The Toasted Edge

The sponge cake had been in the oven for forty minutes when Irene realized there was no one to call and tell that it was ready. Since her son had moved out, she still cooked the same quantities. She had learned to freeze portions, but she still opened the kitchen door to call him.

That afternoon she took it out a little late. One edge was almost black. She was about to cut it off and throw it away when she remembered that, as a child, he had always eaten that part first.

She sent him a photo. Her son sent one back. On his table was a slightly sunken sponge cake with an edge just as dark.

“I didn't know when to take it out,” he wrote.

Irene moved her plate closer to the window. She took a bite of the edge before replying.