

FEATURE ARTICLE WRITER

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“KINGS ARMS TAVERN: THE GENTEEL COLONIAL CHOPHOUSE” (EXCERPT)

Brisk air on a cold crisp November evening. The taste of apple cider lingers. Sun glistening off the Kings Arms Tavern road post. Horse drawn carriage rolling by filled with a slap happy family of five. Christmas reefs (decorated with dried fruit and mistletoe) grace each pained window. As we walk along the cobble stone street we see guests enjoying their dinner. This draws us in to the smell of savory meatiness and the fresh pine garland wrapping the columns of the entryway.

“Hello and Welcome to Kings Arms Tavern.”

“We have reservations for 6PM.”

“This way.”

Each heel click on the ancient wooden floor is accompanied by a rather peppy fiddler playing the most robust version of ‘Greensleeves’ ever heard. Our table is across the room from our fiddler friend and in-between are several groups laughing and chatting quietly as they savor their entrees. The cozy corner we’ve nested in is warmly lit by the flickering candle centerpiece. The bill of fare is placed before us. We have no questions.

In peace we begin to select our dishes. Just then, a brawny man in a chef’s hat walks over. His cool disposition is unrecognizable.

“Hello, I’m Executive Chef Hill. I hope you are already enchanted.”

He opens up to us. Chef Hill knows more about history than social studies teachers. He knows it by heart, giving us what seemed to be hours of lessons, as he often returned as much as he could, as we enjoyed each other’s company.

It isn’t long before we see our server lightly walking our way carrying a full bottle of gracefully aged merlot. If this chilled luxury weren’t enough I spot my appetizer making its way to our table. ‘A Fancy Dish of Seafood’, that’s the title on the carte du jour.
