

Area 51 Cafe (Humour)

From: **Ken MacGray**
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Subject: Area 51 Cafe (Humour)

(Found in a.c.a51... -Ken)

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From: NoSpam@wetslap.edu (Who)
Subject: An Evening at the Area 51 cafe
Date: Fri, 11 Apr 1997 07:21:47 GMT

Charlottesville may appear at first blush as a provincial southern college town but it has it's share of unique eateries. Being a town where Ph.D.'s are as plentiful as cab drivers, err... UVA professors, the restaurants can get fairly. . . unusual. Tonight, we visited the Area 51 cafe, one of C-Ville's best kept secrets.

o Reservations were particularly difficult to secure as the telephone number is unlisted and the restauraunt does not appear on any map. In fact, the mangement denies the existence of the establishment entirely. Prior customers seem to have no recollection of what the food was like, much less ever being there.

o When we finally got the number and called in a reservation, the hostess asked us to recite the recognition code of the week.

o The hostess was reluctant to give us directions to the place but instead told us to simply drive down the Blue Ridge Parkway late at night until a bright bluish-white light appeared overhead.

o Although there was valet parking, the parkers, heavily armed and wearing blue berets, sternly warned us to steer clear of the garage.

o After they took our blindfolds off, we noticed that most of the other patrons were strapped to their dinner tables and appeared to be sedated.

o The restaurant maintains that it does not have a cover charge, however at the end of the meal we were assessed a substantial cover-up charge.

o The menu was a bit of a challenge for us because it was Vingiere-table encrypted and we forgot to bring our one-time pad.

o We were really concerned about getting the right dishes as the waiters categorically refused to write anything down.

o We asked our waiter about the specials of the day, but after a nod from the chain-smoking maitre'd, he feigned ignorance and would neither confirm nor deny the existance of the alleged dishes.

o We suspect that at one time there was a lovely scenic view from the dining room, but at the time of our visit all the windows were blacked out and covered in a fine stainless steel mesh.

o The restaurant has had an admirably long tenure, and we learned that until 1947, the diners had the option of eating indoors or al fresco, but the crash of what was clearly a weather balloon ended this practice.

o We were unable to rate the promptness of the service as our wristwatches began to run backwards immediately upon entering, and because each of us appeared to have lost consciousness at different points during the meal.

o Some of the meat dishes appeared to have been autopsied in the late 1940s.

o We were impressed with the mesquite grilled California Condor pate which

had a not entirely unpleasant aroma of formaldehyde laced with almonds.

o The silverware was a bit difficult to manipulate as the spoons would spontaneously bend as soon as you touched them.

o We particularly enjoyed the Dessicated Groom Lake trout served with fissile Chutney.

o We were disappointed that the cream cheese and LOX on poppy bagels arrived unreasonably cold and brittle.

o We regret we cannot award more than a mediocre rating to the garden salad doused with a pungent honey-mustard gas vinigarette dressing.

o We feasted on an apparently endless quantity of glazed leg of cloned mutton over amerith couscous.

o After requesting an iced tea refill from our waiter, we were unsure of what to make of his comment, "No I'm not your waiter, but yes all of us do look a lot alike."

o We were impressed by their on site microbrewery, which served a wonderful complimentary Versed Stout.

o We highly reccomend the sweet and sour Roswell chowder surprise.

o We had to send back one entree for reheating which was quickly accomplished by a few seconds in the beam of a cyclotron.

o Following the meal, our check was delivered, not with the customary after-dinner mints, but with small cylindrical metallic implants made of an as yet unidentified material.

o The reviewers would like to thank the gracious services of Dr. Charles Foucault, liscensed regression hypnotherapist, without whom the recovered memories of this evening of fine dining would not have been possible.

o We invite anyone who has had a similar dining experience to our group therapy session Wednesdays at the Whitley Streiber memorial auditorium at 2000 or 8 civilian o'clock, whichever comes first.

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