

“There’s That Tea You Like…”

by Cindy

Kipper spun a wobbly wheel of his equally wobbly skateboard. It had a long way to go, today.

“Everything okay?” Zach asked.

Kipper nodded. “Just loose. It’s okay. I’ll make it.”

“Running errands for Father?” Zach asked, as Kipper set the board down on the ground.

Kipper shook his head. “For Vincent. Going Above.”

“Vincent?” Zach’s dark eyebrow rose, curious. Vincent didn’t usually ask children to fetch him Topsider things.

“A book?” Zach guessed, figuring that must be it.

“Nope. Tea,” Kipper answered, mounting the board.

“We’ve got tea!” Zach replied.

“Not from Chinatown,” Kipper answered, as he skated away.