

Loved Ones : A Christmas Fairy Tale PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式 , 建议阅读原文

https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/376/2021_2022_Loved_Ones_c86_376305.htm It is indeed a fine thing to be amid ones loved ones at the festive season. Yes, said Sylvia Cramp to her neighbour, Sydney Tyler (going on 70, both of them--on their own, but making the best of it). Yes, the girls are all coming and their boyfriends (no-one gets married these days, do they?). They like a proper Christmas and the way they live, with their jobs and that, how could they find the time to set it up? And yes, said Sydney, Ill be going to mine, as usual. Ill have a couple of days with one--they want me to do a spot of decorating for them while Im there, they dont have a moment themselves, of course. And then Ill pop over to the other--promised Id mind the kids for a night or two, give her a break, fairs fair. Ah yes, they agreed, its a time you want your family around you, isnt it? So, said Sylvia, Id better be on my way, get stuck into the shopping, seven well be, and the girls like things done nicely--choosy, they are, the girls. Bye then, Sydney. Smoked salmon, they had said, and fruit and nuts, of course, and Stilton and water biscuits and liqueur chocs and so forth, and be sure to get good stuff, Mum, wont you? No junk. Moneys not a problem--well settle with you later. Money we have it 's time we 're short of and, anyway, you love doing Christmas, don 't you? Goose, not turkey--turkeys out these days. Oh, and not a pud--make something frightfull elaborate and amazing of your own. Well leave it to you, youre such a super cook. One of the girls bought leather coats for a

famous department store ,the second owed a chain of florists, the youngest ran an employment agency. They All earned thousands and thousands every year, had enormous mortgages, sheaves of credit cards, high blood pressure, therapists and, naturally, they couldnt cook. They ate in restaurants or not at all. They doted on their mother and they sometimes still brought their washing home for her to do and, of course, they always came to her for a lovely traditional Christmas with all the trimmings, bringing with them their boyfriends, who had migraines, high blood pressure, hundreds of credit cards and permanent jet lag. Dont bother with the drink, they said--well have it sent, you might go wrong there, its not really your thing, is it? Just see to the food, darling. Oh, and remember lots of Perrier, and croissants for breakfast, and do one of your incredible homemade soups for Christmas Eve lunch, and we must have crackers and chestnuts and a big tree. Sylvia went to the supermarket. Once twice, thrice. Festooned with shopping bags, peering at lists, she fought her way from Fresh Meat to Dairy to Household Goods. she stood doggedly in checkout lines. she toiled like a dray-horse up the hill back home. Several times she met her neighbour, Sydney Tyler(a really nice fellow, Sydney, when you got to know him--missing his wife, of course, poor man.) When she got back to the house, like as not the phone would be ringing as the girls remembered further essential items: marrons glaces and you will make a cake Mum, wont you? Another had forgotten to say that the new boyfriend was vegetarian--just do something simple for him, a quiche or a lasagne. They telephoned from offices and from

restaurants and from airports--breathless and busy: they hadn't got a moment, they said, can you lay in orange juice and muesli and yogurt and wholemeal bread? Were exhausted, they said, Were just going to come to you and collapse. Oh, and can you be a darling and do us a caesar salad for Boxing Day, and there will be dates and grapes and prune stuffing, won't there? Sylvia trudged to the shops and back again. And again and again. The fridge was filled and the freezer and cupboards and shelves. She cleaned the house and made up the beds and several times she took a break and had a chat with Sydney nice Sydney next door. The girls rang to say that their blood pressure was up and they thought they would exchange this lot of boyfriends for another lot and were simply longing for Christmas. Have fun, Mum, they said. But don't overdo it--we just want a simple family Christmas. On Christmas Eve, Sylvia prepared the kitchen. She took the goose from the freezer and put it on the windowsill. She set upon the table potatoes and sprouts and onions and oranges and lemons and eggs and gelatine and sugar and very much else besides. She went upstairs and when she came down she was carrying a suitcase in one hand and a letter in the other. The letter she placed upon the kitchen table. It said: "To make soup, chop vegetables for many hours. For cake --mix, whip, etc, until exhausted. Ingredients for crab stuffing and elaborate dessert in fridge." Sylvia went into the hall, where there were several boxes delivered by the Wine Society. From these she extracted a bottle of Moet et Chandon champagne and then another. After further thought, she added to these a bottle of Glenfiddich. She then put on her coat, gathered up the suitcase

and the carrier bag with the Wine Society bottles, and went down the garden path to the taxi in which Sydney Tyler awaited her, with a fond smile upon his face and two air tickets to Teneriffe in his hand.

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