

Morning coffee

The day had started as normal; my Mum had put the toast in and the coffee on, the cat had been fed, the radio was mumbling quietly in the corner.

Dad walked in wearing his pajamas, and he lingered in the door way as he smelled the fresh coffee. He sudden realised that his pajama bottom's weren't tyed. He stopped in his tracks to make sure everything was secure and then proceded to the kitchen. He gave mum a peck on the cheek.

'Morning Sweetheart,' he said gently as his lips brushed her warm cheek. He loved how she smelt first thing in the morning.

'Hey you', her affection for him was clear, 'What does your day hold in store?'

'Ugh. Martin has asked me to hold the fort in the office today. Well what he actually said was, 'Oi, your holding the fort in the office today'.

Dad was in no way phased by his Boss, but he was growing tired of all the cat and mouse power struggles at the office lately. Dad's Boss was miserable and we all felt really sorry for him. Martyn was an old-fashioned guy in lots of ways and his unreasonable nature was well-known. Fortunately, it seemed that my Dad's situation would soon change. The office gossips had muted that Martin might leave the Company and we all really hoped the rumors are true.

Dad was feeling philosophical. He just smiled and said, 'You know, its like John Lennon said in that song he wrote for his son, Julian, Life is what happens while you're busy with other things.'

Mum snuggled into his chest, 'We'll be fine,' she said. 'You don't need my advise, just make sure work doesn't start to effect your personnel life.'

'No chance of that.' said dad. 'Now, wheres my coffee.'

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