

Cappuccino Moment - Ros 26th March 2014

After mooching around a small local town with hubby Paul reluctantly in a wheel chair we called in at a small cafe with an Italian sounding name but very Lancashire inhabitants. Staff helpfully came forward unasked to assist with door and removal of unnecessary chair. Deciding to 'push the boat out' we ordered two large Cappuccinos. These duly arrived balanced expertly on a tray, fantastically brimming, in large bowl like cups, extravagantly frothy topped and tantalisingly chocolate sprinkled. I complimented the young waitress on her amazingly steady hand. It truly felt like a miracle that transportation had not disturbed the magnificent edifice. The delightful magician responded: "I cry when it spills" and we made eye contact, exchanging a genial grin and a mutual appreciation of the beautiful unspoilt creation her skill and care had produced.