



# Cabbage Tree Cafe

by Robert Prins

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The sun was setting when Sam and Shelby realised that they had not made any dinner plans.

“Would you like me to take you out for dinner, Shelby?” asked Sam.

“I would love that,” Shelby replied. “Let’s go back to the Cabbage Tree Café where we went last time. I liked it there. The food was great, the ambience was amazing the service was fantastic and it had those little private areas to eat in. I loved it there.”

“Sounds good,” replied Sam. “Let’s go!”

Twenty minutes later Sam and Shelby arrived at the Cabbage Tree Café. The duty manager met them at the entrance.

“Just the two of you?” he asked. “And would you like drinks?”

Sam and Shelby answered “Yes” to both questions and the manager pointed them to booth number thirteen, a private booth with drinks supplied and an all you can eat menu.

It was beginning to look like a very pleasant evening as Sam and Shelby relaxed in their secluded area together, quenched their thirst and began to enjoy their meal. Everything was just right. It made for the perfect romantic evening.

“Ooh, that’s disgusting!” A loud voice shattered the peacefulness of their romantic evening together. “Yuck, there’s a snail eating my salad greens. Gross!”

“I found another one over here ... and there’s more!”

“How can there be so many?”

Sam and Shelby looked at each other. What was going on out there? Trying to ignore the commotion, they carried on with their meal. Management would deal with it, they figured. But the disturbances continued.

Along with the voices, there were now other sounds. The sound of snail shells hitting the pavement, the sickening crunch of snail under foot, jandals slapping, the rustle of plants being pushed and shoved and pulled apart.

“The thieving little snails. Look what they are doing to my vegetable garden. There’s nothing left of my lettuce plants! Oh, there’s one on the cabbage plant!”

“How rude,” thought Shelby as the noises went on outside. “Can’t they leave us to eat in peace?”

Just then, the intimate space of booth thirteen in the Cabbage Tree Café shook and burst open. Bright lights shone in.

“I found two more – right inside the cabbage!” the voice declared.

Looking up into the blinding light, Sam and Shelby saw a giant hand reaching down toward them. Two fingers squeezed together first over Sam’s back and then over Shelby’s. The hand lifted them up high into the air and hurled them down onto the pavement. Sam and Shelby were just about to make a run for it when a jandal crunched down heavily on top of them. Blackness.

All in all, ninety eight snails were murdered that night, a just punishment for destroying an otherwise productive vegetable garden. The Cabbage Tree Café was no more.



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*Without any real plans for dinner, Sam and Shelby decided to have a night out at their favourite eating place, The Cabbage Tree Café.*

*Little did they know that their romantic evening was about to be spoiled...*

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