

# Breakfast for Ten

*by* Daniel Harris

Chuck woke when he smelled cooking. Who would be cooking at three in the morning? He felt Marge's side of the bed. No Marge and the sheets were cool. Sometimes if he had been drinking and was snoring loudly in his sleep, she moved to the couch downstairs or to the daybed in her sewing room. He went back to sleep, but was awakened by Marge exclaiming a half serious "Don't". Chuck decided to investigate, but first he had to use the bathroom. He thought he heard splashing in the bathtub. He slid back the tub's glass door and saw two otters having sex in his bathtub. They looked up at him, uncoupled and started frolicking in the half-full tub, sliding down the sloping back of the tub and cavorting with each other in the water. Chuck slid the glass door shut.

After urinating he donned a pair of boxer shorts, and went downstairs. The living room seemed normal and there was no sign of Marge having slept on the sofa. When he turned the corner and could see into the dinning room he stopped short. Sitting at the dinning room table was a small menagerie. The table was set with their best china, silver and crystal. His collie dog, Colin, was sitting at the head of the table. On Colin's right was a large barred owl. To the right of the owl were a raccoon and an iguana. A large Macaw sat opposite the owl. The two otters scampered between his legs and sat at the table next to the owl. A mother opossum with three babies on her back sat opposite the otters. There were two empty places. None of the animals noticed Chuck.

Shaking his head, Chuck entered the kitchen. Marge was standing at the stove stirring a pot. There was a large skillet with pancakes on another burner. Marge was naked except for an apron. A half-grown bear cub was nuzzling her butt. Marge kept slapping his snout. When Marge would bend over to put finished pancakes in the oven, the bear cub would lick between her cheeks. Marge would push him away and uttered a restrained "Don't".

*Christ, there's a menagerie in my dining room and in the kitchen  
a bear cub's kissing my wife's ass. I must be dreaming or drunk.*

Chuck returned upstairs to bed.

When the meal was ready, Marge served pancakes with maple syrup, eggs, sausage and bacon. Dessert was oatmeal with vanilla ice cream. The bear cub took blueberries from the refrigerator and brought them to the table with a carton of cream.

