

## Café "Adieu"

Paris, Les Halles, 1970s

This place is in an old, old building, where many windows have long since been boarded up, and the former residents have forgotten the way back.

In the evenings, a faint light can be seen in these windows, but a random passer-by, looking in, will see through the murky glass only the wandering spirit of desolation.

You won't find a sign with the name above the entrance. The living don't know about it. It's open only to those who have died... but haven't yet left.

And the name fits this place perfectly — café "Adieu".

The name of the patron is unknown.

Was it a god, a wizard, or maybe even a spell that didn't work the way it should — it doesn't matter.

Let's leave the speculation — it simply exists.

Imagine a place where it feels so good that you can just sit and stay silent. Where words are no longer needed.

No one asks, no one saves, no one persuades.

A place where the soul can sit down with a cup of coffee, realise, let go — and leave forever through the back door, finally departing from this world, dissolving into the world of shadows.

In the café, music from a distant past plays — like the background of time dying, hissing and stuttering from an old radio.

On the walls, wall lights yellowed by time shine dimly.

And the bartender — long dead — is here, as if in a time loop or a trap of someone's love, with a sad smile behind the bar, silently pouring coffee into cups.

He is the one who knows who you are, even before you realise where you've ended up.

In the café, you can choose any seat you like — for your last cup of coffee.

Where no one touches your pain, but no one pushes it away either.

Where silence is respect. And if an old chair creaks loudly — it's just a reminder of where you are...

In this world, someone is always held by grief, hatred, love, or regret...

There are special spots by the windows for this.

And those souls who sit and look through these windows, behind which cold rain pours down on everyone, are deep in thought — and see something of their own in it.

Some didn't make it in time. Some didn't forgive.

And some are held by grief or love — so much so that a cup of coffee here, which becomes the last ritual in this world, spills across the table like melancholy...

And those who haven't completely left yet — they break.

They run back outside, into the cold rain of irretrievable loss.

Which keeps falling without end...in which the shadow-souls of suicides wander — restless, neither here nor there.

And the next morning, when the sunlight sparkles in the puddles and on the cobblestone pavements — according to the reconstruction plan, the old buildings, including this one, which held its secrets and remembered the past, will be demolished by the roaring monsters of the new world — bulldozers.

And Le Ventre de Paris will disappear forever.

And along with it — the café "Adieu.

As if it had never existed.

The End

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