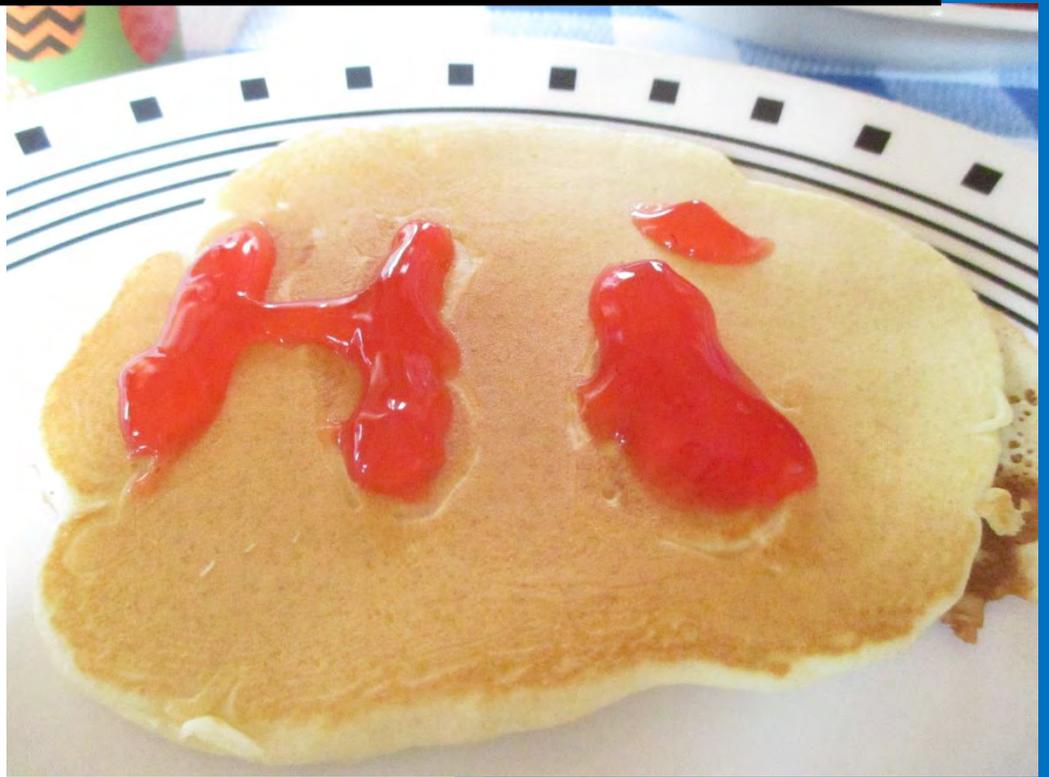


2017

## Food and FUN



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# Too Many

There once was a mother of three children,

Of which, two didn't go to school.

One day she started to make lunch,

That day was not so cool.

The noodles started to boil in the pot,

Then mom remembered something else.

Her son needed three dozen cookies for school,

To make them, there was no one else.

The cookies were coming along fine,

When she the crockpot standing by.

Supper needed in immediately,

So she grabbed it from where it lie.

Mom grabbed a cup from the counter,

And dumped it into the pot.

The noodles were almost ready,

But mother was hurried a lot.

She dumped a packet of something,

Right into the pot with the roast.

And pulled the cookies out,

Before they became toast.

Mother filled bowls with noodles,

And served them to her children.

One glanced up,

And gave her a grin.  
“Nice noodles Mom,”  
Said he.  
“Their as chocolatey,  
As can be.”

Mother glanced in the bowl,  
And gave a frown.  
The noodles within,  
Were very brown.

Mother peeked in the crockpot,  
And gave a sigh.  
The meat was covered,  
With powdered cheese, a mountain high.

At dinner,  
Dad gave Mom a thumbs-up.  
“That was so good,  
It made my heart jump.”

But the only one to frown,  
Was the one who’d went to school.  
“I didn’t get chocolate noodles,  
This day was not cool.”

**The End**

## **NO DESSERT!**

There were two boys, who teased their sister

They worked at her, like as a blister.

Things got out of hand,

So she went and planned

She said 'no dessert for you mister!'



## **Golden Dessert**

Golden wheat rustling  
A wave of gold, waiting to  
Become your dessert

## **ICING**

Glittery icing  
Pictures parading, not like  
The boring, brown cake



## **FROSTING**

I leave  
The room thinking  
About my gooey, sweet  
Masterpiece. Then when I get back,  
It's gone.

## **Cooking Downfall**

Else loved to cook. The best times were when she cooked dinner, for the family, with her mother. They did that for years. Then one day her mother came home too tired, from her job cooking at a five star restaurant, to make dinner.

“I’ve been on my feet all day, I just can’t do it.” She stated when Else came bounding up, asking if it was time to make dinner.

“Could I do it?” Else asked hesitantly, “You can watch.”

Her mother’s face brightened at this prospect, “Yes you may.”

And she did, after dinner, the praise of her family planted a little seed of pride in her heart. And so it went, Else making dinner and getting more and more proud, until one day when Else came home from school. Her brothers had gotten home a while before. They were in the living room watching TV. Else didn’t bother to see what they were watching, she went into the kitchen and whipped up their favorite after-school snack. Then she carried it into the living room to share with her brothers. But instead of the usual enthusiasm she expected, and hoped for, she got,

“Wow, I wish you could cook like the kids on the show.” Her brother, Jeth, said motioning toward the TV with the remote. On screen two kids scurried to complete a dessert in thirty minutes. Else became entranced, she finished that show then watched two more. By the end of those she had made up her mind. Else desperately wanted to be the Kids’ Chopped Champion.

For months, Else practiced, she was in the kitchen almost all her free time. The rest of her free time was spent watching Kids’ Chopped on the glowing screen of the television. Then one day at school she saw a

baby blue sheet of paper on the bulletin board, she was positive that hadn't been there the day before. She walked over to see what it was, it was a sign-up sheet for a competition. But not just any competition, it was a town-wide 'kids' chopped' competition. There were rounds for all ages.

'Wow' Else thought, 'If I win that I know I could win on the TV show.' So she slowly, elegantly, using her best cursive, wrote her name on the list.

Later, after school, Else was so excited to cook that she waltzed into the kitchen and started a batch of her favorite cookies. Soon the smell of vanilla and chocolate filled the house. Just the smell dragged her brothers into the kitchen as if on a leash. Excited Else handed them some cooled cookies. But she was floating so high in the clouds she didn't notice her brothers' faces. Their faces read 'there is something wrong with these cookies.' But Else never noticed.

The next day Else didn't feel like cooking so she rummaged around in the office until she found a box full of pictures of the things she had baked. That gave her an idea. Else went to her room and used her computer to start a cooking blog. She called it; *Cooking with Else*.

She had lots of fun playing around with the settings, changing colors, posting pictures and her favorite recipes. Else thought it was the very thing every cook needed, a blog.

The next couple days were spent blogging. One day, her mother came up and said,

"Darling, I know you're having fun with this blog, and if I may, I would like to give you some cooking advice with your contest coming up and all."

“No.” Else interrupted, “I don’t need advice, I’ve got this contest in the bag.”

Sadly, her mother turned and left the room.

The contest was in three days, and Else was rearing to go. But then, the time came.

Else checked out the three she would be competing against. She didn’t know them, but they must just have gone to a different school in town. To Else, they did not look like much competition. When she opened her basket, the contents were just a few ingredients she had used to make her cookies almost a week before, so she set out to bake them. Her fingers worked the batter expertly, though not as well as they had before. Her’s was the first in the oven, and she set about to make something to eat with it. Time flew by and before she knew it, it was time to see who would move on and who wouldn’t.

These judges, unlike the ones on the real Chopped, didn’t comment on the meal as they tried it. They just tried each one then sent us out.

Then, it was time, one judge stood up and said,

“Sorry Else, you’re chopped.”

Else was steaming. She made her way to a different gym where a loser’s contest was to take place. Three other kids were waiting there.

‘Losers,’ Else thought, ‘literally.’

The round started, Else was determined to win. The more she cooked, the angrier she got. Eventually, she was so angry, she couldn’t see what she had made until it was in front of the judges. They stared at her plate, then stared at her, probably wondering why she had entered.

That made Else mad. She started ranting.

“I don’t know why everyone thinks I’m a horrible cook. I’m an awesome cook! I take after my mother! Did I tell you that she works as a chef for the BEST hotel around? She’s wonderful! And I take after her! But if nobody can see that, I’m done with this competition!”

She stormed out, nearly bowling over her best friend, Arianna.

“You think I’m a good cook, don’t you Arianna?” Else growled.

“No, I don’t. I’ve seen your recent work. There is something inside of you. And it’s eating up the Else I knew. The Else that would cook for fun, the Else who would-” Arianna stopped and stared. Else was crying.

“I know,” she sobbed, “I just wanted to win so I could prove to everyone that I was good enough to go on Kids’ Chopped, and win! But know I see that it will never happen.” Else bawled. Just then her mother came up and said,

“Else, you know you can, and you will. You just need to change a little in here.” She laid her hand on Else’s heart. “Then you will go far.”

Two years later.

“And the winner of today’s Kids’ Chopped is Else Star!” The TV blared. On the screen, tears ran down Else’s face.

“I couldn’t have done this without my mom and my best friend Arianna. They are the ones who made me who I am today.”

**THE END**



**Feel Like You're ALWAYS Cooking?  
And never have time to rest and relax?  
Hire a professional Chef today!**

**You get to have some free time, good  
cooking, and the right to tell your friends, "I  
have a French Chef!"**

**Call now at 999-608-3015 and get a  
free maid as well!**

## ***Just try it.***

*Hey readers!*

*Bet you're tired of me posting recipes every time I post, so, today, I'll just write.*

*One of the best ways to decide your favorite style of foods is to go out and try different styles.*

*Sample Mexican, Chinese, whatever. But don't judge until the last bite is gone. Some people try to judge on the first bite. That is the most wrong way to do it.*

*I think one should sit down and try everything separately first. Then start putting it together until you are eating everything together. And only afterwards ask whether you like it or not.*

*Take it slowly, chew one bite at a time, and don't rush.*

*We'll I'll end this post here.*

*See you at the dinner table!*

***Amber***

## **FROSTING**

**F**eeding Frenzy

**R**eally Sticky

**O**live colored

**S**ore bought or home made

**T**inged with love

**I**nspired

**N**ot required, desired

**G**one

## **A how-to, for making your own decorative plates**

In the craft shop, at the camp I love going to, there is this one craft that I think is most useful. They are these little plates that you can make. And with cloth, plain old, boring, glass plates can become the star of your dinner table.

P.S. Please read each step carefully before completing.

First, you need a plain glass plate. Make sure it has no indentions or markings. Otherwise, this project will be very hard to complete.

Second, lay the cloth over the bottom of the plate and cut it into a circle, slightly larger than the plate. Just remember, it's easier to cut off extra, than to peel off and start again.

Next, set the cloth aside, spread modge podge on the bottom of the plate (you are not putting the cloth on top of the plate, it MUST be on the bottom). And make sure it is spread thickly, too little and the cloth will fall right off. Do not let it dry, do the next step quickly.

The next step is to carefully, do not drop it, lower the cloth onto the modge podge covered plate. Try to center it. If possible, place printed side down, not up. (You want to see the pattern when you use the plate)

Forth, make sure the modge podge is dry. Use a blow dryer in the need be, but you do not want the modge podge to still be wet for the next step.

Step five, cut outer edges of cloth off. Try to cut as close to the edge as you can.

Six, cover the cloth with more, you guessed it, modge podge! This will add strength.

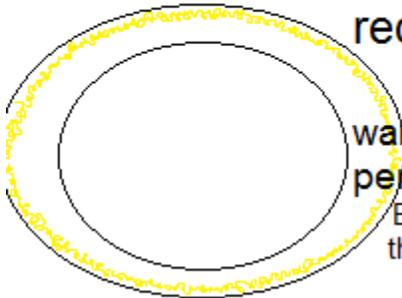
Seven, Let It DRY overnight. Then you're done.

I suggest hand washing, I don't know how hardy modge podge is.

And I don't care, learn how to do it, then do it your way.

Just have FUN!

Tired of eating the same-old everyday, since you don't have other recipes? **TRY MAGIC PLATE!**



Just by asking the plate for what you want, you get a delicious, cooked to perfection, meal with **NO stress.**

But hurry, there are only three hundred such plates in the entire world!



## Good Eats

Recently, I have been introduced to an interesting TV show called 'Good Eats'. The person who hosts the show gives great culinary advice, plus gives us a 'belly-full' of laughs as well. He will tell you what the best meat for jerky is, or which fish is best for sushi. And along the line he will 'accidentally' make us laugh.

Once, he was testing which kabob sticks are best for kabobs, and 'accidentally' used a voodoo doll of the annoying store manager, oopsie.

Then he annoyed a 'retail-genie' so much that she teleported him to a cold mountain range.

But other than teasing store clerks, he shows us how to make cool contraptions, like a 'smoke collector'. A device that makes liquid smoke. Also he made a jerky-dryer with several vent filters, a fan, and elasticords.

The really funny part, is that he time travels. He has been back with Bedouins, and invited them over for a backyard barbeque. They had meat kabobs, veggie kabobs, and pineapple kabobs with a sugar glaze.

Once in his travels, he killed a yak, and hid part of it up in a tree. 'A year later', a rhino chased him up the same tree. There was his yak meat, all dried out. He tried it, and, PRESTO! Jerky!

He also knows different traditions, like how to make proper sushi. And different forms, like inside-out sushi or even sushi without fish.

He also knows where and what he's looking for.

So if you've ever wondered which fish is best for sushi, or how to dry jerky the good way, I would suggest you watch Good Eats. He also does

a lot of other foods, but I won't spoil it for you. Who knows? Maybe you will become addicted to watching cooking comedy shows.

I just wish that I could go and watch another episode right now.

## **GOOD EATS!**

Are you tired of constantly stirring? Hire a professional today!

If you call this number 989-555-6301 we will send you one of our professional stirrers to stir for you!!!

But Call soon! We are running out of professionals as you read this!

## **Elegance; Disaster**

Amazing artwork

Brings tear to the chef's eyes

Elbow bumps; cake ruined



## **The vultures**

The vultures circle

They want a tiny taste

As they whisper and plan

I am busily at work

I realize that I have forgotten something

I leave the room

When I come back, my projects a mess

Finger marks in the frosting

The vultures have struck.



## **Bonus Senryu**

The smell of chocolate,  
Cookies browning in the oven.  
Surprise for my dad.

**Thanks For Reading!!!**

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