

"No need to demand," she proclaimed, "there's enough to go around." She sat at the table in a long flowing dress with a bow on the top of her head. She exclaimed to her friend "you're always so ratty when it comes to tea. Just sit." he slouched. "Up!" she angrily shouted. She went over and adjusted her friend as needed, "yeah right there, ever so still, please, this is the proper way." She stepped back and smiled at her handy work and she swore she could see her friend's smile too. She proceeded with this routine. "Now that you've taken your seat you may have your tea." She poured from a pot into a cup for herself and one sat in front of her friend. She fixed them both up with sugar and any extra additives and retreated to her seat when she was finished. It was now time to try the tea. She grabbed her cup by its handle, extended her pinkie, closed her eyes, and moved the cup toward her mouth. She tipped it ever so slightly up and took a sip of the warm sweetness that was the tea. She returned the cup to her table and looked over at her friend who hadn't moved an inch. "It's always great having tea with you," she admitted in-between sips from her cup, "you're never very picky. You'll eat and drink just about anything, scratch that, it is anything." Her friend had no reaction to her praises and continued to stare down at the cup that had been placed before him. His lack of reaction had no effect on her though and she continued, "every tea I pick, you gulp down graciously and whatever dish is served is pleasantly consumed by you." At this point, she had deserted her tea for nibbles at the deserts and occasionally returned to her drink. He continued stalking his glass and his silence did not seem to spoil the girl's attitude. "You're great at this tea partying thing and I must add, oh so proper." She looked him directly in the eyes and chuckled, "if only you were like this when you were alive."