Go hog wild at the terrific When Pigs Fly Café

Research into the psychology of decision-making has shown that the more options we have, the more indecisive we become. This phenomenon should come as little surprise to anyone who’s had the pleasure of reading a breakfast or lunch menu at When Pigs Fly Café on Rope Ferry Road in Waterford.

One might go with the Billy Rad ($8), bacon, tomato, avocado, Monterey Jack and dill dressing on grilled sourdough. But the Sandy McGoo ($8.50), with its grilled chicken, red onion, bacon, ranch, Monterey Jack, and lettuce and tomato on ciabatta, is equally meritorious.

And that doesn’t even crack the breakfast menu and its who’s who of one-of-a-kind dishes: Joyce’s Choice ($6.75), eggs, cream cheese, bacon, red onion, tomato and spinach on a toasted bagel; Mavis’ Medley ($8.50), home fries topped with chopped tomatoes, red onion, bacon, cheddar and two over easy eggs with a side of toast; and the Everett ($6.75), egg, jalapeno cheese, ham, red onion and avocado on a pretzel roll.

Like the menu, the atmosphere at When Pigs Fly is quirky and quaint. The floors are vintage green and blue linoleum square tiles, the seating is an assortment of mostly fashionable secondhand tables and chairs, and the walls are decorated with artwork depicting an exclusive subject matter: pigs. This includes a 2014 piglet calendar, with a dashing Mr. November peering out of an empty flowerpot.

Art imitates life at When Pigs Fly, as you’ll find many menu items include bacon or sausage. When used, said ingredients are either central to the meal or at least play an irreplaceable supporting role.

Take, for instance, the Tall Twisted Toby ($8): grilled chicken, spinach, mushrooms, onions, bacon, Swiss and honey Dijon on a toasted pretzel roll. The lean chicken breast is accented nicely by the bacon and sings with the addition of honey Dijon. The dense pretzel roll, Swiss, spinach and mushrooms add variety and make this generous, though hardly unwieldy, sandwich pack a heavy punch.

The tuna melt ($7.50) under-sells itself with the simplest of menu descriptions: Gwen’s tuna salad, Swiss and tomato on grilled rye. The truth is this tuna salad goes above and beyond your standard variety. It’s a flavorful mix of red onion, carrot, celery and, of course, tuna and mayonnaise.

If you’re considering a tuna melt but reason it’s just as easy to make it yourself at home, think again.

Among the specials for the day when I visited was the Healthy ($11), sundried tomato pesto over sunflower toast, topped with spinach, roasted red peppers, red onion, two poached eggs and a sprinkling of grated mozzarella cheese. This open-face sandwich should come with instructions; I was not sure whether I should pick it up with my hands or go at it with a fork and knife. Either means takes you to a delicious end. The sundried tomato pesto is robust, the spinach and red peppers add depth of flavor, and the poached eggs contribute that unifying eggy runniness.

There’s a permanent selection of breakfast sides, which includes both standard and less common fare: home fries and grilled ham steak; Cajun corned beef or veggie and black bean hash, to mention a few.

I tried two sides from the specials board: creamy tomato soup ($4 a cup, $5 a bowl) and the artichoke and chickpea salad ($2 as a side substitute, $3 as an individual side). The soup was savory and balanced, not too much acidity, not too much cream. The side salad was refreshing and delightful: a dill dressing over broccoli, red pepper, artichokes, chickpeas and red onion.

For dessert or as a warm up to your meal, you might be interested in one or more of several worthy baked goods. I had a cinnamon scone and a blueberry cranberry walnut muffin ($4.50 each). The scone and muffin were moist but not heavy with butter or oil, and they weren’t overly sweet (they had that health foodie undertone that’s easy to spot but hard to articulate).

When Pigs Fly is certainly not under the radar. The dining area was full on my visit, though there was hardly a wait (maybe two minutes). The patrons were varied: families large and small, couples young and old, men in jeans and flannels, even one guy in a suit.

And I sensed most would return before pigs fly, and again even if they do.