

DareMe: O'Crepe, it's Hot in Here!

Even as summer comes to a close, food trucks continue to convene every Friday night at the carousel in Roger Williams Park. This new tradition will continue until Halloween when a costume contest will officially end the season.

There's not much of a chill in the air as fall draws close. But if you think the temperature outside is bad, you should try working inside a food truck. This brings me to my next dare. This month I was dared to make a guest appearance as a worker on a food truck during the Food Truck Friday rush at Carousel Park. I love baking and cooking in my house, so I figured cooking on a truck couldn't be much different. Oh, how naïve I was.

On DareMe Friday, I met the Food Truck Friday organizer, Eric Weiner, who informed me that I was to be working on the Oh Crêpe truck. Because I LOVE to Bake, I was extremely excited. Sweets are my specialty. The Oh Crepe truck is owned by the Souza family, and they specialize in, well, crepes — both savory and sweet.

I met Brian Souza and climbed into the exceedingly warm truck where I put an apron and gloves on over my blue dress. Brian purchased the Oh Crepe truck a little over a year ago. He restored the truck himself so that he could become his own boss. I received this backstory while he scrambled to fill sugar and cinnamon jars for the delicacies to come. His wife, Tania, arrived promptly at 5pm, and she was the sweetest lady I met all day and we really bonded. Officially open for business, the final employee, Cate Latz, showed up to take orders at the window.

Tania and I chatted about the history of the truck and how Brian's mother aided and their success. After about an hour of being on the truck with my latex gloves and apron on, I remarked how crazily hot it was inside. I never knew how much my hands could sweat! Tania said, "You know I'm pregnant, right?" PREGNANT?! Now I feel like a wuss for complaining about the heat.

After about an hour and a half of work, I simply could not keep up with the fast-paced environment. Ninety minutes of reaching across people and bumping into them in a sweltering truck, and I was about ready to leave. I was amazed that everyone kept their patience while working in such a confined space. This is the type of patience I simply do not have. Stepping out of the truck, the cool air outside washed over me and it felt AMAZING! It must've been 100 degrees in the truck.

I have no idea how this family is so productive and can push through order after order to create amazing food while maintaining their temper. Being in a hot, confined space with my family is my worst nightmare. There would be lots of screaming and probably only one of us would make it out alive. I have such respect for the Souza family!

After I escaped the truck, I strolled through the festival people-watching and admiring the music and families enjoying their Friday night, which was winding to an end. The Oh Crepe truck was one of the last to leave.

So in this latest dare, I learned that being a food truck worker is not a career path I want to take. It was way too hot for me, and I never want to do it again. But perhaps the Oh Crepe truck was so hot because of the love and warmth radiating from the Souza family, all working toward a common dream. Thank

you, Souza family, for putting up with my complaining. And Tania, good luck in that tiny space once your belly pops!