

Wait! Werewolves Exist? Chapter 12 - Tips

AMBER.

It was early evening before I was done cleaning. Although thanks to the dustsheets, it was mainly a case of cleaning years of dust of the surfaces and floors. My stomach rumbled, reminding me that I hadn't eaten since breakfast. I decided to take a quick shower and go get some dinner. While putting on my clean clothes and pulling my waist length hair into a ponytail, I found myself wondering about the restaurant's dinner menu. My stomach rumbled again, and I grabbed my keys and purse. I decided to walk to the restaurant and have a proper look at the town on the way.

I found myself marvelling at how beautiful it was here. Unlike in the city, there were no rows of uniform houses packed tightly together. Just rustic and individual homes dotted around. Small roads leading to some. Others surrounded completely by grass. I took a deep breath, filling my lungs. The air was so fresh and clean, there was almost a sweetness to it. When I reached Main Street, I gasped. I had thought it looked picturesque in the daytime, like something off a postcard, but at night, it was something else. The street was all lit up, and the windows of the stores twinkled in the light's. It was like something from a storybook.

The restaurant was already pretty busy when I got there. Ellie greeted me warmly "Amber, how lovely to see you back so soon." I gave her a big smile "How could I stay away with food this good?" She laughed and led me to a table near the back of the restaurant. She handed me a menu and took my drink order. I was frowning at the menu when a young woman brought my drink over. On seeing the look on my face, she asked "Is everything OK?" I sighed deeply and looked up at her "It all sounds so good that I can't decide." She laughed, her big brown eyes had a mischievous glint in them as she said "Well there's always the taster menu if you're stuck." Grinning, she pointed to a section at the bottom of the last page on the menu. It read 'A selection of smaller plates. Various menu and non-menu items to include starters, mains, sides, and desserts. Find a new favourite.' My stomach rumbled again, and my eyes lit up, that sounded perfect. "I will take that, please." I said eagerly. She looked surprised. I glanced around at how busy the restaurant was and added "That is, if it's not too much trouble, given how full you are tonight." She looked amused "It's always like this on a Friday night, although usually my brother is here to help, and it's no trouble at all." She said "As long as you're

sure it's what you want." I nodded happily, and she headed off to the kitchen still grinning.

Ellie came out of the kitchen moments later and came over to me. "Amber, I just wanted to check with you about your order. I'm not sure if Becky made you aware of how big the taster menu is. It is roughly around twenty or so dishes. If you would prefer we will do you a half size ten dish version or if you want to try the full one you are of course welcome to, and let me know if you need to stop at anytime." she said kindly. "I will try the full size please, I've worked up quite an appetite today sorting the house out, besides I've earned it." I replied. She smiled and nodded and headed back to the kitchen.

It wasn't long before my first dish arrived. The young woman I think Ellie called her Becky placed a small bowl of tomato and basil soup in front of me with a bread roll that was still warm. I thanked her, and she giggled "good luck" in a friendly way before hurrying away to clear a table. I took my first spoonful of the rich soup, and it was so good I had drained the bowl on no time and wiped it almost clean with the bread. I devoured plate after plate of all sorts of delicious things. So far, there hadn't been anything I hadn't enjoyed.

After a while, the restaurant was absolutely packed. Being a staff member down, Ellie and Becky were rushed off their feet. Most people were happy to wait, but one table, a group of men in their late twenties to early thirties, were being quite rude, moaning loudly about their order not having been taken yet. I could see that Ellie was a bit overwhelmed. She had rushed past red-faced and sweating a little. I wanted to help. She has been so nice to me today. After a few more minutes of them making rude comments, loudly disturbing other customers. I had had enough. I got up and grabbed a pad and pen from by the till and headed over to take their order. At least that shut them up a bit. I knocked on the kitchen door. I hope Ellie doesn't get too mad at me, I gulped. I probably just seriously overstepped a boundary. The door opened, and Ellie stood there looking flustered. "Amber, is everything OK? Do you need a break from your food?" she asked. I shook my head. "Oh no, everything is fantastic. I really hope you don't mind, but I took that rowdy tables order to calm them down a bit. I'm so sorry if I crossed a line. I just wanted to help." I handed her the order, and she just stood there looking at me, disbelief on her face. She suddenly threw her arms around me in a huge hug before handing the order to the chef. "Thank you, sweetheart. I could never be upset with someone for helping." She said "In fact, feel free to keep helping." She joked. I told her that I had actually worked as a waitress for five years before moving up here and that I would be more than happy to help out

this evening. Looking bewildered, Ellie told me that if I was serious, she would greatly appreciate it. I gave her a big smile and got to work.

About three hours later, the restaurant had quietened down, and Ellie asked if I would like to carry on with my own meal. I nodded, joking that I had worked off the food I had already eaten, leaving room for more. She laughed, and I went back to my table.