

“Although we claim it began with coffee, in truth, it started with the alarm. It’s shrill insistence I drag myself from bed came an hour too late. I subjected myself to dry shampoo and a slightly wrinkled navy pant suit before running out the door, and reached the corner just in time to watch the bus pull away; the air filled with the stench of its putrid exhaust.” Mandy’s engagement ring sparkled in the sun.

“She looked so bedraggled, I offered to buy her coffee, and ignored her impolite decline.”

“Somewhere between coffee and a bagel, Phil stole my heart.”

 Author's Note:

The inspiration for this week’s story comes from a writing prompt which said: *She forgot the coffee*. I’d intended to write a piece about a person having a hard day. A domino effect where everything went wrong, all because she forgot the coffee. Perhaps she overslept and lacked time to pick up her usual order. Then, while writing this piece, the characters decided how I’d tell their story. Instead of a humorous piece about a rotten day, they turned it into a love story. Which goes to show, I guess you really can turn lemons into lemonade.

The Reluctant Author 