

COFFEE EPISODE

It was a dark and stormy night. Actually it was not but I've always longed to use that Snoopy intro. Yay - done! So where was I? Oh yes - an anecdote that I've been wanting to share for a while now. It's left me quite shaken so I will relay it in an intent to process the episode once and for all and not because I like to ramble on about uneventful events.

So here goes once again. It was a dark and stormy morning to be exact though I hadn't as yet noticed. I was too busy struggling through my daily weight exercises consisting of the lifting of the eyelids. Once that goal accomplished I moved on to transforming myself into a full functioning biped. Waking up can be exhausting. And it wasn't over yet. My facial ablutions followed and as I relay this it suddenly makes me ponder. These would have been the exact rituals that our primitive ancestors would have performed. I wonder if they ever imagined performing them in a condo? I'm sure they never imagined condo fees. Ha! Ha! So anyways I zombied my way over to the kitchen where my hands went on full automatic pilot fumbling through a whole list of tasks : grinding coffee beans, placing them in a machine, spout, funnel, blah blah, don't know any of the terms and finally pressing a button. Now on any given morning this results in a dark energetic potion to start my day. And her I go wondering again : how did my primitive ancestors ever manage without a morning espresso? Hmmm ponder, ponder. But on that morning I pressed the button and...and...nothing. Nothing Came Out. I was Stumped. But then lo and behold Snoopy came to the rescue with his dark and stormy morning by sending me a lightning bolt jolting me out of my catatonic state. My mission was now clear. I would hunt down a coffee shop with the same determination felt by my ancestors when hunting down a woolly mammoth (now I understand their drive). Trading in a spear for a wallet and a gaudy fur vest for a chic made in Italy raincoat...have to interrupt again : were cave people in Italy more stylish than in caves elsewhere? Hmmm ponder, ponder. But back to my heroic feat. One has to understand that I'm trekking in the annoying context of global climate change. That in which clouds do not know how to precipitate anymore. When did they forget how to send down misty rain or fabricate delicate snowflakes? Must they pound down torrents of water, slush and sleet each time? Seriously, my ancestors had nothing to complain about during their Ice Age. They surely spent their time making snowmen. Here I was facing angry and confused elements on a parched stomach while walking for not one but TWO entire blocks. TWO. Just saying. But yes I, myself, on my very own, arrived.

I can't recall with exactitude what happened next. I suppose I went through doors and lined up in front of other heroes. Were they simply ordering coffee or awaiting medal distributions? Did I have to ignore the quizzical look of the server wondering if I was a customer or an oversized stray cat? It's all very blurry until...until I took that first sip. I'm not sure if the sun came out just then but I felt warm rays alighting my entrails in the same way they would have alighted those of my long ago ancestors slurping down bone broth.

Life is astounding. A coffee machine breaks down and an expert on prehistoric anthropology is born.

