

A Recipe for Disaster

I am 'A man's man'. I like a pint with my mates and enjoy watching football. I'm not one of these modern-day namby-pamby types who cry at the drop of a hat. Men should be men and women should be women. If this offends you, I suggest you stop reading now. If I had wanted a feminist wife I would have advertised in Spare Rib.

Christine was my wife. I want to tell you how it ended if you have the time to listen. She said she felt like a slave, and that I was never romantic. She stomped out of the house one morning shouting 'I am going to a hotel for the night. If things don't improve, I'm leaving you.'

I decided to cook her a meal for when she returned the next day, make an effort (or be nagged at for hours).

I found her slow cooker book and chose a recipe for beef bourguignon. I made a list of what I needed and left for the shops. That bit was easy, I wondered what all the fuss was about when it came to cooking.

- Peel and slice onions. (How thin? I had to google that).
- Chop vegetables. (How small? YouTube showed me).
- Chop beef and dredge with seasoned flour. (*sounded* easy enough, until I opened the cupboard. There was plain flour, self-raising, corn, breadmaking, wholemeal and chapati). I made a mixture of all the above and threw in a bit of salt and pepper.
- Fry onions and brown beef. Another google search.

It took me **two hours** to prepare it, ready for the slow cooker in the morning.

I set the table before I left for work. It looked beautiful, though I say so myself. I had looked through a Waitrose magazine to find some classy table setting ideas. A white linen tablecloth and red napkins, candles in red rose shaped holders, and the 'special occasion' cutlery. I switched on the slow cooker and put a stock cube and water inside to heat up while I was in the shower.

I left for work with a smug grin on my face. She would be so impressed, she may even move back into our bedroom!

I arrived home at 6pm, 5 minutes before Christine. As she came through the door I handed her a glass of her favourite red wine.

"Welcome home darling, dinner is ready."

"Whatever you are cooking smells lovely, who helped you?"

"I did everything myself."

She gave a quizzical look but gasped when she saw the table. I pulled out the dining chair for her to sit down.

'This looks pretty.'

I put her favourite cd on, found the oven gloves and carefully carried the ceramic dish from the slow cooker into the dining room.

'Now for the pièce de resistance. Ta Daaaa'

With a flourish I removed the lid from the pot to reveal

A stock cube in hot water.

She officially moved out the next day.

I need a new wife.