

Dear Subway,



I happened to catch a Subway commercial recently and I noticed that you've changed your advertising copy and you're referring to yourself as a "restaurant" now. I realize that in the highly competitive business of making Americans morbidly obese, you have to think big, but perhaps you should bring it down a notch or two. Calling yourself a "restaurant" may be a bit lofty by anyone's standards. You are a sandwich shop, and even *that* is a generous assessment.

Restaurants are places you take someone when you want to have sex with them, not storefronts with plastic containers of salami on display. I have my own salami on display thank you very much. If at any point in my dining experience I see a kid wearing a visor and plastic gloves handling my food, my highly developed detective skills kick in and tell me I'm not in a restaurant. If I order a drink and I'm handed an empty paper cup, yet another clue.

I know right now you're thinking, "McDonalds is a restaurant, Burger King is a restaurant; why can't we be a restaurant?" That's an easy one, they're not restaurants either; they're fast food chains. Stick that between your buns and eat it!

I feel that it's also imperative that we discuss your so-called "sandwich artists". Are you people on some kind of new drug that I haven't heard of yet? Artists? That's an even greater exaggeration than the whole "restaurant" thing. Leonardo da Vinci was an artist; Renoir was an artist, the pimply morons you employ can't even find the halfway point in a twelve-inch loaf of bread, much less reflect man's struggle through a subtle arrangement of deli meats. I wouldn't look forward to seeing one of their sandwiches in a gallery any time soon. Although I understand that Michelangelo did get his start dishing out gobs of tuna using an ice cream scoop just prior to beginning work on the Sistine Chapel.



As for Jared, your golden boy spokesman, his fifteen minutes are up right about...now. We get it, he used to be a huge tub of shit, and now he's a slighter slimmer tub of shit. Just because one guy lost some weight eating your food, that's no reason to call it healthy. A meatball sandwich is a meatball sandwich; it's not granola. If it were, every goomba on the Sopranos would look like an Olympic athlete.

Your franchise is named after a mode of transportation so disgusting they have to build it underground. Whisking the dregs of society from one side of town to the other in a tube that quickly fills up with the stench of street performers, beggars and public masturbators; that really makes my mouth water for a hoagie. I wouldn't eat at a place called "the Bus Station" and I'm not going to eat at your so-called "restaurant".

One last thing, your slogan "eat fresh" might fool some of the mutants who frequent your little bakery with meat, but it's not fooling me. "Fresh" doesn't necessarily equal nutritious either. I just took a "fresh" shit. Want to put it on a bun a eat it? Didn't think so.

*Love,
Bill Scott*