

Odd thoughts

Business



It's such a nice day out. I was beginning to think I was going to be a white December, but it's more of a greenish grayish December. At any rate, you don't have to wear boots, which my feet are too cold in anyway. I'm too lazy to put on socks, so I have to walk around sockless with my feet in those cold old boots and it doesn't feel good. La Chatelaine is booming with business today, already at one in the afternoon.

It's nice to know that I'm not the only culturally-starved little person right smack in the middle of America, even though the cashiers ne parlez pas francais. I have enjoyed this quaint, cozy little French cafe for as long as I can remember, with its small-portioned meals and its native pop songs and its humble lighting. And did I mention the food? Well, let me tell you, buster; there's a reason I keep coming back. My cravings are regular, so I like going by myself so my parents aren't tasked with being bothered. It's a nice respite from the super-sized crudbuckets every restaurant is hurling our way nowadays. So, what do you say, fellow teens? Chuck your nuggets and fries and, if you want real culture, come to La Chatelaine every weekend! Who's with me?