

A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing:

my language exchange ordeal

Jill 周雨呈

I always thought that language exchange with a native speaker of English would be a good chance for me to know more about western cultures and to improve my spoken command of English. However, my latest language exchange experience turned out to be not only a very humiliating experience but also a lesson to learn.



I "found" my language exchange partner through an ad I posted at NTNU's bulletin board. He answered my ad by calling me and we started our lessons over the phone. First, it went smoothly except that he was overly serious. He always talked in a very serious tone of voice, which, according to

my teacher, might indicate that he wanted to keep a distance between us so that our conversation would be strictly business. However, things started to take an unexpected turn after our second conversation.

A few days later, as we had previously arranged, I called him and started our third conversation. In the beginning, everything went smoothly as usual. In fact, our conversation was composed of questions and answers because we just started getting to know each other. We talked about the changing weather in Taiwan at first and the proper attire for the capricious climate these days. Then, his questions turned peculiar when he said "I'm curious, I'm just curious..." Then, to my astonishment, what he was curious about was the detailed information of my underwear! In addition, he kept talking about what he considered sexy of a woman. I tried to answer him in a calm tone of voice for fear that he found that I was terrified. At the same time, I tried hard to change the topic but in vain. Then, I told him that I had to go, bringing an end to the conversation. After hanging up, I knew that I could not talk to him anymore because of the rude, obnoxious and obscene topic he brought up.

Though mad and embarrassed, I reflected on the conversation because I could not help but wondering why I did not scold him immediately or told him that his questions were inappropriate for language exchange sessions. Besides the fact that I was too young to handle this kind of situation, there should be some other reasons for my failing to defend my privacy. Then the answer came: I was facing an experienced satyr.

He really knew very well about how to ask such dirty questions and kept the conversation going at the same time. His questions were quite well organized. They went from my favorite style of clothing to the color of my clothes and jeans, and then to the color and other detailed information of my underwear. The questions were arranged in such a logical way that his final topic came up naturally. In addition, though the topic went evil, his tone of voice remained serious, which made the questions not as offensive as they should have been. In conclusion, he tried to wrap his inappropriate questions in disguise so that I might not be aware that they were offensive on the spot.

Knowing his tricks, I decided to show him that I was not a fragile and vulnerable girl who would bear this kind of insult defenselessly. Putting myself together, I sent him a text message:

Listen, I really felt uncomfortable about what we had talked tonight. And during the talk I didn't know how to tell you that some of your questions were not appropriate for u to ask. Not knowing what to do, I answered them, which may make you think that I'm ok with talking about it so you kept asking the inappropriate questions, but actually I'm not ok with it. I know there're a lot of stupid girls who'd like to know foreigners for some special purposes. I want you to know that I will never be one of them. And please, don't contact with me anymore. I'm not an appropriate partner for you.

And I told myself that if I am unfortunate enough to have another mortified experience like that, I must speak for my dignity immediately and stop the guy right away no matter how natural the situation might seem for some topic to arise.



Lie

Iris 謝孟庭

Lying is a negative word which means saying something untrue or deceiving; on the other hand, it can be a positive word, used to avoid petty squabbles and grease the wheels of a relationship. There are crucial differences in the lies we tell. People lie, sometimes to focus on making others better but sometimes making themselves feel better. In my opinion, the motivation behind the lying decides the value of this lying and it's hard to deny that some lying is even necessary.

People lie in order to conceal something or fulfill our unachievable dreams. At the heart of many people's lies, is the ego. We lie so as to fulfill our daydreams, for example, a poor man may lie to others that he is a millionaire. By doing so, not only can he enhance himself but also get the worship and prestige which he is also poor in. On the other hand, we may lie for the sake of concealing something shameful. For example, a little boy who steals his mother's money lies to his mother that he didn't steal it. He uses a lie as a self-protection mechanism to hide his fault and pretend nothing happened to reduce his sense of guilt. He deceives his mother and his own conscience. These kinds of lies may make us feel better, but when we deceive others, we also deceive ourselves.

We tell lies not for ourselves but for others. We may lie to others on the purpose of making them feel better and not hurting them directly--such as the woman who tells her hostess that dinner is "simply delicious" even as she cringes with every mouthful; or a husband who tells his wife, "You are the most beautiful woman in the world" even as he is thinking about another woman. Even we know the truth but we are happier to hear an untruth.

In some cases, a lie is necessary when telling an untruth is better than revealing the cruel truth. For example, when one of my relatives got the lung cancer in his late eighties, we didn't tell him. Regardless of the doctor's diagnosis, for his good, we decided to let him live his best in his last period. If we tell him the truth, the situation won't get better, instead, he has to fight against the illness and live with sadness and disappointment and this is too crucial for an elder. As a result, we tell a white lie. My great grandfather didn't suffer much pain in his last period, and he always regarded his physical decay as a result of old age. Lie can sometimes be positive and helpful than the truth, and it can save a despair patient from hell.



Lie can be positive and negative just like there are two sides to one coin. We were all taught not to lie by our parents, but we should think about the consequence of revealing the truth. No matter for who's benefit, the lie is said to stop things getting worse or change the unacceptable truth. At least we don't want to hear 'You are getting fat' when we really add some pounds.



Why I am Obsessed with Pop Dance

Paris 林芷揚

Pop dance is full of a sort of fantastic magic that stops me from giving it up since I first experienced how attractive it is. The following are the reasons why I am deeply obsessed with pop dance.

First, I release all my pressure and get all my worries far behind me as I do pop dance because it gives me energy. Only when dancing can I forget every trouble in my daily life. I love moving my body with the clear tempo as well as the wonderful music. The music wakes up all my cells and pours the energy and great passion into my body that motivate me to dance with every lively musical notation in the air. When I focus on the breath and heart beat between every movement from my body and the music, I can only think about dancing. I feel like I am in beautiful heaven and all the annoying things in human's world vanish. Dancing is a very simple concept which means moving the body with the music as you like. You can do everything you please when you dance. Therefore, I do not have to follow the tense schedule and do the heavy schoolwork in the real world. Instead, I can release my pressure in every way in my dancing paradise.

Second, pop dance provides me an opportunity to show my creativeness and imagination. I had some chances to choreograph for the freshmen in my pop dance club. I particularly love the experience I had in the winter break this year. That was my first time to do the choreograph. I chose the song Womanizer by Britney Spears and came up with a sexy Jazz dance. To my surprise, my dance was widely welcomed by other club members. Many people told me that it was a pretty nice dance. To be honest, I had no idea that I could have such a good dance all by myself. The reason is that I have learned about pop dance for only one year, so I do not have many experiences and good skills. Moreover, I did not take any dance videos for reference when I choreographed. And I even deliberately avoided having those common gestures and postures in my dance because I wanted to create a unique one. Obviously, the result was pretty satisfying. To conclude, I found the creativeness that I had never known inside me. Also, my imagination has a place to show its life and color. I can realize the thoughts in my mind by choreographing. These are what pop dance endows me with and they are truly very charming.

The last and the most important and influential reason is that I can always find another self when I do pop dance. I try many different styles in pop dance, and the requirement for every style is completely different. For instance, when doing Hip-Hop dance, I have to take out my strong confidence and dance with a very cool look. When doing Jazz and other girl's style ones, I certainly have to be as sexy as I can. Being sexy not only means wearing less. It is a quality that even includes elegance and sweet and every other fascinating temperament which makes females look more enchanting. When it comes to House dance, I must dance as lightly and dexterously as a lively bird. Since every style in pop dance features differently, I feel that I am having role play every moment when I dance. This is the most attracting part of pop dance because it offers a great opportunity for me to be another new self. I am sometimes shy and feel uncomfortable when boys stare at me, but I can enjoy the feeling of catching boys' attention when I dance. On the other hand, I look fierce, strong and cool when I do Hip-Hop. This is a new person that people will not know when I do not dance and just look like a quiet student. I am deeply obsessed with pop dance mostly because I can play every role I like and every role I dare not to be in the real world. Everything becomes reasonable and acceptable when I am a pop dancer, not a quiet and shy girl. In a word, I can realize my dream of being the person I want.

For me, pop dance is truly a good way to release myself. I

release the pressure, I release my creativeness and imagination, and I release the eagerness in my deep mind. Every release is close to me, the person I am, and the life I live. As a consequence, I cannot live without pop dance. And this is also why I am so infatuated with it.

An Account of Myself



游欣梅

As a child I have dreamed to be an English teacher. When I get older, I try to expand my experience in this field to see if it is the occupation that I really want to strive. Now, after some exploration of being an English teacher, I know it is the road I want to take and I have burning passion towards it. I expect to get an influential job and have a joyful time with children in an English cram school.



Thanks to my parents, my interest in English can be traced back to elementary school period and my English ability is being built up stage by stage. They made me realize the secret of English by sending me to an English cram school when I was still a young girl. It was the beginning of my adventure towards English. Therefore, I explored my interest and made efforts to enrich my English ability. Being able to get into an honors English class in senior high, I had extra opportunities to learn English utilizing the resources of school. For example, we had an English lab for our class and we had foreign teachers. In other words, we received more authentic English impact than other students. Under such academic trainings, I was accepted by the department of Foreign Languages and Applied Linguistics at National Taipei University, which is my ideal school and department. However, I not only found my interest in English when I majored in English but also perceived the desire to be a teacher. Taking teacher-training courses was the first step to carry out my goal. Owing to the courses, I had a better idea about teaching theories and techniques. Besides, I had storytelling experiences in elementary school when I was a senior, which gave me the opportunity of working with children. All these educational backgrounds and trainings have laid great foundation on my teaching skills.

In addition to my educational background, some working experiences help to put my learning into practice. Starting from being a teacher assistant in an English cram school, I knew how to get along with students from different ages. I was not only the students' academic assistant but also their friend. I started from the basic level to search for students' needs. Later, I became a formal teacher supervising my own class and students. During the process, I consulted with senior teachers to understand how to run a class. I learned a lot when preparing for teaching materials and designing my own curriculum. Still, I established my communication skills during talking with students' parents. All of these experiences allowed me to have a better understanding about teaching in the cram school environment as well as how to be a suitable and professional teacher.

Being patient with children and being easygoing with colleagues is always my top priority at working. I believe good interaction among people can make working atmosphere pleasant and efficient. Similarly, I think it is worthy explaining a different point to children again and again even they cannot understand it right away. We should always give them some time to explore knowledge instead of forcing them to obtain it in a short time. By doing so, they might be more willing to learn. Furthermore, I will respect cram school policies and do my best to maintain a good image of the teacher. In other words, I will view the reputation of the cram school as my own.

My past working experiences are all related to children, English, and teaching and those experiences have solidified my interest in teaching and my enthusiasm about being an English teacher. Definitely, I will continue to use my passion to travel down the path of my teaching career.





陳璋均

English has been a good friend of mine since my childhood. As I was growing up, I never stopped making efforts to study English. Understanding my keen interest first hand, my parents tried to give me more chances to make use of English. They would ask me to translate English into Chinese in daily life situations. For example, when watching TV, seeing movies, or reading the newspaper, they would ask me, "what's the meaning of this English sentence?" After making sure what the question is, I would interpret correctly for them. Also, due to their poor English ability, I realize the importance of learning English well. My dream is to be a good English translator so that I can help people like my parents know more information. Being English major equipped me with the proficiency of English communication and translation. And I am confident that I am qualified to be an English translator and editor to benefit your company.

Besides learning the knowledge about translation from textbooks, I also obtained hands-on experiences in translation through the various courses I took and the activities I participated. In my college life, the courses such as News Translation, Sight translation, Consecutive Interpretation helped me learn a lot. These courses trained me how to translate news articles properly, what special terms are used in the current news, and how to react properly when I face the different translating materials. Besides, I also took part in translating the script of our department's annual play "Wicked." This experience taught me how to find the most suitable phrases, how to translate beautifully and how important teamwork it is when translating a big project. After these practical training, I had polished my translation skills. I also understood that accumulation of experience was a crucial part of becoming a good translator.



However, not all of my practical experience comes from course works. I was a volunteer of the 2009 Deaflympics. My duties were to deal with the competition schedule, to make sure every detail was taken care of, such as when to leave the hotel, when the transfer bus would come, which field was used for training and which one was

for competing. Also my responsibilities included communicating with foreigners and deaf players and conveying their needs to other volunteers. In processes of fulfilling my responsibilities, I paid lots of patience to understand what foreigners delivered and to explain what I actually meant. I tried my best to fulfill my responsibilities. Through this experience, I learned a valuable lesson. I deeply understood the significance of communication and was able to strengthen my capability of being a bridge of communication through interpretation.

In addition, I am also a responsible and persistent person. I had taken part in a volunteer activity of NTPU MED-Serve club to teach aboriginal children. Every group which contained two members had to design a teaching program and to carry it out thoroughly. We planned the content and the process, prepared for it, and double checked every detail. We had to shoulder all the responsibilities for our program. The responsible attitude will be the only way to make me trusted by other people. Also, just like others, throughout my life, lots of things went opposite to my intentions. However, I am not afraid of failure because "failure is the mother of success." As to my life philosophy, *persistent* and *optimistic* are always in my dictionary to be the source of cheering myself up. I believe the only way to achieve my goals is to persist with them and never give up.

With my proficiency in English, my translation experience, and my responsible as well as persistent personalities, I believe I am the person whom you need. And going abroad to work is a good opportunity for me to learn more and enrich my life experience. This job is a precious chance to allow me to put my interest into practice and fulfill my dream.



A Baby Song

by Melissa 楊逸玲

Mommy, Mommy
Pancake in the morning, smelly
No no milk and bread,
More more juice and eggs.

Daddy, Daddy
Pants in the closet, dirty
No no jobs and bosses,
More more smile and picnics

Nanny, nanny
Boyfriend on the phone, noisy
No no bath and TV,
More more duck and stories.

Sally, Sally
The only girl in the house, a beauty.
No no sleep and pink,
More more hugs and big kisses.



A Song for Us

by 黃于倩

You went into my dreams and sowed your friendship
Through the bridge over the remoteness.
How could I lose the memory?

When you called me Chien loudly by the sea
I felt your arms being a sail around me.
How could I get off and just leave?

You must remember
You're a lovely stream which wandered
And found your way to my own desert.
It's the most plentiful oasis
That poured love to embed our story in the sand.
None of us will release hand.

My heart has been sent to wherever you are.
It lies with you under the brightest star.
Do you know I never go far?

Just keep that in mind
You're the haunting song I always rewind
And dog your steps and dance behind.
It's the most beautiful minuet.
Forever and ever it has not been finished yet.
None of us will forget.

Hey, hey, my love
Don't put out the fire.
Hey, hey, my love
You're my heart's desire.
Hey, hey, my love
I can't drop the euphoria.
Hey, hey, my love
Wait for me in our Victoria.



Based on the melody from Green Day's *Give Me Novacaine*

Miss You

by Winnie 王煒彤

You are always kind and smile at me.
In my memory,
Your voice and the way you talk with me
Still appear so vividly.

"You could be together" said by someone.
I didn't think it's serious
Because I thought I am not the one
You want to be with.

So I kept you away
When you had something to say.
I hypnotize myself everyday,
For fear that I will want you to stay.

When we separated apart,
You gave me all of your heart.
But with no courage and faith,
I left you in the haze.

The other day when I see you again,
My heart feels such pain.
The way you smile is still the same,
But you forget my name.

You don't even have a chat with me.
How could this be?
Your heart was torn apart because of me.
I owe you my apology.

Somehow I want you to stay,
Even you have nothing to say.
So I get down on my knees
And say thousands of please.

You keep walking alone
So I live on my own.
You said we'd better be friends
Because life has to move on.

Maybe now it's too late to have you again.
-I knew I hurt you and I was punished by pain.
Can you give me a chance because I want to hold you?
-I will love you and I swear I won't leave you.

I know it will bring you pain
To let you love me again.
But now I really regret
That I did not say yes...

I want to break the ice
Then I give it a try.
But you just close your eyes
Because you don't want to see me cry.

Maybe it is the last time.
I know you won't be mine.
So I just whisper in my mind,
"I miss you and goodbye."

Bubble of life, eternal days.
Cuz forever love will stay.
Repeat **
You're always on my mind, and let it be
Timeless love for you and me.



Always On My Mind

by Linda 黃琇鈴

Spring, summer, fall and winter,
Four seasons make a cycle.
Cosmic time never stops for anyone.
Say hello and then say good-bye.
Everything has an ending in life.
It makes you laugh and cry time after time.

* You're always on my mind. Love in your eyes
Becomes gentle breeze blowing through my life.
Day and night, time goes by.
Love will survive.
You make me bravely face my life. *

In the morning the sun is shining.
In the night the star is sparkling.
Your light is there for you to keep going.
Knowing that the world is changing,
So we try to look for something,
Something will make our life proudly fading.

You're always on my mind, [just] close my eyes,
Silent days still, we stood side by side,
Believing in your smile, unafraid of life.
We all breathe under blue sky. [Repeat]

In this world we are just passing travelers;
We all quest for the same through thousand years.
Your words are still ringing in my head.
Baby, just remember I'll be therewith you.



My Vapid Espresso

Joyce

The Fancy Cafe

It rained. It rained out of expectation. No one brought an umbrella. People ran like sprinters to look for cover. Sitting in the same seat in the identical cafe as usual, I was immersed in the smell of my Espresso. Through the transparent yet foggy window, people seemed to pass by in fast forward. Espresso, my only choice, relaxed me from the whole day's tension and separated me from the dull outside. The steam of the Espresso spiraled from the edge of the cup paralleled his image circulating in my brain. The rain did not seem to spoil my exhilaration. I recalled what he had done the day before. I was working on some homework in my dorm room, when I heard a voice. Curiously, I looked out the window and saw a man jumping and waving. It was Charles.

He was yelling, "Hello! Joyce! This is Charles!"

"Charles? What are you doing here? It's almost twelve o'clock."

"I brought you some delicious snacks and of course, your favorite: Espresso!"

Ever since then, his brilliant smile had been engraved in my mind. Charles, an upperclassman of my university, was a friend who I met in the school chess club. Two years older than me, he was much more mature than the other boys at my age. I had a crush on him the first time we met. With his big eyes, shining smile, and gentleness, he was almost my prince charming. However, being a timid college student, I never expressed my feeling. The only thing I could do was observing his every movement from the dark corner. Every time he caught me looking in his direction, I would turn around, or pretended to be looking at someone beside him.

I was not sure when he had started to have more contact with me. What he did recently confused me a little. Although we had joined the same club, our relationship was far from being good friends. When we met on campus, the conversation would just end because my mind was blank with nervousness. I could only say hello to him or had a small talk about chess; and that was all. There was no any further association



between him and me. Nevertheless, some changes happened recently. He started to send me text messages and chatted with me on MSN almost every night. These actions increased my affection toward him even more though I sometimes could not tell why he did that. I tried to convince myself that I was thinking too much; everything which had happened was usual.



I was deeply moved by what he had done that day. No boy had ever given me the attention that Charles gave me that day. It was really a big surprise that he was willing to ride a long distance in the cold weather only in order to bring me my favorite coffee. I wondered

why he knew that Espresso was my favorite, but that was also why I felt amazed and touched. With his attention, all of my previous worry evaporated with steam of the Espresso he gave me last night. I thought that he got close to me only because he thought that we could easily get along with each other. We have the same interest—chess. Actually, I never talked to him with ease. When we met, I was too shy to look at him eyeball to eyeball but I tried my best to look natural every time. With his sweet actions, I gradually got used to his appearance in my monotonous life just as I had got used to drink Espresso.

The Encounter

Walking in front of the College of Humanities, my roommate Vicky and I were gossiping about a geek in our English class. Suddenly, I noticed that there was a guy walking toward us who wore the white Nike sneakers, the familiar black jacket, and the same baseball hat. Although he was still far from us, I could recognize that he was Charles! Instantly, I felt a shiver down my spine. However, to let him say hello to us firstly, I pretended that I did not see him and continued my chatting.

"Hey! Joyce! I see you guys from the long distance. Where are you going? Oh, is this your roommate? Hello! I am Charles, a member of the same club as Joyce's. So you are..." Charles was looking at Vicky.

"I am Vicky, Joyce's roommate," Vicky replied with sparkling smile.

"I saw you before on campus. Nice to meet you!" Charles reached out his hand.

"Nice to meet you too!" Vicky shook hands with him.

"Sorry Charles! Vicky and I have to hurry up or we will be late for our class!"

"Oh, that's Ok. I can go to find you this evening after my job as a tutor."

"Ok, see you then!"

"See you!"

Every conversation between him and me made me fiery and blushed. I wished that I did not have class so I could talk to him longer. However, being too nervous, I always ended our conversation as fast as I could. It seemed to be stupid, but I just could not continue our conversation. As we parted ways, I walked away from him, eyes looking at the ground and trying to cover my blushed face while not to giggle out loud. I tried not to, but I could not help but turn around and take a glance at him. He was still looking in my direction with the same smile that was etched in my mind days earlier. My imagination came up that I was the Goddess in his eyes. Meeting him by chance made me so excited that I could not concentrate on the class at all. The image of his smile was repeated in my brain. I could not help thinking of him. Everything about him had become the spice of my life.

For the last couple days, I could not wait for the evening to come. He had began to visit every night since the day he brought me coffee. He was always the kind of person who was good at making surprises. I felt like the protagonist in a romantic movie. He often brought me my favorite coffee which I could not sleep without drinking. Bitter but sweet, harsh but soft was the taste of the Espresso he gave me. Every time he came, he brought night snacks and drinks not only for me but for Vicky as well. We all thought that Charles was so thoughtful that I must cherish him. I knew that I loved him so much, but I did not think I had enough

confidence.

On MSN...

[12:03]My Mr. Right—Charles 😊: Yo~ JOYCE!

[12:04] 💖 Charles's baby—Me: Hey Charles!

[12:04]My Mr. Right—Charles 😊: Do you want to go out for dinner on Friday? I want to treat you to something nice.

[12:06] 💖 Charles's baby—Me: Huh... (In a fever of excitement, I did not know what to reply.)

[12:07]My Mr. Right—Charles 😊: You can bring Vicky as company!

Charles invited me to have a dinner on the Valentine's Day. He was so considerate that he told me that I could ask Vicky to go with me as company. I was extremely delighted so I called Vicky telling her the exciting news right away. She was just as excited when she heard about the date. She promised me that she would make me look perfect in front of Charles that night. Vicky was a girl who always caught up with the trend. By reading fashion magazines, she always knew what the most popular style was. What was more, she was good at make-up. I had lots of confidence in her; with Vicky waving her magic wand, I would be the modern Cinderella.

On Valentine's Day...

While Vicky helped me put on my makeup, I told her that I thought Charles might ask me to be his girlfriend tonight. I had been dreaming of a perfect night. I was so excited that I could even image the romantic situation: After finishing our dinner, we danced under the stars on top of his building. He surprised me by taking out a bundle of flowers with ninety nine roses from his back and told me that he was crazy about me. Embarrassingly, I told Vicky my dream. For a second, we looked at each other, and began to involuntarily giggle. Being the good roommate that she was, Vicky said that she would find a proper time to excuse herself from the date. She did not want to be the super big third wheel. We also simulated the situation. Not only this, Vicky pulled some secrets out of her personal love tricks. She told me that I must be a little reserved when I agreed to be his girlfriend; therefore, he would not think that I was easy to woo. I took down as many notes in my mind, hoping that I would not clumsily do something stupid as I knew that I would be nervous in front of Charles. He was the torch of my dull life and the tasty flavor of my Espresso.

After Dinner...

After we finished the delicious dinner, Charles took out a delicate present from his bag. My heart was beating so fast that I could not even breathe. He gave me the present and said, "Joyce, I am so lucky to have you as my best friend. You are the most important girl who leads me to know how I should fulfill my rest of life." I was so moved; my tears almost ran out of my eyes. He continued, "Because of you, I come to understand who the girl I want to be with forever, ever, and ever. Without you, it would have been impossible for me to know her! You brought her to me!" Then he took out a bundle of ninety nine red roses. "I love you, VICKY! I loved you from the first time I saw you on campus. I loved you for a long time, away before I met you!" Suddenly, my time froze—the air, the conversation, our expression, my tears, and even my heartbeat. In my mind, only a voice broke through the dead silence, seemingly trying to say, "Ahaha...You are so silly!" Trembling, I snapped out of my short period of unconsciousness and built up enough strength to utter weakly, "Congratulations, I am so happy for you! You finally got what you want!" Unexpectedly, I took up and ran away from the unbearable situation.

Chess led me to be cheated; Charles had led me on; Vicky's smile culminated into victory. I had failed entirely. I hated myself for believing Charles was the one, and I the one for him. I sat at my same seat in the identical coffee shop as usual; I drank the same flavor of coffee. However, it could not be bitterer and harsher. The Espresso, once my favorite coffee, was not sweet and soft anymore. Therefore, I threw the vapid Espresso away; and made up my mind not to drink it anymore. I swore to abstain from my once favorite Espresso.

