

Surprise

When Barbara told Frank that they should ‘spice things up’, he didn’t know if he was offended or not. Nor did he know what she wanted.

‘How?’

‘Surprise me. Think outside the box.’

Frank wasn’t sure if that was a euphemism.

In the canteen the next day at work, he asked Terry for some advice. ‘She wants me to “spice things up”.’ He used his knife and fork to indicate quotation marks. ‘Any ideas?’

Terry nodded and raised his eyebrows. ‘Saucy.’

‘I guess.’

Terry pointed with his spoon. ‘You’ve got tomato sauce on your chin.’

‘Thanks. I thought perhaps getting a blindfold.’

‘That’s not very spicy. You need to think outside the box.’

‘Is that a euphemism?’

‘Not in my book.’

‘You have a book?’

‘It’s rather dusty.’

‘How is Sheila?’

‘Rather dusty.’

Frank arrived home before Barbara and went up to their bedroom.

If this little saga of my life was one of her short stories, he thought, I’d be expecting something supposedly comic to happen – Barbara gets home and finds me lying on the bed, naked, covered neck to toe in curry powder. ‘You told me to “spice things up”!’

Frank undressed and trudged to the en suite, see if he could squeeze out a turd.