

Coffee recipes A to Z

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Introduction

There exists in this universe a curious liquid, black as the void between stars yet somehow responsible for illuminating the human consciousness each morning. Coffee, that mysterious brew which transforms shambling, groaning creatures into something resembling functional members of society. To call it merely a "beverage" is like calling a dragon a "slightly problematic lizard."

Welcome, dear reader, to the alphabetical chronicle of humanity's most devoted chemical relationship. You hold in your hands not just a book, but a survival manual for the modern age—an age where people willingly pay sums that could feed a small family for the privilege of consuming beans that have been roasted, ground, and subjected to hot water in increasingly complex rituals.

The history of coffee is, of course, steeped in legend. Some say an Ethiopian goatherd named Kaldi discovered it when his goats began dancing maniacally after consuming certain berries. This is likely untrue, as anyone who has witnessed the natural behavior of goats can attest they need no chemical assistance to behave oddly. More likely,

some desperate human, operating on insufficient sleep, looked at a bitter cherry and thought, "Yes, I shall extract the seed, burn it, crush it to powder, and mix it with water. This seems reasonable." And lo, civilization lurched forward.

From its humble beginnings, coffee has evolved from simple sustenance to an elaborate performance art. In certain metropolitan areas, ordering a coffee now requires the linguistic precision of a constitutional lawyer and the patience of geological formations. "I'd like a half-caf, triple, venti, soy, no-foam latte with a caramel drizzle, but ethically sourced, please" is a sentence that would have been completely incomprehensible to our ancestors, yet is uttered thousands of times daily without the slightest hint of embarrassment.

Within these pages, we shall journey from A to Z through the labyrinthine world of coffee creations. Some are ancient traditions carried through centuries, others are monstrous concoctions born in the fever dreams of baristas with too much time and access to syrups. All are fascinating specimens in the natural history of human indulgence.

You might wonder why one needs an entire alphabetical compendium dedicated to variations of what is, essentially, bean water. The answer is simple: because we have reached a point in human

development where we can no longer distinguish between necessity and absurdity. Is a Lavender Latte necessary? Of course not. Neither are smartphones, reality television, or cufflinks. Yet here we are.

As you embark on this caffeinated odyssey, remember that coffee is more than a drink—it is a global language spoken in murmurs and slurps, in the quiet hiss of steam wands and the gentle tapping of tampers. It brings people together across continents, even as it frequently causes them to twitch uncontrollably and speak at inappropriate volumes.

So prepare your palate, steady your hands (if possible after your morning cup), and join us as we explore the wonderful, bizarre, occasionally alarming world of coffee, one letter at a time. Just remember—behind every perfectly crafted cappuccino lies a history of colonial expansion, economic upheaval, and the fundamental human desire to not feel quite so tired all the time.

Prost to that.

A - Affogato

Introduction

Ah, the Affogato! That curious Italian invention where perfectly innocent ice cream is suddenly and without warning *drowned* in hot espresso. The name itself—"affogato"—means "drowned" in Italian, proving that sometimes culinary honesty can be rather brutal. It stands as perhaps the only dessert in existence that proudly announces the method of its victim's demise right in the title. One might call it the most transparently murderous of all coffee creations, carrying out its deadly deed with neither remorse nor regret, but rather with a certain smug satisfaction that only the Italians could make fashionable.

History

The origins of the Affogato, like many great culinary inventions, are shrouded in the kind of mystery that suggests historians simply couldn't be bothered to write things down properly. It emerged sometime

in the early 20th century in Italy, that boot-shaped peninsula where people decided that merely *drinking* coffee wasn't dramatic enough—no, no, it needed to be weaponized against unsuspecting dairy products.

Legend has it that the first Affogato was created when an overworked Italian barista, possibly named Giuseppe or Paolo or Some-Italian-Sounding-Name-The-Third, accidentally spilled espresso on a customer's gelato. Rather than apologize like a normal person, this clever fellow declared it a new culinary masterpiece, thus proving that Italians can turn literally any mishap into an art form, provided it involves food.

By the 1950s, this "drowning" had spread across Italy faster than gossip in a small village, and by the 1990s, it had conquered the world's coffee shops with the ruthless efficiency of a tiny caffeinated army.

Ingredients and preparation

Creating an Affogato requires the kind of precision typically reserved for neurosurgery or defusing bombs, despite involving only two ingredients:

1. **Vanilla ice cream or gelato** : The sacrificial offering, pale and innocent, blissfully unaware of its impending doom. One scoop is traditional, though particularly bloodthirsty coffee enthusiasts might use two.
2. **Hot espresso** : The executioner. Freshly brewed, unrepentantly bitter, and hot enough to mean business.

The preparation is a masterclass in elegant simplicity, much like gravity's relationship with falling objects:

1. Place a scoop of vanilla ice cream in a suitable vessel. Something glass and transparent is preferred, as this allows spectators to witness the entire tragic drama unfold, like some sort of dessert-based Shakespearean tragedy.
2. Pull a shot of espresso with the kind of reverence usually reserved for handling ancient artifacts or particularly volatile explosives.

3. Pour the espresso over the ice cream *immediately* , with a dramatic flourish that suggests you're fully aware of the crime you're committing but are too sophisticated to care.
4. Serve at once, before the evidence of your misdeed melts away, leaving only a bittersweet memory and an empty glass.

The result is a study in contrasts that would make even the most stoic philosopher weep: hot meets cold, bitter meets sweet, liquid meets solid—all in a dance of destruction and deliciousness that lasts mere minutes before dissolving into a homogeneous puddle of caffeinated cream that somehow tastes better than the sum of its parts.

And thus, the humble Affogato stands as proof that sometimes the most beautiful experiences in life are also the most temporary—a poignant reminder of mortality served in a dessert glass, to be contemplated while experiencing a mild caffeine buzz.

B - Bulletproof Coffee

Introduction

Ah, Bulletproof Coffee! That magnificent elixir where perfectly innocent coffee beans find themselves swimming in a lake of butter, like unfortunate villagers caught in a dragon's melted treasure hoard. This curious concoction has become the battle cry of modern health warriors who believe that the path to enlightenment is paved with fat globules and the faint whisper of coconut. One might say it's what happens when coffee has an existential crisis and decides it would rather be soup.

History

The tale of Bulletproof Coffee begins, as all good culinary misadventures do, with a man who wandered into the mountains and returned with questionable wisdom. Dave Asprey, our protagonist, found himself atop the Tibetan plateau, where the air is thin and judgment possibly

thinner, drinking yak butter tea with the locals. Like all good Western entrepreneurs encountering something ancient and culturally significant, he thought, "This would be much better with coffee and aggressive marketing!"

And thus, in the year 2009 (a time when humans were still optimistic about the future—how quaint!), Bulletproof Coffee marched into the nutrition world with the confidence of a rooster who believes he makes the sun rise. The timing was impeccable—appearing just as the dietary world was performing its regular about-face regarding fat, declaring it no longer the villain but rather the misunderstood hero of our metabolic fairy tale.

Ingredients and Preparation

To summon this buttery beast into your morning ritual, you will need:

1. **Coffee** - Not just any coffee, mind you, but beans that have been cleansed of all their sins and toxins, preferably while a shaman chants nearby. Or at least, that's what the marketing implies. In reality, any high-quality, freshly ground coffee will do, though purists might

insist it must be as expensive as a small principality.

2. **Unsalted Grass-Fed Butter** - Because apparently, cows that eat grass produce butter that transforms your brain into a supercomputer, while butter from grain-fed cows turns your thoughts into porridge. The difference is obvious to anyone who has convinced themselves it is.
3. **MCT Oil** - A substance extracted from coconuts through a process involving science, magic, and the tears of accountants calculating the profit margins. Medium-chain triglycerides, they say, provide "clean energy" to the brain, unlike those dirty, shameful energies your brain has been using all these years.

Now, for the preparation, which is more ceremonial than making a sacrifice to the gods of productivity:

1. Brew your coffee as black as your humor and twice as strong.
2. Pour this liquid ambition into a blender, which must be of sufficiently high quality to withstand the metaphysical transformation about to occur.
3. Add one to two tablespoons of butter. If your cardiologist senses a disturbance in the force at

this moment, ignore it—they're clearly not enlightened to the ways of the new fat religion.

4. Add one to two tablespoons of MCT oil. Start with less if you value your digestive dignity, as MCT oil has been known to send unprepared digestive systems into a state that can only be described as "catastrophically efficient."
5. Blend until the mixture resembles a creamy cloud of questionable dietary decisions, approximately 30 seconds.
6. Pour into your finest vessel, for this is not merely coffee—this is a statement, a lifestyle, a rebellion against conventional breakfast wisdom.
7. Sip contemplatively while explaining to uninterested colleagues how it's changing your life.

The resulting beverage looks innocent enough—like a latte that has been to finishing school—but carries enough calories to power a small locomotive. Its proponents claim it provides sustained energy, mental clarity, and the ability to speak with woodland creatures. At least two of these claims remain unverified by modern science.

C - Café Cubano: The Potent Ritual of Café Cubano

Introduction

Ah, the Café Cubano—a beverage so potent it makes ordinary espresso look like something served at a teddy bears' picnic. This diminutive cup of caffeinated intensity is to regular coffee what a hurricane is to a gentle summer breeze: technically the same phenomenon, but with consequences so drastically different that comparing them seems like the sort of joke Death himself might chuckle at while collecting the souls of the unprepared. One does not simply "drink" a Café Cubano; one experiences it with the same sort of respectful trepidation one might reserve for approaching a sleeping dragon with particularly sensitive nostrils.

History

Like many great inventions—the wheel, fire, and bureaucracy—Café Cubano was born of necessity, specifically the necessity of Cuban workers to remain conscious during marathon sugar cane harvesting sessions that would make modern-day corporate overtime policies seem positively humanitarian.

The story goes that sometime in the 19th century, when Spain was still pretending it could maintain an empire despite evidence to the contrary mounting faster than paperwork in a government office, Cuban coffee culture began to develop its own distinctly masochistic identity. Spanish colonists had brought coffee to Cuba, apparently deciding that subjugation alone wasn't quite enough—the locals should also be kept awake to fully appreciate the experience.

Following the Cuban Revolution, when Fidel Castro dramatically exchanged his business suits for military fatigues (the world's most consequential wardrobe change since Death decided black was slimming), coffee remained central to Cuban identity. Indeed, the Café Cubano became a symbol of resilient sweetness amid bitter circumstances—