**Piña Colada**

**By:Cecilia Moreno**

 A long time ago in a cafe in Guatemala. A warm sunny day brought in new faces in through the door. The cafe was filled with wandering souls looking for a nice drink to wash down their unfulfilled desires and melancholy attitudes to life for just a few hours. The barista/bartender had the lucky job of slightly changing the lives of these measly people for just a few hours of the day.

 Every person in this small town in Guatemala had a authentic and unique drink that the barista/bartender thought was fitting for that person on that day. Every drink told so much about that person. A small tea meant that the person thought about life a lot and was always out to seek its mysterious meaning. A coffee meant that you are a busy person who barely has time to even breath. All these personalities were given out by the barista/bartender. He knew your deepest darkest secrets and was willing to expose the raw parts in your life.

 You might think the people were the most important part of this story, but to the people of Heruuba Guatemala the barista/bartender was a basic, essential part of the day. He was a lonely man being the creator of all personalities. He had only one drink, water. He had only one friend, wisdom. Him and wisdom worked hand in hand in the cafe. The barista/bartender was the emotional, creative one and wisdom handled everything else. They were quite the pair, and the cafe would not work without them.

 Most days the barista/bartender spent pleasing all his customers; getting to know them nearly by pure intuition, but one day in particular things were very different. A tall statured man walked in, sat down, and asked for a drink. Usually barista/bartender would know precisely what a man like this needed, but today there was nothing. No sound, no clue just emptiness. So the barista/bartender started to improvise. He added pineapple juice, and coconut cream and tried to sell it to the man. The asked “what is this supposed to be?” The barista/bartender replied with a nervous smile said “this is your personality. You are thick, mild, and some might say bland, but when added to a sweet thing in life you are the most wonderful man.” The man took a sip of the drink and stormed off not to be seen again.

 One day, years later, the barista/bartender overheard some random citizens discussing a drink that had a similar tone to a former creation of his. He walked up to the group of gentleman and politely asked, “Where can I find this creation?” The men were startled to hear an unfamiliar voice in there conversation. “We got it from the man stationed by the road across the street from the market.” The man with the long white beard replied. So the barista/bartender decided to go pay this man by the street across from the market a visit. It turns out that the man that the barista/bartender had served all those years ago, a mixture of pineapple juice and coconut cream was now making money off of the drink the barista/bartender had made for him. Barista/bartender was not upset as most would have been, but kindly requested the drink for himself. The moment his lips touched the glass he realized he could no longer be the giver of all personalities. And to this day will never be remembered as the creator of the drink called Piña Colada.