

Cafe Society March 5th

Anthony decided to have dinner at the cafe and not at the local roti specialist. He decided to order a vegetable stir-fry with shrimp. A few vegetables never hurt, after all.

There was a birthday party at one of the long side tables. The party-goers appeared to all be in their mid-to-late twenties. The birthday girl was clearly a friend of one of the servers. Anthony knew the cafe encouraged birthday parties as the revelers did tend to drink and run up tabs. He didn't mind being at a front table without neighbours.

The Playlist surely didn't seem to be specific to the birthday party. Anthony placed his order which included a glass of the house red wine, which was tolerable. Anthony was pleased to hear two of his favourite Michael Jackson songs....Wanna Be Starting Something and then Billie Jean.

The kiiiiiiiiiii-d is not my son!

No, the kid was most certainly not his son.

Anthony thought of his friend Jessica who refused to listen to Michael Jackson. The singer had of course been accused of being a paedophile who may or may have not paid off the admittedly serious charges. Jessica was generally good company but Anthony disagreed with her not only on the subject of Michael Jackson but with other musicians and artists.

Did she also boycott Morrissey? What about Ted Nugent? What about Mel Gibson movies? Anthony could support boycotting artists only if the said artists were financial contributors to reprehensible endeavors or projects. If Morrissey actually financed Nigel Farage, then bye bye Steven. And so on and so forth.

Michael Jackson songs ceded to some more alt-rock. Pearl Jam trying to be Led Zeppelin or something similarly terrible.

Anthony's food arrived and it was good. He had specified no onions no broccoli and no cauliflower and the server and cook had obliged. After eating he sipped his wine and stared out the window. People were still wearing their masks even when outside.

The man who neighbouring actors had referred to as Howard but who Anthony remembered as John entered the cafe and sat at a table by himself. Howard ordered a hamburger with no toppings whatsoever. Howard was a man of few words and no affectations. Anthony wondered if he tipped.

He finished his glass of wine and then asked for the bill. Outside it had begun to snow and Anthony was not wearing winter boots.