

This Man Waited on Me at Peet's Coffee

by Jerry Ratch

I think his name was Howard Something. That's right, every morning. Mr. Peet was training him. Mr. Peet always wore a scowl, for he was a perfectionist, and a little out of control on that score. But hey, maybe he just drank a little too much of his own brew, you know. It was pretty strong.

Way stronger than Starbucks turned out to be.

