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## A Man's Recipe

by Martin Bourne

“Death to the insurgents. Take no prisoners.”

The statement from the commanding officer was unequivocal and his task force started to move. Kevin sat on his low level game chair, controller in hand, directing the opening scene of combat. This was one of his homeworking days, but he had been playing against other gamers since 8.30 am and it was now 11. Kevin was a few days shy of his 40th birthday. On her way to the attic office, his wife passed opinion on her husband's work ethic in one word.

“Dosser,” she said.

“I can't believe it. He's an embarrassment to me. I paid for him to be privately educated, although christ knows what he studied at university. What was it Psychology, Philosophy and Physiology, I mean, whats that when it's at home. His father's no better. I gave them both all the advantages that I never had and look at them. Our son just about gets by, and our grand son gave up a position with a leading law firm in the city that I got him. In fact he threw it in my face. After the investment I've made, I think it is about time he started paying back, don't you”

“All men are not made the same, he needs to find his own way,” said his wife.

“Find his own way, he's got no fire in his belly, no gumption. He'll find his way to the gutter that's what. If it wasn't for his wife, he'd be no where. You know what he does all day. Think about words, I mean what's that when it's at home. He said he thinks about how to ask questions. I gave him everything and he ends up thinking about how to ask questions.”

“Hoi, dosser” said the grand sons wife. “It's 11.30, I hope you are not going to play that game all day, you'll end up getting the sack.”

“I've stopped. I'm watching the cricket now.”

“Well phone your grand dad and sort out what you are going to do for your birthday lunch?”

“Hello grand dad, what are you up to?”

“Watching the cricket. We’re getting hammered as usual.”

“Yes I know, I just had a quick look on my phone.”

“Have you decided what you want to do for your birthday?”

“Yes, I thought we could go to Simpsons. We’ll pay. They do a great roast beef lunch and they’ve got a decent bar.”

“Your not one of those Proseco lovers are you? You can’t beat a straight scotch.”

“No, actually I like an Old Fashioned.”

“Whats that?”

“A measure of whisky, a dash of angostura bitters, a piece of dried orange peel, a tea spoon of sugar and plenty of ice. It’s very good.”

“Sounds like a good way to ruin scotch to me.”

“Well you never know, grand dad, you might just find it opens your eyes to an improved way of drinking whisky.”