# Short

A few days ago, me and my family decided to go to one of those *very flashing* restaurants in the middle of town. The exterior was real extravigant, flashy, just like you’d expect.

Strangely however, I noticed with my suspicious eye that there was nearly *nobody* here. The plenty tables were all empty-seated, the expected commotion was just not there.

“Where is everyone?” I asked, before then clarifying “Shouldn’t it be busy hour?”

My mom glanced at the tables I was referring to, before ultimately deciding to ignore the oddity and continue anyway. While thinking of how to reply, she had this look that read “I m starving, I don’t care if nobody eats here.” Eventually my dad cut in, “I’m sure it’s nothing, this is the place, right?” he asked, looking towards my brother who’d been navigating the whole trip.

“Seems right…” He answered, looking sharply at his phone to verify. Following a few seconds, he simply nodded in confirmation.

Thinking no more, we simply entered the place; the outside was cold, and we were all craving some food.

Looking around, the place was oddly cozy and comforting, chairs were covered in red which matched the orange tint of the subtle lamps. The slightly *disturbing* emptiness was overlooked by us all as we noticed some staff working on call.

“Are there no customers, this hour of day?” My mom asked, one of the waiters who was relaxing near the kitchen door, in intrigue.

“Suprisingly not” She immedietly replied, forming a welcoming smile at the sight of new customers. “Even with our quality food, 4 o’clock is actually pretty quiet for us. Most people come during the evening, for the atmosphere.”

“Ahh, I see.” My mom answered, I just looked at the waiter from my “hidden” position behind my parents.