



“Make A Wish and Blow Out Your Leg.”
Short True story by Michael K. Primavera

Servers have been known to heat up customers. Seldom though, does one actually flambé them. Some do though, as I once did. The restaurant was called “The Rustic Inn.” Servers each had their own dining rooms to serve. I had prepared my stations for a busy Friday night but would be unprepared, for the “heat” to come.

First, a young couple arrived. The female had previously served there and she would undoubtedly be observant. Then, more customers came. One party consisted of a mature & robust couple, accompanied by their darling mother. It was the daughter’s birthday.

To insure a “warm memory” I pampered them constantly. They generously reciprocated. The daughter thought I resembled Wayne Newton, her favorite entertainer. Our relationship was developing so splendidly. Seldom, will a man tell a new male acquaintance, “My wife loves you; you can do no wrong with her.” Many a truth is said in jest. Ironically, his wife would soon be my new flame...

After they had enjoyed a scrumptious dinner, I brought their check, accompanied by sweet flaming cordials called “Barnburners.” The birthday person is always served first but rarely like this. One of the flaming drinks fell off the tray and lit her pants on fire!

This definitely got more attention than the birthday song. I could hear the ex-server at the next table coughing on her food as she no-doubt watched on and I thought well, at least we can get them both in the same ambulance.

The birthday lady stayed calm, though. It was a shame that her composure did not rub off on me. Nor, did the flames rub off her leg; as I immediately dropped down to wipe them out with my hand. The heat quickly became unbearable. Suddenly at eye level I saw a glass of water and with one quick splash I put her out!

Momentarily, I stared at her extinguished pants and dreaded looking into her eyes. Having showered her with unusually warm service, critique time had come. Breathing deeply, I raised my head and said, “Wow, that was really something, wasn’t it?” She grinned, as if curiously satisfied.

Her husband's assessment appeared correct. I had toasted her heart with an unusual fire while using her leg for kindling. Her birthday memory would surely live on. As you know, elephants never forget. As you can imagine, neither do people you light on fire...