

Short nights.

Miserable mornings.

Busy days.

And then there's this person who just decided 'Hey, let's work for 5 days, keep the weekend short!' I should look that person up.

'In 1908, the first five-day workweek was instituted by a New England cotton mill so that Jewish workers would not have to work on the Sabbath...'

I should have known. Capitalists. Shoot! I'm gonna be late. I hate my job! But it pays the bills, keeps me on the internet and that helps keep my FOMO (Fear Of Missing Out) in check.

Kunatsakwashe or Kay-Kay as he liked to call himself was now rushing to work, he boarded a commuter omnibus and sat next to a guy, dressed in a cheap royal blue shirt and grey trousers. It was one of those days, and Kay-Kay just lashed out at the guy.

'Mdara! Make sure you sit up straight and don't lean on me! Nhai!' exclaimed Kay-Kay to the guy in the royal blue shirt. The guy just shook his head, took out his phone and pretended to type something.

Civil servant, thinks he can just do what he wants. I bet he has on a pair of worn-out black shoes. I know a government employee when I see one. Today I put him in his place.

Kay-Kay reached his stop and rushed out of the kombi without taking time to check the other guy's shoes. He kissed his teeth and shook his head. He told himself he was right about the shoes. It was a slow day at the office and he decided to clear up his small desk, he stumbled upon a golden envelope written in Lucida Calligraphy font and addressed to himself from someone called Luna Latte.

You're cordially invited to our exclusive and rewarding 'Trophy Over Coffee' event to be held at 1pm at 24 Berwick Drive, Borrowdale. A car will be provided for you. Please bring this invitation card.

Luna Latte

Luna Latte? Maybe she was a scammer, but what would she gain from him. He was poor. He put the invitation card back into the envelope and hid it under the computer keyboard. Over a period of three hours, Kay-Kay had opened the envelope fifteen times, changing his mind with every opening. The clock struck 12:00pm and he still had so many questions. How would he know THE CAR! What sort of name was Luna Latte? What's a Latte, wasn't it some kind of tea?

'Strong espresso coffee with a topping of frothed steamed milk.'

Thank God for Google! At that moment, a silver sedan branded on the side with a coffee mug hooted in front of the shop. For some reason, Kay-Kay took his jacket, locked up the shop and got into the car.

Taurai.

Cheap royal blue shirt, grey trousers and a pair of worn-out black formal shoes. Slouched on the old office chair, left hand on his chin, mouth wide open. He is playing Solitaire Cards on his old Government computer.

‘The system is down, vabereki!’ he says, sounding annoyed. The ‘system’ is actually working well.

‘Hie, can I please be assisted,’ says a female voice matching its slim and soft owner.

‘Ahhh sister, the system is down. Bvunzai vamwe!’ Taurai says, raising his voice much to the displeasure of the slim lady. The young lady shakes her head as she mumbles and walks away. Government employees have mastered the art of not caring about service delivery, and justifying their actions with very illogical arguments, the arrogance they exude is unmatched.

The clock strikes 10:00am and Taurai receives an e-mail inviting him to a ‘Trophy Over Coffee’ event. ‘Just the thing I need,’ he thought. ‘An adventure!’ With this newly found motivation, he serves some clients and then breaks for lunch. Outside the offices, a black sedan with a coffee mug sign signals for him to come. Without hesitation, Taurai jumps into the car, excited and thrilled at the chance of having a free meal and an unnamed prize.

A female voice matching its slim and soft owner.

Scarlett had been unemployed for two years now. She still remembered the day she graduated, the hopes she had. Now she would spend most of her days dropping off Curriculum Vitae at any workplace that would allow her to. This morning, she had decided to try the Office of Public Records, they had openings there from time to time. She had reached the office only to be shouted at about the ‘system’ by some fat guy. Scarlett slowly walked out of the offices and as she was walking down the stairs a young man approached her from behind.

‘You dropped this ma’am.’

‘No, you must be mis-.’

The guy had vanished and she was left holding a purple envelope with her name on it. That was strange. She opened it and found the invitation. She thought it could be a job interview. She walked for some blocks and then saw what seemed like a coffee shop car pull up to the side of the road and hooting for her. She entered the car and the driver drove off.

At the venue, Kay-Kay noticed the guy he had shared a kombi with in the morning. Taurai recognized the arrogant guy from the kombi. Scarlett also recognized the arrogant government employee. They were ushered into the house by two ladies. They were shown their seats and as soon as the ushers left, they heard a voice from the speakers.

‘Good afternoon, lady and gentlemen. I’m Luna Latte. You all accepted an invitation to my humble accommodations. You are all connected. Not by the events of today, but by a lot of other events. You resent each other right now but the answers you seek lie in team work. Failure to do so and none of you will leave this place alive. In front of you is a single trophy which I shall present to you when you complete your tasks. Remember, nothing is random!’