

Good times, bad leftovers

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Friday, 19 July 2013 15:48 -



By Sarah Stephens

Mel and I share the cooking duties in our household, but admittedly, I am more generous than Mel in allowing him to cook most of the time.

My thinking on this is pretty simple. I am a really good cook, but Mel is a much better one. Mel is one of those that should open up his own restaurant one day.

So, the other night when he was cooking, we had some friends over I was entertaining and I really didn't pay attention to WHAT he was cooking. Later that night after our friends left, I went back upstairs to get a bite to eat. Mel had already put the food away and gone to bed, so I made a rookie mistake.

I assumed that the two containers closest to the front of the refrigerator were the remains of what Mel had created. Bad, bad, bad Sarah. Bad Sarah.

I dumped the contents of the containers over a bed of rice and ate to my heart's content. It is here that I will interject that something had a strange taste to it. But you would have to know my husband to understand he can get creative in the culinary department. I thought perhaps he had thrown some weird spice into the mix.

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Two hours later I would be rethinking all of my decisions, including booking three upcoming vacations. I really wasn't sure I would make it through the night.

My body revolted in ways I cannot even begin to explain to you. The dogs where howling, the ferret was doing back flips in his cage, but Mel slept on like a baby.

By 5 a.m. the sky was beginning to lighten a little and I was in a near comatose state on the couch. I figured it was just any second before Death came to get me. I surely couldn't put up a fight and had nothing left to offer up to the porcelain gods.

I managed to crawl, scoot or roll up the stairs to our bedroom and that is when Mel discovered what had become of me.

He does get kudos for taking care of me, and letting me sleep undisturbed for the remainder of the day. He even fielded phone calls, which average about 35 on a daily basis here at the house, and told everyone I was sleeping.

So, what have I learned from this adventure? I cleaned out my refrigerator, I can dang sure guarantee you. I threw away things that sorely tested my stance on Pro-Life, because many lives were lost in doing so. Entire colonies of near penicillin bit the dust.

So, I good news is I have a spotless refrigerator. Something good comes out of anything bad, right? Right.

Summerfest is coming up in Millbrook at the end of this month! July 26 kicks off with plenty of local food vendors, live music, and a fireworks show to rival anything in the area that night.

Summerfest has become a regular event for me. The Millbrook Independent always has a table that I usally man. Art Parker and Brian Hodge aren't quite the social butterflies, if you know what I mean. So if you are out at this year's Summerfest, come under the pavilion visit with me.

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Each year the city gives away \$100 to the best decorated table. The Millbrook Independent has won that money almost every year for the past five years. Is it my sheer talent? My ability? No, not at all. It is that most people forget that there is a \$100 prize for best decorated table.

More than likely I should refrain from even mentioning this and hope that people continue to forget about the \$100 prize. But if I take the money home again this year, I want it to be because I earned it and not that it was just a "gimmee." So, if you have a table at Summerfest, get your creativity flowing and give me some competition. But make sure it is a good idea. We have a doozie planned for this year.

Remember, you can bring your own coolers into the events at the Pines Golf Course. Come early and get you a good spot. Even if you don't have a table, bring a blanket to lay on the ground, an ice chest full of something cold (alcohol is allowed) , buy some food from the local non-profit vendors, let the kids play and have a great time.

So, come out and see me July 26 at the Pines Golf Course when you get off work! And thank you to the City of Millbrook and everyone who works so hard on this event every year. It continues to grow and is something for our community to be very proud of, indeed.