macchiato with extra foam' or something as incomprehensible. What does it all mean!

Over a decade or so ago, it would have been a simple case of telling the waitress whether or not you wanted your tea with milk and sugar. Fast forward a few years and you might have had the slightly wider choice between regular black tea, Earl Grey, Jasmine tea, or maybe even green tea! Still not too hard to choose from, I can get my head around that tea selection.

Fast forward once again to present day and the list on my menu had Black Tea, Oolong Tea,



Talking of different types of tea, my son came home the other day with a container of Monkey Picked Tea. On the tin it stated that the tea had been picked by specially trained monkeys, contained powerful antioxidants and had a light delicate flavour.

Green Tea and White Tea. Did it stop there? Of course it did not. How about some fruit infusion teas or herbal infusions; blackcurrant, chamomile, peppermint or maybe some Rooibos! By this stage I was getting frustrated with my inability to decide. Obviously Shakespeare's Hamlet and I have much in common when it comes to decision making.

I thought it would be a good idea to narrow my options and go for the black tea. I looked at the waitress and said the magic words, "a pot of black tea please". I felt a weight lift off my shoulders. The poor woman could now go about her business and I could stop feeling like a tea ignoramus. She bent over and turned the page for me and pointed at another list and asked me what kind of black tea I wanted. Would I like some English Breakfast tea or maybe a light and refreshing cup of Darjeeling tea. If I wanted something a little stronger, how about a slightly more robust flavour that I would get from the Assam Tea. There was always the option of going for the Imperial Ceylon or Ceylon Silver Tip (yes there were choices within choices)!

Talking of different types of tea, my son came home the other day with a container of Monkey Picked Tea. On the tin it stated that the tea had been picked by monkeys, contained powerful antioxidants and had a light delicate flavour. This is supposed to be a rare Chinese tea that is carefully picked by specially trained monkeys in a remote mountain region of China. According to some legends it appears that the monkeys were first used to collect tea ten centuries ago. This came about due to the fact that they saw their master trying to reach some tea growing wild on a mountain face and the monkey climbed up the steep face and collected the tea growing there and brought it down to his master. As if we didn't have enough choices already.

Hailing from a tea drinking, tea producing and tea exporting nation, I felt like I was letting down the home team by this endless procrastination. So I took the sensible route and did a quick 'eenie meenie minee mo' in my head and chose the Assam tea.

I could have punched the air at this point with the sheer relief of having decided on my tea. The waitress wrote it down in her little pad of paper and then to my horror turned another page on my menu. "How about some cake", she said in a cheery voice. "We have some Victoria sponge, red velvet, chocolate fudge cake, passion fruit cheese cake, blueberry muffins..."