Write a story when an accident in a restaurant led to a very embarrassing situation.
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All great work is preparing yourself for the accident to happen.
Sidney Lumet

As I sat by the table waiting to be served, I noticed a young waitress who was fumbling with the plates. It reminded me of how I used to be when I was waiting at tables at The World of Food.

It must have been about five years ago. It was a hectic night as it was on a weekend. The whole place was a beehive of activities – the diners kept arriving and the staff was kept very busy indeed. Our boss was certainly pleased with the long queue outside and had a huge smile on his face. However, we, the employees, certainly did not share his enthusiasm as we were soon exhausted.

A Chinese couple came in and ordered two plates of beef noodles. I was later told to take the food to them. That was when disaster struck: I accidentally tripped on someone’s foot and fell hard onto the ground, in the process spilling the tray of hot soup. A portion of that landed on me. Not only was I slightly scalded, my skirt was drenched and covered with noodles, meat and vegetable. The next thing I knew, everyone was snickering at me, even my supervisor. I was flushed with embarrassment and my face turned crimson red.

Then a thought went through my mind. “When people laugh at you, laugh along!” It was from a motivational talk I attended. “Oh look, the noodles love me,” I stammered awkwardly and started smiling sheepishly. My colleagues saw this and started whispering to one another, “She is unbelievable!”

I decided not to let the incident spoil the evening, especially with so many looking on at me. I put a noodle in my mouth and in a comical way remarked, “Hmm… it tastes good. I never knew it tasted this good.” I even slurped a strand noisily and smacked my lips. I could see that some of the customers were intrigued by my reaction. I merely flashed a quick smile and made a beeline for the kitchen where the staff toilet was. Within the cubicle, I quickly cleaned myself, muttering curses under my breath for being such a clumsy cow. Fortunately for me, I had a spare set of uniform in my locker, newly pressed by my mother just the day before.

After some fifteen minutes, I emerged to find all the kitchen staff smiling mischievously at me. The manager looked at me in exasperation and shook his head. I quickly resumed my duties and made nothing of the whole incident.

While I was once again waiting the tables, a young boy suddenly tugged my uniform. I gazed into his innocent hazel eyes as he said, “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to trip you. It was an accident. Thank you for not flaring up at me just now. I was really scared you would shout at me. Thank you for being such a patient and kind person. I like you.”

I stood rooted to the ground, I could not believe that he would say something like that to me. I grinned and remarked, “It was nothing.”

Looking back at my experience, I realized how it was to be under pressure. I was glad that even though the situation was embarrassing, I managed to emerge from it relatively unscathed. Laughter had a way in making light an extremely upsetting and difficult situation.