

The Freewheeling Saucespinner Speaks

[Erling Sharp](#)

MORNING BRINGS FLAPPING MORSEL into the garden, flapping about like any mortal manifestly avoiding the obvious. Doesn't she divine? Didn't she pay attention at the oracle's fading? That day when words were reeled back through lips lavishing all on a final defiant smirk? *Mm...*

Better then to mop or mope? A moot point when met with the morgue's monumental moment. Poor Mr Black mutates from *moper* to *mopee*, a mischanced move from nonchalant dabbler to miserable dependent, forthwith to map mad moods 'neath moonless midnights on the multifariously coloured blanket upon which his very darkness mourns.

Larks mouth magnificent manifestos from the mount. Mr Black makes meek manners, magnanimous mellow eyes manifesting magisterial tolerance of the muddy hands ministering to his morsels.

Yes, *M* is the most motivating letter, the mouthed marvel of her majesty's mandibles. *Mmm*, she always masticated a mouthful of *M* before moving on to more motley, less mammarific members of the language.

M is mourning to purpose put. The mulling moveable of misery. But enough of *M*. *M* is a private shanty heave-hoed alone. What need has Flapping Morsel for *M*? That maggotitious maid. That pirate, meandering me-wards with compass magnetized for malady, inswinging on a malicious mandate to mishandle morsels and, later on, make maid's mouths mubber and jubber above garden gates. *The believe-you-nots and can't-have-been's, the don't-you-*

knows and *said-so's*. Many mouths making mordant monstrosities of marginal merit and no manners minded.

Majesties mistake, leaving that mangy mate moored to past *mars*, a manacle to maligned memory. Majesty could have manipulated the mangy maniac into marching hence, but no, Mr Black and the Sauce spinner must with solemn masculinity master the masquerade, less her tongue set tone to black and make a massacre.

At the door now, minding the latch. No *M's* for her, only *N's* for that nagging, naïve narrator of nonsense. With negligent *N's* we shall muddy meandering manifestations and mollify misdiagnosis. Mindful now.

'Hello Mr -, what gives? Haven't seen you for days. Brought you some stew. Beef. I'll just put it in the kitchen shall I?'

'Not necessary. No need.'

'No bother, I made it for tea last night. It'll only go to waste otherwise. We don't eat as much as we used to. None of us are getting any younger.'

Off she marches as if men mattered not, into the kitchen with her mediocre melange.

'You fancy a bite? Bet you haven't eaten since the last time I was here, have you?'

'Not necessary. Not needful now.'

'Well, it's there on top of the oven, okay?'

'No negotiation, noxious neighbourly nettler.'

Mr Black mopes in for mournful appraisal. Meets murky martyr with bare praise and to stomach sinks. Flapping Morsel kneels to stroke him.

'He's thin, isn't he? You need to feed him more.'

Quick, neuter the nestling need in her eyes. Nerveless neutrality negotiates narrow victory!

'Mr Black nibbles nightly. Mr Black needs no nourishing niceties.'

'Well, I'll bring him a tin of tuna tomorrow, he'll like that, won't he. I'll be off then. I'll do your shopping tomorrow. It's no bother, we're going anyway.'

The smile is a lash, the words nailed hard to mast, direction slipped from soft tide to stormy deep. Set course and trust to fortune.

'No necessity for nitwit nonentity's niggling noises. Mr Black and I negotiate nightly noting nothing needed. Your notably niggardly norms need negating.'

And now she nips the cheek, a novel notion. Hand on shoulder. Nutty nymph.

'Ring if you need anything dear. You will, won't you?'

The door closes. Mr Black and the Saucespinner rest moored in quiet waters once more. Victory then, until the morrow's manifestation mitigates marginally magnanimous mood.

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The Sky Road by Erling Sharp

"I loved this short, beautifully written story. It made me laugh, smile and, in the end, left me filled with hope and a great warm feeling. Highly recommend this, for kids or adults!"

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