

THE MOONLIT PAGE

The Long Loaf

A Short Bedtime Moment



A little bread. A little laughter. Room for everyone.

Free illustrated edition | About 2 minutes

Original English fiction for adults

Nell had retired from the bakery, but she still made the bread for the community kitchen's Friday supper.

That afternoon she rolled one piece of dough rather longer than she intended. It would not lie straight on the tray. Instead of starting again, she curved it gently around the edge and put it in the oven with the others.

By the time her neighbour Arun arrived to help, the bread was baked and cool. The long loaf lay like a broad question mark on the table.

Arun unfolded the usual paper bag. He held it beside the loaf, considered the matter, then folded it away.

“We'll need a longer question,” he said.

Nell brought out a roll of brown paper. They wrapped the loaf loosely, twisting the paper at either end. It still would not fit in the bread basket.

Arun set it down the middle of the supper table instead. The plates were already laid along both sides.

When the neighbours sat down, Nell opened the paper. Someone at the far end broke off the first piece. Another pair of hands took the next.

Nell sat beside Arun while the loaf shortened between them. The empty basket remained on the kitchen counter, holding the paper bags for another Friday.

