

Grandfather's Coffee Pot

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"Alex, where do you want this box?" Janie struggled under the heavy set cardboard as she stepped into the threshold of her new boyfriend's house. They have only been dating for a little over three months, but she was more than excited to help move him out of the busy downtown Chicago area to the suburbs; a perfect place to rope him into a ring and a few kids.

"Just set it down in the kitchen babe, I'll get to it later," he replied from behind the TV set.

Leave it to a man to have his TV set up before everything is unloaded, she thought. She set down the box with a huff, letting the box hit harder than expected, causing the contents inside to rattle. Oh shit. Janie opened the box hoping nothing was broken inside. She had already scratched his car this morning and couldn't bear to have to break the news of two mistakes, especially when he loved that car more than her. Well, for now. Once opening the box she found a tin-rusted coffee pot sitting on top. That actually wouldn't have been too tragic if that broke, She laughed at herself as she felt Alex come up behind her.

"Phew that was a pain in the ass, but hey now we can play Call of Duty later." He placed a soft kiss on her cheek, trying and failing to keep as much of his sweat off of her as possible. "Oh you found the box with my Grandfather's coffee pot." Alex reached over Janie to pull out the rustic machine.

"You mean you meant to pack that?" She ruffled her brow then quickly smoothed out her face, feeling her reaction was too harsh.

"Are you kidding? I love this thing. I can remember sitting on my grandfather's lap every morning during the summer weekends; the smell of the brewing coffee filling the house." A small smile crept across Alex's face. "But we could never sit and wait to hear the loud buzz signaling it was ready because it always brewed more than the pot could hold."

Janie crossed her arms and listened as Alex continued.

"It was like a game to us. Who could sit the longest before going to check if it was overflowing?" A laugh escaped his lips. "My grandfather always won though because he'd had that pot for longer than I had been alive. He'd get me all riled up, making me think I sat too long. Before I knew it I'd be on my feet, racing to the kitchen only to see the pot half full."

"Awe babe," Janie touched his shoulder with a sweet smile. "What a cute story, but I think the pot is outdated and kind of an eye sore." Alex's smile had vanished only to be replaced with an open mouth. "I mean, I don't want you to get rid of it, but you definitely can't use it to brew your coffee. It's a hazard and especially if we are going to bring kids into this house."

"How is it a haz... Did you just say kids?" The subject switched just like that. Janie's face froze in a panic.

"No, no, no, I said cat. I can't have my little Snuffy running around here when we stay over and have hot coffee burn him."

"Well we won't have to worry about that," Alex shot back without even thinking about what he just said.

"And why is that?" Janie stared in confusion.

It was Alex's turn to freeze, except he wasn't as quick on his feet as his obsessive girlfriend and stumbled over his words, at a loss for a response. His head raced, but no matter what came to mind, he couldn't think of a believable excuse to cover up the fact that he accidentally backed over Snuffy earlier that morning.

"Alex, I asked you a question." Another small silence.

"Because babe." He wrapped his arms around her waist, giving her lips a small kiss. "I don't have a litter box or food bowls for him yet. We won't have to worry about that until I am settled in



and bought all the necessities for him.” Her face lit up before she leaned into his chest.

“You’re just the sweetest.” Janie’s hands slipped around his chest. “I can’t wait for what is instore for us in the future babe.”

With love pouring over her heart and filling her body, she moved onto the next box as Alex returned outside to carry the rest in. She kept help but think of how great she had it with this man she would marry, even if he didn’t know it yet. Janie placed the coffee pot on a shelf tucked away, hoping Alex would forget about it.

“Oh My God! Janie what in the hell happened to my car?!”

And with that Janie’s smile was gone, and his Grandfather’s Coffee pot was back on the countertop, set in the perfect view from any part of the kitchen.

