



Barista or bar singer

## Description

I started the morning waiting in the queue of the annoying local post office .  
While I stood in line whining, two things happened.

The first “ that guy next to me told me that since the post service was privatized they started saving manpower and so there we are standing in line like sitting ducks or sautéed ducks, I do not know which is worse. It might happen to be old news to most of you but for me it was a moment of revelation. Wow, the already ineffective Israeli Post and is also not going to become more efficient! Could it be? Well, I highly recommend them for open relationships. It won’t hurt.  
Second “ I saw right before me the brave girl whose legs are those:



And I said to myself, come on bitch, and you’re complaining .. ! Some girls, I tell you. Anyway, I thought, to leave the Matrix a lady needs to get herself equipped with more skills. It won’t hurt.

Say we are after two years of a lazy and full of contrasts nesting trip, and one day you want to make a cafecito, bake some cakes. I might start longing to see people eat of my own making. By that time my eldest with his cooking hobby will develop himself to the high levels of using the kitchen and the

stoveâ€¦ yada yadaâ€¦ Cafe.

So it might prove to be a good idea to practice my rusty to nonexistent barista skills. Why not?

So this morning I stood with one of my friends who is equipped with a cafe of her own (yes, I have a couple of them) and I got an express barista session with professional tips, from grinding the coffee to obtaining the â€œcookieâ€ texture of the coffee grounds, from whipping the cream to the angle of pouring the drink to the cup. Donâ€™t ask the full drill. And the Cremaâ€¦ I have not yet said a word about the Crema. There is a whole issue around the Crema of the coffee, and no doubt I need more practice. We agreed on the caffeine trainings. Every morning it works out â€“ Iâ€™ll be there.

And while being a barista, why wouldnâ€™t I support us as a bar singer in South America, or South USA, or Southern Spain. I dropped by to my friend Israel who is also a wonderful musician, and we recorded a song together, and it was powerful and liberating. It literally shook the chambers of my heart and my vocal cords. In short, it was fun.

Response of my own private guitarist to the mp3 file sent by email was â€œAwesommmme !!! Grrreat !!! Letâ€™s jam together! â€

My response was swift â€“ weâ€™ve been jamming quite good for the last thirteen years.

### Category

1. Money

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### Author

wetooktheredpill

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