

The Tale Of The Coffee Shop

By Amara Archer, grade 6

You might not know it now, but whenever you walk into a one of a kind shop, you hear a faint whisper. A tingle perhaps. Even if you don't realize it consciously, it's telling you the story of its life. Oh! Forgive me. My name is Sandra and the first time I became a whisperer was when I was 13 and my mother, Catherine, took me to a coffee shop her father took her too often when she was a child. It was called the Dream Bean Cafe. Small place but quite nice. It had a large window at the front and the store was painted a light mint green though the color had faded through the years. On the inside there was a high table with light gray bar stools tucked underneath. There was a chalkboard with different menu options and the lighting was warm but Dream Bean Cafe hadn't always been so welcoming. At least that's what she told me. The name this shop has known since the beginning was Elizabeth. Elizabeth had a hard past, you see. When she was first created, back in 1959, she was not a coffee shop but instead a winery. Her caretakers back then were, well, terrible. Elizabeth had rotted walls, wine spills never cleaned and an infestation of mice. She did have one good friend, the store next door named Marcelles. Marcelles was an Italian restaurant and his people were kind and took good care of him but unfortunately, the woman who owned the place, Luciana, had to sell Marcelles and the person who bought it knocked it down to make space for a more 'modern building'. Elizabeth's owners also ran out of business but

unlike Luciana, they did not sell her, they abandoned her and no one so much as glanced at her when they walked by. Elizabeth was forgotten. A few years passed and still no one wanted her. Even the mice had left. It was just her, the rotten walls and unstable foundation. Every time there was strong wind Elizabeth feared that she might fall, every time it rained she hoped it would not be the last moon she ever saw. But still, she survived. By the year 1996 Elizabeth was partially destroyed. Her left wall had somewhat collapsed and her roof had many leaks and when she heard the wind, she knew it wouldn't be long before death claimed her. At least that's what Elizabeth thought until Casey Smith found her. Casey had wanted a small business for years and Elizabeth had seemed the perfect choice for a florist shop. After some renovations, Elizabeth was as good as new and selling flowers like there was no tomorrow. Casey was kind and took good care of Elizabeth for many years but eventually, she grew old, very old until one day, laying in her bed, Casey whispered "It was nice to meet you Eliza, I hope you stay just as fine as you are now." Casey's chest slowly rose and fell for some time, getting slower by the second until it finally stopped. That was the first time there had been a whisperer. The second time was when Casey's son, Mark inherited Elizabeth, or as Casey called her, Eliza. Mark kept the business running but seemed bored after a few months. Soon there was a for sale sign in the front and a young couple named Emma and Jonathan moved in with their two children Abbey and Noah, plus there was a dog. This family was much less like Casey and Mark. Emma and Jonathan never paid their bills, or paid attention to what Abbey and Noah did. The two children had painted with their hands on the walls and the floor had scratch marks everywhere from the dog. But like I said earlier, the family never paid their bills so soon after, they were evicted.

By the time Evangeline Roberts moved in, it was 2007 and Eliza hoped with all her might that this would be the last time someone would sell her or leave her and Evangeline was just the person to fulfill that hope. Eliza underwent a few renovations and after that, The Dream Bean was born. They had a steady flow of customers each and every day and even after Evangeline passed away, The Dream Bean stayed. Evangeline's sister, Kinsey kept the business alive until this very day. So now dear reader, think, have you ever heard the story of a Winery who became a florist who became a house who became a coffee shop? Probably not but you might have heard something else. A dentist perhaps? Or maybe a restaurant like Marcelles or even the faint tingle of a memory. But the one I've heard, is The Tale Of The Coffee Shop.