



*Tour Eiffel
le Fosse*

*By
Robert Prins*

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Andre pulled a cloth from his side and wiped the sweat from his forehead. With great intensity he focused on the sugar crystal structure taking form on the plate in front of him. Hundreds of delicate sugar stalks were being formed into an edible model of the Eiffel Tower on a large dessert plate. But the tower was not for him. Madame Charlotte Pierre, France's biggest food critic, was dining in the next room, finishing off her duck and escargot salad with a side of lima beans. Andre had to make an impression. Paris' Hotel de Lux was counting on him. With steady hands the Eiffel Tower took form. Andre turned to the stove where the champagne crème simmered, and the brandied currants sauteed. He stirred the champagne crème and tossed the brandied black currants, then wiped the sweat from his forehead again before turning to put the final touches on the Eiffel Tower.

The sound of the heavy swing door reached his ears and he heard the waiter's hurried feet.

"She's ready, Andre."

Taking a deep breath, Andre reached into the freezer to take out the freshly made macadamia and durian ice cream. He scooped it into a mould inspired by Picasso, and carefully ejected it onto the plate beside the Eiffel Tower. The simmering champagne crème was given one last stir and a quick taste before Andre ladled out a generous

scoop, lavishly swirling it as a moat around the Eiffel Tower and ice cream. And finally the brandied currents were delicately sprinkled in and around the champagne crème. Andre reached for the blowtorch and waved it gently around the tower to soften it off. Too hot and it would melt; not enough heat and the sharp edges would be distracting.

“Don’t keep her waiting, Sir.”

“It is ready,” Andre announced as he turned off the flame and cast a critical eye over the dessert.

The waiter backed up as Andre lifted his creation reverently and walked through the door to present it to Madame Charlotte Pierre. As he lowered the desert onto the table before the great food critic, he knew this would be the dessert of a lifetime. Andre bowed. “Your dessert Madame. I call it ‘Tour Eiffel le Fosse.’ Bon Appetit.”

Madame Charlotte Pierre nodded and picked up her spoon. “This looks exquisite,” she complimented, “merci beaucoup.”

She slid her spoon into the champagne crème with brandied currents then looked up and nodded at Andre. In the blink of an eye Andre thought he saw it. Was one of the currents on her spoon moving? Was it a fly? Andre refused to let his face show any emotion as he stood back to watch Madame Charlotte put the spoon in her mouth. Sweat beaded on his forehead. Outside he looked as calm as a clam, but inside his stomach twitched like the legs of a frog. Was Madame Charlotte about to taste the bliss of a lifetime or the horror of a trapped fly?

Madam Charlotte lifted the spoon to her mouth and closed her eyes...

A decorative sugar crystal Eiffel tower stands on a dessert plate. The tower is made of intricate sugar crystals and has a small French flag on top. The dessert is a swirl of cream and brandied black currents, garnished with fresh blueberries and mint leaves. The background is a blurred indoor setting, possibly a restaurant or cafe.

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*Andre is racing against time to prepare
dessert for France's biggest food critic.
With a sugar crystal Eiffel tower, home-
made ice cream and champagne crème
with brandied black currents, it could
be the dessert of the century.*