

The Dinner Date

The souffle was a bad idea, bound to fail. Edna checked the instructions anxiously: don't open the oven!

It's Schrodinger's soufflé, she mused, simultaneously sunken and buoyant like my middle-aged tits in this date-night bra. The doorbell rang.

Edna paused.

Theoretically, she thought, until I open the door perfection awaits.