

Coffee Talk With Regret

By Cara Schaaff

The sun is shining bright into my room early Wednesday morning on October 25th 2005. I stir in my sleep when I felt my mom touch my shoulder trying to wake me.

“Sweetie? It is 6:45, you have work at seven you have to get up.” She says, as she walks over to my lamp next to my bed and turns it on. This makes me open my eyes abruptly. In a panic, I jump out of bed as mom walks out of the room.

“Mom? Are you going into Grandma and Grandpa’s today? I will be done with work by noon. Grandpa’s vitals were great on Monday but horrible yesterday, I hope he is okay today.” I call out to her after walking into the bathroom to brush my hair, it is the last thing I need to do before I drive to work.

“Yes, I’ll be there by the time you get out of work.” She says as she hands me my jacket. I take it from her and give her a kiss on the cheek.

“Love you ma.” I ran out of the house.

I arrive at work with 25 seconds to spare walking through Starbucks doors. I put on my apron and pushed the thoughts of my grandfather out of my head.

Rush hour made my morning go by fast. I look up for a split second when I hear the door open to the store and see my mother. She walks right up to where I am making drinks.

"I'm going into grandma's now. I'm picking up your sister from school, you come when you can." I start to make her usual, Grande solo shot, soy, 1 pump mocha, extra foam. She takes the drink from me.

"I can try and leave early, it is only 10:30." She shakes her hand and head at me.

"No, you work until noon and then come, what's an hour and a half?" She says to me, and then proceeds to drink her drink. We finally exchange good-byes and she exits the store. I am in a trance for a second wondering if me leaving now would be best, but I listened to my mother and I stayed.

Noon comes sooner than I expected. My five-minute drive to my house turns into a two-minute drive. All the while on my short drive, my phone is going off; first it is my dad, then my mom. I pull up to my house and check my phone. I have two missed calls, having my phone on silent from work; I forget to turn on the ringer. I dial my dad back first, ignoring the voicemails they left for me.

"Hello?" He says.

"Hey Dad, what's going on? Why are both you and mom calling me? In fact she is buzzing in right now." I look at my phone and decline her call. I place my ear back up to my phone.

"He's gone, grandpa passed in his chair this morning." Tears stream down my face. My phone slips out of my hand and hit the floor.