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Creative Writing I
Professor Block
2k Story 3rd Person Draft 2

An Eternally Locked Door

The rain pitter pattered heavily down on the roof of Fat Cats' Café. To Deb's surprise, the entire side of the coffee shop was covered in sheetrock. The ceiling fell down due to the heavy rain caving in. "When it rains, it pours" Deb said. Deb was the owner of Fat Cats. It had always been her dream to own a coffee shop.

The shop was unlike any other coffee shop. It had furniture flown in from South Africa; Deb's native country. Her customers were reminded of this when Deb addressed them with her big blue eyes, and beautiful British accent. The furniture was decorated in bright colored patterns, with a dark wooden-wicker look to it. Uniquely painted flower vases were sporadically placed throughout the store and onto the front porch. The cozy aura surrounding Fat Cats welcomed everyone off the boulevard for either a cappuccino to sit and relax, or iced espresso for relief from the scorching sun after a bike ride or long day at the beach.

The coffee shop was managed by Deb's twin daughters, Koti and Karen both in their thirties. Deb was pretty young herself, in her early fifties. Deb was particularly disappointed on this day that the ceiling fell because it was her birthday. One of her workers asked, "Deb what are you going to do for your birthday?" Expecting to hear a reply of going to the beach and relaxing, Deb said, "Going to six flags to ride my favorite roller coaster, and then taking a dip in the ocean. I love riding in those monster waves!" Deb was a character alright. Her employee, Jane laughed and told her to carry out her special day and she would call maintenance to fix the store.

Jane made the necessary phone calls, and then blocked off the corner of the store by placing a garbage pail underneath the fallen ceiling, and caution signs surrounding the bakery table, to prevent the customers from hurting themselves tripping over the debris. “Hey miss, do you work here? Are there any more scones?” asked a customer. Jane couldn’t believe it. The English scones were already gone. Deb couldn’t keep up with the amount of scones she sold each morning. They were always the first to go out of everything on the bakery table. Deb arrived at the store at five in the morning every day to make the scones from scratch. She always insisted that they were so easy to make, but no one at Fat Cats was able to replicate the scrumptious, delicate, English scones quite like Deb. Jane replied to the customer, “I’m sorry we’re all sold out. I could put some aside for you tomorrow morning so they’re guaranteed to be here if you’d like.” The customer was disappointed, but agreed to the proposition.

One of the regulars, Jaime, came in asking for Deb. Jane said, “She’s out celebrating her birthday. She’s going on her favorite roller coaster and then she’s going out for a vigorous swim in the ocean. Jaime said, “Wow. God Bless her. She is an incredible person.” Jane couldn’t help but agree. It had only been two summers that she had worked for Deb, but it was the best two summers of her life. Deb was an incredible boss. She was more like a grandmother to all of the employees (a very young grandmother at that) instead of a Boss.

Each morning Deb would say to one of her employees, “Can someone please make me a sausage, egg, and cheese on a croissant?” and each morning without fail, she would reply after taking a bite of the sandwich with, “This is the most delicious sandwich I’ve ever had!” Jane had made a few when she first started working there, and they were by no means appetizing, but Deb made sure she said how scrumptious it was.

If Deb was missing in the store, there were two places she could be found. The first place was in the walk-in refrigerator in the front part of the kitchen, munching on a handful of fresh blueberries. The

second place she could be found was by the sink next the door that connects the front counter with the side part of the kitchen. She would be standing by the sink rinsing off the blueberries to pick on them delicately one by one. Deb was definitely characterized by her love for blueberries. It was the little things in life that made her smile most.

Chris was another employee who worked with Jane. Later that day, on Deb's birthday he turned to Jane and said to her, "You know, Deb is an awesome lady right?" Jane answered yes but it looked as though Chris had more to say. He then said, "She's beat cancer four times. She's invincible." Jane was astonished. How could a woman who had been through so much still have such a positive view of the world, and love every day as if nothing traumatizing had happened to her?

Jane began to clean up. Her shift was almost over. She heard tiny, soft sobs coming from the back steps. She walked outside to find Koti crying quietly with a cigarette in between her fingers. Jane asked what was wrong. Koti said, "You may not know but my Mom has been sick for a while on and off. Her cancer is back, again." Jane tried to offer some comfort by saying at least she was out enjoying her birthday and if she beat it so many times before, this time wouldn't be any different. Koti put out her cigarette and went for a walk to the beach.

Deb soon returned, her hair soaking wet with salt water as she just came off the beach from her birthday bash. Jane asked, "How was your day Deb?" Deb chuckled, and laughed loudly describing how much fun she had. Jane couldn't help but leave in a hurry and cry the whole way home to her beach house. Jane was not okay with this news. She had learned to love Deb like a grandma, and couldn't bear the thought of Fat Cats without her.

The sun began to set earlier. The mosquitoes were dying off, and the sun wasn't as strong; summer was coming to an end. Jane went to say goodbye to Deb for the winter. Upon entering her office which was in the attic of Fat Cats, Jane stood in the doorway watching Deb organize the papers on her desk. She

looked so peaceful, her short gray hair still in the ocean breeze blowing in through the window. Her skirt filled with turquoise, brown, red and orange colors fell just above her ankles which were adorned in sterling silver anklets. She pulled her eye glasses below her nose to see who was at the door. She smiled when she saw Jane. “Come on in love!” Janet sat with Deb for a while, conversing about the summer and dreading the cold winter. As Jane got up to leave, she hugged Deb as tightly as she could. Her body felt so frail. Her bones were almost transparent against her flesh. Jane blinked back the tears and quickly left before Deb noticed her crying.

As the winter months approached, Jane would often come across things that reminded her of Deb. When she went out for coffee with her friend Alex, she ordered a Chai Tea Latte which was always a favorite tea of Deb’s. The next summer season was quickly arriving and Jane figured she should call Deb to make sure she still had a job. There was no answer at the house. She called one of her co-workers. Jane’s mom was in the kitchen as she placed the phone call. All of a sudden Jane’s mom heard a SMACK on the floor. Jane lost all of the color in her face. She was white as a ghost. That smack was either the phone or Jane’s body which was now lying limp on the floor. Jane’s mom faintly heard a voice coming from the phone, “Hello? Jane? Are you still there?” Jane’s mom placed a cool wash cloth on the back of Jane’s neck. As Jane slowly regained some color to her face, she quivered as she said, “She died Mom. Deb’s gone. She just died two days ago. I didn’t even get a chance to say goodbye.”

Jane’s mom explained that sometimes, good-byes are forever. Although Jane said goodbye to Deb for the summer, it was really good-bye for a very long time. Jane had learned that Deb had suffered tremendously in the end. Her co-worker that had met with Deb on one of her last days explained that she no longer had the ability to eat. She was on hospice care, and did her best to sip little droplets of soup for some nutrients. Deb wouldn’t have wanted anyone to see her like that. She wanted to be remembered for the honey and spice she put into everyday life.

The beginning of the summer was a bitter sweet one. Deb would no longer be found in the walk-in, or by the sink rinsing off her blueberries. She would no longer be found riding in monstrous waves on the beach, or riding her favorite roller coasters. Now in place of Deb, stood a tiny table, with her photograph and her two daughters beside her in the picture. Next to the framed photograph was a book inviting customers, and the lives of others that had been touched by the invincible Deb to share their memories. However, Fat Cats' ended up dying along with Deb. Now all that stands is an empty, graveled parking lot, with the illustration of a big, fat, orange striped cat holding a coffee cup, smiling that says, "Welcome to Fat Cats' Café." Jane peaked through the rain stained windows to find missing south African furniture, missing flower vases, the faint smell of English scones baking in the oven, and Deb smiling back through the reflection in the window.