

## **BOUILLABAISSE: A Famous Urban Myth: Kirsten Larsdotter**

The Matrons of Greenwich assemble for a Big Birthday Dinner.

The hostess has designed a divine five-course menu commencing with Champignons on Wild Greens. Delicious, light, and leaves plenty of room for the second course: a seafood soup, Bouillabaisse. With an aroma evoking memories of Cannes, the ladies are eager for seconds, abandoning any attempts at restraint.

Staff clear away as the cat wanders into the kitchen. Our hostess notices, and pours the leftover soup into a lovely glass bowl, placing it onto the floor. The cat slurps up the remains, licks the bowl, sighs with contentment... and drops dead on the floor.

Our hostess screams, albeit quietly. Staff call 000. The guests are told the unpleasant news. An ambulance takes some of the more delicate ladies to hospital while the others pile into their own vehicles. All have their stomachs pumped out... just to be safe.

Our hostess sits alone late at night amid the ruins of her social ambitions. A worried neighbour climbs through the adjoining shrubbery and knocks on the window.

'I didn't want to interrupt earlier, Darling, but I'm afraid I sort of ran over the cat this afternoon. She vanished. I think she's still hiding in the rhododendrons. Terribly sorry!'