
CREATIVE WRITING: HUMOROUS STORY

AUNT ALICE'S MAGIC SPELL AND THE DANCING MOMOS

By Sarah Fathima

One sunny afternoon, Mrs Nettle was in her kitchen, humming a tune as she prepared her famous Momos. She rolled out the dough with a practised hand, filled each piece with a savoury blend of vegetables and spices, and carefully pinched the edges to seal them. The kitchen was filled with the delightful scent of garlic and ginger, making her mouth water in anticipation.

As Mrs Nettle placed the filled Momos onto a steaming rack, she was distracted by a phone call from a neighbour. Her attention was momentarily diverted from her cooking while she chatted away. An astonishing sight met her eyes when she hung up and returned to her kitchen: the Momos were moving!

Mrs Nettle rubbed her eyes in sheer disbelief. The Momos were dancing, swaying their doughy, snow-white bodies freely, unperturbed by their bewildered spectator! Was she dreaming in broad daylight, or watching too much of *America's Got Talent*? As the Momos danced away, one of the Momos, the plumpest one, whilst dancing, spoke aloud in a husky, baritone-like voice! "Mrs Nettle, don't you remember whose recipe you used to prepare the Momos? My, my, one forgetful dame you are."

This was too much for poor Mrs Nettle. On this insanely extraordinary Wednesday, she had seen, with her own two blessed eyes, Momos dancing by themselves, and now she could hear one Momo speaking! "How is it that you are talking, Mr Momo, if I may put it?" she managed to mumble.

"Mrs Nettle, we are no ordinary Momos, made with plain dough and mundane spices. You seem to have forgotten that you used your late Aunt Alice's Momo recipe, who was a sorceress. She had cast a novel magic spell on this specific recipe for preparing Spiced Veggie Momos. If anyone related to Aunt Alice makes Momos using this recipe on a Wednesday afternoon, we, the Momo-Mia Momos, start dancing until the spell is broken. We keep our audience well-entertained with our talent," Chief Momo added with a smug air of pride.

Mrs Nettle's brows knit with despair. She was an old woman who lived alone in her quaint cottage in the countryside. How could she, a frail old dame, break the magic spell of her sorceress Aunt, who was no more? "How can the spell be broken, Mr Momo? There must be an antidote," she anxiously inquired. "Well, Mrs Nettle, there is an antidote. But I am not very sure whether *you* will be able to accomplish it. It comprises two tasks." Mr Momo cleared his throat.

"The first task is to collect ten purple-spotted mushrooms, which grow only in the Birch Woods, near the Blue Mountain. And the second one is mighty tough- you have to defeat us, the super-talented Momo-*Mia* Momos, in a Dance competition. Our divine, invisible magic force, 'The Great Magic Testament', will give the final verdict after the competition." Mrs Nettle paused, trying to give this ridiculous idea a sensible thought. "I do have a brainwave to resolve this challenge." Mrs Nettle hurriedly rushed towards the telephone, dialling her younger sister, Mrs Nutmeg's number.

"Nutmeg, dear, you must come home to meet me as soon as possible. I will tell you the entire story. Listen..." "Nutmeg, you live near the Blue Mountain. Please get me ten purple-spotted mushrooms from the Birch Woods for the first task. And for the second, I must revive my abandoned talent in dancing. I was a lovely, graceful ballet dancer in my youth. I, Mrs Nettle Brown Mary, will again dance after 50 long years, and defeat the Momo-*Mia* Momos," Mrs Nettle tried her best to sound confident.

Mrs Nutmeg arrived within two hours, wobbling her way through, holding a petite cane basket covered with a red-and-white checkered cloth, with ten purple-spotted mushrooms underneath. Mrs Nutmeg helped Mrs Nettle lay the mushrooms neatly in a row on the kitchen table. A powerful voice suddenly assertively thundered, acknowledging that one task of the antidote had been completed. Sighing with relief, they decided to begin the Dance Competition.

Mrs Nettle was going to perform. She took a deep breath. Mrs Nutmeg played a melodious, vintage song on the gramophone (Mr Nettle's favourite) and Mrs Nettle began to dance beautifully, lost in a nostalgic trance. She wasn't as good or flexible as her youthful self, but her delicate poise and evident confidence resulted in a captivating performance. The Momo-*Mia* Momos were dancing all the time, and their dance, though lively, was a bit awkward.

The Great Magic Testament's voice waited for Mrs Nettle's performance to end. Throughout, the Momos danced along with great enthusiasm. "To cut a long story short, the winner of this

dance battle is Mrs Nettle, for her poise, grace, and confidence despite her greying hair that outshone the Momo-*Mia* Momos' entertaining dancing." Mrs Nettle and Mrs Nutmeg squealed out in delight, hugging each other. The magic spell was broken, and the Momos stopped dancing. Now they weren't moving, and were lying still like any other commonplace, stationery Momo dumplings. Mrs Nettle was overjoyed at her unexpected victory and grinned from ear to ear, a twinkle in her hazel brown eyes.

She invited all her beloved friends and the neighbourhood's old ladies to a tea-time Momo party. Not wanting to miss out on the fun, Mrs Nutmeg stayed back. The cosy cottage buzzed with cheerful laughter and giggling, and everyone enjoyed feasting on the delectable Momos. What an unforgettable and crazy day it had been! Thanks to Mrs Nettle's late Aunt Alice's magic spell, and the dancing Momo-*Mia* Momos.