

“A Proper British Breakfast”

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Challenges:
Jenny Sparks
Breakfast
Defenestration

The galley told Jack Hawksmoor that someone was approaching. The swearing that preceded her into the room told him that it had to be Jenny Sparks. Eyes bloodshot with lids at half-mast, hair disheveled, it wasn't hard to guess what she'd been up to the night before.

"Hung over?" he asked cheerily.

"Sod off," she growled, stumbling towards the pantry. Hawksmoor nodded and turned back to his own brunch.

She rooted around in the pantry for some time. There was a prolonged clatter as a cascade of tins crashed to the floor. Jenny emerged a moment later and staggered over to where he was sitting. She planted herself in front of him, inches from his face. Not even years of living off polluted air prepared him for the full effect of her breath.

"Kippers," she said.

"Sorry?"

"My kippers," she demanded. "Where?"

"Your kippers?"

"Yes," Jenny confirmed, gritting her teeth. "Where exactly are they?"

"In the bleed," he said.

"What the hell-" Jenny started to shout, then stopped short with a wince.

"Angie said they'd been contaminated with nanomachines," Jack explained. "Gammorran plot."

Jenny stared at him, pickled brain cells trying to process the information. "Gammorran," she repeated. "Nanomachines."

Jack nodded slowly with a small measure of relief. She seemed to be taking it calmly, all things considered.

"After breakfast, they die," Jenny said. "Every last one of them."

She lurched over to the stainless-steel monstrosity of a refrigerator and started tossing things about. Jack, turning back to his meal, picked up an asbestos shingle and took a bite.

"Where's the mash?" Jenny said, slamming the refrigerator door and grimacing at the bang. "Bloody thing's full of fruit and berries."

“The Doctor needed it,” said Hawksmoor, spreading some tar on his shingle.

“What the bloody hell did he need it for?” Jenny all but snarled.

“Needed it to brew up some vodka.”

“That’s all right then,” said Jenny after a moment’s consideration. “What about the lard?”

“Apollo and Midnighter were celebrating their anniversary,” Jack said around a mouthful of asbestos. “Think there might be some left. Should I ask them?”

“What the fuck did they want with...no, don’t tell me. At least not ‘til after lunch. S’pose I could make do with butter.”

“Don’t think they left any of that either,” he said apologetically.

“Right.” Suspicion was now creeping into her tone. “Kidneys?”

“Shen had the munchies last night,” Jack said, all innocence. “She’s broody. Watch where you sit.”

“The bacon?” Jenny asked darkly. “Something’s happened to the one last thing I could make my breakfast with, hasn’t it?”

“Looked dodgy,” Jack confirmed. “Thought I saw wormholes. Can’t risk trichinosis now, can we?”

“Threw in the bleed just to be safe, did you?” she growled.

Jack smiled and raised his hands in mock-surrender.

“How could we go on without you?” he said.

“That’s the question you should hope I’m asking,” she snarled. “So what am I supposed to fucking eat?”

“Museli?” he suggested.

Jenny glared.

“We’ve also got Weetabix,” he offered, moving casually towards the door.

“This fruit,” she said. “You want me to put it on the Weetabix, don’t you?”

Jack grinned weakly, wondering what he had done to deserve drawing the short straw in this little operation.

A tremendous explosion shook the carrier. The Engineer and Shen looked out the window as Jack floated by, gesturing wildly.

“I see you’ve started in on Operation Nausea,” Shen observed.

“It seemed as good a time as any,” said Angie. “And I’m sick and tired of having my appetite spoiled every damn morning.”

“Angie, I couldn’t watch her eat that mess either, but is it worth getting blown through a bulkhead?”

The Engineer thought for a moment. Shen rolled her eyes. “In case you were wondering, the answer to that question is ‘no’.”

Angie sighed. “Well, I’ll think of something else. You go drag Jack’s ass back inside. I’ll get started on repairs, and we’ll send someone out to pick up an anchovy pizza for lunch.”