



Sunday Roast

Mother was never happy and today was no exception. I'd been sent to do the shopping and while I stood in the queue at the butchers, I feasted my eyes on a succulent piece of matured Aberdeen Angus.

When my turn came a lady stormed into the shop and demanded the joint of beef. As a regular customer, the butcher obliged, leaving me with the only option, to buy pork chops, mother's least favourite meat.

Mother looked in the bag and then looked up at me, "Well," she thought. "That's just about what I expected, she did that on purpose."