

spotted in high holborn costa : the girl with the phrase book.

Emma chose the margarita, even though she knew it was just a fancy name for cheese-on-toast. In Eastern Europe, pizza's a safe bet, or so she thought. The Estonian waitress set it down in front of her on the plastic tablecloth. "Tastes of house," the waitress said and took a step back to watch Emma's face. It looked like it had been sitting under a hot-lamp for a week, the tomato had dried like a scab, and the cheese was burnt splatterings of brown. "I think you mean home-made," said Emma with a cute smile, and she picked up her knife and fork and tried to cut through the sheet-iron-like crust. But as she crunched and chewed the inedible disc, she realised the waitress had a better command of English than she gave her credit for.