

Cooking in Stride

Bret Lundstrom

Had my steak a little rare today. Maybe too rare, but you can hardly blame a novice chef, home alone, just trying to cook a meal that isn't a Hot Pocket. One steak. That's it. Internet by my side the whole way. Never led me wrong before, but I guess I'm not very good at following all the time. "Oh you can cook that frozen steak," it promised, and "and I'm going to show you just how to do it." All you need is a pan, stove, oil and an oven. Not too bad. Two things that can start a fire and one thing that fuels a fire. At least the pan's just a pan. Heat up the oil. Simple enough. Well, how much? No comment? Ballpark is probably good enough. Shit, why didn't you tell me it was going to spit molten fire so much? Now I have to endure 90 seconds on each side of this hell? Well, I can take it, but I bet the cavemen cooking wooly mammoth didn't have to deal with this crap, just the cold, diseases, and stuff. Now to flip it. Just a quick trip through the searing hot droplets of pure pain. Hot Pocket would have been better. At least I would have just burnt my tongue. Now into the oven to heat and kill all the worms. Now I have to guess how long that should take. What's that in the back of the drawer? Food thermometer? How fancy. Never used this before. Now I can know the temperature, but I have no idea what it's supposed to be. Wait. Internet. Okay, 145. Let me open up the oven and just get a better view. Better prop it up. JESUS, that's hot. Ah, oven. I'm an idiot. Perfect time for oven mitts. Wait, why didn't I use them throughout the entire process? Too late now. Well, Mr. Steak, you're sitting at a pleasant 145 degrees and prime for my belly. Let me just put you on a plate, salt you up a bit, and sit down to enjoy you. Supposed to be this red? Well, I'm eating you just the same. Not going to let my six bucks go to waste.

