

The Cafe

Grace Kok



It was a Saturday morning in mid-November. I felt a drop of rain on my face. There was a chill in the air especially with the autumnal morning breeze blowing. Everything was dull and hazy. A drizzle was gently pattering on the dusty old stone wall. On the rugged wall was a window, through which I saw the warm, amber light inside the cafe. I smelled the aroma of the hot brewed coffee, vanilla, cinnamon and more. Tired of the icy rain outside, I opened the heavy wooden door and went in.

It was an old-age kind of cafe; yet, its plainness surprisingly made it comforting to stay in for a while. I found a little wooden table and sat down. I opened the oldish menu and randomly ordered something. Peering through the misty window to take a glimpse of the outside, where cars were moving past and crowds were rushing by, I suddenly felt so calm and peaceful in this small, warm cafe. It was quiet except for the faint rustling of the leaves in the cold breeze outside. I rather enjoyed the moment of staying alone for a while.

Suddenly, I was aware of the fragrance of hot cocoa twining about me, and, to my delight, I saw the waiter putting a cup of hot chocolate with marshmallows and a strawberry sponge cake on the table. I took a sip of the chocolate with the bruleed, melty marshmallows blended

in. I felt warm and delighted with its indulgent taste. I got a piece of cake which accompanied the hot drink. The creamy, velvety custard cream, bursting with the flavour of vanilla, was such a great complement to the light and fluffy sponge cake. Some sweet treats were simply comforting.

A beam of sunlight seeped out of the clouds, spreading a layer of golden colour on the road. The gloomy grey sky finally brightened up.

I finished the last sip of my chocolate and went to pay my bill. Saying goodbye to the friendly cashier, I stepped out of the cafe. Seeing a bright and beautiful rainbow across the clear, blue sky, I walked on, humming a cheerful tune.

