

Writing Group Prompt – Nov. 16, 2014

I was in a biker bar; there are worse places but that's not the point. The point is this was supposed to be a tea room. Had been one until very recently. You could still see where Rose's Tea Room had been written on the now grungy front window.

Rosie's had been the center of our universe back in college and today, my close friend, was in town with a short layover and we had agreed to meet for tea and catch up conversation. She suggested Rosies, the small out of the way place where we had spent way too much time talking and planning our life.

Never thought to google it or check to see if ownership had changed. Just expected that it, like everything from those carefree days, would never change. Would remain static like my memories of the supreme scones and real clotted cream served on real china with roses and gold rims.

So it was that I hurried to the front door, anxious to be inside and out of the rapidly worsening rain. And so it was that I didn't notice all the bikes or really, didn't notice that instead of roses and scones there were leather jackets and beer. Didn't notice until in my haste I ran right into one of the biker dudes. Well, that was fun. He had a sweet smile and kind, gentle eyes and, with impeccable manners, He relayed the very important piece of information I so desperately needed that Rosie was no longer serving tea here. The good news was she had moved to the next block. I thanked the tall dark leather clad stranger. We exchanged deep 'do you feel it, too' looks. A momentary pause and then I fled my face burning, and hoped to get to the new Rosie's before my friend.

I was in a biker bar. There are worse places indeed.

Time stopped while we consumed way too many cups of Tetley tea and don't get me started on the glories of the supreme scones and real clotted cream.