

Level: Starter

a table for two

*Dani's English Student
Original Story* ✨



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A Table for Two

It is a cold Friday evening in the city. The streets are dark, and a light rain falls from the sky. Cars move slowly, and people hurry home with umbrellas in their hands. At the corner of King Street, there is a small bar called Blue Moon Bar.

Soft music comes from the open door, and warm yellow lights shine through the windows.

Inside the bar, a young woman sits alone at a small table near the wall. Her name is Anna White. She works at a bookstore not far from here. Anna comes to the Blue Moon Bar every Friday after work. She does not come to drink a lot. She simply likes the quiet music, the warm room, and the people talking softly around her.

She likes to sit with a warm drink and watch the night outside the window.

Tonight, she wears her long brown coat and a red scarf. Her dark hair falls on her shoulders. She has a book in her bag, as always. But tonight, she does not read. She just looks around the bar and listens to the music.

At the other side of the room, near the counter, sits a young man. His name is Tom Gray. He is new in town and works at a small office. He does not know many people here, so he sometimes comes to this bar after work. He looks tired, but his eyes are kind. He drinks a small glass of beer and looks at his phone.

After some minutes, he lifts his head and sees Anna. She looks peaceful and gentle. Tom looks at her for a moment, then looks away. But after a short time, he looks at her again. Something about her is warm and calm. He wants to talk to her, but he is shy.

The waiter walks to Anna's table.

"Another hot chocolate?" he asks.

"Yes, please," she says with a smile.

Tom watches her smile. He thinks, Maybe / can say hello. Maybe I can sit near her. But he is not sure. He takes another sip of beer.

Anna looks around the room again, and this time she sees Tom looking at her. Tom quickly looks away. Anna smiles a little. She does not mind. The bar is small, and people sometimes look at each other.

After a few minutes, Anna drops her scarf on the floor. It falls next to Tom's chair. Tom sees it, and he immediately bends down to pick it up. He reaches out for the scarf, but Anna reaches at the same time. Their hands touch for a short moment.

"Oh," Anna says softly.

"Sorry," Tom says. "Here you are."

"Thank you," Anna answers with a shy smile.

Tom feels warm in his face. His heart beats a little faster.

He looks at her for a second and then says, "It is a nice scarf."

Anna laughs. "Yes, thank you. It keeps me warm."

There is a short silence. Tom does not want to stop talking, but he does not know what to say.

Anna helps him.

"Do you come here often?" she asks.

"Sometimes," Tom says. "I'm new in town. I don't know many places yet."

"Oh, really? I work near here. I come almost every Friday."

"I see," Tom says. "It's a nice place."

Another silence. But this time, it is not uncomfortable. The music plays softly. People talk quietly.

Outside, the rain continues to fall.

Finally, Tom says, "Would you like to sit together? Only if you want to, of course."

Anna looks at her empty table and then at Tom.

"Yes," she says with a small smile. "I would like that."

Tom's face lights up. He stands and moves to her table.

"May I?"

"Please," Anna says.

Tom sits down, and for a moment they smile at each other like two shy teenagers. Then Anna asks, "What do you do in the city?"

"I work in an office," Tom says. "It's a small company. I'm not very important there yet. But I hope to grow."

"I'm sure you will," Anna says kindly. "You look like a hard worker."

Tom laughs a little. "I try."

"And you?" Tom asks. "What do you do?"

"I work in a bookstore," Anna says. "I love books. I read all the time. I think a day without a story is a sad day."

Tom smiles. "That sounds nice. Do you have a favorite book?"

Anna thinks for a moment. "Yes, but it changes from time to time. Today my favorite book is the one in my bag."

Tom looks at her bag with interest. "Can I see it?"

"Of course," Anna says.

She takes the book out of her bag. It is small but beautiful. Tom looks at the cover and smiles.

"I don't know this book," he says.

"It's a love story," Anna says. "A slow one. Two people meet in a quiet place. For a long time, they do not talk a lot. But little by little, they become close."

Tom smiles again. "That sounds... familiar."

Anna laughs softly. "Maybe a little."

They talk for many minutes. They talk about books, work, music, and food. They talk about simple things, but it feels good. It feels natural.

Tom tells her about his hometown, far from the city. Anna tells him about her dream to write a book one day.

The waiter comes again.

"Another hot chocolate for you?" he asks Anna.

"Yes," Anna says.

"And for you?" the waiter asks Tom.

"Another beer, please."

The bar gets busier, but at their table, the two young people sit in their small world. Their voices are soft, and their smiles grow warmer.

After one hour, Tom says, "You know, I'm happy I came here tonight."

"Me too," Anna says. "It's nice to talk with someone new. Someone kind."

Tom feels a warm wave inside his chest. "Thank you," he says.

The rain stops outside, and the music changes to a slow, beautiful song.

Anna listens to the music. "I like this song," she says.

"It's very soft," Tom says. "And warm."

Another moment passes. Tom watches Anna's

face. She looks peaceful again, like when he first saw her. He wants to know her better. He wants to see her again.

"Anna.." he begins.

"Yes?"

"Would you like to meet again? Maybe next Friday? Or any day you want. We can have a drink or walk in the park. Or maybe you can show me a good bookstore."

Anna smiles, and her eyes shine.

"Yes, Tom," she says. "I would like that very much."

Tom feels happy. Truly happy.

They continue to talk until the bar closes. The waiter walks around and says, "Last drinks, please."

Tom and Anna finish their drinks and stand up.

When they walk to the door, Anna suddenly slips a little on the wet floor. Tom reaches out for her arm quickly and holds her gently.

"Are you okay?" he asks with worry in his voice.

"Yes," Anna says. "Thank you. You saved me."

Tom laughs softly. "Only a little."

They step outside. The air is cool but fresh. The rain has stopped, and the streetlights shine like small stars.

"Do you walk this way?" Tom asks.

"Yes," Anna says. "Just five minutes from here."

"I walk the same way," Tom says. "Let me walk with you."

They walk together slowly. Their steps are quiet.

The night feels soft around them.

Anna says, "It's strange."

"What is?" Tom asks.

"I came here alone tonight, like always. But I didn't feel lonely. And now... now I'm walking home with someone."

Tom smiles. "I'm happy about that."

"Me too," Anna says.

At the corner of the street, they stop.

"This is my home"" Anna says.

"Oh," Tom says. "It's a nice place."

"Thank you," Anna answers.

They stand there for a moment. Not talking. Just smiling.

"Good night, Anna," Tom says softly.

"Good night, Tom," Anna answers.

Tom walks away slowly, and Anna watches him for a moment. Then she turns and opens her door.

Inside her room, she takes off her coat and scarf.

She sits on her bed and smiles to herself.

Tom walks down the street with a warm heart. He feels light, almost like he is walking on air.

They both think the same thought: I want to see this person again.

And they will.

Next Friday.

And maybe many Fridays after that.

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