



CRACKY ALEXANDERPLATZ EXPERIENCE

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(ALEXANDERPLATZ EXPERIENCE)

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Cracky is an experiential dining club founded by our friends Adrian and Juppe. For a while, they've been hosting these wild, unpredictable dinner experiences out of their apartment in Neukölln - but lately, they've started taking things on the road.

For one of these special editions, they invited us to Alexanderplatz. We were given almost no information beforehand - just a time and a meeting point at the Weltzeituhr. Honestly, for most Berliners, that's already a red flag. It's chaotic, overcrowded, and probably one of the worst places in the city to meet anyone.

When we arrived, we spotted a woman holding a red balloon - the agreed-upon sign. Slowly, more people gathered: a guy in a suit with a briefcase, a mom with a baby stroller, a photographer, and a few others. No one knew what was going on. We had all just been told to find the woman with the balloon.

She welcomed us warmly, then launched into a long monologue filled with facts about Alexanderplatz. Within five minutes, most of us had mentally checked out - it felt endless. Then suddenly, a random guy burst into the group, shouting and running around us. For a moment, we genuinely couldn't tell if he was part of the experience or just... Alexanderplatz being Alexanderplatz. Turns out, he was part of it. He handed us a mysterious homemade liquid to try - still not sure what it was.

From there, things escalated quickly. We were led across the square, where a magician appeared out of nowhere, set up a table, and started performing tricks - including "swallowing" Bernard's iPhone. He handed out lollipops while we watched, slightly dazed.



Then came another character - a sketchy-looking guy who approached us like a dealer asking if we “needed anything.” When he opened his jacket, instead of drugs, it was lined with skewers of meat and shrimp, pinned like some kind of edible contraband. He set up a grill right there on the street and started cooking. And to be fair, it was actually delicious. Next, a woman appeared with a silver metal suitcase from which she revealed a 20-year-old magnum bottle of Barolo, which is a very special and expensive red wine. So as we stood there sipping it in the middle of Alexanderplatz, things took another turn. The woman with the stroller - who had been with us the whole time - started making strange squeaking noises. She pulled back the blanket inside the stroller to reveal a full spit-roasted pig. At this point, confusion peaked. The “dea-



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ler” stepped back in, carved it up, and served it as tacos - which, again, were incredible. Just as we were processing all of this, a group of middle-aged performers appeared and broke into a flash mob, singing songs like Purple Rain. By now, passersby were fully staring, trying to figure out what the hell they were witnessing. And then, finally, Adrian and Juppe revealed themselves. They had been watching the entire time from a distance, dressed in trench coats, peeking through holes cut into a newspaper like cartoon detectives. It was chaotic, absurd, slightly disorienting - and genuinely one of the most memorable dinner experiences we’ve ever had. Maybe not the craziest thing to ever happen at Alexanderplatz, but definitely up there. If you’re looking for a dinner that’s anything but normal, Cracky is 100% worth checking out!



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