STORY TITLE Saturday breakfast

PROMPT CARD (OPTIONAL) A family routine

DATE OR YEARS About 1994

PEOPLE Our family

PLACE The old kitchen

On Saturdays, Dad made breakfast before the rest of us came downstairs. He kept the radio beside the window and turned it down when someone began to talk. I remember the small blue bowl he used for the eggs. He cracked them on the counter, whisked them with a fork, and added a little milk and a pinch of salt. The smell of butter filled the kitchen as they cooked in the old black skillet. Toast popped up beside the sink and he set out the jam, the orange juice, and our mismatched mugs. We would come in one by one, still sleepy, pulling out our usual chairs. He called our names as each plate was ready — mine, then my sister's, then Mom's, then his. My sister almost always arrived last, hair a mess, and Dad would laugh and say, "There she is," as if on cue. We talked about the radio, weekend plans, and whatever was happening at school. Sometimes we lingered over a second slice of toast, and the morning light came through the window onto the table. When we were finished, we all helped clear the table. Dad washed the skillet, I rinsed the bowls, my sister dried the mugs, and someone wiped the crumbs. The kitchen felt warm and lived in, and those Saturday breakfasts were a steady, happy part of our week.

PHOTOGRAPH & MORE OF THE STORY



MORE OF THE STORY

I do not know where the bowl came from. It stayed on the same shelf for years. Mum would take it down before lunch and put it beside the bread. I remember how carefully she carried it when it was full. There is a small chip on the rim but Mum always said it added to its character. When we moved house she wrapped it in newspaper and packed it herself, not trusting anyone else to do it. It came with us, and it still sits on that shelf. Whenever I see it I think of Saturday mornings, the kitchen warm, the smell of toast, and Mum moving about, getting breakfast ready for all of us.