

LE MARRIAGE COURSE

LE MENU

24 February 2013

Let us begin with a delightful congregation of diced fruits lovingly plucked from various trees and possibly even gathered from the ground, said fruits having reached a state so ripened that they could bear no longer to selfishly attain for themselves any further degree of juicy maturity, cozily snuggled together as if spooning, amid a light misting of bee-spun honey and pure cane sugar, upon a plastic love nest (plate) and we shall call it

Honeyed Fruit Salad.

From here, we move to the next delicate phase of our love meal, a marriage of beast and grain, wherein a chicken is humanely relieved of its life and subsequently its skin and other organs, to reveal a sumptuous portion of meaty muscle that has not only been thoroughly immersed and pampered (although, sadly, it does not enjoy the benefits of said pampering, having been assassinated by this point) in a delightful garlic herb bath, lending the delicate flesh a rather enticing flavor as well as its Christian name, **Garlic Chicken**, after which we cradle defeathered beast in our thrice-washed hands, and, with a light and loving pat, gently lay it to its final rest upon a soft bed of proud yet somewhat sullen rice, still languishing behind maize from its number two position in worldwide grain production.

Alas! It must share the limelight as well with peas and basil, further sending it into a tailspin of insecurity that can only be countered by rapid ingestion amid cries of,

"Oui oui! This rice! To die for!"

Having built up the emotional strength and courage to push through the rice experience, we then find ourselves at a plateau—a resting place—where dessert comes to us as a well-earned reward, a perfect harmony of baker’s ingredients including flour, eggs and sugar, yet not to be left in such a common state, these elements are joined by a liquid cast of questionable characters, vodka and Galliano, along with their acidic sidekick orange juice, where all unite to gently oven-bake, resulting in a springy flouncy sweet drenched portion that the hedonistic if not unrefined call **Harvey Wallbanger Cake**.

Bon appétit!

