These reviews come from my friend, Lance, who has an uncanny passion for food and running. I like sharing these articles with my students because:

- 1) Lance is really funny and has a distinct style and voice in his writing.
- 2) Lance knows his food and painstakingly strives to record and review every meal that has met him (this is not far from the truth).
- 3) It is just the right length for an introduction to reviews. Hesitant writers don't feel intimidated by the casual feel, humor, and length of these pieces.

His complete site can be found at: http://runninggags.blogspot.com as well as www.tnrunning.com where he wrote running articles for the magazine.

FOOD REVIEWS

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Hawaii Chow: Leonard's Bakery



Leonard's Bakery sits about three miles and a world away from Waikiki Beach. It's a tiny operation on a busy corner in a mixed commercial and residential area northeast of the beach. They have been serving pastries since the 50s, as I understand it, and during that time the bakery has been continuously owned and operated by the same extended Portugese family. Since my wife is Portugese on her mother's side, I felt I had a familial obligation to pay a visit. Ah, the burdens of



Their specialty is the malasada. Part beignet, part doughnut hole, it's a round ball of dough deep-fried then rolled in white sugar or a cinnamon-sugar combination. It's slightly heavier than a doughnut hole, slightly chewier than a beignet. Hot and messy, they are insanely delicious. Leonard's serves them plain or filled with custard, banana, or coconut (hapui). I would go plain or custard. They run about 70 cents a piece and are wildly popular. You're going to want at least 4 and a cup of

The locals love this place. When I visited, the line was out the door. They also make a popular sweet bread, but when I passed by at 11:00 AM or so, they were



already sold out.

(Disclaimer- This one is long but has some nice strengths such as humor and personal story connection)

SUNDAY, JULY 16, 2006

Nashvittles: Fox's Donut Den



Go hard early or go home empty.

Fox's Donut Den

3900 Hillsboro Pike Nashville, TN (615) 385-1021

Paleontologists will tell you that we are living in an era known as the Late Krispy Kremeocene. And while I love a hot Krispy Kreme donut (and I especially love the Krispy Kreme spreads that greet runners at the end of the Charlottesville 10-Miler and Salem Lake 30K), I can still remember the era that preceded the Krispy Kremeocene. I grew up on Tastee Donuts, the store in Houma, LA as you came out of the tunnel. It was at the intersection of Barrow Street, where my dad turned to go to work. He was always bringing boxes of glazed donuts home for us to devour. Whenever we went to "town," as soon as I finished holding my breath as we passed through the tunnel, I started begging for a donut.



I can remember that, many times, my dad brought home garbage bags (big contractor-grade bags) filled with day-old donuts. I don't know how he arranged that, and looking back with something close to horror, I don't want to know. We were poor and he had 5 ungrateful mouths to feed at home (He didn't have to worry about my mom. She stopped eating in '74), so if he held up the Tastee Donuts in furtherance of that cause, I don't begrudge him all these years later (even if he did eat the all the jelly-filled on the way home). What could he do? There were no farmers markets or Whole Foods on his route. Ma'am, put the donuts in the bag and no one gets hurt. And can you top off the coffee for me while you're at it? Besides, when he dropped that bag on the kitchen counter and my mom declared "Donuts for supper!" Christmas had come early for the Martin kids. They were a little stale, but nothing the microwave couldn't fix. The ones at the bottom were smashed and some of the filling had squirted out so that we began to argue over who would get to lick the bag. And my parents would watch us and smile.



I thought about that on Saturday when I stopped at Fox's Donut Den for one glazed donut so that, after my long run, I could get (to paraphrase Coldplay) a rush of sugar to the head. Fox's has been doing it for a few decades now and, judging by its popularity, need not worry about losing donut hole market share to Krispy Kreme. Their glazed donut is yummy and tastes more like a Tastee or Dunkin' donut, a little heavier than a Krispy Kreme, but less glazed. Fox's has a pretty impressive spread beyond donuts, including "fancy pastries," turnovers, fritters, muffins, kolaches, and bagels that are rumored to be the best in town. They also offer a Texas donut [Insert President Bush joke here.], which the clerk told me was a made-to-order donut as big as the fryer.



Nashvittles: Pied Piper Creamery



Pied Piper Creamery, on 11th Street, just up the way from Beyond the Edge.

Pied Piper Creamery 5 Points / East Nashville 615.227.4114

It was 45 degrees outside yesterday, and that can only mean one thing: Ice Cream! VO2Max and I decided to do some reconnaissance on the week-old Pied Piper Creamery, the new ice cream shop in the Five Points. We arrived just as Ms. Piper was opening the door. That turned out to be a smart move, because a line quickly formed. I can only imagine what the crowds will be like come summer. Based on my impression of the ice cream, I would expect her to have a queue to rival Las Paletas.

I've said it before and I'll say it again: For me, the true test of ice cream is its texture. And Pied Piper nails the texture. Her ice creams, some of which start with a custard base, are creamy, velvety, and smooth, better than anything you'll find at the grocery store. As far as flavors, I counted well over a dozen of the puntitled offerings (Amaretto and cherry ice cream is called "My Cherry Amour"), so you will be hard-pressed not to find something to accommodate your palate. I can personally vouch for the Dreamsicle-channeling Orange Blossom, the Movie Star (lemon ginger), and the dense, rich Chocolate.



Box lunches.

Sweet 16th Bakery, Margot Cafe, and now Pied Piper Creamery, all in East Nashville and all within a mile of each other. For this runner of negligible will power, talk about an axis of evil.

Asheville Chow: Ultimate Ice Cream



Ultimate Ice Cream 1070 Tunnel Road Asheville, NC

When I returned from the Moonpie 10 Miler, I had a case of moon pies in tow. And I wanted to make Moon Pie ice cream. But my ice cream maker was packed away. The moment was lost. Well, we ventured way out on Tunnel Road recently, and what flavor -- along with fresh ginger, Belgian dark chocolate, key lime, coconut, among others -- did I spy? If you guessed Moon Pie, go ahead and peel off a gold star from your sheet and adhere it to the back of your hand. A town needs a good ice cream parlor -- one without singing or mix-ins or a faux-marble chopping board -- and we have one in Ultimate Ice Cream. They have the texture and consistency down cold, not cold stone, and they also offer a lineup of interesting flavors. VO2Max had the Belgian dark chocolate, as dark as our TV screen without a cable connection. The Trauma Whisperer beat me to the punch on the Moon Pie, but she did share and it tasted just as I had imagined -- vanilla ice bream with layers of marshmallow, graham cracker, and chocolate. The waffle cones are fresh and tasty too.

