

Eating Belgian food at Brouwer's Cafe in Fremont

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Last year, some friends and I went for dinner at Brouwer's Café, a Belgian pub/restaurant in the Fremont neighborhood of Seattle. The menu is pub food, which means that everything comes with *frites* and a choice of several dipping sauces, none of which is ketchup. One of my friends spent some formative years of her life in the Netherlands, so she was familiar with *frites* and asked for curry ketchup. Unfortunately, they didn't have it. (But I know a great German deli that does carry curry ketchup...)

I tried to stay somewhat healthy with a salad, but the *croque monsieur* pretty much cancelled out any fat-avoidance forgoing the *frites* may have offered. As we munched on our *frites*, I wondered how the Belgians managed to eat such profoundly fatty food and not blimp up like Americans. My friends revealed the secret in one word: nicotine.

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