

# The imaginary experience of dining at an underground restaurant

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I dreamed that my brother complained, “Dude, you didn’t leave room for my car in the garage.” Well yeah, because I didn’t know you were coming. We decide to go out for dinner, and I see that he squeezed a third car into our two-car garage. We back out, and I watch the car fit through a gap of two feet between my car and the garage door. We drive around and decide to eat at an underground restaurant at the home of my retired next-door neighbors (across the street in real life at my old house). At this point, my dinner partner changes to a former work colleague. Without prompting, she tilts her head back, and her right eye bulges a bit. I’m about to say something when it pops clean out into her hand. I’m quietly freaking out, but she casually pops it back in. It takes a while because it caught on her scarf, so she has to tug the edge of her scarf out of her eye socket. This is her real eye, not a glass eye. She says, “I was afraid that would happen. But from your reaction, it sounds like it was pretty cool. I want to see it for myself.” She leaves for the bathroom where she can pop her eye out in front of a mirror. While I’m waiting for her to return, the waitress sashays to our table in a billowing green hoop skirt to refill our water. I would have paid more attention to remembering the details of the dress, except that I’m still shaking about that eye thing. At this point, I was awake and couldn’t get back to sleep because, y’know, the eye thing.

I was so shaken, I didn’t even bother submitting a review on Yelp.

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