
Young Wife\'s Diary,

Posted by i_wish_i_could_touch_u - 2009/10/26 06:30

Monday:

Now home from honeymoon and settled in our new home.

It's fun to cook for Tim. Today I made an angel food cake and the recipe said, "beat 12 eggs separately." Well, I didn't have enough bowls to do that, so I had to borrow 12 bowls to beat the eggs in. The cake turned out fine though.

Tuesday:

We wanted a fruit salad for supper. The recipe said, "serve without dressing." So I didn't dress. But Tim happened to bring a friend home for supper that night. They both looked so startled when I served them, I think it was the salad.

Wednesday:

I decided to serve rice and found a recipe which said, "wash thoroughly before steaming the rice." So I heated some water and took a bath before steaming the rice. Sounded kinda silly in the middle of the day. I can't say it improved the rice anyhow.

Thursday:

Today Tim asked for salad again. I tried a new recipe.

It said, prepare ingredients, then toss on a bed of lettuce one hour before serving." I hunted all over the place for a garden and when I got one, I tossed my salad into the bed of lettuce and stood over there for over one hour so the dog would not take it. Tim came over and asked if I felt all right. I wonder why? He must be stressed at work, I'll try to be supportive.

Friday:

Today I found an easy recipe for cookies. It said, "put all ingredients in a bowl and beat it." Beat it I did, to my mum's place. There must have been something wrong with the recipe, because when I came back home again, it looked the same as when I left it.

Saturday:

Tim went shopping today and brought home a chicken. He asked me to dress it for Sunday. I'm sure I don't know how hens dress for Sunday. I never noticed back on the farm, but I found an old doll dress and it's little cute shoes. I thought the hen looked really cute. When Tim saw it, he started counting to ten. Either he was really stressed because of his work, or he wanted the chicken to dance.

When I asked him what was wrong he started crying and shouting out "why me? Why me ?"

Hmmm....It must be his job.

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