

## Coffee

Coffee has a long tradition, in Slovenia and other countries, of being the elixir that preserves agility, a clear mind, and the ability to wake up the dead. While in some countries, such as Turkey, drinking coffee is very ceremonial, the Slovenes take it much more superficially. Allow me to demonstrate.

My brother and especially my mother are not morning persons. The alarm clock beside my mother's bed goes off at least four times and is shut at least three times with a blow on the conveniently built-in "Snooze" button. After she finally gets tired of the persistent and more and more cacophonous symphony, she gets up. Staggering through the bedroom door, she takes a leaning low turn and barely makes it to the kitchen. There she catches her balance by grabbing the grinder knob and turns it. Collapsing on a chair and leaning her head on the wall, she lets out a low moan as the grinder nosily does what is its calling. This morning ritual is the same every morning, time and again. Every movement is calculated to the last inch - a black stain in the wall of the size of my mother's head is a constant reminder of her accuracy. You see, up to this point my mother has not even considered opening her eyes. All the movements hitherto described are based on a set Pavlovian reflexes that take its source from the sound of the alarm clock. As the grinder finishes, heavy silence lingers in the air. My mother slowly opens her eyes, staggers to the cooking-stove and sets the coffeepot on it. As the sounds of bubbling coffee and its aroma fill the room, her face slowly but surely gains its usual colour. As she takes a few initial sips, one can actually see energy building up inside of her. After a few mugs, she is ready to start her day.

At about this time, my brother staggers from our room. The same drama regarding the alarm clock, took place just minutes before. His eyes blood-shot, he staggers to the stove, grabs hold of the coffeepot and shakes it. He slowly turns his head around, seeks my mother with his eyes and when he finally finds her, spits out a single sentence, his voice heavy with resentment and fatigue: "You downed the whole pot again, didn't you?"

Indeed, there is nothing like a cup of hot coffee early in the morning.