

Paka
June 13, 2019
Prompt : Dialogue

The clock chimed one and the kettle dinged.

"Tea time," Evert said, aware of the routine.

"I'll go make it ready," Timothy stood up and headed over to the counter. "You still drinking this lemon herbal blend?"

"What the doctor ordered." Evert chuckled and added, "It's good for my heart, so he says."

"Here you go, be careful it's hot!" Tim placed the two steaming mugs on the table and sat next to Evert.

The two gazed out the window, at the beginnings of Spring; enjoying the moment and the other's company.

Slowly, with a slight tremor, Evert raised his mug. He grimaced, tasting it again for the very first time.

"Bitter! But sweet---it's good. Thank you Simon. How is yours?"

"Dirty chai, I think. Found it in the closet, tucked away. I can taste cinnamon, and a hint of coffee."

At the mention of coffee, the old man's eyes lit up.

"Coffee! I *loved* coffee, can't drink it anymore, not allowed. I had that thermos, do you remember?"

"As a child? I guess."

"As a boy, yes. Kids become fixated on the strangest things. You'd carry it around: This is papa's thermos, papa's coffee, never drank from it---no---didn't like the taste."

"Why not? Was it black?"

"Not black, no. No cream or sugar either. Instead I would add just a slim sliver of butter."

"Butter? Interesting, I suppose that's a dairy. Can't say I've tried it."

"But you should, I'd recommend it, the butter softens the bitterness, the coffee becomes sweet yet salty."

The old man paused, lost in thought.

"But that was---wait---I think---no remember. That was a while back. Yes, you have a family now. How are they?"

"Mary is good, tired though, long shifts at the hospital."

"And little Timothy?"

"Well Timmy has started little league."

"Little league? Hmmm, I remember, I remember your first game, do you?"

"Well, I must have been four!"

"Yes, you were at bat, and the bat was almost taller than you! We'd put the ball on a tee, then you'd close your eyes and swing!"

"But did it work?"

"Did it work? Ha, yes I suppose it did, you knocked the ball off its stand, everyone cheered: run Simon run!"

"Was I fast?"

"You were four! But yes I suppose, I was watching from third baseline, cheering."

"I think I remember this part."

"Then you saw me, and nothing else mattered. You ran to me, and gave me the biggest hug: Did you see that papa! I hit the ball papa!"

Timothy tidied the empty mugs, placing them in the sink.

"Well, I must go, Mary will be finishing work soon."

"See you again? Same time next week?"

"Sounds good."

"Take care Simon."

"Love you too, Paka."