

Cafe Obsession

Chapter 3

by Melissa Howgate

Sara did not see Nicole again until the next day. After her heart had turned cold with the betrayal of her supposed friend.

Sara had turned on her heels and ran. It was not until the taxi dropped her off at home and she saw herself in the mirror that she realized she was crying.

‘Why did she do this to me? “She knew I liked him, she knew I more than liked him.’ Sara mumbled to herself as she stepped out of her dress and into the shower. Every time she closed her eyes she saw him. She saw them. The pain of realization seered through her soul. ‘My God, I love him. I actually love him. How could she do this to me?’

Sara lay in bed, sleep eluding her. She was haunted by the vision of her love with her best friend. It was daylight before she drifted into a restless sleep.

Sara woke suddenly, her dreams dark with anguish and treachery. She lay staring at the roof, wondering what she would find when she opened her door. She gingerly stepped out of the room. Nicole’s door was closed, she was home.

Sara stepped back into her room and quickly got changed. ‘I don’t want to see her. How can I trust her anymore?’ She packed her bag and headed to work.

“You’re early. Are you feeling ok?” Simone enquired as Sara stepped into Café Obsession.

“Not really. Please don’t ask me why.” Sara changed and started work. There was no sign of Liam this morning. “I bet he got all the service he required last night,” she mumbled under her breath.

She had been there for an hour before Nicole walked in. Nicole chatted merrily with Simone as she ordered a greasy breakfast and headed to the booth Sara was organizing. Sara turned and made her way behind the counter.

“Hey Sara, wait up. I didn’t see you last night? What did you get up to? Did you have a good time?”

Sara whipped around. “You kissed him, and you’re asking me if I’ve had a good time? I saw you, I saw you together!”

Nicole visibly whitened, extending a shaky hand

to the closest chair. “H-h-h-how?”

“Does it matter? You betrayed me. You kissed him. You picked up the only man you know I have ever liked.” Sara’s grip tightened until her knuckles were white, the tray she was holding began to shake. She would not let Nicole see her cry.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean any harm. He just started talking to me, he was so complementary. He asked if we could go for a walk. It just happened. I’m so sorry Sara.” Nicole’s eyes welled.

“Its too late. How can I ever trust you again?” Sara’s shaking became uncontrollable. Sara handed her tray to Simone, who had appeared next to her. But she was too late to stop a glass from falling and shattering like her broken heart.

Chapter 4

Sara arrived home from class and poured herself a glass of juice. The house seemed bare without Nicole. After the confrontation in the café, Sara had wandered the streets, reluctant to return to familiar territory. When she did, she found the note. Nicole was staying with her parents for a few weeks. She would call every day to try to explain, she promised.

“Like her promises mean anything to me anymore.” Sara told herself as she plonked onto the sofa. A knock at the door interrupted Sara’s television intake. Sara swung the door open and clutched onto the door handle for dear life.

“Liam!”

“Hello, Sara is it?” Liam leaned against the door frame. “I was wondering if Nicole was home?”

Sara’s heart sank after the momentary joy his remembering her name had brought her. Of course he wanted her. “No she’s not. Can you please leave now, I’m not feeling very well,” she asked. Even though he didn’t know her true feelings, Sara couldn’t shake the sensation that he had cheated on her. He had, hadn’t he? Sara berated herself, it was not his fault he liked Nicole. Liam barely even knew she existed.

“Fair enough. Could you please tell her I’m looking for her. Thanks Sara.” With that, he turned and walked away.



Chapter 5

Class was getting hectic and Sara was worn out.

‘There are only so many articles a girl sees before she needs to skip class and take a nap.’ Sara wearily informed herself as she opened the front door of her flat and headed to her bedroom, leaving a trail of clothes in her wake. Exams were getting close and the sheer volume of practice exams and assignments she had to complete was overwhelming. Just this one afternoon off and she would be back on track she promised herself, sleep claiming her as soon as her head touched the pillow.

Sara was roused by a pounding on her door. Who would visit her in the afternoon? She was normally in class. Sara reached for her robe, pulled it around her and opened the door.

“Hi Sara, I bought lunch.” Liam smiled at her. A smile that, momentarily, snuck through her defences and made her feel good about herself again. Liam stepped into the house and handed her a sausage roll before she could issue him his marching orders. Sara gulped and tied her robe tightly, holding it closed at her throat. No man had ever seen her this close to naked before.

“How did you know I like sausage rolls?” Sara stood with her back to the wall, hoping it would mask her lack of respectable clothing.

“I must confess to cheating. Simone sent it. She is worried about you, said you haven’t been yourself lately. Is there anything I can help you with?”

“No Liam, there isn’t and I wish you would mind your own business. As you can see I am not dressed for company, so if you wouldn’t mind I’d like to get back to my nap.”

“Not until you answer a few questions for me. Do you have any tomato sauce?” Liam ignored her obvious embarrassment, walking past her into the kitchen where he proceeded to go through the cupboards until he found what he was looking for.

“Aah Heinz. The Big Red.” Liam read from the bottle, smiling and smothering his pie beyond recognition.

“Would you like some pie with your sauce?” Sara quipped, giving in to his obvious attempt to try and be friends. Sara reached to take the bottle from him, their fingers brushing. Sara jumped back as if burned.

“Don’t you want any?” Liam queried coolly.

“I forgot, I don’t really like sauce. Allergy.”

“Then why do you keep it here?” Liam seemed unperturbed by her anxiety.

“It’s not mine, its Nicole’s.” Sara retorted and instantly regretted uttering *that* name.

“To tell you the truth, Nicole is why I am here. I really need to see her.” Liam looked at her, his eyes smoky with intensity. “Please.”

“I can’t help you Liam, especially not with that. Now I would really like you to go.” Sara moved towards the door and pulled it wide open.

“Why can’t you tell me where she is?”

“I just can’t ok. It is no concern of mine.” Sara was beginning to become angry. How dare he come over on the pretence of caring? He was only pumping her for information.

“I just don’t understand it. I don’t know if you know this Sara, but Nicole and I were together at New Years. I have not felt a connection like that in my life.”

Sara blanched and stood silently.

“As you can see I am interested in a relationship, but I just have to find Nicole. I want Nicole. Can you help me at all?”

“No Liam, I can’t.”

“Sara, you seem like a nice enough girl. Not my type, but nice enough. Why won’t you help me? It is not like it will make any difference to your life.”

Sara braced herself and finally admitted the truth to the object of her desire. “It does make a difference to me Liam. It makes a difference because I want you. I have wanted you since the first time I saw you. I think I love you Liam.”



That Graduation Feeling

Jessica Lu

Successfully completing your studies is one thing, going through the graduation ceremony is another thing...

The feeling you get in the graduation ceremony is much like the one you get when you first step into the Union Hall in orientation week. You feel a sense of anticipation and well nervousness. The surroundings are different and most certainly the atmosphere.

Like orientation you seemed to be rushed around everywhere and you needed to go places quickly. Luckily unlike first year getting around the Union Hall isn’t as hard as getting around the Uni!!!

At first you are decked out in this long blue robe with a colour robed pinned against you, then you are rushed out into the Union Hall Foyer to find your relatives and friends to go to the various photography studios set in place, so that you won’t need to queue up very long. By

the time photos are all taken and you get a short look in the graduation gift shop, its already time to head into the Odeon Hall for some, graduation formalities. After some practice at tipping your hat correctly, your names are then called out and you are set off to line up in preparation for entry into the Union Hall.

The walk in Union Hall is unfortunately not as glamorous, you walk past the old pay telephones with their withered seats, and you pass Pings where you can see peoples’ relatives, and some people eating. But when you reach to the Hall, you see the change! The old Union Hall where you usually go to do your exams, are decked out with people, all taking pictures. When you hear the music playing in the background and see the cameras flashing, you begin to get that ‘**graduation** feeling.’

You take your seat and wait in anticipation for when you get your degree, hoping that you won’t trip on the stair! At last you are made to stand in line, holding your name on a piece of paper, in which you hand over to the Vice Chancellor so he can call your name and tip his hat to you, you then walk over to the Chancellor, and she gives you your degree. And then it finishes, well, there is still subsequent people collecting their degree, but your work is done, and hopefully its done as gracefully as ever @_@.

Thinking back it was pretty hard to take in the ceremony on the day, as there is so many places to be, and you have run around, not to mention being a little bit nervous and slightly overwhelmed. But reflecting back, it was a good day, full of pride and accomplishment, and you also get to see the Union done up in a fancy way and that’s always a plus!!!!