

[Review] Ippai Japanese Fusion Cuisine in Toronto | Jul 13, 2013

Since there isn't a Google+ Page for this restaurant, I decided to share this review here.

I was brought to Ippai for lunch today by a relative that had tried their ramen previously and said it was good. I ordered a Soy Milk Ramen, while she ordered a Tonkatsu Ramen. I was surprisingly glad that my soup base was much less salty than the Tonkatsu one, as my relative complained about being incredibly thirsty afterwards.

Besides the base, the ramen that we received had identical amounts of the exact same components as pictured on the menu. "Alright, fair enough. At least they're not ripping us off." I thought. But the taste wasn't anything mind-blowing and rather average. Both ramens were \$9.95 + tax, which, in my opinion is more than a bit pricey for something so mediocre tasting.

The service, quite typical of a place run by Asians that were too lazy to even get you more water, wasn't great and the waitress had a "leave me alone" expression when I asked her what one of the terms on the menu meant.

But that wasn't all! Before leaving the restaurant, I decided to pay the washroom a visit. WORSE DECISION EVER. Although the bathroom stall door had been able to open and close perfectly fine when I entered it, I was appalled to realize that the lock had jammed when I tried to get out. I fiddled with the lock for a while before I finally accepted the fact that it wasn't going to budge.

Luckily, I had my phone with me and was able to call my relative to notify the staff that I was trapped...inside a washroom stall. Upon entering, the first thing the lady did was scold me for not knowing how to use the lock. (Um, excuse me?) It was obvious she was quite clueless about locks, as she brought in a can of extremely toxic and foul-smelling aerosol of something that was "supposed to help me open the lock". Clearly, the lock jammed not because the it needed to be greased, but the mechanism had failed. Though she could have easily asked one of the men to unscrew the door to let me out in one piece, she just stood outside asking me to continue spraying the toxic can of lubricant and trying. The lady continued to stand outside and stare blankly at the battered door that was separating us.

Desperate times called for desperate measures. As I was in quite a rush and now only had 30 minutes to get to somewhere that required 45 minutes of travel time, I asked my relative, who was standing outside the stall, to hand me some wet paper towels. Quickly wiping the disgusting bathroom floor with paper towels, I proceeded to get on my arms and knees and crawl under the stall to freedom. Once I

was out, I had to clean my hands, new shirt, arms and knees thoroughly before I could rid myself of the lubricant stench and filth that had remained uncleaned on the stall floor.

The outrageous thing was, the entire time I was doing this, the lady made no attempt to help me up and aid me in my escape to regain freedom. Not one single "Sorry". All I received was a glare when I had splashed water around the sink that she happened to be wiping around as I washed the grime from my body.

No "Sorry". No apologies. NO NOTHING. IS THIS HOW YOU TREAT A CUSTOMER?!?!

At least I was small enough to crawl underneath the stall. Despite undergoing treatment for a back and knee injury just this morning, at least I was flexible enough to not injure myself once again by doing this. But what if I had been an old lady incapable of even standing for longer than 30 minutes?

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY NO WAY TO TREAT A CUSTOMER, AND I HIGHLY RECOMMEND THAT ANYONE WHO VIEWS THIS REVIEW WILL INFORM EVERYONE THAT THEY KNOW TO NEVER SET FOOT INSIDE THIS SO-CALLED RESTAURANT LEST THEY WISH TO SUFFER THE SAME FATE AS ME.