

## To Die For

What had once been connubial bliss had now descended into armed confrontation.

They faced one another across the dinner table. She was visibly angry, her cheeks flushed. Her nasty Glock 88's laser sight centered on his forehead.

"It doesn't have to be this way, Sally! Just...put down the gun! His eyes searched for an escape. It was a mistake! I'm sorry! Please! I'll do anything you want, I swear!"

"You swear."

"I swear."

She tossed the gun to the floor. It fired. The bullet missed Harry, passed through the front door and into the trailer across the court, where gangster wannabe ChickenHead T was trying to impress his new girlfriend, Debbie. The bullet grazed T's beltline, causing his pants to drop to the floor, exposing bony, hairy legs in black net stockings. Debbie screamed for a full minute.

"Ok, Harry, you know what I need!"

"Yes....I do."

He picked up his lovingly crafted gourmet apple pie and dumped it down the disposal, then began to create that which Sally had been getting twice a week for the past year.

He heated the cream and half and half to just below a boil, added the rich amber caramelized sugar, then stirred until it cried 'Stop...no...don't!' then poured the mixture into cups and placed them in the fridge to cool.

Sally waited, her anxiety subsiding to trembling anticipation. She set the table, keeping busy. The minutes ticked by.

Harry sprinkled raw sugar over the cooled cups, then torched the tops until the sugar melted into a crispy sweet shell. He spooned a dollop of chocolate sauce on top, watched it melt, then added a fancy curl of whipped cream.

A contrite Harry now served the replacement confection to Sally.

Her expression softened with the first taste. She ate slowly, savoring each bite, enraptured and transcendent. Harry watched, silent. By the time she licked the last bit of sweet delight from her spoon, the love in her eyes had returned. "Honey?"

"Yes?"

"Please don't ever, ever take my crème brûlée away."

"Ok."

"Promise?"

"Yes."

"No more apple pie interventions?"

"I promise."

"You're the best." She molded her body to his. Peace returned.