

Full Name: Abigail B Maguchu

Age/ Category: 19 & above

Word Count: 982

Telephone Number: +263 785 080 859/ +263 776 904 233

School Name: N/A

Over coffee

She needed an energy boost only coffee could provide. Her body had become heavy, who could blame her, and it is after all a jungle, survival of the fittest in the human world. The only difference of her world and that of animals was that there were no rules, people are far more ruthless, cunning and sly. She walked into the café and was welcomed by the strong, soothing, stimulating and unmistakable aroma of perfectly roasted beans that engulfed the atmosphere. From a distance she could hear a slight hissing sound of boiling water that enveloped the kitchen and felt the warm humid air. The overpowering scent of the coffee could almost be tasted on her skin as she made her way to an empty table.

She loved her coffee brewed a certain way, french pressed, strong and bold. In this almost forgotten nearly abandoned part of town, she had landed on her piece of heaven. The vintage place took her to the best years of her life every time she walked through its antique doors. This is not to say her best years had not brought her a tone load of crap but she knew without them she won't be the person that she is today. While she walked to seat in her beautiful summer dress she heard a voice say the words "you are my favourite friend". She was triggered, flashes of memories came rushing in as if she were reliving all her past traumatic experiences. She grabbed a chair and sat down so she could recollect herself. She remembered how in this very café she had heard the exact same words come from someone she had intimately shared all her vulnerable moments with in good faith.

They say you can't pick and choose how the healing journey goes for you and literally anything could be a trigger. Still seating down she tried every technique they had taught her in therapy to keep the monster in but it came right out through the cracks. The waiter brought her usual order and she was deeply grateful, but her face could not translate that. All her visage could show were dark deeply hurt eyes that looked up to the waiter confused, with a look that said don't bother me! There was a storm in her mind and heart that her whole body looked pale and drained of life that even her happy summer flowery dress looked like some dark shade of a stormy sky.

She looked up for a second in an attempt to force the tears and the outpour of the storm within her from flooding her surroundings. That didn't help because as soon as her face was parallel to the ground while she picked up her cup the flood within her could not be stopped. Tears came oozing out as if to say we had been held back for way too long. She quickly placed her cup back on the table and rushed for the latrine so as to have her meltdown privately. She cried silently but violently, her face was hot and her eyes red. What she didn't know was it was healing her heart, she needed the private uninterrupted moment to outpour as she asked the rhetoric question why. As if anyone could explain why the man she had given residency in her heart decided to betray her that badly and worse still make her a part of his betrayal to the woman he claimed to love.

He had spent so many months telling her lies about his intentions with her when he knew very well he already belonged with another. His was already traditionally married so why then was he doing such wicked despicable things to her. It's these lies that made her doubt her worth now, and yet he called her a friend, not only that, but his 'favourite friend'. Friends do not do such things to one another she thought, was she wrong to trust her friend. Someone who came to her house met her mother all the while insulting her intelligence by repeatedly lying to her. The thoughts kept coming to her mind until she reached one of the statements her therapist told her. In the midst of the storm she found her freshly plucked olive leaf and she smiled, not a pretty smile but an ugly concede to reality smile.

It had been ten minutes but felt like eternity to her as she emerged through the doors of the latrine and made her way back to her table. She seemed more composed than before, barely a trace of the storm and was ready to get lost in the tantalizing stimulating world of the aroma of the coffee, she preferred it with honey and as she sat she found her cup had just been refreshed and her face beamed with gratitude this time even the waiter could read what her heart was communicating, and the smile within her eyes, her dress and body had regained their colour. It was like everything about her was as it should, the sun had come out in her world after the violent storm. She sipped the coffee and it warmed and softened her. Camille's body took in the sweetness of the honey and made it its mission to mimic it. She still had a strong determination about her, one could say that was just the effect of the coffee. She had made such progress and a breakthrough in her journey to healing that even she was proud. A group of ladies behind her were having a conversation and the trigger phrase was being thrown around a lot, but it had ceased to have any effect on her. She smiled to herself as she took sips of the coffee while she felt her body relaxing in a way she had not felt for a while.

The End!