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Starbucks

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She shrugged, “Most likely.”
He nodded and stood, tossing a bill on the counter. “I’ll see you later, then.”

Facing the overbearing cult that is Starbucks Coffee Company is inevitable. The curious Google user will type “how to” and instantly be paired with “order at Starbucks.” The quest for success at any Starbucks location is a necessity. Treat this coffeehouse like a delicate infant. You must cherish Starbucks and love it. If you don’t pat a baby’s back with the right amount of intensity, the baby will never burp. Instead, you shall have a regurgitation of foul food on your favorite shirt. Learning the steps of Starbucks ordering is of utmost importance. This is not about getting the perfect beverage. Perfection is far from your unworthy hands. Ignore the “extras” of your coffee and order a (relatively) basic drink. Listen carefully and you shall receive your caffeinated beverage in due time.

A fulfilling Starbucks experience must have humility. Before you even enter this coffee establishment, you must face a bitter truth. Starbucks, aka the Evil Corporation, is purchasing goods produced under exploitative labor conditions and ceaselessly ripping off low-wage workers in third world countries. These workers do not earn enough money to feed themselves, much less their malnourished children. Face the reality – this won’t change anytime soon. The persona of Starbucks is a despot. The Evil Power will claim that the hodgepodge of cynical rumors are simply myths. Accept that there is a deep evil embedded upon this corporation. Have you ever found it strange that the symbol of Starbucks is a siren? Let me use alliteration to emphasize my point. The sadistically sinister and sexy siren of Starbucks is satirically stopping our sense of security. Ever since Starbucks came to life, coffee shops around the world are envious of Starbucks’ success. The siren used to have her goodies showing until the logo changed in 1987. The lustful allure of Starbucks causes poor saps to splurge on seasonally flavored coffees instead of flowers for their beloveds, hence why the divorce rate is up. Just accept this conglomeration of malevolence and step into their doors.
The lady in front of you is decked in Chanel. The
munchkin brat next to her is a Haitian child. You wouldn’t know that
the poor son of a gun used to be malnourished if the adoptive mother
hadn’t Americanized him. Now the child is a royal fat ass. The Chanel
lady mutters an inaudible phrase. “Give me a tall half-skinny half-1
percent extra hot split quad shot (two shots decaf, two shots regular)
latte with whip.” Now you’re wondering, “What the bloody fuck was
just said?” Starbucks is a language. Ignore any rules of grammar you
were once taught; capitalization and commas are too mundane for
Starbucks. Modern day English will soon be as a quietus
as Latin. To be honest, the barista has no idea what the lady wants. Her order has
such a plethora of drinking elements. Even her gustatory taste buds
cannot grasp the complexity of her order. Do you remember when I
told you to humble yourself? Do it again. This siren bitch called Star
bucks is a supreme deity.

Now the time has arisen. Step up to the barista and ignore
her smile. She doesn’t think your well-formed face is cute. Truth be
told, she’s secretly laughing at your confusion. Like her siren god, she
is a charlatan. Open your mouth and express your inner essence. You
cannot pronounce the drink you want but you understand what it is.
My father hates coffee almost as much as Hitler hated Jews. Nonethe-
less, my father knows exactly what he wants as he orders a grande iced
chai tea. Keep in mind that “grande” is Starbucks’ medium. Without
comprehending this irony, my dad will still gulp down his inorganic
tea. Your job is to confess your soul’s drinking desires and the barista
shall forgive your bewilderment.

State your drinking size above all else. The correct
pronunciation is imperative. The sizes in fluid ounces are as
follows: demi (3), short (8), tall (12), grande (16), venti (20/26),
trenta (31). Now I must clear up any confusion. Demi is not the
demi-god of coffees sitting just below the most supreme size; demi is
about espresso shots. Short is fun-sized. Tall is bigger than fun-sized
but still considered small. Grande translates to large but is Starbucks’
medium. Venti is Starbucks’ large as well as Italian for twenty.
Strangely, there are theoretical locations which treat the venti size to
be 26 fluid ounces. Trenta is Italian for thirty yet the trenta cup is
capable of holding 31 fluid ounces. (Note that trenta is not offered
for hot drinks. One too many dumb asses have spilt their 170 degrees
Fahrenheit beverage onto their laps and now cannot produce sperm.)

Do you have any temperature desires for your coffee? How
about the amount of caffeine that you want? Place these after the
drink size. Order it iced, 140 degrees (30 degrees less than average),
or extra hot. Do you now want to add shots? No, Starbucks
cannot legally sell you alcoholic beverages. (Unfortunately, some
probably do.) Ignore the denotation of Starbucks lingo and
acknowledge that the more shots you have, the more caffeine you
shall consume. Emerge this temperature nuance into the rest of your
Starbucks order.

Now you may go forth and add the beverage’s adjectives.
Some of the more common descriptions are general and not too
Starbucks savvy. Caramel equals caramel, white equals white mocha,
mocha Valencia equals a mocha with orange syrup, cinnamon spice
equals cinnamon syrup, vanilla equals vanilla, java chip equals
chocolate chip, and so forth. If this descriptions list doesn’t offer what
you want, get over it.

You are now stuttering. The breath you took wasn’t large
enough to finish your order. Remember the barista’s smirk of
amusement? It’s back. It would do you well to recall the supremeness
I bequeathed on Starbucks. Unlike the vomiting baby you either have
raised or will raise, the Siren of Starbucks will grant occasional mercy.
Accept this mercy with humility and thank the coffee lords. Back to
reality. You must state the beverage itself. Throw out any remaining
descriptions you once thought of to avoid being a blundering idiot.
Quickly blurt out coffee, latte, cappuccino, macchiato, Americana,
or mocha. (Latte - espresso, steamed milk, and foam. Cappuccino -
latte with more foam. Macchiato- vanilla latte with little vanilla and
lots of foam. Americana – pretty damn close to a latte but diluted
with hot water. Mocha – espresso with steamed milk mixed with
chocolate.)

Congratulations! You have successfully completed your $5.27
order! Feel free to stretch your smile until your eye balls pop out.
Coffee bean farmers in third world countries will continue to live in
poverty. The barista, who is a college student, will now be able to afford a page out of her 826 page biology book. The people behind you are only mildly annoyed with your slowness. A tyrant CEO has reaped what he has not sowed. Lastly, you have spent your lunch money on 792 calories of unnatural coffee that won't fill up your stomach. Do you still have that successful grin on your face? I didn't think so. You have just been Starfucked.

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**Untitled**

*Abigail Swanson*

God seeps from small holes
In the skin of oranges and pours
Jaggedly
Down the crags of the maple.
Man-- Who dies dark
And cracked
In the hard and cold
Form-molded crannies of the world
Buds and blooms Out Here.
We can see the barbs
On each blade of grass
And the breath of all trees
Washes over us.
It stays warm for days
Crackling across the country
Through mountain canyons
Dipping
In frosted glacier streams
Carrying our breath with it.

The world cries out to us
Whispers from the curves
Of fiddle headed ferns.