

Susan and Shaun sat down for their Sunday meal, the scent of scrumptious sausages sizzling silently wafting in from the kitchen. Ma came out, slovenly dressed but bearing a tray of succulent sausage, salmon, salad dressing, soy sauce and sauerkraut pie. The faces at the table slumped sadly as the smell hit them. Ma lumped tofu and heaps of salt on the pie and served it out. Everyone, still in shock, stared in sadness at the solid slice of sordid awfulness. They hesitated, then started, shoving the sickly stuff into their mouths and trying to ignore the fact that it tasted like sod. Then Sam, their older brother, stood up and said “Ma! This stuff is like boiled sasquatch saliva! Surely you could sizzle up something less sickening!” Ma stamped her feet. “Sam, how dare you! I spent seven days making and cooking this meal! Show some respect for my cooking!” Then Shaun stood up. “Ma!” he said, “Sam is wrong! Sasquatch spittle would seem more appetizing than this sickly slop!”

Ma slammed her slice onto the table and began to sob. “Right!” she said, “From now on you sloppy simpering slap-heads can sizzle up your own sausages!” Then she stood up, stumbled to the door, and slammed it behind her. Everyone was silent, then they began preparing a succulent sausage surprise. Sam washed the sausages in the sink, Susan cut them, Shaun slapped them onto a slightly too small pan, and Pa shoved them around to keep them from sticking while on the stove. When Ma came back in, the smell of silently sizzling sausages slightly stopped her bad temper. The sausages were served with a slick presentation, and Ma had to admit that they were better this way. Still, she was slightly sad that her sauerkraut and sausage pie had been so sorely received by her family. Well, she admitted, it had been quite a sickly slop.