

THE MOONLIT PAGE

A Table in the Glass



The café changed its opening hours, and Thursday afternoons suddenly had no table for Emil and Noor's jigsaw puzzle.

They had been meeting there since Emil retired. The owner was kind about it, but she needed the afternoons for baking. She packed their unfinished puzzle carefully between two boards.

Noor suggested the library atrium. There were broad tables there, and nobody minded a quiet puzzle.

They carried the boards across the square and chose a place by the glass. Emil lifted the top board. A few loose pieces had slid into a corner.

For an instant, the window reflected the old café table, complete with its scratched wooden edge. Behind it hung the familiar green curtain, although the atrium had none.

Emil blinked. The reflection became their new table and the pale ceiling above it.

“More room for your elbows,” Noor said.

He moved his coat from the spare chair.

They began with the loose pieces. Noor turned them face up while Emil sorted out the straight edges. Through the glass came the soft patter of a brief shower.

Before leaving, they checked with the librarian that Thursday afternoons would be convenient. Then Noor put the box lid beneath the boards, and Emil held the door while they carried the puzzle to the storage cupboard together.

To remember

1. The café's new hours interrupt Emil and Noor's Thursday puzzle
2. They move it between boards to a library table
3. The glass briefly reflects their former café setting
4. They sort the pieces and arrange Thursday use before storing the puzzle together.