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Over Coffee

I was told to open myself up to wonder, it is for this reason that I found myself at the coffee shop. This was my first outing in nearly three years after grief had crippled my entire being. I sat by the window, watching the pot plants blossoming while other patrons of the shop had their late morning breakfasts of bagels and pouched eggs. A young woman approach me, a cup of coffee in her hand which quickly alerted me that she had been in the coffee shop for a while now. She asked to share my table. I did not want to do so but I offered up the seat to her. She spilt a bit of coffee on the table cloth.

“Silly me!” she exclaimed. *Silly me?* That was all she could say after she had stained the table. I looked at the spot on the table eager to replace the table cloth but of course I could not.

“At least it wasn’t blood,” she said as she stirred in some sugar into her coffee.

“Blood?” I asked a little shocked.

“Yes, blood,” she made a ting-ting sound with her teaspoon as she stirred around the edges of her mug, “That would have been a nightmare to get out of the cloth.”

“Okay,” I said bringing my coffee to my lips, it was already getting cold.

“Of course if you are accustomed to murder like me you find ways of going about this,” went my companion to say.

She went on to detail the recent murder she had committed of a young man that she was attracted to. He had just graduated from university, still untainted by the shadow of bills and the curse of taxes. He was of course younger than her but she did not mind the gap. He was romantic and thoughtful she said. She went on to tell me how they met at a dog park. He was friendly and had a devilish smile which made her fall for him immediately. It was not the fact that he passed a glance at another woman one day while they were out for dinner that she had murdered him nor the fact that he would come back home at odd hours but because he left the toilet seat up. It drove her to the edge of the mountain she explained to me.

“Then one night,” she paused probably for dramatic effect, “It was the hammer and then just blood everywhere.” She explained how it was easy to remove the bloodstains from the roof and from the wallpaper but she tried to wash her bedding a total of ten time until she finally burned it all.

The next murder was less gruesome she said. This was an older man. Alone in the world and all of his children lived abroad.

“I poisoned that dinosaur!” At a risk to herself too. She had seen it on *‘Day of Our Lives’* and decided to copy it. She put on as much lip gloss as possible then put on a layer of poisoned lipstick, pink in colour of course, “I looked like Lola Boa!” One kiss was all it took and slowly his organs switched off like streetlights going black in morning time. It was unfortunate for her that the old man had not left her in his will. She said that the funeral was a delight though, she said that she loved the choir’s rendition of *‘Nearer My God to Thee’*, it almost ascended her to the heavens she told me and hoped that it ascended the old man to some repose. The reason for this murder you would like to know? He refused to go mountain climbing with her, something about his age and his bad back.

I had forgotten about my coffee when I finally took a sip it was cold and I nearly spit it out.

“Cold?” she asked. I nodded. “Let’s get it heated or I could buy you another coffee. Perhaps even a slice of their Victoria sponge cake, it’s to die for.” *To die for is it?*

I quickly rebuffed her request and pulled out twenty dollars from my wallet. Enough for my coffee, her order and a tip. Always leave a tip my mother told me.

“Are you sure this was the best conversation I’ve had in ages?”

“I really must go.” I quickly rushed out, almost bumping into a waiter who was clumsily balancing a hot chocolate on a tray.

I hopped into my yellow car quickly turned the key in the ignition and looked back to see my companion waving goodbye at me, a Monalisa smile plastered on her face. Perhaps I would come back to this shop to see her or perhaps it was best I returned to the shop and continue with our conversation. What to do? What to do?