

Breakfast .....

She was standing in the kitchen preparing to boil eggs for breakfast, wearing only the 'T' shirt that she normally slept in.

As I walked in almost awake, she turned and said softly, 'You've got to make love to me this very moment.'

My eyes lit up and I thought, 'I am either still dreaming or this is going to be my lucky day.'

Not wanting to lose the moment, I embraced her and then gave it my all; right there on the kitchen table.

Afterwards she said, 'Thanks,' and returned to the stove, her 'T' shirt still around her neck.

A little puzzled, I asked, 'What was that all about?'

She explained, 'The egg timer's broken