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The credit crunch is upon us and my economy is going to be to get my husband to stop eating. I buy sausages, eggs, cheese and pasta by the carload, all of which are, within hours of being deposited in the fridge, replaced by a groaning, moaning Truffler, lying horizontal on the sofa. It is like living with a labrador, only he eats carrots as well as whole pats of butter. He says he eats because he is bored, and if he didn't have to look after the children so much he wouldn't need to snack on a whole leg of lamb for elevenses. I have suggested he distracts himself from thinking about his gut by making sock puppets and rockets out of old loo rolls. He could even, I suggested, take the children on a truffle-hunt, but no, he says. It would make his tummy ache worse. So, they stay at home, eating, with him, toast with dripping, hummus, roast potatoes and curlywurlies until they have one too. The odd thing is that he doesn't look like a glutton because he is so thin. He is the inverse to John Prescott; more like Jack Sprat.

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