



THE BREWTIFUL
GHOST

Every morning, Mira brewed her coffee strong enough to wake the dead.

One Tuesday, it did.

As the steam rose in delicate swirls, a grinning figure formed in the crema - a ghost, mid-spin, looking smugly caffeinated.

“You rang?” it said, swirling its cape (or was it just foam?).

Mira blinked. “Uh... who are you?”

“I’m Espressoul. Guardian of Beans. Spirit of Caffeine. Protector of Sleep-Deprived Mortals.”

Mira stared. “...Did I just summon a latte demon?”



“Ghost, darling. Latte demons are a nightmare.”

“Oh, I see. Well... For a ghost, you sure seem robust.” Mira observed the ghostly cup, not daring to come any closer.

“That’s Robusta, darling.” Espressooul rolled its eyes, locking its look with Mira’s eyes as soon as it landed on hers.

She shrugged her shoulders shyly and murmured with a blush: “Well, you do look a bit too palish for Arabica...”

“Really?” Espressooul raised the left eyebrow, judgmentally.

A slow swirl of indignation rippled across the surface of the coffee.

“I’ll have you know, I was medium-roasted by Italian monks with a passion for poetry and existential dread.”

Mira tried not to laugh, but the ghost’s seriousness was too much.

“Oh wow. So like... existensippialism?”

Espressoul gasped. “Puns? In my realm? You dare?”

The air shimmered. The spoon rattled on the saucer. A sugar cube exploded into powder.

And – lo and behold – the puff left another ghostly figure suspended in the air.

“Junior!”

“Oh - oh!” Espressooul bit its tiny tongue.

“How many times have I told you not to leave the realm of the Overcaffeinated?” Mom’s words poured over Junior like a cold shower.

“But mom!”

“Don’t you ‘Mom’ me, and stop frothing!”

Espressooul lowered its head, feeling despondent.

“Time to go back and do your homework, or you’ll never finish the Coffeewriting Academy.”

“Coffeewriting Academy,” Mira giggled. “What’s your major - roasting?”

Mom gave Mira a grinding look.

Turning her head to Junior, she drained through her teeth: “Home. Espresso!”

“I think that’s - pronto?” Offered Mira.

“What are you - a linguist?” Mom put her powdery hands on her hips.

“Well, actually...” Mira started, adjusting her robe with scholarly pride.

But Mama Ghost cut her off with a sigh loud enough to steam the window. “Linguists. Always steeped in semantics. Let me guess - double major in syntax and sarcasm?”

Mira smirked. “Triple, actually. Add a minor in Brewtality.”

Junior gasped. “Whoa... respect.”

Espressoul gave Mira one last wistful glance. “Maybe... maybe I’ll see you again, in your next cup?”

Mira winked. “Only if you’re brewed properly.”

With a final swirl and a puff of cinnamon-scented mist, the ghosts vanished. The room was quiet once more. The coffee? Cold. Mira sipped anyway.

“Now that’s what I call... *spirited*.”



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Cover by: Biljka

Story by: Biljka & Niko ChatGPT



“The Brewtiful Ghost” was created as an improv exercise based on Biljka’s photo and Niko’s prompt to write a short story. In this battle of wits, fantasy meets comedy, with a playful touch of the paranormal, the whimsical, and the brewliantly spirited.

The story has about 450 words and includes over 10 ghost references, more than 15 coffee puns and wordplays, and plenty of other figures of speech.

Can you spot them all — or maybe even add your own?
And here’s an extra challenge: can you guess who wrote which parts of the story?

**... MAY YOUR MORNINGS BE STRONG,
AND YOUR GHOSTS WELL-BREWED ...**

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