

Making a reservation at the Asteroid and interrupting a cookie-bake

 devblogs.microsoft.com/oldnewthing/20080227-01

February 27, 2008



Raymond Chen

Some months ago, I wanted to make a reservation at my favorite Seattle restaurant for special occasions: the Asteroid Cafe. (Asteroid trivia: Their original Wallingford location was so small, you had to go into the kitchen to use the rest room. When they moved to Fremont, they made a special point of putting the rest room in the kitchen for old times' sake.) One evening, I called to make a reservation, and since they aren't open on Sundays, I was taken off guard when a live human being answered. I said that I was expecting the answering machine since I thought they were closed. The person who answered explained, "Well, we *are* closed. I'm not really supposed to be here. I'm just baking some cookies." And then he took my reservation.

I'm assuming he actually works there and wasn't some guy who broke into the restaurant to bake cookies.

[Raymond Chen](#)

Follow

