Ça va faire une maudite poutine

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Ca va faire une maudite poutine

by starry_fool

Summary

Jim takes an extra moment to savour the poutine at the Lakeview.

Notes

Title from one of the many protested origins of poutine, where the word poutine means mess.

Jim had forgotten what real gravy tasted like.

Their replicator is faulty more often than not; replicated Plomeek Soup tastes more of the toilet variety. It can't create the cacophony of flavours that are exploding in his mouth: the richness of the gravy, the saltiness of the melting cheese curds, and the earthiness of the french fries

"Did you seriously just moan over poutine?" The corners of La'an's mouth twitch upwards.

"Hey, it's seriously good." He stabs his fork in the delicious messy combination. "If I could decide what my last meal is before I die, this would be it."

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