



(knock, knock)

Mom: Who is it?

Edward: It's me, Edward.

(She opens the door)

Mom: Oh, Edward? Come on in. You are home early.  
We weren't expecting you for another two weeks.  
What happened?

Edward: Well, I wanted to enjoy my holiday in a small  
country side, and ....

(The father comes down from upstairs)

Dad: Honey, is someone there? I heard you talking.

Mom: Edward is home darling.

Dad: Oh, Edward. You are supposed to be back in two  
weeks. What's going on?

Mom: We were just talking about that.

Dad: You look pale and tired, son. You've lost weight, haven't you?

Ed: Actually, I've lost three kilos, and I'm very hungry now. Can I have something to eat?

Mom: Well, we've got nothing special at the moment. Are you OK with some pizza from last night's left over.

Ed: Fine. I'm so hungry that I could eat a horse now.

(Mom serves him some pizza and drink, and he gobbles it up)

Dad: Eat the meal more slowly. No one will steal your food, son.

Mom: Take your time, Edward, and tell what's happened.

Ed: The hotel. I hate that hotel!

Dad: Oh? Didn't you want to enjoy your holiday alone?

Ed: Yes, I did, but food was terrible there.

Mon: Was it?

Ed: Yeah, they served me a tiny amount of soup. I thought that the dish hadn't been dried. So, I called the waitress, and complained.

Dad: Then?

Ed: She said, it was my soup. Not only the soup, but also all the food they served was tiny. I couldn't bare that hotel any longer. I miss your homemade dishes, mom. They are second to none!