

# Over Coffee: A Coffee Lover's Tale



**Over Coffee: A Coffee Lover's Story.** by Jennifer Lenhardt

★★★★★ 5 out of 5

Language : English  
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Text-to-Speech : Enabled  
Screen Reader : Supported  
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled  
Word Wise : Enabled  
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Lending : Enabled



I've always loved coffee. The smell of it brewing in the morning, the taste of it on my lips, the warmth of it in my hands. Coffee is more than just a drink to me. It's a way of life.

I remember the first time I had coffee. I was a freshman in college, and I was studying for finals. I was so tired, but I knew I had to pull an all-nighter if I wanted to pass my exams. I went to the campus coffee shop and ordered a black coffee. I took a sip, and it was like a jolt of energy went through me. I was able to stay awake and study for hours. I was hooked.

After that night, I became a regular at the coffee shop. I would go there to study, to write, to people watch, or sometimes just to sit and enjoy a cup of coffee. The coffee shop became my sanctuary. It was a place where I could go to relax, to think, and to be myself.

One day, I was sitting in the coffee shop when I saw her. She was sitting at a table by the window, reading a book. She was beautiful, with long dark hair and big brown eyes. I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

I got up the courage to go over to her table and introduce myself. We talked for hours that day. I learned that her name was Sarah, and she was a fellow coffee lover. We started going to the coffee shop together every day, and we quickly became friends.

As our friendship grew, so did my feelings for Sarah. I realized that I was in love with her. I was so happy to have found someone who shared my love of coffee and who made me feel so loved and accepted.

We started dating, and we were very happy together. We spent our days exploring coffee shops, trying new coffee beans, and talking about our dreams for the future. I thought I had found my happily ever after.

But then, one day, everything changed. Sarah was diagnosed with cancer. It was a rare and aggressive form of cancer, and there was nothing the doctors could do. She was given only a few months to live.

I was devastated. I couldn't imagine my life without Sarah. I spent every day with her, holding her hand and telling her how much I loved her. I wanted to make her last days as happy as possible.

On her last day, I made her a cup of coffee. It was her favorite, a dark roast with a hint of chocolate. She took a sip and smiled. "This is the best coffee I've ever had," she said. "Thank you for everything."

Sarah passed away peacefully in her sleep later that night. I was heartbroken, but I knew that she was in a better place. I will never forget her, and I will always cherish the time we had together.

After Sarah passed away, I stopped drinking coffee for a while. I couldn't bear the thought of having a cup of coffee without her. But eventually, I started drinking coffee again. It was a way for me to remember Sarah and to keep her close to my heart.

I still go to the coffee shop every day. It's a place where I can feel close to Sarah. I order a cup of coffee and sit at our table by the window. I think about all the good times we had together, and I smile.

Coffee is more than just a drink to me. It's a way of life. And it's a way for me to remember Sarah and to keep her close to my heart.



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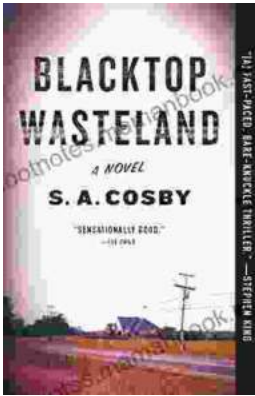
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