

AFTERNOON SNACK

Opening the breadbox she was overwhelmed by the smell of the fresh loaf. The crust was the colour of his hair and the flecks in the granary dough reminded her of the freckles on the backs of his hands. She slowly sliced the bread, enjoying the sensation of the long, serrated knife moving back and forth into the loaf, going deeper and deeper until the slice fell, exhausted onto the cutting board. As she watched it toasting under the grill, she could barely wait to spread a thick layer of creamy butter over it.

Finally it was hot and ready. Her breathing quickened as the butter melted into the browned crevices and dripped onto the plate. She reached for the Marmite. Glistening in the dark brown jar, it looked like his eyes; winking at her as she spread a layer over the bread. She took the first bite, licking the dripping butter from her lips. The warm, salty taste was heaven.