



The Prince's Last Feast

The prince was tired of throwing parties, his fortune had slowly evaporated through years of excess, and he had become depressed. He decided he would no longer ship in food that was **out of season** from far away places. And as the annual Christmas ball drew near, he planned a party with just homegrown produce that would finally put an end to the festivities at his crumbling, old palace.

On Christmas Eve, the night of the ball, the grand banquet hall was filled, as always, with an impressive variety of dishes. The feast was laid out in a fine-looking spread, but not all was as it seemed.

Among the offerings was a platter of **rare** meat, its juices turned a salmon colour from a sharp mustard sauce. The meat itself was so dry that the guests **sipped** at their **insipid** wine, uncomfortably trying to wash it down. The bread rolls were **stale**, and the **fatty** sweating cheese had gone **rancid**.

On the dessert table, a variety of **pastries** awaited, but their flavours were all accompanied by the taste of **rotten** fruit. A pale grey cake sat alongside, looking **bland** and **tasteless**. And a bowl of dried **dates** lay there untouched, their chewy texture surely **inedible** to anything but the flies.

As the guests moaned and quickly left, the prince began to feel like his old self again. He ate the **off** food, drank his old sour brandy and began to dance. How wonderful it was to see all these noble ladies and gentlemen who he saw every year, but hardly knew, looking so miserable.

Wishing all his guests a very merry Christmas as they fled out into the crisp night air, by twelve o'clock the prince was all alone. Laughing at his wonderful misfortune, he concluded it was, for sure, the best party he'd ever thrown.

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