

Dinner Conversation

“This is good soup.” said Jimmy through a mouthful of it.

“Jimmy!” cried his mother, Anne. “Don't talk with your mouth full! I expect better from you.”

“Sorry, mom.” said Jimmy, cringing. “But it is good!”

“Better than dad's soup, anyway.” said Roger, his older brother, glaring pointedly at his father.

“What was wrong with my soup?!” cried his father with his mouth full.

“Frank!” yelled Anne.

“I'm sorry dear,” said Frank after he had finished his mouthful, “but what exactly was wrong with my soup? I don't even remember making soup.”

“You did, honey, on last mother's day.” said Anne.

“Really?” Frank's brow furrowed in concentration.

“Yeah, and you sort of forgot about it.” said Roger as Jimmy giggled.

“That's enough, boys.” said Frank.

“And it exploded out of the pan and sprayed the whole kitchen.”

“Roger!” ordered Frank. “Stop right there.”

“And it blew out the kitchen windows, and...”

“That's enough.” Frank said. “To bed, boys.” The boys tramped out.

Frank turned to Anne. “None of that ever happened, OK?”