# THE RESTAURANT

THE RESTAURANT had just been opened in the LAND OF DELIGHT. It was owned by four glamourous sisters in their twenties. Bianca was tall, slim, blonde and blue eyed. Elizabeth was small, dainty with red hair and sparking green eyes. Rebecca was simply beautiful, and Samantha was of medium height and also blonde. But whereas Biaca's hair was straight and long, hers was short and curly.

As expected, THE RESTAURANT was modern, sophisticated, and had, in next to no time, built up an enviable reputation as the best restaurant in the CITY OF WEALTH. It had all the usual chefs in its very large, white and modern kitchen. It had working stations, and a very large grill with four chefs frying different types of meat and seafood. The Executive chef was a large man with a commanding presence called Henry. He was responsible for running the kitchen, choosing menus and making new recipes. The sous chef, Peter, was slim, married and middle-aged and second in command, with varied duties including plating and the hiring of staff. The pastry chef was Caroline, a pretty, young lady. She invented sweet treats, and stunning wedding or event cakes. She was much admired by the staff who all tried to date her. These were the principal chefs. The huge kitchen was a hive of activity, with waiters rushing in to collect dishes and others rushing

in to return dirty plates. On the whole, the kitchen was quiet under Henry who insisted on it.

The girls were dressed in pretty, black chiffon dresses, high heeled black shoes and necklaces,. Each girl had a differently coloured necklace made from sparkling semi-precious gemstones. Where did all the money come from to start a restaurant and everything else. It was a stroke of luck. “Darling,” said Daddy to Mummy, “as we have an hour to go before our plane takes off, I think I will make a good bet on the plane coming down.” “Oh, don’t do that!” exclaimed Mummy. “It will bring bad luck.” “Come on,” answered Daddy, “I will bet you a new dress that it does”. And Daddy won both bets, much to the anguish of their four lovely daughters.

Theirs had been a middle-class home. Daddy was the headmaster of a private church boys’ school, and the girls grew up in the Headmaster’s House. They attended the sister school to their father’s, preparing to go to university and learn all about the things an aristocratic girl would be expected to know before her formal introduction to society at the Debutant’s Ball in exquisite white gowns The family were devout Christians, and they took turns to say grace. in the evenings, Daddy read a verse from the Bible and explained it. Tonight, he read from 1 Peter 3:12 “For the eyes of the Lord are on the righteous. He hears their prayers. But the face of God is against those who do evil.” “Remember

this my darling daughters," warned Daddy, "We live in an evil world, and no one is exempt from it." And remember it they did in the following months when they were confronted by it.

They could not have had a better introduction to running a restaurant and immediately appointed the Headmistress of their school to help them find a suitable site to build a restaurant and employ staff when the restaurant was opened. "We must appoint someone competent to help us run the restaurant," said Bianca. "Yes," agreed Rebecca." "Who will we ask?" enquired Elizabeth. "Our headmistress, Miss Parker." said Samantha. Miss Parker visited them and said, "Call me Jane. What do you want me to do?" "Tell us how we should dress. The Restaurant is opening next week." "That's easy," said Jane who would say it confidently in the following years. You must all dress the same, but in different colours. Elizabeth must wear blue, Bianca yellow, Samantha white, and Bianca red. I think the dresses should be knee-length, and in the evening long gowns of satin material with matching shoes. The Restaurant will be very exclusive and your patrons very wealthy."

The opening night of THE RESTAURANT was a great success. It looked amazing with all the crystal chandeliers dimmed, and small ceiling lights aglow. Exotic flowers bloomed in large golden troughs set against the walls. The girls looked lovely, were welcoming and charming as they

welcomed people and led them to their tables, set with the finest white tablecloths, embossed napkins in silver serviette rings. The kitchen was a hive of activity with waiters rushing in with orders and rushing out to deliver the food. Everyone had a marvellous time, said the food was the best they had ever eaten, and were in no hurry to leave after they had finished. So that was the end of a very successful opening. THE RESAURANT's fame spread and people from other lands came to patronize it. This went on for several years; the girls and Jane grew rich and very happy. Life seemed too good to be true and, of course, it was.

One night, at midnight, there was a loud cry from outside followed by a drum roll. "The Land of Greed is here! Open your door and proclaim your fidelity!" "Oh my!" exclaimed Jane. "Whatever next!" Throwing on her dressing gown, she opened the door. "What took you so long!" a tall man shouted at her. "Sir," she responded, "of course I proclaim my fidelity I and my four friends who own a restaurant here. Please come for a banquet to celebrate your victory." "I will speak to our Commander and let you know" he answered.

The girls crowded around Jane. "Whatever have you done, Jane?" cried Elizabeth. "The only possible thing" she replied. "From now on we must not trust anybody, even our closest friends – and your boyfriends too. I plan to overturn this disgraceful coup. Will you agree to it?" "Yes!"

exclaimed the girls in unison. “We shall lay our plans out in the morning, as we prepare for the banquet. Just as well we always leave THE RESTAURANT all prepared for the following day. I will make some hot chocolate and then we must go to bed. We will need all our wits about us from now on, and our ears open to hear what these usurpers are planning.”

The great day arrived. There was a long banqueting table set for the Commander and his most important people. The front doors were opened, and Jane was standing outside, elegantly dressed in a long satin sheath dress covered in glittering black sequins. She had long drop earrings and a silver bracelet set with diamonds. The sisters stood behind her looking radiant and beautiful. They did not have long to wait as the members of The land of Greed were punctual. Jan went forward, “Welcome Commander, please come with me to our banqueting table.” She pulled out his chair at the head of the table as the girls greeted their other guests and led them to their seats. Immaculately dressed waiters handed the guests menus and returned with THE RESTAURANT’S finest champagne and tiny onion tarts on silver plates.

The kitchen was a hive of activity with waiters collecting dishes and returning with empty plates. No one appeared ready to leave. At last, the Commander rose to speak. He was somewhat tipsy and ready for bed, so he cut his

enthusiastic speech short, “and so we look forward to enjoying dinner tomorrow night at THE RESTAURANT.” The Vice Commander – just as tipsy – led him out. Jane thanked the girls and staff and said, “Girls you did a fabulous job. Let’s put on our pjs and have a chat.” They met in their kitchen, made coffee, cut five pieces of lemon curd and meringue pie, and started to chat. “What did you hear beside drunken jokes?” asked Jane. “Well,” said Bianca, “the Vice Commander was talking to his Staff Sergeant, and he said, The BEST BOUTIQUE welcomed us and said they would give our wives huge discounts. Just as well! My wife spends a fortune on clothes and she’s always complaining, she has none!” “Wow!” exclaimed Elizabeth, “that’s a great start.” Samantha said. “Listen to *my* story… They went to the Pizza House and asked if they would welcome them, and Papa Pizza said “No!” and so now they are all in gaol, even little Tomato, Cheese and Garlic.”

The next night, Jane was smiling and chatting to the Commander. He told her “We all go to bed and sleep soundly until the bugle wakes us for breakfast at eight. And then our days start. It seems such a long and boring time until dinner with you.” Jane was delighted. Later that night, she said, “Girls, we can lay our plans to overthrow this vile Land of Greed. We can attack at night for they will all be snoring in their beds - let’s ply them with our finest champagne until they can hardly walk. We will get Cook and the waiters to help them home and see how they open

their front doors." It was amazingly easy. The locks had been removed from the houses they occupied. Only a bar had to be pushed from a slot.

Jane said, remember what your Daddy taught you: When in danger, go in the strength and power of the Lord." "Amen!" shouted the girls. That night, after the staggering guests had been put in their beds, Jane and the girls crept in. the guests' guns lay in a heap on the entrance hall floor. Scooping them up, they put them in bags and crept out, leaving the door wide open. Cook blew his bugle loudly and for a long time until the guests suddenly awoke, rushed to the entrance hall and fled outside to be met with the crowd outside holding their guns ready to shoot. The guests, howling with dismay, ran back to the Land of Greed. The residents of Greed woke up. The Chief Justice cried, "You have brought shame on our land! You have let five women defeat us! I sentence you all to ten years imprisonment with hard labour- and a good whipping first!"