FOR
Guillaume "Petit Poulet"
Galliot

Dec 2010

Life is fair. In our departments of lack, it is made up for in different ways. Abit like what they often say in Southeast Asia "Same same, but different." Choupi wasn't great with people and heavily social situations tended to make her nervous. Ironically, she was gifted with excellent communication skills, but somehow only always fell into relationships with men who had emotional capacities of trolls.

That's until she met Chef. And it was just like in the movies. He remembered her outfits on all occassions they met, he could read her mind before she could express her thoughts and he sent countless "romantique chansons" text messages and emails over the long distance of +86, +33, +21 +853 — a relationship strung delicately together by fibre optic cables under the sea.

Then there were the meals, the explosion of flavours, texture and sensational pleasures of eating/cooking, more eating and grocery shopping.

Choupi wrote about food and, he created it. She obsessed about measurements while cooking, but without the precision of bakers where accuracy was down to

the nanogram. She used her hands as scale, measuring cup and overall intuitive cooking tool — palms over pan to check the heat, dipping fingers into sauces for tasting and her favourite habit of crushing cloves of garlic between both palms. It felt like killing a juicy fat tick or flea. She had fond memories of wrapping her dog's fleas ~~of~~ and ticks in paper and rolling her brother's 10kg dumbell over them. Same "pop, crack" sound it makes.

Her obsession with hands all boiled down to the belief that a person's destiny lay in their palm to be read. Measuring by hand, every line, crack and crevice ensured that every dish was her own, with a dash of her own ~~future~~ destiny.

She hadn't been to the fortune teller palm reader since she turned 21. The rule of thumb is that one should never have their palms read any earlier than adulthood as the lines are more erratic. The added karma points in life's journey could very well alter one's destiny — or so they say.

The first time Chonpi met Chef, he introduced himself as "Alain Ducasse" which made her think he was a wanky type. ~~Especially~~ When she snuck into the kitchen

to take photos and offered to help and the guest chef and him made her grate lemonskin over beautiful dishes of scallops. All she could think about was not grating her fingers into the dish.

After that dinner worth Many Proustian flashbacks, the rest was history. That was when happily after began where cholesterol became the new vitamin C and love the everlasting antioxident.

# Making cherries dessert For You and your loved one

Ingredients:

Cherries sliced in half
60g powdered sugar
Vanilla ice cream
100g water
Wanton passion & ☺

Directions:

Pour the sugar into the boiling water and make a sugar syrup. Reduce it so it won't be overpoweringly sweet. Once you see bubbles in the pan, add the cherries and toss it in the syrup. Don't stir or toss too hard or the cherries will break.

- serve with a huge scoop of vanilla ice cream and lots of ☺.