

**EAT
DRINK
READ**

**COFFEE
YARD**





PLUCKY NO. 7

Welcome to Edition Seven of Eat, Drink, Read.

Finally! Edition 7. As regular as clockwork, our quarterly magazine is here! Three years after the last one.

We thought, nothing builds suspense like one of Dermot O'Leary's pregnant pauses, but, why do seconds when you can do years? You must literally be hanging off the edge of your seat. I agree, Dermot's got nothin' on us.

There have been a few changes since the last edition.

You may have noticed the footprints on the floor by the till. No, they're not from recent pavement works - they're there to direct you to the cutlery station which is cheekily out of sight around the corner.

We also decided to open our doors at an earlier time of 7.00am to

enable you to chase the cobwebs away with a cappuccino and croissant. If you're up at that time, you'll need all the caffeinated encouragement you can get.

As a further incentive, our car park is also now free of charge from 7.00am until 9.00am.

And have you seen our new website? We think it is rather lovely. You can check out our Soups and Roast of the Day here (updated daily) plus read a selection of our older Eat Drink Reads.

www.coffeeyard.com

Lastly, you may have noticed that our staff are sporting a stylish new uniform. You'll be able to tell because it's exactly the same as the last one. We thought it was time to freshen things up but realised that, like the original Mini and the red phone box, it just didn't need changing.

A BUSINESS OF BUSINESS PEOPLE

Some collective nouns for your consideration: have you heard of a battery of barracudas, a mischief of mice, a charm of finches, or, our personal favourite, a confusion of guinea fowl?

Probably not. If you're a human, as most of us are, there is a whole host of collective nouns that can apply to more than one of you: group, gathering, union, congregation. Or conference, derived from the term 'to confer' i.e. to discuss or to exchange opinions.

If you'd like to confer with one or more of your fellow men or women, we have a special room upstairs dedicated to just that. You may wish to discuss business (which is also a collective noun, for a group of ferrets) or something else.

We even have snazzy frosted glass, saying 'Conference in progress,' like the office door of a 1970s TV detective. So no one will disturb you. Apart from us of course, when we bring you your coffee.

For more information speak to the kind faces at the gallery desk or visit www.coffeeyard.com



GOLDEN GRAHAM'S

If you were building your dream house, chances are that you'd be getting carried away thinking about the wallpaper, what wood your window frames will be crafted from, your carpets, your bathroom suite, and what sort of tiles your roof will feature.

Of course, and without wishing to sound boring and practical, you are not going to get anywhere without a suitable foundation first.

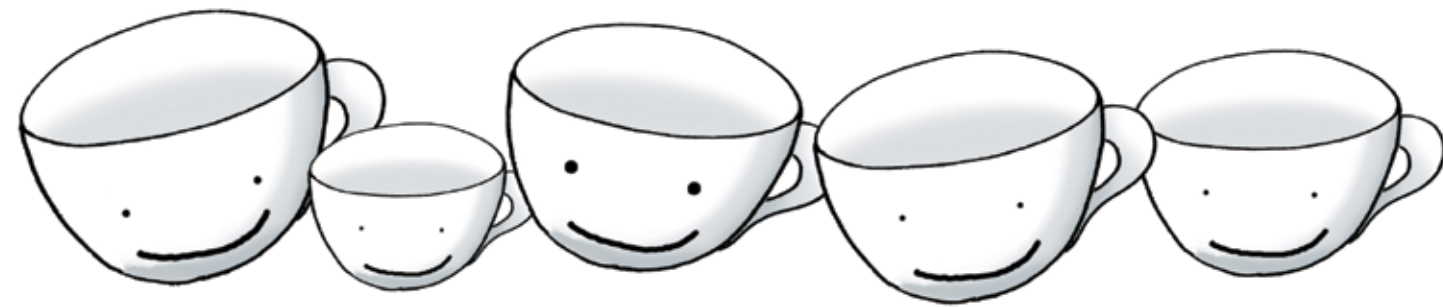
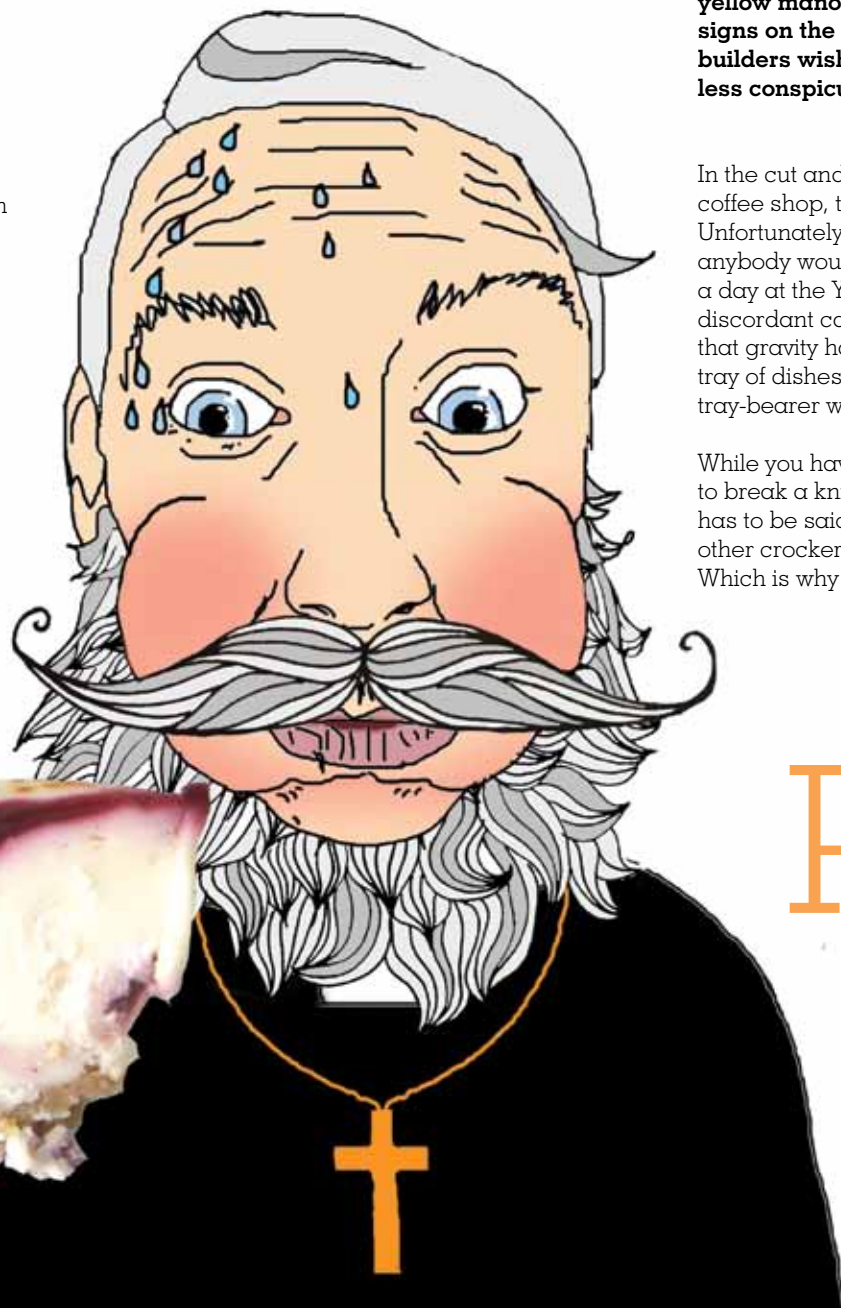
Which is where we come to our renowned cheesecake. Yeah, sure its luxurious white chocolate brulee interwoven with seductively red raspberries may be the gastronomical equivalent of the sort of dwelling that would have our Kevin McCloud reaching for his blood pressure tablets, but without its foundation it would be nothing.

A deliciously light, hand fired base made with Graham crackers, oats and dark brown sugar sounds like it would make a delicious dessert all on its own, but as it is, it is quite happy being generously layered in raspberry and chocolate brulee and staying out of the limelight itself.

The Graham cracker was created thanks to the teachings of the Reverend Graham, concocted with the aim of suppressing unsavoury 'urges' as he put it.

How ironic it is, then, that his namesake is the platform for one of the most sensuously decadent treats to ever set foot in a dessert cabinet.

The good Reverend must be spinning in his cracker factory.



On the road to the Giant's Causeway, at an undisclosed location, resides the mysterious, top-secret St Nicholas's Home for Retired Crockery, a fluorescent yellow manor house with neon signs on the roof (in retrospect, the builders wish they'd thought of a less conspicuous décor).

In the cut and thrust world of the coffee shop, things get broken. Unfortunately it is unlikely that anybody would be able to sit through a day at the Yard without hearing the discordant cacophony that signals that gravity has had its way with a full tray of dishes rather sooner than the tray-bearer would have liked.

While you have to try pretty hard to break a knife or a soup spoon, it has to be said that bowls, cups and other crockery are not so robust. Which is why the Yard operates an

award scheme for those ceramic receptacles that make it through life in one piece to see their retirement day.

Take the very rare example of a cup that has been in use from the day we first opened; It will be scored on the bottom from having close to sixty thousand teaspoon revolutions leave their mark and its glaze will be cracked and pitted from countless hundreds of journeys through the dishwasher, but what a life it has led! The countless conversations it has eavesdropped on, the people it has met!

Coffee cups are affectionate, tactile creatures by nature; they love nothing better than to be lifted into contact with a pair of lips, and since that's what they get every time they're put down in front of a customer, their job is very rewarding.

Just as there are risks associated with some professions, like, if for example, you were a fire-eating skydiver, the cups understand that their life carries inherent risks. They could be dropped at any time; but just as the cups are sociable, loving creatures, they are also adrenaline junkies, so they love every breathless minute.

Coffee Yard treats its battle-scarred veterans with the respect they deserve. After over three years of constant service (that's the equivalent of sixty years in coffee cup terms) they are rewarded for their tireless toil by being put out to pasture at St. Nicholas's.

Here they may spend their remaining years frolicking in the barley fields, getting the hot gossip from the Yard via a satellite link, and above all, skydiving.

PUT OUT TO PASTURE



Answer these ten simple questions to determine whether you earn the hallowed title of ‘Yardite’.

1. If you were paying your third visit to the Yard for the day, would you?

A. Walk in with your head held high
B. Don a fake moustache/nose/glasses as found in most good joke shops
C. Send in an accomplice to order for you, then vault the gate at the back of the shop

2. What is our Wi-Fi password?

A. mocha1234
B. cappuccino
C. chocolate lovin' spoon cake

3. What are the names of the three sons of the Beattie clan?

A. Chris, Stephen & Richard
B. Athos, Porthos & Aramis
C. Moe, Curly & Larry

4. What colour is our shiny red coffee machine?

A. Red
B. Black
C. All the colours of the rainbow

5. How many teas are there on our menu board? (No cheating)

A. 9
B. 7
C. 0.5

6. Where can you find our Gluten Free & Dairy Free Menus?

A. On our website or ask at the counter
B. We don't have any
C. Tattooed across Jim's chest (he's a big 'Prison Break' fan)

7. What is a macchiato?

A. A short strong coffee consisting of two shots of espresso and marked with a dash of steamed milk
B. A large coffee consisting of two shots of espresso, chocolate and steamed milk
C. A small rodent that lives in the craters of the moons of Jupiter

8. What does your car do when driving down High Street?

A. It automatically turns into our car park.
B. It twitches slightly but keeps going.
C. It speeds up (to 30mph, of course)

9. What is the name of the Yard's head honcho?

A. Jim
B. Jack
C. He has no name, preferring to use the symbol 'Ô '

10. What do we squeeze freshly every morning?

A. Oranges
B. Paninis
C. Each other

If you have answered mainly A, then you can apply for your Yardite Membership Pack at the front desk.

If you have answered mainly B, then you need to visit us more.

If you have answered mainly C, then it must be your first visit. Welcome to Coffee Yard!

ARE YOU A YARDITE?

We were going to use the term ‘Yardie’ but somebody kindly pointed out that this means ‘someone of Jamaican origin involved in drug and/or gun crime’.

(If you are curious, turn to page five for our ‘Are you a Crime Overlord?’ questionnaire).

AFTERNOON DELIGHT

They say you should never go food shopping when you're peckish. Everything looks appetising: plain flour, soy sauce, boxes of cocktail sticks. You want to eat the lot.

Likewise, an afternoon visit to the Yard might tickle rather too many of your taste buds for your brain's liking. What are you going to go for?

We understand your quandary, which is why we came up with our afternoon tea: a succinct summary of the best that we have to offer. So rather than having to pick and choose, you can just pick and chew your way through our smorgasbord of sandwiches, soup, scones and sweetness.

The sandwiches are a selection of our favourites, served with our soup of the day. The scones are made to order and served with clotted cream

and jam. The desserts comprise a tantalising quintet of treats - tarte au citron, raspberry tart, caramel squares, macarons and peanut butter stack.

We should point out that our afternoon tea is intended for two people. Of course, if you want one each, we won't judge. Or be surprised.

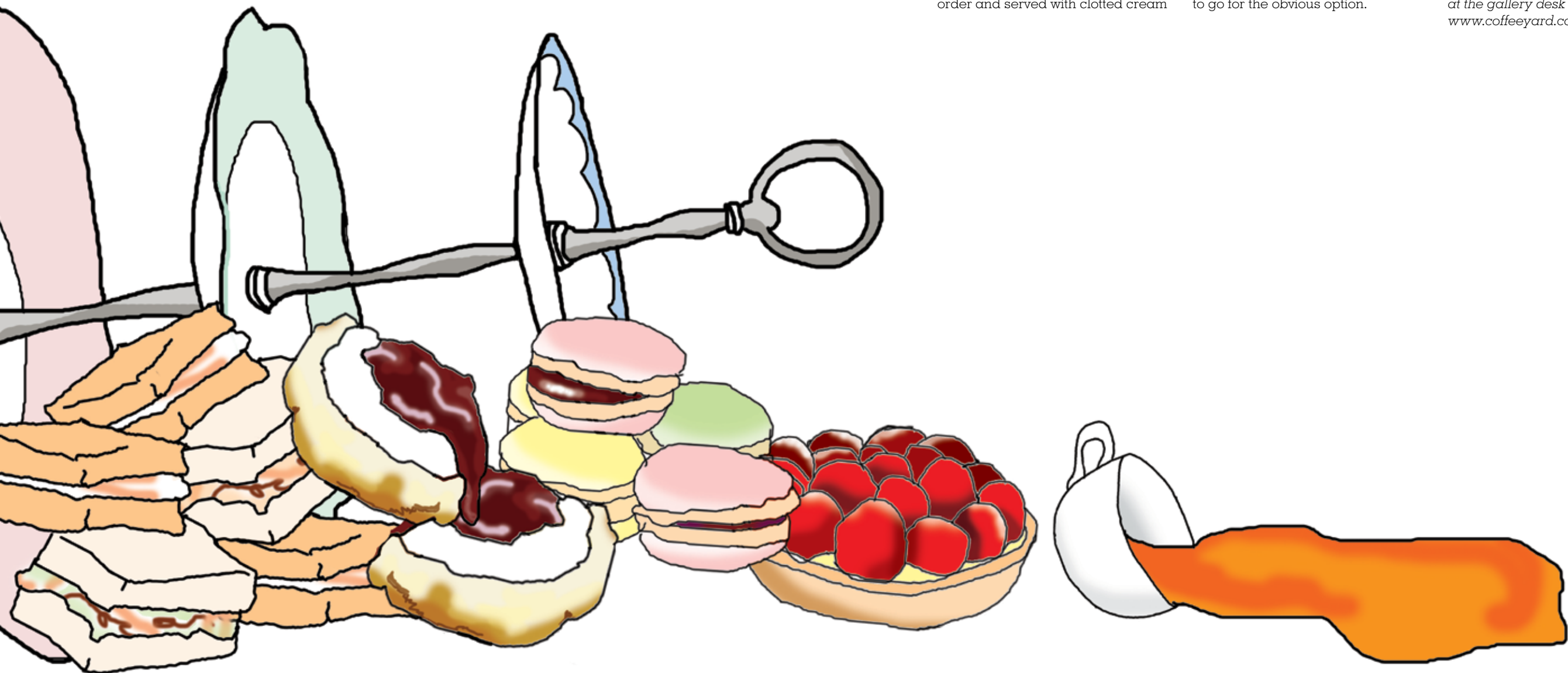
The next question was how to serve it. With something so special, the presentation is important. After all, a Savile Row tailor wouldn't hand over a made-to-measure suit crumpled into a plastic carrier bag.

Afternoon tea usually comes served on an ornate silver stand - the bane of klutzes everywhere, the kind of thing just asking for a trailing sleeve to send it to the floor. But we don't like to go for the obvious option.

So Chris had a challenge on his hands. He had to design and commission a bespoke afternoon tea stand in a limited timeframe. Kevin McCloud and his camera crew got wind of this and followed him around for three months during the planning stages. Sadly, since Chris didn't become pregnant or run out of money, Channel 4 didn't deem the footage worthy of broadcast.

Manufacturing of the stands was entrusted to Big Tree Joinery, who are also responsible for many of the interior fittings and fixtures in the Yard. Each stand, fashioned from white oak and finished with beeswax, takes a day to build and finish. It's a labour of love, but as Kevin himself would say, there's no point cutting corners.

You can buy Afternoon Tea Vouchers at the gallery desk or at www.coffeeyard.com





FLAT WHITE

One day many years ago, a tall, dark stranger approached the counter.

'Flat white, please.'
Confusion abounded.

Flat white what? Saucer? Envelope? Slice of bread?

He waved all of these items away politely. Eventually, under his careful instruction, we succeeded in producing what he wanted - it was a milky coffee, with two shots of espresso, but distinct from a cappuccino or a latte. He seemed satisfied, and went on his way.

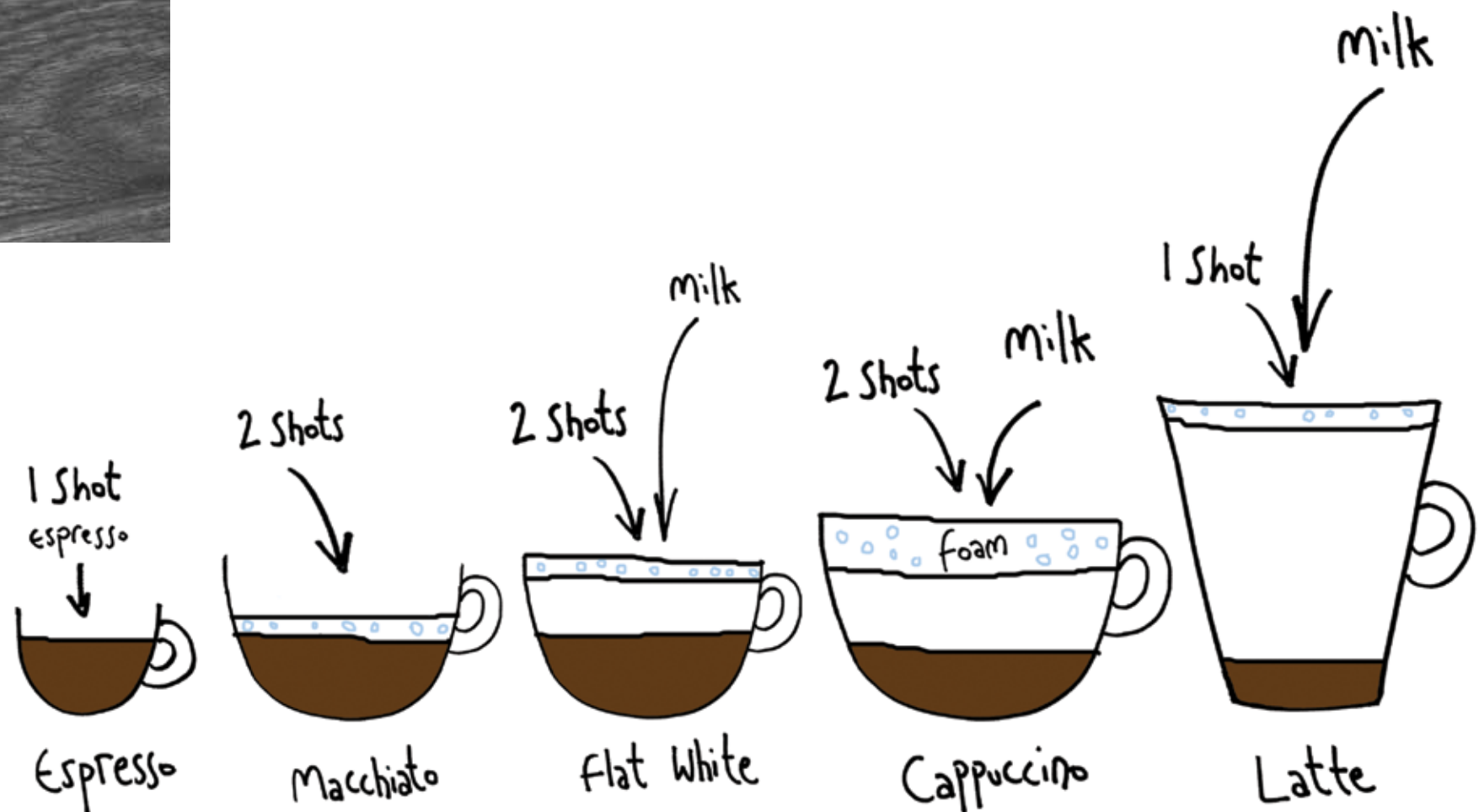
That was the last we heard of this mysterious man until many years later, when a letter landed on our doormat.

'I was,' it said, 'very impressed with the quality of the flat white I received at the Coffee Yard on 29 April 2007. Having concluded my international quality approval tour, I am pleased to grant you the right to serve this most Australian of coffees with my seal of approval on a permanent basis. I hope that your customers enjoy it as much as I did that day.'

Bruce Wallabooga,
Australian Department of Foreign
Affairs and Trade.'

So that's why he kept throwing boomerangs around the shop, we thought. Well, that explains a lot.

And we've been serving flat whites ever since.



ON A ROLL

Everyone likes sausage rolls, don't they? Our very own Chris certainly does. And a little while ago he thought that it was about time the Yard's customers did too.

So he went on a reconnaissance mission to suss out the pork pastries on the market. He wasn't impressed with what he found. On one unfortunate occasion the sausage roll he was eating was so greasy that it flew out of his hand like a bar of soap and struck a member of the public on the back of the head.

After several more incidents like this, Chris began to build a picture of the kind of thing he wanted to serve up here. Flaky buttery pastry? Yes. Hand-made? Yes? The best quality pork, complemented by 'Colonel Jim's' herbs and spices? Yup. A home-made accompaniment of haricot and cannellini beans, bacon, tomatoes, garlic and seasoning?

Wouldn't have it any other way.

So we soon had the prototype, but who we would entrust with production? We're quite busy in the kitchen these days, and wanted to seek out someone with a real passion for pastry.

Jose is a South American chap who exchanged life in boring old Brazil for the vibrant, carnival atmosphere of Portadown. He already provides us with our pastel de nata (custard tarts). On top of being delicious, their solid structure means they are an ideal confectionery for polite social occasions, and produce 22% fewer crumbs than the nearest competitor.* So Jose soon had another string to his bow, and the Yard gourmet sausage roll is now a mainstay on our menu.

**Source, Social Awkwardness Magazine, March 2015*



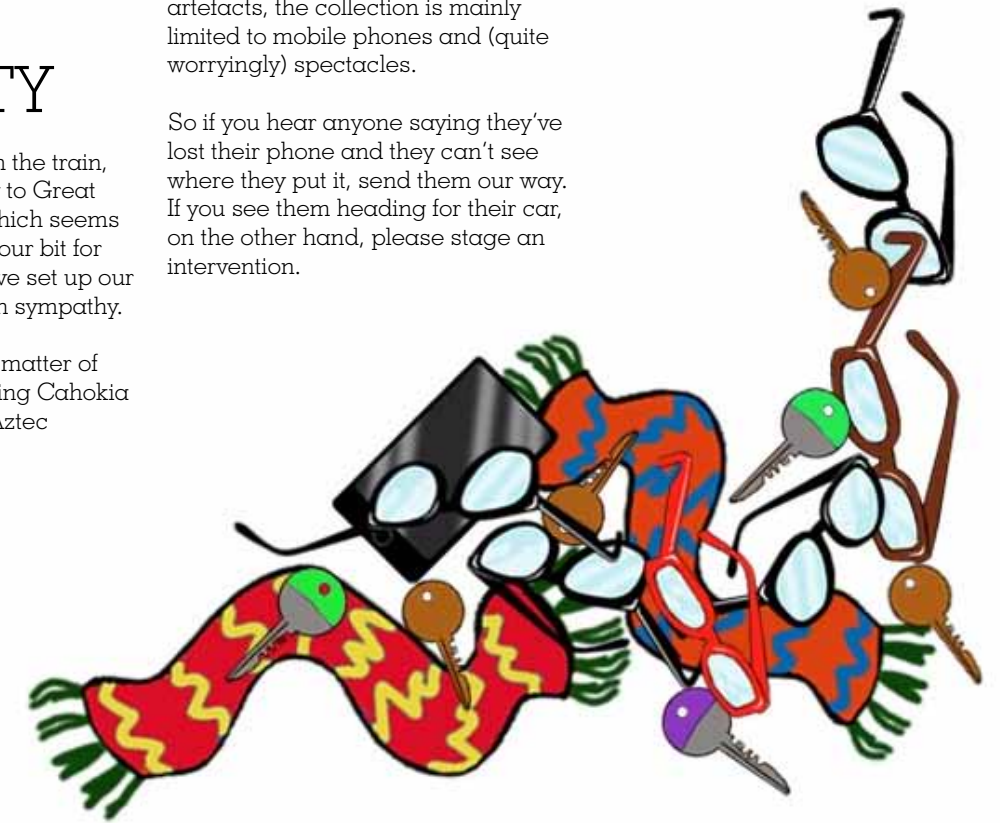
LOST PROPERTY

If you leave something on the train, it will be squirreled away to Great Victoria Street Station, which seems a bit silly. Wanting to do our bit for the local community, we've set up our own lost property office in sympathy.

Although it seems only a matter of time before we're collecting Cahokia curiosities or amassing Aztec

artefacts, the collection is mainly limited to mobile phones and (quite worryingly) spectacles.

So if you hear anyone saying they've lost their phone and they can't see where they put it, send them our way. If you see them heading for their car, on the other hand, please stage an intervention.



A SINCERE APOLOGY

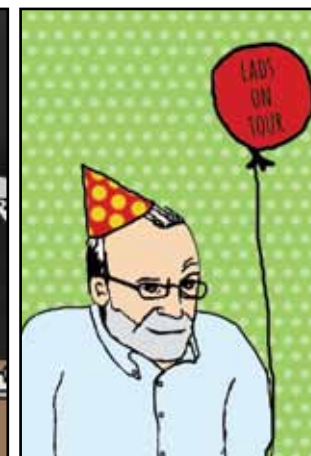
In the last issue, we wrote the following about Jim:

"His wardrobe consists of nothing but blue shirts and black trousers. He prefers to avoid wearing ties and has therefore developed an austere look simply called 'The Jim' which is currently very popular among trendy Guardian readers."

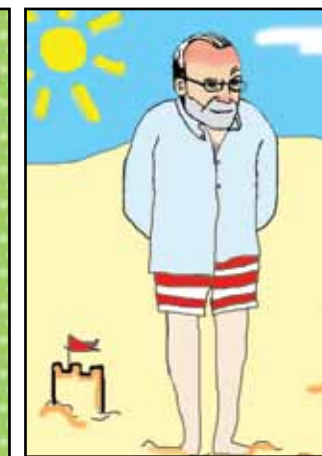
Jim was a bit stung by this wanton attack on his sartorial sensibilities and asked us to include these rebuttals in the new magazine to show that he does indeed know how to shake things up.



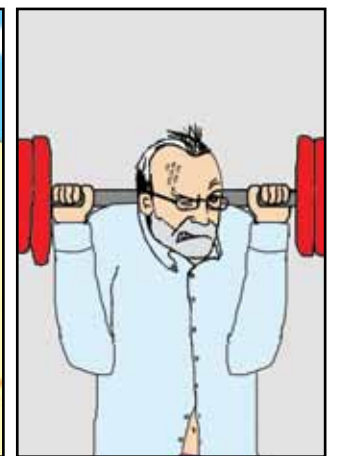
Workin' 9-5



On the Rip



Benidorm



Pumpin' Iron

Written by Richard Craig
Illustrated by Sarah McAvoy

Printed on 100% post-consumer waste

**Questions, comments and
happy thoughts send to
info@coffeeyard.com**

**www.coffeeyard.com
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