



GOOSE-GIBLET SOUP

Tage was going to meet his sweet, angelic girlfriend Anni the next day, so it was perhaps inadvisable of him to drink a lot. He had to remove the unpleasant smell of alcohol from his breath and that was difficult. It was a scourge, which had made a mess of things for many innocent men. But the real problem was women's dreadful psyche. The devil himself must have decreed that women must end the affair as soon as the boyfriend smells of liquor.

"No, like hell," moaned Tage as he became even more drunk.

"That infernal women's emancipation should never have happened. Life would be infinitely easier if we men had a little more power over them."

Tage didn't really believe Anni would end it all, even if she discovered that he drank sometimes. She was such a kind and considerate girl, a jewel. She would no doubt be faithful to him as long as they lived. However, Tage was not absolutely sure and on this dark November evening he was stung by small pangs of anguish. He sat in his simply furnished flat in Stockholm and looked out sadly. Distant stars twinkled above the city lights. Many people were already asleep and in their dream world. Without knowing it, Without knowing it, they created a whole kingdom of surrealistic unreality which disappeared as soon as they woke up.

The vast majority sat at home and looked at TV. However, shouts of joy could sometimes be heard from a nearby sports ground where there was a bandy match. Tage never thought of going there as he was from Skåne in the extreme south of Sweden where nobody played bandy. He felt it was a mistake to live in a big city like Stockholm. He was used to living near farms and geese. Furthermore, Copenhagen now seemed as far away as Vladivostok. But Stockholm was right in one way because it was here he met Anni.

Tage was now so drunk that the whole of his flat begun to spin, and next day Anni was coming to visit him. She was visiting her parents and would arrive by train at Stockholm's central station.

They were so much in love. The only annoying part about it all was that it had begun and grown in Stockholm, a strange and absurd city. He hiccuped in his drunkenness and then fell into his canopied bed nearly knocking down the whole canopy. But before long he slept and snored like a pig in a pigsty.

A new day dawned and he woke with a splitting headache, but it felt better after many glasses of cherry beer, which he found in the fridge.

Then he got a shock. Anni's train was due in one hour. He wondered what would happen, if she discovered he not only smelt of alcohol but was also drunk.

"Damn that cherry beer," he muttered.

Tage showered, attended to his toilet with express speed and made his way to the central station.

When he met Anni he found he had worried himself unduly. She had drunk strong beer on the train and was herself a bit tipsy so she couldn't blame him for anything.

As soon as their eyes met, the air itself seemed to be filled with kisses. It was so wonderful to see her and her brown hair, soft dark red lips and beautiful small nose. They fell passionately into each other's arms and

Tage felt he wanted to make love to her at once, in front of all the other passengers on the platform.

Anni had a bag with her, which contained cooking ingredients together with a very special cookery book, a good omen.

“Oh my dove, my fairy, my angel,” said Tage later when he inhaled the most delightful smells from Anni’s cooking. She was making his favourite goose-giblet soup. She had not forgotten that people from Skåne liked a goose feast on November 11th. every year, so she served this soup together with goose liver sausages and other things.

Everything seemed like a dream...he was so much in love with her. However, it sometimes happens that the sweetest dreams can suddenly be turned into horrible nightmares.

“This was the best goose-giblet soup I have ever tasted. Where did you find the recipe?” asked Tage.

Anni smiled mysteriously, but he noticed her beautiful smile was not at all friendly. Her features had an evil appearance and in her bloodshot eyes he suspected there were frightful secrets. When she opened her mouth she revealed vampire like fangs!

There was a book on the table beside the soup plate with the bizarre title: “The cookery book of the devil-worshipping witches for a more human diet!”

Tage was white with horror as he looked through the pages. Fairly soon he found what he was looking for. It was a recipe for goose-giblet soup with the goose blood replaced by human blood. In other respects the soup contained the traditional ingredients.

He opened the fridge to search for further proof and he met a frightful sight. Dead human heads were placed in rows and he also saw the kitchen floor was covered by dried human blood, which had dripped out of the fridge.

Tage woke from his nightmare with a half-choked scream. It was half past ten on Saturday morning and he had a bad headache after his drinking on the previous evening. He would soon go and meet his girlfriend Anni at Stockholm’s central station.

He met her on the platform and they hugged and kissed just as in his nightmare.

When they arrived home, Anni went into the kitchen to make goose-giblet soup.

The soup was excellent and he thought he had never tasted better but he didn’t feel as safe and happy as he wished. He had not forgotten his frightful nightmare. Tage decided he must look inside the fridge to make sure there were no human heads there.

He opened the door and fainted.