

# An Ode to Starbucks

- Riley Sugarman

If you know me at all, you know caffeine is vital for my daily survival. I've tried self-diagnosis but I do not have anemia or chronic fatigue syndrome; I'm just plain tired. This is not an article as it appears to be, it is a letter to my friend, Starbucks (and all of the baristas who put up with me). Due to my undiagnosed problem I visit the coffee shop frequently, and I am very grateful for its caffeine.

It's not that I'm not a morning person, I just don't like waking up. That's why I set my alarm a half hour earlier than when I'm supposed to slump out of bed. Early rising, six hours of learning, running (ALL THE TIME), and piles of homework make me, and many other students, exhausted. And when I finish my run, coffee is there to pick me up and get me through the rest of the day. You, Starbucks, are there for me when I need you most, and I am so very grateful for that. When all I want to do is sleep, you are there to hold me up.

I've always liked coffee, but I was never a coffee drinker until mid-cross country season this past year. I would add coffee to my morning routine if I was particularly tired, but it was never an everyday kind of thing. Once I hit junior year (AKA the year of no sleep) I all but sleepwalked my way through the halls. I'm not the kind of person who jumps off the walls with a cup of coffee (it definitely takes more than a grande), it just keeps my eyes open. But here's a fair warning: if you ever see me on the street looking like the undead, please hesitate to say hi (unless you have a Starbucks giftcard).

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