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The Japanese joy

By

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Workshop 10

Same dialogue 1

1027 words

“The Japanese traditional buffet including the Sushi bar is open.” a voice with a broken English accent announced through the microphone.

Sam sitting with his sister on one of the many tables on the high school yard, approached her “ It looks so stimulating”

Salma nodded looking around at the crowd.

Sam stood up getting ready to join the queue. He moved his head encouraging Salma to stand and join the queue.

She opened her lips on half a smile. Looked at Sam pointing to people queuing to taste the Japanese cuisine and said, “Do you want us to go there?”

Sam couldn't seem take his eyes off the Japanese girls walking around with their reddish orange kimono putting their hands together and saluting all the students and teachers who gathered for the traditional Japanese food testing. He walked towards the buffet.

Salma chased him with her eyes and thought she wished to have the same courage as him to try the Japanese food. She smiled when she saw him trying to salute one of the girls and thought is he interested really in the food or the girls? The red light of the Japanese shoji lamps caught her eyes and made her feel relaxed.

He came back “What are you waiting for. I thought you followed me” then went behind her chair moving her forward to stand. She pushed his hands away took hold of the table saying “Wait. Let me watch people’s reactions.”

Sam grabbed the chair, perched on the edge and said “For God sake, do something without thinking or analysing the situation.”

“I am not sure.” Turning her head away she said. “You know me by now Sam.” She turned towards him again. “I hope.” She sat back and continued “I don’t do any thing I am not sure of.”

Staring at her eyes he whispered “Do you want me to wait for you?”

She leaned forward “No” then sat back relaxed.

Sam pretended to close a bottom of a suit, looked towards the crowd and said “Then you sit here and take your time making your decision. I am gone.”

She grasped the white and black fan put on the table as decoration and moved the air around her face. The breeze coming off the fan took her to last year’s summer holiday when her cousin Sara came to visit. She kept telling her about all food she tried in all countries she visited with her father.

Salma put the fan down and tried to return it to the same position it was in, thinking “Is the Japanese food bizarre and wacky to the extent Sara had described? Many things Sara had talked about had proved wrong and this could prove as well. Why am I so discouraged? Why others negative opinions put me off?”

Salma was gazing to all students filling their plate then going around in the school’s garden and seem eating happily “I shouldn’t be so anxious. I should gather all my courage if I want to experience it myself”. She stood up and walked headed for the buffet table from the other side that Sam went to. She moved around glanced at the plates from the apertures in between the students who are filing there plates. The

buffet was full of different platters decorated with combination of matching colours and clear writing of the names of the plates on white cards hanged on nice stands.

“It is hazardous.” This cute boy said holding his plate full of different kind of colourful pieces of food, to his friend who is standing next to him watching him having piece of raw fish placed so nicely on a little mountain of rice. “Is he serious she thought?”

This other big boy put the little piece in his mouth and said “It is ecstatic.” She turned her face saying softly “He must be joking.”

A bit further away from the buffet she noticed a bunch of girls were trying with their chopsticks to grab the piece in turns. One of them looked very experienced was showing them how to do it said “It is joyful.” Salma smiled as she felt it was a funny scene.

Kimoura approached her wearing his black kimono; joining his hands together he bowed to salute her. “You want to join me?”

She felt trapped and forced a big smile accepting his offer. She bowed back remembering the long speech he had given her yesterday in class about how he knew she would like the food.

He escorted her to the side of the long buffet table and got her a plate and with a quick bow asked “Can I serve you?”

She smiled.

He put different pieces of sushi in her plate. Her smile didn’t disappear until he held one piece with two chopsticks and brought it to her mouth and said “Close your eyes and enjoy it.”

She looked at the white, green and orange piece of sushi then shifted back not to eat it and said “I can’t close my eyes.” She tried to take the chopsticks from his

hands “I like to enjoy it with my eyes open.” He escaped her hands. Kept holding the piece up and waited for her looking alternatively at plate then at the piece. He approached and tried again insisting to put it in her mouth.

She opened her mouth then closed her lips on the bite. Two three seconds passed before she moved her jaw then after another couple of seconds said mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.....

His eyes sparkled and his lips enclosed a very big smile. He put his thumb up enjoying her pleasure well glooming on her face and said “Then scream to release your excitement.”

She hit his hand with her chopstick and continued smiling and swallowing her bite.

He put in her plate more pieces of different kinds of Sushi smiling and naming every kind then said “Are you enjoying your self?”

She nodded laughing trying to pick the sushi with her chopsticks.

Kimoura bowed to her with big smile then went away to join his colleagues in their saluting duties.

She was trying one kind at a time and was looking around her to observe the others and their reactions. She was walking through the crowd and giving Kimoura a big smile and a thumb up every time their eyes came together or he passed by her.

She saw Sam from far through the crowd. She put up her chopsticks so he could see that she was eating. He asked her with his hand movement how she found it? She moved her thumb up.

After a while, Kimoura walked towards her and approached close to her ear and whispered something so she said “Oh. I don’t believe that I was about to miss it”

Kimoura took a deep breath and looked very proud saying “Good. Good.”