

Wendy the Wonderful Waitress



She was new there. I wasn't. I'd always bought my lunch from this café every day at the same time. But this time was different. She was replacing an old waitress and she was much younger, much nicer. She'd smile at me and it'd make my day because she was so beautiful. In fact, she was so beautiful I could cry.

'Hi'. She would say, 'what can I get you?' which would leave me blushing like a fool and speechless, until at last I got over her astounding beauty and would mumble 'A coffee and a teacake please'. 'Here you go' she would say, handing me a plate, with a smile that lit up her face. And mine.

I tried to speak to her, properly, I mean but she was almost always bombarded with other customers who were confident enough to flirt. She would return the flirtatious behaviour but lightly. Every time I came in however, she would ignore them and serve me instead, and then wave goodbye as I left. She was the only person I ever truly loved in my life.

I tried to tell my friends, but they just dismissed it as a little crush and went on to discuss other minor things. I pretended to listen but my heart was craving her, beating her name every second.

I couldn't help but think about her all the time. She was everything I wanted and more, but I couldn't bring myself to speak to her. One day I couldn't take it any longer. I had it all prepared. I would pluck up the courage to begin small talk, and then gradually build it up until I would eventually ask her out on a date.

So, I woke up the next morning, with my speech prepared, and my heart finally ready. I walked into the café, but, for the first time, she wasn't there. My mouth opened in shock and disappointment, where was she?

'I'm so sorry, Wendy passed away last night, she was involved in a car crash' said the old waitress. My whole world collapsed before me, how could she be gone?

Well, if she was gone, then I'm gone too. Nothing left worth staying for.

By Mini Sardar and Norshin Zamir 10Y