

THE MOONLIT PAGE

The Other Side of the Apron



After years of making curtains for other people, Nessa had finally sewn herself an apron from a leftover piece of striped cotton.

She put it on to make supper with her husband, Ben. Then she looked down. The large pocket was neatly stitched to the wrong side.

Ben bent closer to inspect it.

“Very discreet,” he said.

Nessa reached for the scissors, then stopped. Unpicking the pocket could wait until after they had eaten.

Ben was using an old recipe card for the soup. Each time he put it on the counter, Nessa needed that exact patch of space for the vegetables. The card travelled from the flour tin to the bread board, then to the top of the closed sugar jar.

“Give it here.”

She lifted the apron away from her clothes and slid the card into the inward-facing pocket. Its top edge stayed within reach, protected from the scattered peelings outside.

Ben read the next line while she held it up. Then she tucked it back and passed him a carrot.

After supper, Nessa held the apron upright over the kitchen bin and brushed off the peelings. The pocket kept its recipe.

She hung the apron on its hook and put the scissors away. Ben had already set the two soup bowls upside down on the draining rack.

To remember

1. Nessa discovers the apron pocket was sewn on the wrong side
2. Ben's recipe card keeps occupying the vegetable-preparation space
3. Nessa stores the card in the inward-facing pocket and lifts it out for reading
4. She leaves the pocket as it is and hangs the apron after supper.