

A Man's Breakfast

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Cocomanga approached the breakfast table where I starved with my back to the morning sun. She had tied her short, kimono-style red silk robe loosely shut. The sash drooped at her hips. Long, wavy black hair stood in a pile on her head. Tawdry tendrils curled in a cascade to olive cheeks. A rich redness graced her lips. The kimono revealed cleavage, lots of it. She looked tousled, irresistible. I wanted to reach into the shadows of that kimono and...

"Here's that 'Man's Breakfast' you wanted, Jugito," she said with a cute red smile and an impish wink. The plate made a clinking sound against the steel candy dish as she set it on the table. Her teeth glistened white in the sunshine as she grinned at me. She nudged the table with her hip. I didn't worry that my cup of milk might spill. God, what a woman!

Cocomanga's other hand held a white folded napkin. I admired its artistic contrast with her long red nails. I had manicured them to perfection the day before as we sat among the palms by the pool. She flicked the napkin to unfold it, eyed the place in my lap where she wanted it, then tossed it there. Her glance lingered there. Then, she raised her face to look me straight in the eyes, emotionless, smoldering, intent. I knew what she wanted after breakfast.

Those and other thoughts passed through my mind as I sat at my computer waiting for Dell's website. It lethargically downloaded drivers for Vinnie's Latitude D600 laptop. I didn't mention the thoughts to Vinnie, of course. He sat restless in a chair near mine. He stared at the lifeless computer screen as though mesmerized. I understood his unease when I heard his stomach growl.

I looked at the time on the computer screen. It showed 2 PM. Where the hell had Cocomanga gone? My cell phone rang. I looked at the inbound number on its tiny screen. Yep, Cocomanga calling. I picked up the 3-year-old Nokia 6301 and pressed its center button to answer the call.

"Yes, Darling?" I responded expectantly. Maybe she had gone to the store to bring back some goodies for breakfast. I had woken up an hour earlier to an empty house.

"Jugito, I'm in the hot tub with Shelby. I just wanted to let you know that I arrived safely." So, she had packed up and driven to Orlando while I slept till afternoon. I considered that thoughtful. Vinnie would have considered it rude for a wife to leave without the husband's permission, or at least a fare-thee-well. I noticed him scowling and shaking his head as if to say "Unbelievable. That Jugito is *whupped!*"

"Okay, Sweetheart. Tell the grandchildren, the kids, and Ed that I love them. And have a good time," I encouraged. Cocomanga had divorced Ed 23 years earlier for personal reasons that few knew. He lived with their son, his wife, and the three grandchildren a two-hour drive to the east.

"Love you," we said to one another, and I disconnected the call.

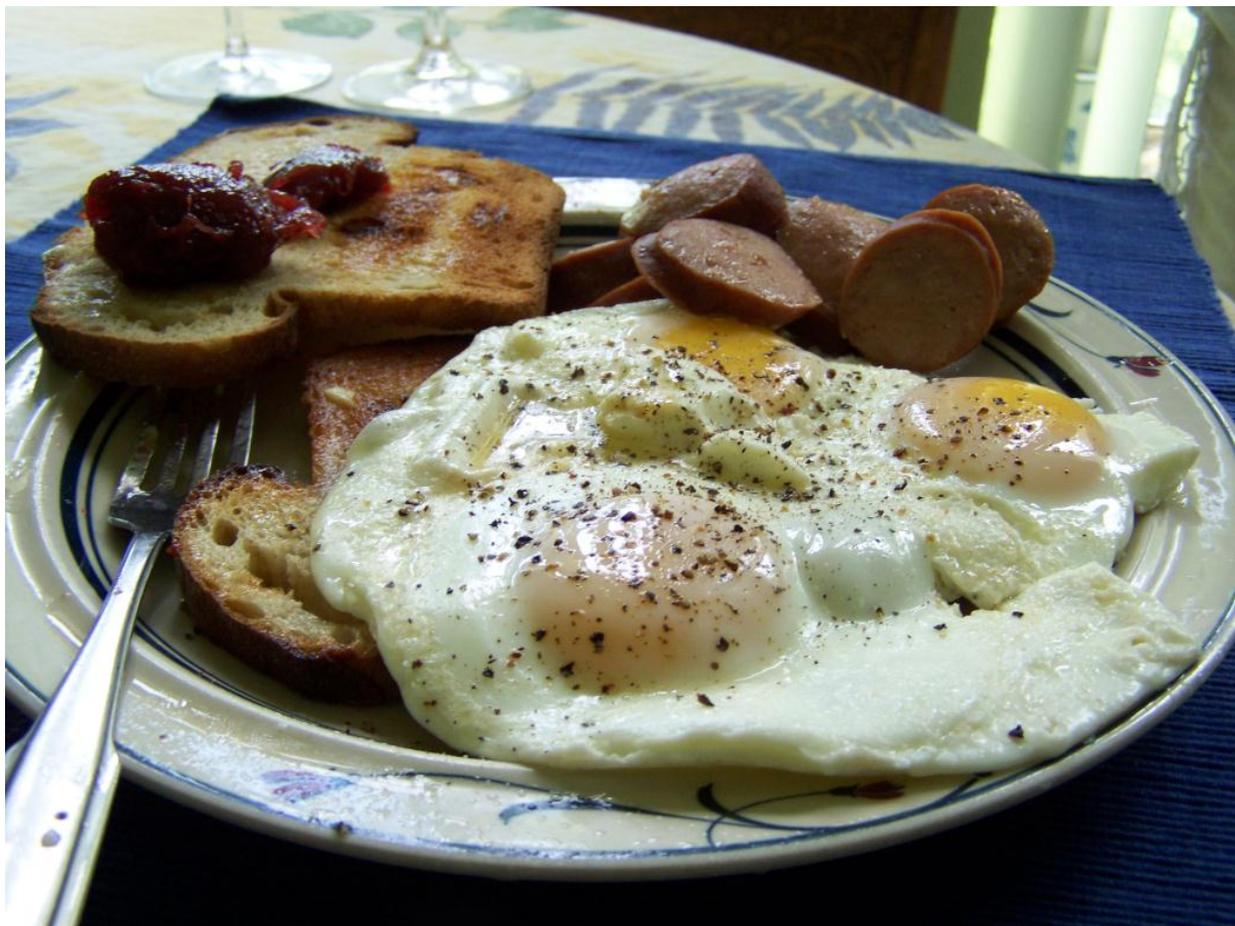
"Why don't you go get something to eat and we'll finish this later?" Vinnie asked, commanding more than questioning.

“Yeah, I’m hungry too,” I said. “I’ll call you when I install the drivers and get your laptop on-line, okay?”

“Sure. Catch you later,” Vinnie replied, as he headed for the door.

With Vinnie gone and visions in my mind of Cocomanga in her kimono, I padded barefoot into the kitchen. There I prepared a Man’s Breakfast:

- Two toasted, buttered slices of homemade South African sourdough bread
- Strawberry jam
- Three Jumbo eggs sautéed sunny-side-up and steamed to perfection, salted and peppered
- ¼ of a Kielbasa Polish Sausage, thickly sliced, and microwaved covered and in a little water at half power for 4 minutes.
- Cup of milk with a straw so I don’t get it on my beard



I took my time eating while I watched World Champion Track and Field events from Daewoo South Korea on television. Americans won a couple of golds. Ooh-rah! The food tasted absolutely delicious. I felt gratified.

Nearly. I felt an occasional yearning when my mind drifted to Cocomanga in her kimono. I didn’t consider the image as good as the real thing. But at least I got my Man’s Breakfast.