



# News from Peef & Lo

## Now Let Me Think: Nah, that's scary.

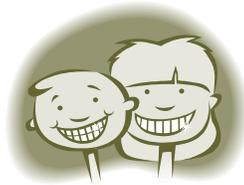
Amazing how even when you've been writing a newsletter like this for three-plus years, how sometimes the words just don't come. Like this month, for instance.

Now you can't tell me that the past three months have passed without anything newsworthy happening... but that's almost what it feels like. Like everything that we've done is less-than-adequate for the front of a newsletter. We have been busy. But we haven't been terribly exciting.

Lo has spent most of her days obscene amounts of reading for school. And Peef has been doing a huge amount of business travel. But neither of those things is really very good fodder for thought.

I suppose you might be amused if I told you the funny little story about the mouse that we suspect is living somewhere in the rafters of our house. I guess most people wouldn't really think that having a mouse in the house is very funny. But we manage to find some amusement in it. And we're hoping that somewhere along the line, we actually meet this little character. And maybe, if we're really lucky, we'll find out that he talks and has a really cool motorcycle :)

Seriously though, we have two



Here we are... now what do we write?

cats. And you'd think that by now the mouse would be so utterly scared out of his wits that he would never come back again. But that simply isn't so.

Apparently the chocolate in our pantry is just too good. (Yes, I did say **CHOCOLATE**). It's a chocolate-eating house mouse. In fact, we discovered his whereabouts when we found a portion of the chocolate wreath from Uncle Jack's annual Christmas cheese box half devoured on a shelf in the pantry.

The fortunate part about all of this is that Zoe, who happens to be turning into quite the little hunter, has kept the mouse frightened enough that he won't come down any further than that one shelf. Since we've stopped putting chocolate up there, he has apparently lost interest in our pantry. Or maybe he's eaten so much that he won't need anything more until next winter.

On the other hand...

Maybe you'd like to hear about

the adventures we've been having with our refrigerator.

If I were to tell THAT story, I'd start out by telling you how the bottom portion of it has been filling up with water and we've had the pleasurable task of "draining" it every few weeks. And I'd probably continue by telling how we've done just about everything imaginable to solve the problem. One repair guy insisted that we prop the front of the fridge up on a 2X4, which we did. And suddenly our fridge became the amazing "leaning tower of fridgedom."

If I were actually telling you this story, I would leave out the part about how we're getting really perturbed with our landlord (due to the fridge situation) — simply because it makes us sound like very bad people to rant like that. And I'd conclude by saying that neither of us can wait until we can actually buy our own house... and our own fridge.

Or maybe, after all of this prattling, we just won't send out a newsletter this month. Postage has gotten expensive, after all, and it's getting harder and harder to live a life exciting enough to warrant a whole newsletter... I mean, gee whiz, talking mice?!? :)

## News from Peef and Lo

Volume 4 Issue 1  
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Ralph the Mouse



His Motorcycle

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# DINING OUT with PEEF and LO

It all started when we went to San Francisco last spring. We returned to Wisconsin and fell into a deep dark slump. The weather was cold. The grass was brown. The buildings were BROWN. And we were quite certain that all of the restaurants between here and Madison couldn't compare to the ones in the Bay area.

So, we made up our minds — to rediscover Milwaukee, bit by bit. Storefront by storefront. And we began by hunting around in the phonebook, driving around to various unexplored neighborhoods, and taking the occasional leap to eat at restaurants that we had never explored before.

Since that decision sometime last year, we've discovered a place or two that are worth mentioning... and we hope you don't mind if we make an occasional recommendation.

You can, after all, ignore what WE say. Heck, you can even rip this newsletter in half and throw it right out of the window.

You could just READ the article and ignore the advice. We'd probably never find out.

OR you can be brave. Adventurous. Amazing. You could go somewhere that

you've never dared to go before. It's completely up to you...

**Joey Buona's Italian Grille**  
500 N Water Street  
Milwaukee

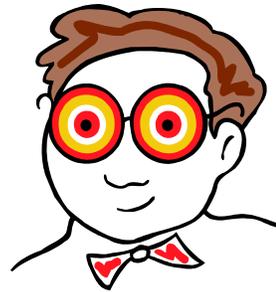
What could be better than sipping a nice glass of red wine in a nice old building downtown? Maybe downing a bottle of wine in an old building downtown? Depends on your point of view, I suppose. (insert smile here...)

But if you ask us, there's nothing quite like it — especially when you're talking about visiting the restaurant that used to be home to Brett Favre's Steakhouse (smirk). Brett does seem to have impeccable taste. Even if his arm fails him every once in a while...

But let's get back to talking about food.

If you like the smell of fresh basil and the \*twang\* of garlic on your tongue, you really ought to order a pizza at Joey Buona's. You won't be sorry. You'll be full. Very full. And you might even come away with a case of garlic breath (which is the sign of every good Italian meal).

Lo journeyed there for the first time with Steph (while Paul was gallivanting in CA), and they feasted upon a Neopolitan pizza that just about knocked their socks off. Eggplant, portabella mushrooms, peppers, tomatoes and fresh, white mozzarella... it was all there. And it was all fresh. And it was completely delicious.



Of course, when Peef got home from one of his trips, the two of us had to visit the place again! This time, we tried another Neopolitan pizza with prociutto, plum tomatoes, and mushrooms. Once again, the pizza was fabulous (imagine the crispness of a good prociutto) — and the fresh basil was divine.

The "spinach stick" appetizers on both trips were recommended, and these hand-rolled cheesy/spinachy sticks coated in breadcrumbs were well worth our time (and fat calories). Even the marinara sauce was worth taking home to momma.

Though we didn't try it for ourselves, we hear that the pasta at Joey's is served in 10-gallon pails. And I'd make bets that it isn't far from true after glimpsing the size of the 5 lb slice of lasagna that was served to a man at the table next to us. That sucker was HUGE. Buona!

Peef and Lo did manage to save enough room to share a slice of the TIRAMISU, which was a pleasantly light collection of layers with a subtle coffee-chocolate flavor. And the coffee they served up with dessert was simply sublime.

Truth be told, Joey Buona's is one of the best places for pizza that we've found. And the atmosphere leaves nothing to be desired. Lo couldn't help feeling a little bit like a cute little mafia babe — sitting there sipping a glass of J.B.'s House Red... but it was a GOOD feeling. And something we plan to reenact really soon.

## Peef is EVIL.. Tell ALL your Friends

Alright, fine. So we've had an awfully mild winter. And fine. It hasn't snowed very much at all.

But tell me why ... EVERY time it has snowed this year ... Paul has been on some sort of trip to a warmer clime???(Can you say California? Arizona? Texas?)

Is this some sort of national conspiracy? An evil plan to force Lo to shovel copious amounts of sidewalk?

**It must be.**

And now, thinking back, I should have known.



I'm taken back to the day when we signed the lease with our landlord, Steve (the evil landlord, you'll recall from the front page, who doesn't seem to like repairing refrigerators).

We had just finished having a discussion about whether or not he would allow us to put gardens in the backyard. And suddenly — the

conversation turned suspiciously to snow shoveling. Steve asked us (was that a wink I saw in Paul's general direction??) if we'd be willing to shovel HALF of the sidewalk during the winter months.

Since half of the sidewalk didn't seem like much, especially for two people, we volunteered. And things went along merrily. UNTIL this lovely winter.

Lo has an appointment this weekend to get the shovel detached from her poor, withering arm.

## Alright. What is it THIS time?

It's lentils, alright. Lentils.

We've been eating a ton of them. Red ones. Yellow ones. Green ones. Mung dal, chana dal, toovar dal...

And it's really amazing how versatile a lentil really is. Sure, it looks a mighty lot like a split pea. But it cooks up like meat. And you know how happy that makes the vegetarian side of our brains!

We were turned on to lentils by an Indian friend of ours who swore that we hadn't lived until we'd eaten dal with rice for dinner. So, we threw an Indian dinner party — complete with dal and na'an and Saag Paneer. And that is when we became lentil addicts.

We've created delicious wine-braised vegetable dishes featuring French green lentils and kale. And we've pondered countless cookbooks in search of the perfect way to eat these funny little legumes.

Lately, we've been working on perfecting the art of lentil soup. We've eaten it the tried-and-true

Indian way (care of some improvised dal recipes we gleaned from Madhur Jaffrey). We've played around with making it the Middle Eastern way (which we found was pretty close to the Indian method). And we've eaten it the boring American way (which resembles split pea soup).

We've found that the better recipes are ones that have a little bit of "zip" to them... but that doesn't surprise you, does it? Coming from the two fire eaters over here? :)

We've also found that, as weird as it may sound, dijon mustard is a huge

(and presumably obscure) secret to making a good lentil soup. And it's even better when you throw in a little bit of good balsamic vinegar.

And in case you're not sold on them yet, we'd be remiss if we didn't mention the fact that lentils are really darn good for you! And, despite all the delicious carbs they contain, they won't raise your blood glucose levels. Which is good news for the latent diabetic in all of us :)

Alright. Alright. Amid all of this hype, we do have one confession to make about our little lentil craze. It's something for which we can't seem to come up with a solution. Something which drives us nuts and will not let us sleep at night.

Lentils are awfully ugly. And even a nice sprig of parsley doesn't help much. Any suggestions?



## Elmo Puddlebee: Fat Cat Extraordinaire

Vell, it is time for another very exciting episode of the Adventures of Elmo [and Zoe].

Today, ve vill look closely at ze habits of ze animules. Particularly vis regard to zeir eating habits. And I promise you — you vill learn much in a very short period of time.

First of all, there is Zoe. She has grown somewhat better with regard to her incessant crying — but she has now taken to eating us out of house and home. Ever since we took her away to the vet to have her \*ssshhhh\* unmentionable reproductive surgery, the cat is completely mad. We sink that she would eat night and day if we allowed her to.

Now, ordinarily you would just take away the cat's food... right? The catch to all of this is ... Zoe does not

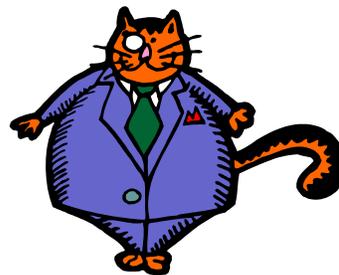
necessarily want to eat her OWN food. She wants to eat Elmo's food.

And Elmo's food is a special, low-calorie food for animals who simply don't like to get up early enough in the morning to get to the gym for a good workout.

What this means is that Elmo has taken to eating HER food — which, instead of being pseudo-diet food, it is super-charged high-fat high-protein chow for very active little female kittens.

**Can you envision what this means?**

Well, we have one very fat, lazy Elmo cat (who, in his favor, is also super friendly and amazingly intelligent). And we have one very hyper, somewhat thin, neurotic Zoe-cat who



insists upon eating every five minutes in order to get the nutrients that her poor little body needs to grow big and strong... and possibly fat like Elmo.

We also have two owners who are just about ready to scream.

Fortunately, Zoe is approaching her one-year birthday (doesn't time fly b y?) and she can switch over to regular cat food. There's no telling whether or not she'll actually want to EAT that food (something tells us she's obsessed with food that ISN'T her own), but at least Elmo won't continue bludgeoning his system with mondo-calories if he continues to eat out of her bowl.

Argh. When **does** the madness end?

# News from Peef and Lo

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Amore Sitis Unit!

