

## OVER COFFEE

"This meeting could have been an email, but I needed the coffee break"

An elderly man, mid fifties walked into the restaurant. The famous Wababa restaurant, this was the place to be back in the day. I don't know about now but those days it was the "Mecca", "Hotspot". "Epicetre" ,"Hub". I think you get the essence.

Everybody knew Mr Kadzviti, a gentleman in every sense of the word. I for one had managed to evade him for years after numerous length encounters where he lectured me about life and how he was my mother's first love. So after that I would take cover even at the slight hint of his cent.

But on this day, the twenty seventh of August two thousand and five. Luck was not on my side. It was my off day on a Friday and I decided to go and cool down at the famous restaurant, thinking about how I would tackle the upcoming school term. I was still high on cloud nine after landing the elusive sports coach position a few months prior.

As you can imagine my guard was down so I ordered the iconic black coffee and two sugars. The waiters were vigilant as ever and in no time I was savoring my coffee. Goodness, I had missed it

From a distance and at the same time right behind me I heard a familiar voice. I know my English is not making sense but who cares. The bottom line is I heard a very familiar voice and it was Mr Kadzviti right behind me and there was no ways I would split, it was too late

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I then acted all busy, as if I was lost in thought relishing the iconic coffee. I could hear him ordering his coffee and hot buns. He then came and sat on the table next to mine and he finally put two on two. " I knew that was you , Eunice's boy. Long time no see". I

stood up and walked up to him. We hugged and I took a sit next to him with my mug of cause. Inside I was saying to myself, " This is going to be a long day". In the mean time his coffee and hot buns came.

He told me how happy he was to see me and always wondered what had happened to me over the years. He proceeded to put his mobile phone on air plane mode citing that it was rude to attend to your mobile in the company of another person.

Mr Kadzviti was a little annoying but you had to appreciate his class. Maybe he was aging like fine wine

I felt like this time was different so I opened up a little. To the point of ordering another coffee, call it a double treat. Iconic coffee and the presence of a gentleman.

We both enjoyed our coffee and I ended up telling him about my life changing experience at the new school and how my under sixteens hockey team had filled my heart with joy by going unbeaten for the whole season. These girls were amazing, winning all eleven games and not loosing a single game. Fifty four goals and conceding only two goals.

What made the whole back and forth worthwhile was that he was so invested, showing interest in my stories simultaneously sharing joy for my passion for sport and coaching.

We continued our exchange and he further encouraged me to never loose my fire and passion for sport. Also to continue to be a breathe of fresh air to the girls. " Son they need it, sorry I was not one to your mother Eunice. The one that got away, well we were young. Right person at the wrong time" .

That was the only day I was going to take it, I said to myself. "Nothing can take away from this priceless cup of coffee" .

Mr Kadzviti later excused himself and I could not stop thinking about how someone who used to be so annoying annoying was this classy and sophisticated

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This was by far the best coffee exchange ever

"I guess everything is possible OVER COFFEE"

Maxern Tatenda Chamburuka

19 and above

Seven Hundred and Fourteen (714)

0785311711