

Confessions of a Coffee Shop Junkie

Section 1 Despair

She removes her hood, as directed. He wants to see her eyes as she ends it. She sighs and takes a sip of tea. He spins his mug of coffee on the saucer, noticing the tiny cracks in the glaze.



Steam rose from the tea and fogged his thick-rim glasses temporarily blinding him. It would be quite a while before he could take a sip.



He put down the mug of tea on the table, took off his tweed jacket, gently draped it over the back of his chair and sat down. He started dipping the tea bag, Earl Grey tag between his finger and thumb, carefully keeping to his side of the table with the hope that someone, anyone, would join him.



She sat, cross-legged, on the grungy coffee shop sofa, took a sip of warm chai tea, and wished the world was aware that the term “Indian Style” was wrong.



The barista made his drink, special, every day. She used two cups so he would not burn himself. The mouth hole never lined up with the seam in the cup so it would not leak as he drank. She mixed it carefully so he would love the taste. And yet, he never, ever noticed her.



The boy in plaid pretended to read the paper as he looked at the couple and sighed, his foot resting in spilt tea thoughtlessly left by his seat’s last occupant.



She brought her twin boys in to order coffee. One screamed, disturbing the customers, as the other stood perfectly still and content, eating a large, rainbow chip cookie.



The man slammed his cell phone down on the checkerboard table and mumbled in anger, scaring the cute couple sitting across from him, sipping their tea.



The two thirteen-year-old girls gathered their boxes and giant purses, picked up their coffees, and sat down across from each other, giggling like the typical girls from a stereotypical teen flick. They started to paint their nails, ruining the paradisiacal taste of their neighbor's tea.



She put down her messenger bag and Darjeeling Tea and set up her game of solitaire for an exciting Friday night alone.

To enjoy the full text of “Confessions of a Coffee Shop Junkie,” and to read some of the year’s best “Coffee House Fiction,” order The Fifteenth Dame Lisbet Throckmorton Anthology, 2010 by emailing fiction@coffeehousefiction.com or searching Amazon.com (keyword “Coffee House Fiction”).