

Panic set in after Dad told me, "Bob, the insurance agent, is staying for supper. He will be here at six."

Looked at the clock - *It's five-thirty.*

I was fifteen years old. Mom's not here.

*What to do? What to do?*

*OK, think.*

*Pork chops are downstairs in the freezer.*

Ran downstairs.

Put the frozen pork chops in the microwave.

Nothing in the fridge.

It's August.

Potatoes in the garden. I can dig them.

Fetches some bowls for potatoes, carrots, a cucumber and lettuce.

Run to the garden.

Dig a hill of potatoes with the garden fork.

Pull five big carrots.

Use a knife to cut a head of lettuce.

Ran back to the house.

Peel the carrots and potatoes.

Put them in a pot on the electric stove to boil.

Pork chops are thawed out.

Turn on the electric frying pan and start the pork chops.

Vegetables boiling, pork chops frying.

It's twenty minutes to six.

Start making the salad.

Wash the cucumber and lettuce.

Cut the cucumber into slices with a paring knife.

Cut the lettuce with a long knife.

Mix the lettuce and cucumber in a bowl with oil and vinegar.

Set the table.

Plates, Cutlery and cups for tea.

Bread

Butter

Pepper

Salt

Sugar

Cream

It's five minutes to six.

*Are the carrots done?*

*What about the pork chops?*

Potatoes are done. Drain and mash them. Add some butter.

Carrots are done. Put them in a bowl. Add some butter.

Pork chops are done. Stab them with a fork and put on a plate.

Put the kettle on for tea.

Set food on the table.

"This is my daughter, Nancy," Dad said to Bob.

"Nice to meet you, Bob said.

"Supper's ready," I said with a smile, a little out of breath.