiry cites intelligence sources inside the Russian government that instruct foreign agitators to "spread malicious rumours about 'argumentive' kitchen staff, poorly-trained someliers and "restricted hours of operation" (even claiming that some restaurants like *Barristers*, *The Liver Spot* and *Zennnn* "are never open at all"). Cyber-bots have also managed to hack into *Vive la bouffe!*'s servers, and then leak 'top-secret' recipes via WikiLeaks.

Give P.E.A.S. a chance? Angry response to provocative DECLARATION OF W.A.R. poster gaining support

P.E.A.S. (The Partnership for Equality, Ascendency and finally Supremacy) is demanding to know why there were no women involved in drafting the recently released DECLARATION OF W.A.R. A spokesperson for P.E.A.S. announced this morning that "The *true* chefs and sommeliers at Westboro's best restaurants have formed a new organization, a **Partnership for Equality, Ascendency and finally, Supremacy** (a.k.a. P.E.A.S.)". Later this week, according to a newly-released P.E.A.S. bulletin, prospectivemembers will meet at *Tweedsmuir's*



Kim Jong-un, Supreme Leader of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK), fills out order for 27,000 egg rolls from *The Golden Palace* on Carling Ave., in Ottawa

(members are reminded that *Tweedsmuir's*, like P.E.A.S., has a strict 'No Males Allowed' policy) where they will draw up a plan for achieving their three goals: first **Equality** (males and females share cooking duties), then **Ascendency** (males are relegated to waiting tables and females, as Kitchen Managers, get to boss them around), and after that, if all goes well, **Supremacy** (males are assigned to dishwashing duties only).

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ASK THE HIPPO!

ADVICE FOR THE CONFUSED, THE INDIGNANT... & THE HUNGRY

Dear food hippo—My wife keeps adding cilantro to apps and mains even though she knows that for me cilantro tastes like soap. I've told her to stop doing this or I'm leaving but last nite she made something and, once again, she added cilantro. What can I do!???

Dear Herb-Hater: Your wife is right. Cilantro is a wonderful herb, and you should just start eating it.



Dear hippo—my hubby loves to brag to anyone who'll listen to him about eating a "small breakfast and a miniscule lunch", but I know he only does this so he can eat WAAYY too much at dinner. And then at night he snores (from over-eating). He's also flatulent (also from over-eating). Help!!!

Dear Sensitive: Ear-plugs? Nose plugs?



Dear foodhippo—When my wife and I got married forty years ago one of our wedding vows was to never stack plates when cleaning up. But recently I've started fantasizing about stacking plates after a meal. At night I dream about a huge tower of dishes, all with leftover food on them, piled up to the ceiling. Should I share this fantasy with my wife, or keep it secret. Please advise!

Dear Dreamer: Tell your wife. She may be dreaming about stacking the plates too.



Dear foodhippo—we have two good friends who are vegetarians but a year or so ago at a dinner party at *Zennnn* I saw one of them eat a piece of meat (he didn't know I was looking). Now I don't know what to do! Should I keep this secret, or tell my friend what I saw her partner do?

Dear Voyeur: What a scandal! Call the police! Oh, the humanity!



Dear hippo—we have a friend who makes the rest of us husbands look bad because every morning he gets up early so he can bring his wife (whose still in bed) an extra-hot latté with cinnamon and chocolate shavings and whatnot. This situation has led to our wives asking why *they* don't get this 'room-service'. Should we take our friend aside and tell him he's causing problems?

Dear Lazy: I'd like coffee in bed too. Please send me this guy's phone number.



Dear foodhippo—There's an Extreme Heat Warning in effect here in Westboro so my wife and I invited 19 guests for a dock party this Saturday (June 30, 2018) at a little bistro we operate on a lake just outside town. You know—swimming, paddle-boarding, food, drinks and fun from 11am until 6pm. Sounds kind of nice, doesn't it? You'd think. But by the end of the day, of the nineteen guests invited, only five had bothered to call or emal, four of them to decline and just one of them to accept (on behalf of himself and his wife). The next morning—the morning of the event—another customer wrote to say she couldn't make it because she and her hubby wanted to play tennis instead.

So, okaaaay, we only needed hummus and pita and strawberries and whatever for ten guests. Fine! But at 11am when the party was supposed to start there was nobody there, and by 1:30pm only two people had shown up. One more invitee emailed as the day wore on to say she wasn't coming, and as we were clearing up at the end of the day another wrote to say she wouldn't be able to make it. How are you supposed to run a restaurant when customers don't bother showing up (or even writing to let you know they won't be showing up)?!

By the way, I don't know what to make of this, but there was a water snake on the bistro's dock when I arrived to set out the Laurentian chairs. It slithered away as soon as it saw me. Also, the two guests who arrived an hour-and-a-half late brought a frightened-looking turtle with them (it was in the middle of the road and they stopped to 'save' it). Does any of this mean anything???

signed, Churlish



Dear Churlish: Too bad about your errant customers but look at it from their point of view... maybe they just didn't want to risk being trapped on a dock with you? Would you want to be trapped on a dock with you?

Snakes are a symbol of rebirth and transformation, so maybe the snake on the dock was a sign that you need to become a little less 'aspy' and a lot more flexible.

Regarding the turtle who was in the middle of the road: turtles get run over by cars all the time, in the same way that all the quaint old rules of dinner-party etiquette are being dinged and dented these days by guests who seem to like to (metaphorically at least) jump the curb and go crashing past carefully-set tables, knocking plates and cutlery to the floor. Like a turtle's shell, our customs and conventions are just a brittle (and fragile) veneer that are doomed to disintegrate. Get used to it (or get out of the business).

