



# Breakfast at

Story by Kelly Laughlin

# the Brookings

Mrs. Brookings wearily put the coffee on as her night robe scooted across the kitchen floor. Her head was still throbbing from last night's office party. "You look lovely," her husband said sarcastically. She straightened his tie and gave him a vigorous kiss goodbye.

She labored to the bathroom and shut the door tightly; I don't want anyone to look at me yet, she thought. "Oh my god, why did you look in the mirror," her conscience said, "you better go back to bed, you look beat."

Carol decided not to argue as she tested the warm satin sheets, and cuddled up close to the new down pillow. She dozed off without effort, but in less than a minute, a loud drumming came at her bedroom door. High pitched primitive chanting followed. "Mom, aren't you gonna get up! said six-year-old Jennifer. all five-year-old Bobby would cry was 'WAAAAAAAAA!!" The rhythmic thumping continued for nearly three minutes as Carol's dream changed from a vacation in Palm Springs to bush hunting in the Congo.

The pounding and crys of anguish softened to a low murmur and finally ended.

"Gosh Jennifer, what do we do?" Bobby said, his cow-like brown eyes looked up to her questioningly, nervous fingers pulling at his new, baggy red pajamas, the elephants still unfaded. "My stomach's growling," he whined.

"Well, we're both getting pretty hungry, right?" Jenny put one tiny foot forward as her blond bangs flopped down, covering bright, blue eyes. With determination she put a finger to her small dainty chin and began to ponder . . . "I've got it," she exclaimed as her fingers opened in excitement. "Why don't we make breakfast for ourselves, and give Mom breakfast in bed!"

The two walked to the kitchen, hand in hand. Bobby's free fingers continued to pull up the pajamas that were inching downward. Jenny proudly grabbed a stool to check Mother's morning menu.

"Well, it says here, that on Mondays Mom eats two eggs, two toasts." "With cinnamon," Bobby offered, holding tight to his sister as the stool began to wobble. "A slice of grapefruit, and a glass of orange juice," Jenny continued.

