George looked across the table. Sunlight shined from the man’s glasses back onto the table.

Lifting his fork, George motioned towards a pie plate.

One single piece of pie remained. George wanted it. The man opposite of George smiled for he wanted the pie as well.

“Now listen Charlie” George said “That pie belongs to me.”

Charlie leaned back in his chair while resting his hands on his hips. “So you’ve said.”

Charlie eyed George carefully. Sitting forward he slid the plate closer to himself. “Don’t forget, I’m your guest, I’ve a right to that piece of pie.”

George chuckled “True. But I’m hungry.” He slid the plate closer to himself and went after the pie with his fork.

Clank. The fork hit the table. George looked up to Charlie in surprise. Charlie stared back for a second.

“Mine” a small voice said from the side.

Charlie smirked as George lifted his three year old son into his lap and grinned.

The pie was spoken for alright, just from a smaller and quicker set of hands than the two men.

As George and Charlie shared a smile they forgot about their craving for pie and enjoyed the company of memories past and memories yet to come.

Neither man left the house hungry that day.