**Name: Nguyễn Hữu Trí**

**Lesson: 8**

**Part A**

In Ho Chi Minh City, amidst the bustling streets and the vibrant energy, there was a restaurant called "La Belle Époque" perched high above the city. Known for its luxurious ambiance and stunning views, it was considered the most expensive dining spot in town. I decided it was the perfect place to celebrate my best friend Mai’s promotion.

One evening, I surprised Mai with a reservation at La Belle Époque. We arrived in our best attire, and as soon as we stepped inside, the grandeur of the place took our breath away. Crystal chandeliers cast a warm glow over the elegantly set tables, and the view of the city lights from our window-side table was simply mesmerizing.

Mai was overjoyed and a bit overwhelmed by the opulence. We started with a champagne toast and then indulged in a multi-course meal that included exquisite dishes like truffle-infused risotto and Wagyu beef. Each course was a work of art, and the flavors were extraordinary.

As we enjoyed our dessert—a delicate matcha mousse with gold leaf—Mai’s face lit up with happiness. We spent the evening laughing and reminiscing about our journey together, savoring both the meal and the moment.

Leaving La Belle Époque, Mai hugged me tightly, her eyes sparkling with gratitude. It wasn’t just about the lavish dinner; it was about celebrating our friendship and marking a special achievement in the most memorable way possible.

**Part B**

If I had not decided to celebrate Mai’s promotion with a dinner at La Belle Époque, we might not have had such a memorable evening. If I had chosen a different restaurant, we would not have experienced the grandeur of La Belle Époque.

If we had gone somewhere else, Mai would not have been mesmerized by the crystal chandeliers and the stunning view from the window-side table. The evening would not have started with a toast of vintage champagne, and we would not have enjoyed the luxurious multi-course meal with truffle-infused risotto and Wagyu beef.

If I had picked a more casual venue, the delicate matcha mousse with gold leaf would not have been part of our dessert, and Mai’s face would not have lit up with the same joy and gratitude. We might not have spent the evening reminiscing and laughing in such an elegant setting.

As we left a different restaurant, Mai would not have hugged me with such sparkling eyes, and our celebration would have lacked the opulent touch that made it so special. It wasn’t just about the food; it was about marking her achievement and our friendship in an unforgettable way that might not have happened elsewhere.