I baked some Macaroni and Cheese

Ok, so I'm about to get down to some funky baking action. Macaroni and cheese. Easy, right? Well, in theory...

First I realize that I don't have a casserole dish. Or a grater. To the Store! Home Outfitters provides me with a spiffy new stainless steel collander, a pyrex casserole dish that has a lid so it can double as a storage container, and one of those cool graters that they use in restaurants where you put the cheese in and just turn the handle (they're are much easier on your knuckles). Next stop is the grocery store, where I pick up all the ingredients I'll need to do the stuff before I put everything in the oven.

Come inside, and I'll share the rest of the process with you.

First things first. It's called Macaroni and Cheese, so I started with the macaroni. Bring a pot to boil and throw it in. That's easy. Then, since lean ground beef was on sale, and I had bought some of it, I decided to make macaroni and cheese and meat. I started browning the beef. The next step was to crush a column of crackers. They didn't stand a chance.

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The second part of macaroni and cheese is obviously the cheese. I had purchased many fine cheeses to use as part of the recipe. I had hoped my new grater was up to the challenge and it didn't disappoint. Those cheeses were begging for mercy in seconds flat. Cheddar, Monterey Jack, and fresh Parmesan all went into the mix. Along with a couple of cans of Hunts Italian flavoured tomato sauce. I was supposed to use tomatoes, but I didn't realize I got the wrong thing until I had opened the cans and was pouring the contents into a bowl.

The final pre-bake step: Pour all that shit into a casserole dish and cover it with the crushed crackers. I now realize why people think that all their homemade shit tastes better than anything else. I was so fucking hungry when I *started* this ordeal, by the time I got to this step, and was waiting for the thing to bake, I would have been happy to gnaw on the sole of my shoe. Anything tastes good at that point.

In the end, the thing turned out pretty well. I never said I *couldn't* cook, just that I *didn't* cook. People seem to confuse the two.

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Oh yeah, I cleaned up too.

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