

On the Merits of Adequate Canapes

“Your wife, Richard, has just bitten my dog.”

“Well if your parties were better catered, my dear chap, I doubt she would have felt so compelled, now would you poppet?” said Richard.

“Grrrrmuumpf,” the dog-biting-wife mumbled, still trying to clear her mouth of fur.

“I think what she’s trying to say, Horace, is she’d rather thought you could offer her a drop of HP sauce to go with that.”

“Oh look, honestly, you two. You are just preposterous, and I shan’t take it anymore.”

With that, Horace spun on his bright red stiletto’s, blazing red, silk frock flouncing around his freshly shaved calves, as he high-tailed it off into the ballroom.

“Well goodness me, that’s a bit rich,” said the wife, Bernice, clearing her throat with a mouthful of champagne.

“What my love, the dog or that buffoon?”

“Horace of course. Black kettles and pots and all that stuff.”

“Quite,” said Richard, reaching for the exotic feathered morsel in the cage by the palms.

“Sqwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaark,” said the parrot, ex-traveling companion of a piratical sort. “B’jesus, b’jesus, I’ll be damned.”

And that he was.

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