

Musings on Cooking

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I like to cook. I like to feed people. Something in my primordial soul tells me to feed the hungry. It's in my DNA.

I don't like picky eaters. I make a wonderful meal and the first thing out of the nephew's mouth is, "The garlic bread isn't crispy enough."

I make a dish that has mushrooms and one cousin picks all the mushrooms out of the entire casserole exclaiming, "I love mushrooms!". Then there's the relative who doesn't like onions, garlic, or green peppers, etc, etc, ad nauseam.

So, I'm done cooking for relatives. My search for indiscriminating foodies has brought me to the perfect people to receive the bounty of my labor.

Well, creatures.

Okay, seagulls!

I'm determined to write a cookbook for people who want uncomplaining, happy dinner guests. My book will be:

The Joy of Cooking for Seagulls!

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Lasagna

Large pan, flat noodles cooked, tomato sauce with hamburger or sausage or mini-meatballs—you choose, nobirdy's going to complain. Spinach, mozzarella cheese, ricotta cheese, mushrooms, onions and green peppers (or not), and then the fun part!

First open your refrigerator. Then open the crisper drawer. Take out the fresh vegetables on top, unearthing that stuff underneath that once might have been lettuce or cabbage or cucumbers but is now manifesting as green slime.

Open the meat drawer next and set aside the moldiest cheeses and any other dried-up hunk of whatever you find.

Next check the pantry. That rusty can of chili that's been in there since Jesus was a baby will add zest. Those old soggy crackers will bulk it up. That tub of hideous turnip jelly Aunt Beula made that you never could get the courage to try will add a taste of sweetness.

Layer everything in your large pan and bake at three hundred-fifty degrees Fahrenheit ...or one hundred degrees Celsius, no one will complain if it's for thirty minutes or three hours.

Let the pan cool outside the oven for thirty minutes, three days, or until the kitchen starts to stink and then load it up for a trip to the beach. Find a driftwood log and dump out the pan.

The seagulls will begin circling the moment you exit your car and start diving in before you get back into it. Watch them *fight over ever last morsel*.

Wow! I'm such a good cook!

On the off chance that my seagull cookbook fails to sell, I could delete one word and rework it a bit to become *The Joy of Cooking Seagulls*. I could tell my fussy relatives it's chicken and watch them turn green when I 'fess up later.

Either way, I get to cook so it's all good.