

## A Holy Addiction

An old university bookshop hangs bare, shelves collapsed in on each other, chairs inarticulately arranged around tables. A coffee trolley stands with a petite barista behind it. Hands fly as orders are made, conversation piping up from her tippy toes. Smiles widen as she asks about students' exams, future doctorates' thesis, and teachers tight marking schedules. Punch cards chomp out the cards of the most loyal patrons, their orders immortalised in the mind behind the counter. Drinks hot and cold are slurped; bagels and muffins are scoffed as meetings begin, friends catch up, and the exam munchies set in. At three they pack away. So, until tomorrow, you will have to wait for your coffee. Extra hot, with a smile on the side.