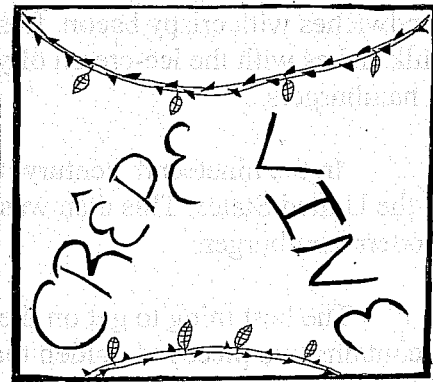


You Heard it through the Crepevine

By Livy Perez

Walking up the perfectly paved street, I saw that the restaurant gave an eerie yet homely glow. It reminded me of a Paris café, with its dozens of vine-like metal chairs and tables. Crêpevine majestically stood at the center of two intersecting streets. At both ends of the restaurant, in the place of walls, leaned massive windows. Stepping in, floods of coffee and baking bread scents rushed into my nose. The lights, angel bright, blended in with the misty ivory of the walls. Trumpets, saxophones, and a feminine whisper ruled the background. The gossip and debating filled corners of the rooms, but most people sat alone, lost in the worlds of their books. From the point where I sat, I could hear the clatter of pots and sizzling of vegetables. Looking at the colorful plates of neighboring customers made me eager to try one of the dishes.

Looking at the menu, everything seemed odd. What caught my eye was the word crêpe. Crêpe made its appearance throughout the menu. I was shocked to learn there existed Greek Crêpe, Tuscany Crêpe, and Kyoto Crêpe, each stuffed with its own mixtures of vegetables and cheese. But what was it stuffed in? I wasn't sure, but I was going to find out. I looked to the left and saw that desserts reigned the entire menu. The waitress noticed some of my confusion and told me I could create my own crêpe if nothing else seemed appealing. I took her on her offer and asked for a chocolate crêpe.



I took my seat and waited for my dish. My friend Crystal's food was already there, since she only ordered carrot cake and pasta. My sister, Andrea, had a deep brown chocolate cake. Both their dishes were Italian and Greek food, so what linked the two together? When the waitress, short and skinny, came with my icy cool Coke, I asked her about the odd mixes of food. She smiled and said Crêpevine is a Mediterranean based restaurant, which explained the French word Crêpe, the pasta, and the chocolate cake. I pointed at some of the other stuff on the menu that didn't sound European. She smiled and said that was all new, that the head chef added his specialty to the menu, New Orleans food. When our short chat was over, my dish came. The place seemed almost too good to be true, sweet aromas drifting in the air, friendly workers, and fast service.

I stared in bewilderment. I had never seen such an unusual dish. Their crêpe reminded me of a tortilla, folded so it had a triangular shape. The crêpe glistened from the oil, plump with chocolate that oozed out of the edges. I believed it would taste bad, like corn covered in chocolate because of the tortilla and chocolate mix, but I was wrong. The bottom, which held most of the chocolate, shined a milky, delicate aura. The top tasted stale and crunchy, like month-old corn flakes. I banished that taste with frosty, vanilla ice cream. It had the pride of a mountain, hard and dark at the bottom, yet pure and soft at the top. The crêpe left a trail of almost hidden scents, like icy vanilla and brewed chocolate. I never tasted such an alien but mouth pleasing dish.

"I didn't think you would finish the whole thing," the waitress teasingly told me. I gave a sheepish smile and turned the conversation to the history of Crêpevine. It turned out that this glorious, five-year old restaurant belonged to a chain of five more. I was a little stumped. It's kind of like finding a four-leaf clover and you think yourself really lucky, but then you read from *Ripley's Believe It or Not* that some guy has 7,000 of them. But don't let that discourage you from trying Crêpevine out. Crêpevine is an international ride, without the expenses.

Crêpevine
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