

Disneyland's Village Haus

By Leon Scott Baxter

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I am more than willing to pay over \$230 hard-earned clams (not including parking) for the opportunity to tell the world that I took my family of four to the Happiest Place on Earth (that would be Disneyland for all of you hermits). Sure, it's a pretty penny, but worth sharing this American rite of passage with my daughters. But, there's one thing I won't stand for, and that's the powers that be, forcing me to buy Mickey's food.

"If you've brought your own food and beverage to the park," a voice on the Lion King Tram announced, (and I'm paraphrasing here), "stuff your face now, because that tuna salad ain't making it down Main Street."

I asked a Disney employee to explain to me the logic of making me eat my meal before entering the park. With the courtesy only Disney employees can muster, "Because we sell food and beverage, too. By having your own, we lose revenue." Guess the \$15.00 5x7 photos of me and Goofy just aren't making ends meet.

You know, I did notice that Disneyland also sold sunglasses, visors, sweatshirts, socks, make-up, (stop me when you've had enough). Using the food and beverage logic, it seems reasonable that they'll be enforcing a dress code in the near future: "Sorry, you'll have to remove your eyeliner, boxer shorts, wedding ring, and cover those tattoos. We sell them all here at the Magic Kingdom."

Well, I wasn't about to let their all-powerful sounding tram voice stop me. I stashed my fruit salad and Goldfish in my wife's backpack (no way, I'm risking getting kicked out of Disneyland) in an attempt to smuggle in our edible contraband.

Log story short, they do this silly check of your bags for weapons or bombs or something, which apparently results in a day with no Goldfish and you find yourself in Fantasyland eating eight-dollar cheeseburgers at the Village Haus.

For a family of four, we spent a little under thirty dollars for lunch at this WunderCafe. The burgers were fine, a bit bready. The fries were edible but so droopy that the kids left some on the tray.

The kids' meals were actually pretty wunderbah. Our three-year old woofed down her bucket o' mac and cheese. The seven-year old hit the motherlode with her chicken tenders meal: crispy, tasty, warm, and plentiful, all that Disneyland stands for.

By throwing in a container of applesauce and a bag of seven dwarf-like carrots, The Village Haus qualified as a Healthy Disney eatery (designated by an apple on the Mickey Map).

So, on a scale of 1 – 10, The Village Haus ranks a seven on flavor, price, value, service and cleanliness, but I wish they would add Goldfish (little Pinocchio Figuro Fish would be great).

Until, they do, I will still try to pull one over on the Man, er, the Mouse. I plan on taping our lunch to my torso under my sweatshirt on our next visit. Just keep your fingers cross that they let me keep my sweatshirt.