

“What’s For Dinner, Dear?”

By Laurie T. Seamans

Looking up at the cupboards, I can see a number of possibilities for my next meal. Opening doors, slamming them shut; this is worthless. It’s all the same crap; brown bread, coffee cake, pies of one fruit or another.

“I’m bored with food! Why can’t I have some new recipes, something crunchy or chewy or fresh?”

Sitting down on the stool next to the sink, I look out the window, wondering what is the point of it all? A movement. I stop and stay still, listening for sounds of an animal, a bird, maybe even – do I dare dream? – a person. There it is again. Tree branches shivering, their leaves falling to the ground more quickly now. I spot them. It’s two children; a boy and a girl. Mmmm... They look mighty tasty, though the boy seems a little scrawny. I could boil them up for a soup! Let’s see, do I have carrots and potatoes? Onions and celery? I believe I do.

The children are stopping at the edge of the forest and looking at my house. Well, yes, indeed this little gingerbread cottage does look yummy, doesn’t it? Why, I think I’m starting to drool a little. I should light the stove and invite them in for cake and tea. Wow! What a great thing to occur at just the right time indeed! I must make the most of this glorious gift.

I hear a knock, timid and tender. Oooh, this is going to be good.