

**Frisée salad and bacon dices,
Of Pavillon.**

I may look like a well-behaved little salad... but look closer. Beneath my curls, I hide melting pork cheeks—tender enough to make a saint blush—resting on a slice of bread still warm from the fire. And as if that weren't enough, I wear a crown of fragrant porcini. An Italian-style seduction act—wink and fork included.

**Zander Filet in Meurette,
Crumbled Potatoes.**

I am zander, a freshwater fish, but tonight I've come to celebrate in Burgundy. I've dived headfirst into red wine, swirled myself in a sauce both deep and beguiling, and I have no intention of leaving anytime soon. Around me, my sablé potatoes play the beach starlets: golden, cheeky, ready to be bitten into like sun-kissed chips.

**Bricelet,
Style of Guillaume Tell .**

Bite into me, and I break with the elegance of an old coquette who knows her charms. Yes, I hail from Switzerland, carrying a hint of the medieval, but don't be fooled by my serious lineage: I've dressed myself with a silken apple purée and a playful touch of piquant verjus—just enough to raise an eyebrow. Dessert? No... a little temptation to which you will inevitably say yes.