

The Cooking Bachelor's Recipe For Love [wedges]

By Dave "Hungry for Love" Reed

Now that Valentine's Day is a decent distance behind us, it's time for the Cooking Bachelor's Recipe for Love. I know what you're thinking. I know because you tell me. I'm constantly getting letters from you, my loyal readers.* "Steve," you say (you always call me Steve. I have no idea why. My name is Dave! It sounds nothing like Steve! Except for that "v" part, anyway). "Steve, what do you know about love? And what is the secret to true happiness?" Those are good questions, both of which I intend to answer.

Love can be a very tricky recipe. We'll go through it step-by-step. Step one, find the right person. Step two, mix 2 cups of flour, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon of baking powder (note: not soda! Unless you like your love a little fizzy) and 1/2 tablespoon salt in a large bowl. Next, uncork the wine (if you bought a bottle that unscrews, just give up now) and stir in 3/4 cup of dried, chopped apricots and 1 tablespoon of grated lemon peel (for bitterness). Add in 1 1/4 cups whipping cream (no comment) and stir until dough forms. Put dough on a lightly floured surface and knead gently. After all, we all knead love, whether we know it or not. Form dough into circle about 1/2 inch thick and cut into twelve wedges.

Make sure some soft music is playing in the background, as music always helps love taste best. In a small bowl, combine 2 tablespoons of sugar and 1 teaspoon of lemon peel. Melt 3 tablespoons (about 1/3 of a stick) of unsalted butter, to remind yourself of how your heart melts when love is around. Brush love wedges with butter and sprinkle sugar mixture on top. Bake love at 425° for 15 minutes or until golden brown.

True happiness comes from finding just the right recipe for love. Be careful, love can hurt. Don't be surprised if you're burned by the first bite, or if you don't get exactly what expect the first time. Love is the kind of recipe that you have to experiment with, make it something of your very own.

Don't forget the candles. No recipe for love is complete without candles. And while you're waiting for it to cool on the rack, may I recommend poetry?



*"My love, you are so delicious,
Every taste I keep as precious.
Summer days beneath an ancient tree,
My love, you are like a pastry."*

Enjoy your love. But don't be greedy with it. Share the love with those around you, before it gets moldy and stale. Remember, love doesn't always keep well. That's all for now. •

Next time: Chicken pot pie... with real pot!

** This isn't true, but my box number is 1598.
Drop me a line, damn you.*