

Sausages and Mash

I was duly informed that there would be new rules for the household mealtime arrangements and that I will be responsible for making tea. After all, a new year, a new start. I set to work to plan my feast for the night. When my lovely lady returned home to see what I had done, she furrowed her brows and a dark look fell upon her normally sunny countenance.

'That looks like bangers and mash! With a bit of red cabbage on top.'

'Oh no such thing'. I replied. 'Let me tell you what this is'.

She sat down heavily, a little sigh escaped from her mouth which could have been tiredness or a tiny cry for help. Her eyes flicked towards the end of the table and then hovered briefly on the bottle of wine sitting as yet unopened.

It's fair to say that kitchen work is not my best work. Although, on this occasion, I do believe I have created a masterpiece of culinary magnificence.

'Let me explain what it is you have on your plate', I commenced. 'This is not just sausage and mash. It is finely roasted premium Sottish sausage, balanced delicately on a miniature hillock of creamed potatoes, topped with a frivolous scattering of impudently flavoured cabbage and apple ensemble.'

I glanced from my gorgeous creation to my equally gorgeous wife. I was about to my thoughts on her gorgeousability when I reconsidered, thinking she might not see the compliment in being compared to bangers and mash – as she so crudely put it. Come to think of it, she can be quite crude at times. I could see she was lost for words.

'What was all that you said?', she queried.

I know she's not deaf, unless she wants to be. I tried again,

'This unassuming and humble sausage you see before you is in fact celebrating its lofty perch atop a fluffy white cushion of freshly seasoned garden potatoes whilst nestling sleepily under a hooga blanket of purple perfection.' That all seemed perfectly sensible to me.

'Well, that looks amazing. Let's open the wine.'

She reached for the bottle and had a glass full of Pinot Grigio before I could draw breath.

'How did you do the potatoes?' she enquired while probing suspiciously at them with the prongs of her fork.

I suspect she wanted a brief answer to this but that was impossible, given the trouble I had gone to.

'Well,' I said, 'Each individual orb of starchy potential was carefully selected before being plunged into a bath of Scottish spring water, which had been carefully raised to the precisely perfect body temperature. They frolicked for a while, splashing and dipping playfully in anticipation while they awaited their turn to be plucked from their leisurely lido, whereupon they were slowly divested of their outer clothing. As each strip was peeled away, it tantalisingly revealed more of that creamy pale inner flesh, while they squirmed helplessly in my palm. All too soon, they were completely unclothed, their nakedness unashamedly revealed for the world to see before being crowded into a mini-indoor jacuzzi. Their obvious excitement caused them to bounce and bob in a highly charged frenzy, colliding and embracing each other unashamedly. Eventually, their cavorting reached a crescendo and their flesh became soft and yielding as they began to meld their bodies together. Eager to continue their journey they nestled closer still, clinging to each other in exaltation before

being drenched in butter then slowly massage until they fused into an final ecstasy of perfect union.

I looked at my wife, glass of wine suspended halfway to her lips

'Oh my goodness. I hadn't expected such a... detailed answer,' she eventually said. Suddenly her eyes popped wide open.

'And the sausages, how do you describe their preparation?'

'The sausages were prepared with equal enthusiasm,' I replied. 'But basically, I flung them in a pan and fried the fuckers.'

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