

Be a man of honor

I was just about to sip my tea when I saw him grab the ashtray and throw it towards Sarah, the ashtray flew through the air and passed her head by a few inches. Her face turned pale as a glass of milk. I saw that her eyes got filled up with tears, she turned away her head, she looked like she'd fallen in with no company at all.

I put down my cup on the table and stared at him, he had an arrogant smile on his face, like he was superior all of us. I stood up and went towards Sarah, she didn't see me until I stood there, she looked up at me but it was hard to read her face. I gently stroked her arm and went to pick up the ashtray, it had landed on the floor couple meters away from her. I picked it up, it was little but it was heavier than I thought, it was made of glass a shallow cylinder with a flat base. He didn't say nothing, he just watched my steps, probably wondering what I'll do. Everyone in the cafe just sat or stood where they were, looking at us. Most of them must have thought it was a pretty good show, judging by the expressions on their face. I stood there for couple of seconds, watching him, before I went to his table, he looked at me and it was like he had two faces on. I knew that if I hesitated, even for a second I would lose my advantage of the situation. I raised my right arm up in the air, ready to strike away the ashtray I was holding in my hand. "Would you like me to throw this ashtray at your head? I will not miss, that's a promise."

He just sat there for a minute, staring up at me. He looked like I'd hoicked my knee right up into his jewels. "You'd never" he begun and then he stopped.

"Not so pleasant, right!" I said and lowered my arm. My voice got softer, I saw his other face, I saw the little boy in him. "If you like her give her flowers or whisper nice words in her ear. If you dislike her, there must be something in her that reminds you of you, look into yourself, don't push others down, it will just bring you down. Be a man of honor." I noticed a packet of cigarettes and a metal lighter, I assumed he was a smoker. I put the ashtray back on the table in front of him. "You'll probably need this if you're going to light a smoke."

I tapped him friendly on his shoulder and turned around, I saw all the observers in the room. "The show is over." I didn't care what they thought, a coward is more afraid of being discovered than anything else, so they often swerve, friends today enemy's tomorrow, whatever suits them best. I noticed a small smile on Sarah's face, her face was normal again. She just sat there looking at me, I smiled to her and twinkled my eye, she twinkled back with her both eyes.