

TRAILBLAZER CAFE: DSU DINING DELIGHT

As I stepped into the Trailblazer Cafe one breezy afternoon in October, I found myself enveloped by a haze of competing smells. Asian splendor? Italian magnificence? Mexican delicacies? American gargantuanism? I couldn't believe my nostrils; the room had something here for all tongues from all nations. I grabbed my plate and eagerly made the rounds, studying the displays like this meal would be my last. How can a person choose?

After much deliberation and indecisiveness, I finally settled on a feast, truly fit for a king on a college student's budget. My plate overflowed with myriad of morsels ready to be devoured in a devilish haste unseen before in the DSU dining area. Upon my overflowing plate lay a flavorful dive-bomb row of sushi, a three pointed vessel of happiness in the form of pizza, a bowl full of life-saving ropes a la chow mein, and the nostalgic ever-status-quo hamburger.

The helpful students at the register weighed my food (paying by weight, how quaint!), and I made my way to a table toward the center of the eating area with my surprisingly cheap meal (less than \$10 for almost as many pounds!). I met an eating area covered in a layer of grime, which upon reflection seems quite clever in making a tablecloth unnecessary, and helped my cutlery stay in place on what would have otherwise been a slick tabletop. I pulled out the chair and sat down, noting its discomfort as I did so. Another brilliant idea! I wasn't in this eatery to sit, I was sitting in this eatery to eat. My back's ache was the mental seasoning I needed to really focus on the meal at hand.

As I dove into the delicacies that were strewn before me, I couldn't decide which tasted better, or which tasted worse. The flavors blended together in a way that made each bite seem

uniformly bland and unassuming, a bold and courageous choice on the part of the chef. Your food should be just that, food. Why waste time and effort on flavor or consistency?

My favorite piece from this gallery of gastronomy, far and wide, the pepperoni pizza, procured from one of the many culturally sensitive strip-mall-esque counters. The thick hardness of the crust, the delightfully slipperiness of the toppings, and the grittiness of the pepperoni all came together to sing a sweet symphony of Italian taste. Like cardboard, the crust provided a foundation for the rest of the piece to dance accordingly, providing a unique culinary experience.

All in all, I would hands down recommend the Trailblazer Cafe to any college student willing to get exactly what they pay for.