CRWR 1103

Anh Huynh

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[1100 words]

**The Recipe**

I look down the street that is covered with snow. Children run with excitement, looking up at the sky now and then in search for the firework. Happy couples go hand in hand, smiling at each other, they too, look up at the sky in search for something memorable. I take a sip; the taste of Earl Grey has become bland somehow. I turn over to Craig, “Loners we are at this time of year, t’is not?” He doesn’t answer; this’s why I like him, never replies to any obvious questions.

“Ding-Dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong”

Ah, it time for Malefi’s meal. I get down from the chair and go to the kitchen. Andrew left some meat behind. How kind of him, but after all, he loved Malefi when he was still here. What shall I cook today? I shuffle through piles of stained recipes, but the meat pie one is nowhere to be seen.

“Craiggg! Have you seen the meat pie recipe?”

Of course, he wouldn’t answer. Sometimes I hate that about him too. Well I guess I should check in my office. I trip over a pile of wet clothes as I go up the stairs. I slam open the bathroom door. “Blake, part of being a responsible renter is clean up after yourself, you know!”

He stares at me with those blank eyes, water dripping down from his curly brown hair. *Well, barging in the bathroom is a little disrespectful*. I retreat out the door, closing it slowly, but not completely.

“This is the last day I’ll do laundry for you, next time I’m just gonna cut them up and burn them, sheesh”

Yay, more work for me, carrying a pile of wet clothes to the basement.

I look at the machine spin vigorously, filled with murky water. Sheesh, can’t he be a little bit cleaner, after all that time I let him stay in the bathroom. What was it that I was doing? Ah, that meat pie recipe.

Walking to the office, I peek through the bathroom door, Blake is still in there. I bet he is thinking about his father again, poor child. It’s a shame that God let such an innocent child be defiled by such monster. But I will not let him be like me back then, suffering my whole life with scars that keep eating through my soul. I will never let him be contaminated by anyone again. He is safe here.

“Meow”

“Cium, dear, what’s wrong?”

“Meow”

“Oh no, not you too, I still haven’t found the recipe yet. Just wait a little more ok?” Cium turns around abruptly. “Oh don’t be mad, dear,” “Where are you going?” But she continues to the window, and leaps out of my sight. *Oh cats,* they are so passionate when they need something then leave abruptly if they’re not satisfied. They are just like you, aren’t they, Carwen? But why didn’t you take everything with you when you left? Eight seasons had passed but memories of you still beckon me. I can’t stand the feeling of loneliness. Even though the words that you told me are nothing more but lies, I’m still waiting to hear them again. The thirst for your conceited kisses keeps growing every day. I l-.

What am I doing? This is no time for that, I must find the recipe! I open the office door. *What is this?* Michael is lying unconscious on the ground; emptied Heineken cans lie beside him. I give him a slight kick, he shows no movement. What a mess, how many times did I tell them no alcohol in the house? “More work… Here I come” I sigh.

I carry him back to the bedroom, placing him sideway, with one knee up. I open the closet door, move the black bags aside, and pull out a blanket. I remove the tie on his neck and then tucked him in. I give a goodnight kiss, and take a few steps back, *he looks so peaceful*. I leave the lamp on, because Michael always told me that’s he’s afraid of the dark. I hope where he is now is full of light and joy, not with sorrow and darkness, like that dark ally that he has become so frightened of.

I return to my search of that cursed meat pie recipe. Maybe got mixed in with the rubbish that Stew and Lee left behind. I go through the bin bags, but no hope of finding the thing.

“Woof”

I turn around; Malefi is holding something in his mouth.

“What have you got there dear?” Malefi runs away. “Oh? Well two can play that game”

I almost catch up to Malefi, then…

“Buzz. Buzz.”

I go downstairs, look through the peephole. *Oh, what a surprise*, the most annoying person in the neighborhood.

“Hello, Ward, what complains did you bring with you today?”

“Good grief, Stan, you would think a man like you would be able to afford more than just a pairs of boxers, aren’t you cold?”

“So you’re here only to criticize my clothes?”

“Oh no, I’ll save that for another day, how’s your plumbing?

“What?”

“Lately the plumbing been going down, my toilet keep getting clogged”

“Mine is just fine”

“The whole neighborhood plumbing is down, but yours are fine, are you sure?”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Well, nonetheless, I got someone to check out the drain”

“Did you get struck by lightning recently or something?”

“No, what made you say that? Also, have you noticed the strange smell lately?”

“Nothing. What smell? Don’t you have dinner to eat? Have a good meal, bye now.”

“But, St-”

*Yadi yadi yada,* he never learns when to shut up. *Stupid recipe, where are you?* On second thought, maybe we shouldn’t eat pie today. I grab the meat, wanting to start making something else. Then…

“Buzz. Buzz.”

That man! Why can’t he leave me alone? I slam open the front door. “What now???” In front of me stand a man thick built, with a long, coffee-coloured trench coat. He shows me a badge which read “Metropolitan Police”

“Good day sir, I’m Chief Inspector Alfred, and these are my two colleagues” he gestures the two young men that were standing behind him. *Something doesn’t feel right.* “It was found that the neighbourhood drain was blocked by human remains.”

“Oh, how awful, who would do such thing?” I exclaim.

“I suppose you know, sir, since the thing you’re holding is, what we call, a head”

*Damn that recipe*.