

NAME: JACINTH D JEFFREY
AGE/CATEGORY: 19 & ABOVE
WORD COUNT : 829 WORDS
TELEPHONE NUMBER: +263 78 554 8708
SCHOOL NAME: N/A

I deeply acclaim and envy business people. Do you know why?

One lazy and freezing Friday morning, almost late for work as an intern, I found the school cafeteria on my radar on my way from the residence. From afar, yet so close I heard it softly calling my name through the irresistible aroma of perfectly brewed coffee, none other than the Jacobs pride.

At home, our coffee was the humble Ricoffy—nothing fancy, but a treat when my mother occasionally splurged on it. I certainly enjoyed every sip I took with the popular coffee creamer, Cremora, and two Hulett's brown sugars. Although we had it countable times in a year, especially during the Easter and Christmas seasons, it uplifted my soul so much.

Back to the cafeteria...I trodded in its direction, leaving no room to turning back. Guess what I found when I got there? My favorite chef! My main agenda was to fill my bottle with water as a way of getting ready for the day. “ JJ!” He exclaimed as per our norm. “ Hello, good morning chef,” I reciprocated the exuberant energy.

I filled my bottle and then saw him pour cream into his approximately 500ml mug. “ Chef, what’s in there? I asked. “It’s just coffee JJ,” he smiled as he took the first sip with eyes closed and a very wide smile. For some time, I tried to be very mindful of time but could not resist the urge to take just one sip of what seemed to be the best-ever made coffee in the universe.

I took my mug to prepare just a cup for myself. After putting in the coffee, sugar, and water, I reached for the milk. “Ho, and then?” He shockingly asked me whilst handing me the cream. “ It is always more delicious with the cream.” With so much demure, I extended my arm to

get the cream. I poured it mindfully into my mug whilst stirring with my left hand. I didn't want to lose a single drop lest my coffee would taste otherwise.

This morning glory needed me to take a sit so I positioned myself close to a window where the succulent sips would merge with the sun's rays to create an exquisite tapestry in preparation for an amazing weekend ahead. As we sipped our coffee, we fell into an extremely easy rhythm of conversation. We talked about everything from the latest office gossip to our plans for the upcoming weekend. Chef shared stories about his recent trip to Victoria Falls, and how his cookery skills got him so many investors swarming over him for their future buffets. They all wanted to support his catering services. His eyes shone with excitement as he described the breathtaking experience. I listened intentionally, captivated by his sharp descriptions and the infectious energy that flew from all his expressions.

Out of the blue and with a wrinkly forehead I asked him, "Chef, what's the difference between the cappuccinos and espressos we see on restaurant menus?" He laughed and asked what had brought me to ask such a question. I believe at that moment, I was drinking the best coffee in the whole wide world. He mentioned all of them, even ones that I did not dream of knowing, the ristrettos and mochas. As soon as I knew that I could prepare those at home, although once in a while, I quietly canceled my imaginary coffee budget.

"So chef, everyday people are paying for a cup of something they can make at their house. Just boiling water, putting coffee, sugar, cream, or milk in a cup and stirring?" "It's because they don't have the time my friend so they would rather have someone prepare it for them and pay two bucks or three. After all, it's nothing to them. Plus you don't have money" he laughed. Unoffended, just this experience made me see how entrepreneurial people can be. By identifying one little problem, they can build an empress and a legacy for their future generations, talk of Starbucks.

My phone buzzed and I knew, my neck was being sought after. To my wow, time had cruised, so much that I was twenty minutes late for work. Surely, this drink had placed me in a different world of insights. I hurriedly took the last gulp and asked the chef if we could have this often because my tone for the day and the upcoming weekend had been determined. One cup of coffee did not just melt the ice in my body, it made me appreciate my chef more for

having a cheerful heart and open mind too. It unfolded insights I would not have gotten anywhere else.

Despite dreading the inevitable explanation to my line manager about my tardiness, I couldn't help but grin all the way to the office. My mind was buzzing with new ideas, all set for action. Fueled by that coffee-inspired exuberance, I was ready to turn my vibrant dreams into reality.