

A Cuppa
By
Jake Bible

The chai latte just didn't taste the same to Mike as he sat at the small metal table in front of the bookstore. He looked into the steaming mug, but couldn't discern anything off, especially with the layer of foam on top.

"What's wrong?" Bill asked as he sipped from his own steaming hot mug.

"Tastes off," Mike complained.

"Breast milk," Bill nodded. "All we had."

Mike choked and gagged and set his mug aside.

"What?" Bill asked as he stood up and surveyed the ruins of the ravaged and burned out city before him. "We're lucky we found espresso."