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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 20:56:56 GMT

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Saturday, 3rd November, 8:30pm

Nikki paused the football match she was watching and made her way to the kitchen to check on the meal she was cooking. Because she never missed a televised game when she was living in England, she begged her brother to record the matches and send them to her via the computer.

Nikki first checked on the rice before checking what was in the oven. "Mmm, coming along nicely. Right, the oven can turn off now along with the vegetables and the table is already set. I'll turn off the rice once I change and look decent." As Nikki made her way to her bedroom, she froze at the sound of the door chime. She looked at her watch. "It's too early for Alan. I wonder who it is?"

Opening the door, Nikki looked surprised at who was standing in front of her. "Alan."

"Hey, Nikki. So I didn't know what you were cooking and couldn't decide on red or white wine, so I brought both."

"You're early. And I look scruffy."

Alan laughed. "You look fine to me."

"Ripped jeans and a top with Jerk sauce on it."

"Jerk sauce?"

"You'll see. Come in, make yourself comfortable and I'll go and get changed."

"Ok," Alan said as he closed the apartment door. "You know I didn't notice the sauce on your top."

"Yeah right," Nikki called out.

Alan glanced at the computer screen before walking over to the kitchen, "Smells good," he called out.

"Thanks. But if you take a peek at what's cooking, you won't get any at all."

"I wasn't even thinking of looking." Alan looked at the TV again. "You were watching a soccer game."

"No I was watching a football match," Nikki joked, knowing full well what Alan meant.

Alan smiled. "Who's playing and which team are you supporting? It only says Che1 and Man Utd 1."

"It's Chelsea against Manchester United and I support Chelsea."

"Hmmm, one all at the moment. I bet Manchester will win it."

"Ha ha, very funny. Do you actually want to get some dinner tonight?"

It wasn't long before Nikki came out of her room dressed in a pair of black trousers and a pink off the shoulder peasant top. She clapped her hands together. "Right, despite what you said about my football team, I decided I will give you dinner. How does a Caribbean meal sound to you?"

"It sounds good. I'll help you dish."

"Oh no you don't. You're a guest here."

"Ok, but don't say that I didn't offer to help." Alan sat down at the table while Nikki dished up dinner. "Now you mentioned something about Jerk sauce earlier. What is it?"

"It's a marinade really, consisting of herbs, spices and peppers. I didn't put a lot on though, because I didn't know what your limit on spicy food would be." Nikki placed a plate in front of Alan. "Here you go. Jerk Chicken, rice and peas and a medley of vegetables."

"You sound like a waitress from a restaurant."

"Does that mean I'll get a tip at the end of the evening?" Nikki asked as she sat down opposite Alan.

"Thinking about it." Alan replied.

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