

## SWEET ONION SOUP

*by Robert Fitt (apologies to Dr. Suess)*

I once knew a person who—wanting to cook—found herself on the patio taking a look at the cool shady atmosphere awaiting her there, with a big flock of doves that were eager to share the savory mixture that bubbled out there.

Now to cook food outside is an uncommon thing; but at times, like in summer, It's an opportune swing. For it got so darn hot near her small metal pan (that held just enough food for a potbellied man); that thick sweat from her forehead, a relief for her now, dripped down from her fitful and fully drenched brow. The cause of the heat, like a fire that's glowing, made her wish for the cold days—(the days it was snowing). The sun got so hot that she thought she was melting, so hot that the brooch on her blouse started smelting, So blistering hot that the sun in the sky seemed a lot more like a cold slice of pie; yes, So fiery and blasty and hoary around that the plants yelled 'surrender' and hid underground.

So you see, on such days when the house was too warmish, she moved out to the patio—sunshine or stormish—where she cooked like a chef with a cute little pot that was clearly unsteady (it wobbled a lot). But its state was unnoticed—so focused was she—as she shared her repast with her little doggie. But she actively peeled all her veggies and goop to put in her favorite sweet onion soup. And then she relaxed in the deepening shade 'til the afternoon sun was beginning to fade; and then lifted the pot by the handle—surprise—for the handle came loose from the pan undisguised; and the dumbfounded woman with tears in her eyes, DROPPED IT, yes, SLOPPED IT—from the floor to the skies. The SPLASH was FANTASTIC! It was something to SEE. It splattered and scattered, from the hills to the sea (well . . . it splattered all over the courtyard and me).

In rich tales such as this one, the moral is sure, for it highlights an exploit, praiseworthy and pure. But if you hid in a bush where the old bench would be, you'd find cooking outside is a *grand* sight to see!!

This recounts an actual happening that took place in May, 2010. Kharyn Leigh was the cook; and described the cleanup of the patio and cement walls as a mind-boggling task.