

12-1-11

Something has always fascinated me about prison life, The importance of food. It fuels our economy. Makes us feel better to some extent. It's our main social lubricant as well. We look forward to a holiday meal to break away from the mundane daily menu. Good food begets good attitudes, bad food breeds strife. For a while it was fashionable to serve distressed out of date food, bad times for everyone. Then the fundraisers started for what we call "street food". KFC, Subway and even Dominos. It's a no brainer to have food thrown at a problem. "Street food" is way over price, but no matter how much people whince, cry or whine about the rates, they always buy it. Myself included. Even though these restrants give us the "it's going to inmates" servings, it's worth double the price to taste what free people taste. This week, the canteen started to sell the holiday items. Standards like creme cheese or Pop tarts are our "Black Friday". We go crazy for zuzus and warm wams. Yes, we're easily impressed by silly shit like chili and rice crispie treats. But it's the truth what they say about a man's heart, it's found through the stomache. Something to that effect.

I'm constantly amazed by what we can

do with the items available at our store. Many recipes pop up for cheese cakes or taffy. Recently we came up with an enchilada that's passable as real. No microwaves or stoves. Just 190° water and whatever cups, pitchers or bowls you've got.

Not sure where this is going, so I'm going to enjoy my chocolate/strawberry parfait and sign off. Till next time -----

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