

Beet Soup

Man, I had a good soup for lunch today. Beet. Beet soup it was. Red as red, smooth and soft as velvet. I asked the chef what she had in it. Beet, onion, celery, ginger, thyme maybe, and something else. I don't remember the other thing. That's all I remember. The point is beet was not the only ingredient. I'll either ask the chef how she made it, or look it up, cause I tell you what, it was some good soup. It's all I've been thinking about. Course, I like beets.

It was served in a reddish mug, which worked for me. The place also serves soup in a golden-colored mug that I'll ask to have the soup in next time, which I hope is tomorrow, cause I'm eating there tomorrow, and what with thinking many folks will choose today's other soup offering, black bean, over the beet soup, there will still be some beet soup left tomorrow.

Always good when there are things you look forward to.

I'm headed to Richford tonight to do a private show for a small company of farmers and their spouses. I'll eat on the way home in Morrisville at the Bee's Knees. I love their macaroni and cheese. I don't like garlic. Lucky for me the Bee's Knees doesn't put any in its macaroni and cheese. I like the portion size they serve, and they serve it with a small salad, and I always have two orders of applesauce. They don't make the applesauce there, but I know it's made at a small joint, in some liberal hippie girl's kitchen or something. For some reason I've more of an attraction to food if I think it's not being made at a huge plant. So, macaroni and cheese, small salad, and a double order of applesauce so thick you can eat it with a fork. For dessert, what else? A brownie. They make good ones at the Bee's Knees. Of course there's live music and pretty girls every night, and locals to chat with. Most nights I prefer to eat while reading at the counter. But if the right local is there to chat with, I'll chat with it. To drink I have hibiscus iced tea with lemon.

Always good when there are things you look forward to.

Thing is just now I remember I ate at a place last summer in Montgomery, near Richford, called something like the Snowshoe, rough-looking joint from the outside anyway. We did a commercial in Montgomery cause I wrote one that needed a covered bridge, and Montgomery claims to be the town with the most covered bridges in Vermont. Six, they claim, and a seventh just on the town border with Enosburg Falls. We shot at

the Longley Bridge. Nice white covered bridge, eight-foot opening on the sides, 11 foot in the center. Montgomery is a Vermonter's Vermont kind of town. If you don't know what that is, you ain't a Vermonter and I ain't gonna explain it. I will say, Montgomery is near both the border of Canada and Jay Peak, a great ski area. So in the winter the town can get pretty busy—so busy that at the Snowshoe on Saturday nights the line for karaoke can be dang near unbearable.

After we were done shooting we stopped to eat at the Snowshoe, which wasn't quite as rough inside as it looked out but, just the same, you'd say inside was rough too. Well Mister Bubby Jones, not only was our waitress cute and 100 percent breed-worthy, but the danged turkey club I ordered was the best turkey club I've ever had. No joke. Real turkey, of course, is one of the keys to a great turkey club and the Snowshoe used real turkey. The tomato and lettuce were just picked and garden fresh, the cheese was sharp, and the bread, even toasted, was light and soft as a line-dried bath towel. I was stunned how perfect the turkey club tasted cause I'd judged the café by its cover, and by its cover the Snowshoe looked like it serves its soup with a pinch of crack. So I'm thinking maybe I'll stop at the Snowshoe on my way home instead of waiting till I get to Morrisville. It all depends on how I feel.

I will say, I've been to the Snowshoe just that one time, and I've been to the Bee's Knees a hundred times at least, so my best for-sure choice would be to wait to eat at the Bee's Knees since they're a proven home run.

Always good to have options when looking forward to something.

I'm into Castleton Crackers, made in Castleton, Vt. The package promotes them as all natural, no preservative Vermont artisan crackers. A bit pricey at five or six bucks for six ounces, but to me they are unique and tasty, and worth every penny. They come in a handful of flavors. Windham Wheat, Middlebury Maple, Rutland Rye, and two more new flavors, a pumpkin one that has cranberries, ah yuh, I remember now, Putney Pumpkin they're called, and another that I tried and loved, but I don't remember the name or what's in it. I think the spices are rosemary or thyme, but I'm not sure. They're good though.

I don't buy stuff simply because it comes from Vermont, I buy it cause I like it. Like the cinnamon-apple jelly I bought that's made in York, Maine. I bought it at a local store in Stowe, the Harvest Market. It's one of those newfangled food stores. Folks call it the Harvest Mark-Up, but really, I'm not sure the prices there are much higher than at Shaw's or Hannaford's on most things. Anyway, the Harvest Market has a huge old cupboard

lined with jellies and sauces from York, Maine. Beautifully displayed, a small glass jar of handmade jelly is hard to pass. So I reached for a jar of what my eye landed on, which was a jar of cinnamon-apple jelly. I'm not a toast eater at all—not counting turkey clubs; not much bread hitting my gullet in general, and though I do love it I just don't eat it much cause it's too filling; it doesn't leave enough room in the gut for other kinds of foods. Bread, though fantastic, has a terrible ego. So I bought the jelly and let me tell you, that Maine jelly spread medium-thick on a Castleton Cracker is all you need to cure what ails you. Better yet, get into some beet soup with that jelly cracker combo on the side, hit the couch, throw on a Hallmark Christmas DVD, and you'll think you've died and gone straight to a heaven that's full of middle-aged boring people.

I thought I'd write about one of two things I constantly think about. Food. I can't write about the other thing I constantly think about. Sex. Well, I can, but not in the detail to which I think about it. This piece is for publication in a local paper.

I think about family, friends, and work a lot too.

Food, sex, family, friends, work. Food, sex, family, friends, work. In that order. No wait, switch friends, and work. So, food, sex, family, work, friends. Basic. That's it for me.

Sorry, but I don't care about much else. And today, I don't feel like pretending I do.