

Restaurant Reviews

Culture here? Shocking. Burn the place down!

The Coffee Tavern Review

By: The Anonymous Professor

I'm not sure I can actually call this a restaurant review; after all, The Coffee Tavern at West Park is not really a restaurant. Really. Oh, it serves food and drinks, and it is filled with tables and chairs, a place to order and pay and another to pick up, and a countertop with straws and napkins just like a restaurant, so why shouldn't it be a restaurant? Sometimes it is. Lunch, for instance, is quite normal. You stand in line with three or four others pouring over the changes in the menu, then go up and order the daily special (perhaps half a honey-ham sandwich and a cup of chili with iced tea on the side for \$5) or one of the half dozen or so sandwiches (including a new reuben, the aforementioned honey-ham, an Italian roast-beef with blue cheese-- my favorite, a super-serious "grilled cheese," and even a pb&j "uncrustable"); add a cold coke in the bottle and a snack-size bag of chips or a cup of soup, and you've got a great meal for under \$10. But if you're just coming for lunch, as wonderful as it is, then you're missing the whole point.

How do you "get the point"? For one thing, you stay when you come. The atmosphere demands it. The great red and black couches literally beg to cushion you as you wade through Hatley's Holocaust reading. The solid, empty-top tables -- no crowd of salt-and-pepper, ketchup, and aspartame here -- are meant to have Pre-Calc spread upon them, eraser dust, drops of hot chocolate, and little crumbs of coffee torte mingling with your frustration. The soothing music inside or the even more soothing river just under the spacious deck (with plenty of benches and tables as well) clash so effectively with the over abundance of caffeine that the two together can center even the most frazzled of Tamara Grayson's or Kimrey Jordan's artists.

And what about the art? Don't worry, it's here. For those of discriminating culinary tastes, easily the best pastries -- from the coffee torte to the key lime tart, strawberry and blueberry danishes, seven-layer bars, turtle cheesecakes (cheesecake heaven for sure), and the sweetest little creme brulee -- can be had fresh on a daily basis, and most days also provide an abundance of fresh baked breads in a number of styles most certainly new to the Wilkes area. And beyond this sensual assault on the palate, the Coffee Tavern also provides a venue for musical artists on a specially prepared stage upstairs and a venue for visual artists. The current exhibit, for instance, features some fascinating creative notebooks and over-large drawings and paintings dealing with an emotionally and intellectually complex and

stimulating intermixing of words and color. You shouldn't miss it.

No, you shouldn't. For \$1.25 minus your WCC student discount, you can buy yourself a bottomless cup of extra fine coffee and claim a table, immerse yourself in any number of ongoing conversations or simply open a book, soak in the life surrounding you, and improve yourself. In a Wilkes county restaurant. Imagine.

Pizza Hut Restaurant

By: Lacie Lyon

On Dec. 13 the staff of the newspaper visited the Pizza Hut on School Street. It was at 1:00 p.m. and the restaurant was not busy at all. We were seated and deprived of service for twenty minutes. Then finally the waitress asked for our drink orders. When our drinks arrived, we came to notice that the waitress had her fingers on the inside of the glasses as she carried them to our table. As we gave her our pizza order, she had to be told four or five times what kind of pizza we were asking for. Then as she was bringing back our bill, one of the guys in our group was trying to toss a beer cap in another guy's drink, but he missed and nearly hit the waitress. We then pointed out an error in the way our bill was rung up. She then left to fix it. Not even five minutes after she had left, up pops the manager to our table. She had a very brash and stern attitude toward us and she stated how we had been throwing beer bottles at her waitress, which was obviously wrong due to two facts: there were only two beers served to us and one was in a guy's hand and the other was taken off by a waitress. The other is the fact that no one had the energy to throw anything; we had no energy from lack of food. After several attempts at ordering the pizza, our order was back around twenty minutes later. Not to bad speed wise. I will give them that much. They were finally prompt. However, when the food came back, guess what? It was incorrect. Go figure!!! What was the saddest part about the whole experience was the fact that the place currently has an A rating. Although when we were there, the floors were nasty and the bathrooms appeared to have not been cleaned in ages (one person was almost afraid to wash his hands). To top the whole deal off, they left dirty dishes and leftovers on the tables until the tables were needed by customers. As we left the restaurant, we were met with mockery from the manager who asked to be given a copy of this article. You can believe that the five of us will be hand delivering this article to her. So we ask you to join us in our boycott of Pizza Hut on School Street until they "clean up" their act. Although they have an A rating, one must wonder what kind of scale they are on because I totally disagree unless A means Absolutely terrible with poor service. Then I will wholeheartedly agree. Until that is the scale they are on, I give them an F.