



Oh, but we tried. When the waitress came back with two slices left on our first order, we asked if we were allowed to get more. "Sure," she said, and she even approved our request for two sauces.

We ordered a white pizza with mozzarella and spinach on one half; the other side was supposed to have pesto, goat cheese and tomatoes. It would have been delectable, had the waitress written it down and the kitchen had known what we ordered. (Though the ingredients were all mixed up, it was still tasty but didn't help my view of the service.)

By that point, we were stuffed. I asked for a box—they do let you take leftovers home. But we still wanted those Rice Krispy treats. Smart? No. Excessive? Yes. I'd watched other tables gnawing on them all night, but all our waitress brought us for dessert was the bill.

I asked another staff member for some, and our waitress emerged, flustered and apologetic, with a plate of tiny treats—the perfect size to finish our feast.

With the oddly rushed service, I'm on the fence about whether or not I'd go back. And, really, we weren't sure we made out like bandits on the bargain: Two or three drafts, a plate of salad and some slices could cost close to \$15 at other restaurants.

That said, the food's good, so if your dinner goals don't involve beating the system or always being allowed to finish what you order (don't be selfish! The garbage gets hungry, too!), your next Tuesday night pizza craving may have found a home.

For more on Joey's Brickhouse, visit [enterthechef.com/brickhouse.html](http://enterthechef.com/brickhouse.html) or stop by 1258 W. Belmont.



*Erin Brereton is our resident urban cowgirl on a bi-weekly search for life on the cheap. If you know of the mythic happy hour that she missed, do [clue her in](#).*