

Toad in the hole By Dangermouse (Scott Healy)

I remember toad in the hole.

The scent rolling under the door.

Like my tiny feet bounding down the wooden hill.

To see nans table, wonky,

but always stayed upright with taken places.

Faded chairs,

aged to that fine dark brown.

A comfort that Squeaked more then the stairs did.

Quickly hushed with cast iron fingers.

qwelling the excitement,

Over the, *Mmmmhhhhh*, steam of the gravy.

Humming to a low grow,

like the kettle That Instigated,

A Rattling community of Clanging cutlery clashes

for the kings portion.

Nan always won.

No contest.

But she would always say with love,

Don't spoil your pudding.