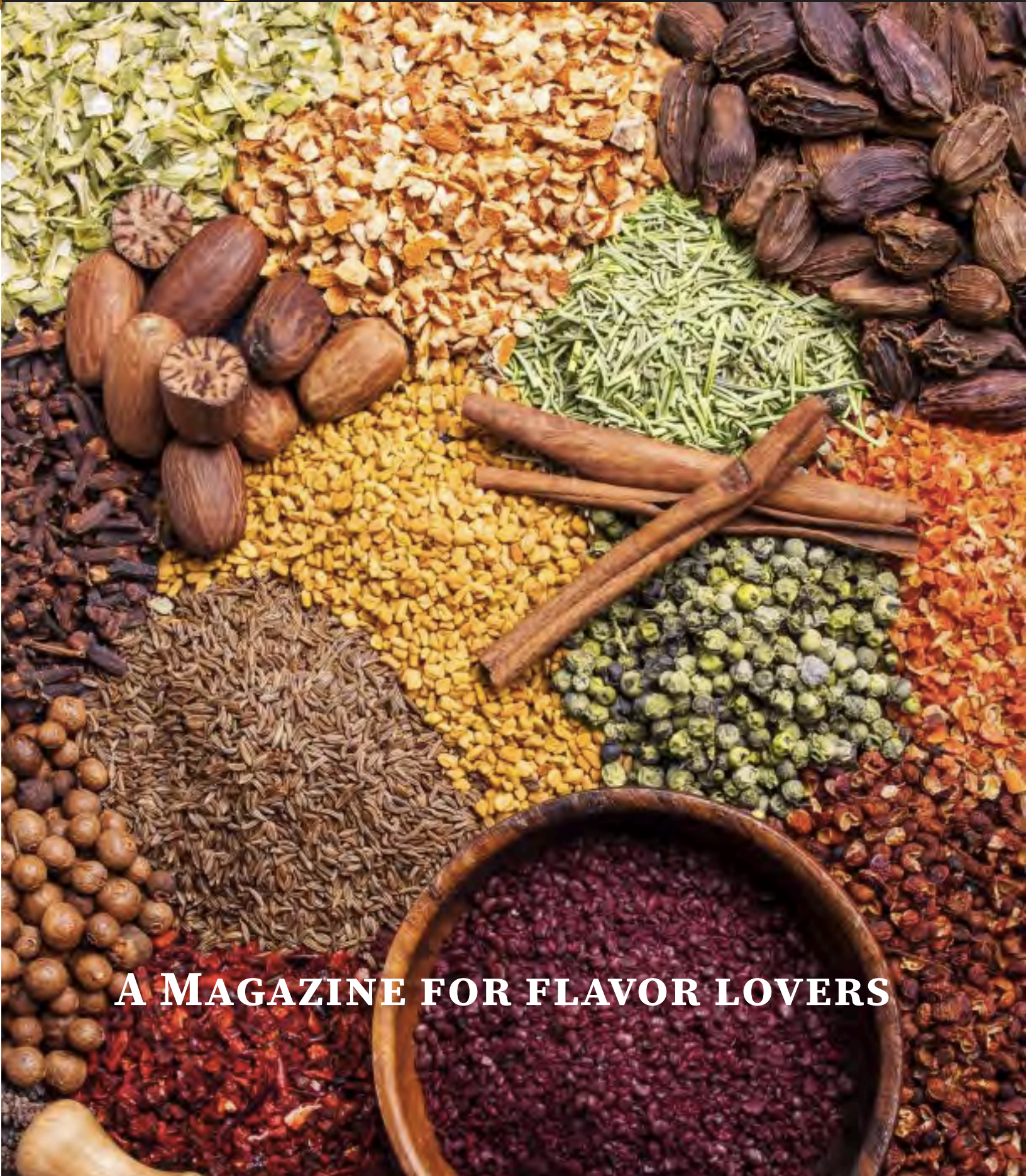


SUGAR & SPICE



A MAGAZINE FOR FLAVOR LOVERS

SUGAR & SPICE

ISSUE #1



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Cooking Sparks

Every Ration Day she was there, sitting on her worn mat with her iron cooking pot or tray of pastries, gazing at the earth and stars. Gail suspected that there was something more to the old lady than she showed. The guards scoffed at her, calling her 'old bat' and 'granny' but Gail didn't know what to think of the wrinkled old lady. Was she a threat? Her food was at least. More and more civilians were coming to accept the old one's meals instead of rations. Gail would have to keep a close eye on that one. She would tolerate no problems in her sector.

"By order of the government," Gail droned in a monotone voice, "you are required to take one ration pack per family member. We are extremely lucky to have a government that provides nutritional food to its people." Gail gazed over the crowd as they shouted, "Long live the government!" Her lips twitched into a small smile. This is what she did her job for: to see more people come to trust the government like she did. Gail's gaze immediately hardened into a scowl when she glanced at the old lady once more. She was handing flaky pastries to two civilians. Those civilians had no rations in hand!

"Go break up that little group over there," Gail whispered to a guard. "The old bat cannot convince people to eat her food instead of the government's rations."

"Yes ma'am." The guard saluted and strode towards the old lady's stall, swinging his rifle into his hands. Gail looked away. Continued on page 6





Though she knew the government protocol she didn't necessarily enjoy watching it. The guard was suddenly by her side again.

"Uh...Officer Gail? Granny ran off. Permission to pursue?"

"Permission denied," Gail said, massaging her temples. "We will catch up to that one a different time. It must be soon, though. She is winning over more and more people with her cooking..."

On the way back to headquarters, Gail formulated an elaborate plan. She would have to confirm it with the council before it was enacted, though. Suddenly, she saw something that made her stop in her tracks. In a small alley, a handful of civilians were waving signs in the air. They read 'Want real food' or 'More proteins!' or 'NO MORE RATIONS!' That last one made Gail's blood boil. Ungrateful people! How dare they protest! Forget the rules of running raid plans through the council. She resolved that her raid on the old lady's garden was happening tonight! This spark of unrest must be stamped out before it lit a whole fire.

Late that night, Gail crouched in the shadows. There it was, the old bat's garden, illuminated by the light of the stars. Gail glanced up at the earth, its shimmering blue and green surface shining through the night. One day she would like to leave this moon colony and visit that big blue ball of water. Launched back to reality by the guards crouching by her, Gail checked to see if the coast was clear. She motioned to the three guards that flanked her to follow her lead. They crept along a low wall, preparing to wreak the hydroponic garden. Now the old bat would have no more resources to make

her rebellious food.

"Uh...Ma'am?" a guard stammered.

"What?" Gail snapped. She looked where the flabbergasted guard was pointing. Her mouth fell open. Glaring down at them were 10 large, armed rebels.

"What are you waiting for?" Gail yelled. "You're trained for this!" She glanced over her shoulder and shouted, "You cowards!" at the backs of the fleeing guards. Two of the rebels grabbed her by each of her arms and yanked her forward. They hauled her into the house and dragged her before the old lady.

"The guards ran off, Ms. Rosie, but we got this one!" one of the rebels reported.

"Thanks Greg-o! Good job everyone! Whoo hoo Foodies!" Ms. Rosie cheered. "All of you should treat yourselves to a cookie. I just pulled a batch out of the oven." The rebels grumbled at the group nickname, but trooped into the kitchen excitedly. Sounds of gobbling and satisfied smacking could be heard from within.

"Welcome Officer Gail!" Ms. Rosie cheerfully called. "Come sit here by me." She patted a small cushioned stool by her rocking chair. Gail cautiously stepped forward but didn't sit down.

"I'd prefer to stand thank you," Gail responded curtly.

"Of course, of course," Ms. Rosie said with a wave of her hand. A couple of moments of silence passed, with the exception of Ms. Rosie's soft humming. Gail fidgeted and squirmed.

"Are you going to keep me captive or something?" Gail finally burst out.

"Oh, no!" Ms. Rosie replied. "You know, I think I am going to be nice to you. I'm going to let you free."

At first Gail was shocked of this generosity, but the feeling soon passed. "What are we waiting for?" Gail remarked as she hurried toward the door.

"Though there's one requirement, dear," Gail stopped in her tracks and glared at Ms. Rosie. "You have to come back here tomorrow and learn how to cook."

Gail's jaw dropped. "What do you... mean..." Gail stammered.

"See you tomorrow!" Ms. Rosie cried as she pushed Gail out the door, shutting it behind her with a resounding click. Gail staggered home, dreading the following day.

"Good morning Officer Gail!" Ms. Rosie called from the kitchen. "Come in here, dear, and we'll begin our lesson."

Gail didn't know why she had decided not to tattle on the rebels to her superior officers. It

just didn't feel right. She was determined to learn what she could from the charming old lady. She stepped into the kitchen, inhaling the delicious smells that wafted throughout the room.

"Let's get started!" Ms. Rosie said.

Gail brought out a steaming pot of curry to the hungry rebels awaiting her at the table. She had learned so much today! She had learned to season and sauté the meat, how to mix the pastry dough just right, and how to spice a dish at every stage of cooking. Oh and so much more.

"You go ahead and eat, Gail," Ms Rosie said. "I can serve these men."

Gail gratefully sat down with a bowl of the curry she had made. She hungrily spooned some of the curry into her awaiting mouth. The curry was unlike anything she had ever eaten. It was incredible. All that flavor and spice left her shocked tastebuds craving more. She gobbled up the rest of the bowl. Continued on page 9



Are you craving a spicy Indian dish? Do you love seafood dinners? Enjoy making this simple but delicious Indian meal for your family!

Fish Curry

Ingredients:

- Fresh Tilapia filets
- 1 Fresh Lemon
- Indian spices (Tumeric, Thakutt, Danajera, Garlic powder, Salt)*
- Plain yogurt
- Coconut oil
- Fresh garlic and cilantro (chopped)
- Coconut milk
- Hing spice*

Directions:

1. Cut the fresh Tilapia filets into 3-4 inch long peices.
2. Marinate the fish for at least 10 minutes (could be as long as an hour) with fresh lemon juice, Indian spices, and about 2 scoops of plain yogurt.
3. After the fish is marinated, heat the oil in a cooking pot. Then add hing spice and fresh garlic. Add your fish and sutee the fish for 5 minutes.
4. After 5 minutes, cover the fish in water and coconut milk. Simmer on low heat for 15-20 minutes.
5. Add chopped cilantro and serve warm over rice. Enjoy!

Tips:

When we made the curry, it turned out pretty well. Remember, though, to add salt to the curry once the liquid has been added. We forgot to do that! Also, make sure when you are buying your cilantro that it is acctually cilantro and not parsly! We didn't pay attention and the curry tasted a bit off because of it. Overall, though, our fish curry was a success!

Strangely, it left her feeling energized, strong.

"What did that do to me?" She asked Ms. Rosie.

She sighed and said, "There's something I was meaning to tell you before the day was over. I guess this is the time to say it. Gail, the government's rations are lacking all of the nutrients and proteins that this bowl of curry has. They purposely left those things out so that the civilians don't have the strength or energy to rebel. You have to realize, dear, that the government isn't always who they say they are."

Gail just stood there, shell shocked. Images and words flashed through her head: protesters, guards, ration packets, nightmares, '...government isn't always who they say they are.'

"I know you're shocked, Gail. I wanted to break this on you later but...anyway here's some curry to take home. You'll probably want to run some tests on it, but I guarantee you will find the same results we did."

Gail bolted out the door and didn't stop until she reached her lodgings. Tears streamed down her face. Was Ms. Rosie right? If so, what did that mean about the government she had put so much faith in? All through the night, Gail ran tests comparing the curry to the rations. She ran tests to see which had the certain proteins that Ms. Rosie has mentioned. Every single time the results came out curry, positive; ration, negative. Finally, Gail slumped in defeat.

"She was right," she whispered to herself. Confusion and disappointment

swirled through her head. "All this time...but...does this mean...that the government...NO. It can't be true. The old trickster is getting to my head." She shook her head as if to rid of the thought and stormed out of her house towards government headquarters.

"But what if Ms. Rosie is right?" she mumbled and she stopped in the middle of the street. Questions poured through her head. "I know! I must ask my superior officers for an explanation." This new thought encouraged her and she hurried to headquarters even quicker than before.

"You we're being deceived." Lieutenant Evans retorted. "I understand your confusion Officer Gail! I myself was a bit bemused when I heard this rumor about our rations. But, I assure you, it is only a rumor. The ration packet you received—was it given to you by the rebels?"

"Maybe?" Gail said.

"Aha! They must have tampered with it! You were tricked. You were very wise though to come to me. Gail, the government is very reliable. We will not let you down." He patted her shoulder understandingly.

Though her mind battled with doubt, her old trust in the government prevailed. He was right. When had the government ever been wrong? The more and more she thought about it, the more she believed it. Gail thanked Lieutenant Evans and strode off, beginning to order a raid to capture the rebels once and for all.

Lieutenant Evans pulled aside a young guard. "When it comes time to capture the rebels, I want you to detain that Officer Gail as well. Continued on page 10

She has too many doubts and questions. She must not find out the truth."

"Yes, Sir," the guard saluted. "I will not let you down."

The morning sunlight revealed guards surrounding Ms Rosie's house. There was no escape possible. The rebels nervously gathered in the living room as someone pounded on the front door.

"How could they have known?" Greg said with terror written all over his face.

"I'm not sure Greg-o," Ms Rosie replied. "However it happened, we're going down together. We lit a small spark with this rebellion, and it's not doused yet. Someone will come along and turn it into a roaring fire. Just you wait. We are the Foodies and our rebellion is not over yet!"

"Why in the world did I ever cast my vote for that awful name?" a rebel grumbled and Ms. Rosie chuckled.

"YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!" Officer Gail charged through the door, guards streaming in after her.

As Gail watched the guards lead the rebels away, flashes of guilt and remorse lingered in her mind. She pushed it away quickly. "The government knows best," she thought, "and these people don't. I must trust the government."

Suddenly, a young guard grabbed

her arms and began to lead her off with the rebels!

"What are you doing?" She screamed at the guard. "I am an officer in your ranks! I turned these rebels in! I did everything right!" Wild confusion clouded her frantic mind.

"Sorry Officer Gail," the guard said, "You have had suspicious involvement with these rebels. I have been ordered to detain you." He forced her into the truck. Sounds of screaming from Gail were heard as the truck continued to the jail.

Gail huddled in the corner of the cell, as far as she could from her betrayed cell mates. Her stomach growled with hunger. Then, Ms Rosie walked over. She slowly handed Gail a pastry, then sat down beside her. As she scarfed down the small scone, a fresh wave of tears rolled down her face, this time from clarity not confusion. Here were people who actually cared for her, not just used her as another disposable tool like the government did. Why did she believe all that was told to her? She must do something to right her past misunderstandings. Gail rose to her feet, wiping her wet cheeks with her sleeve. "I know how to get us out of here," she whispered.

Hope twinkled through Ms Rosie's eyes. "I knew you could do it Gail. Let's go light another spark in this city."

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BALLADS!

The Baker's Woe

Arise oh you baker, the morning has dawned
 It's time to mix up your goodies.
 Don your white apron and fluffy white hat,
 For people are waiting for cookies.

The baker marched in to his kitchen so clean,
 And smiled so bright his teeth were a' gleam
 He pulled out his tools, his mixer with might,
 And started to bake with first morning light.

But as soon as he got to the sugar and salt,
 He sniffed at them with dismay.
 His nose was all stuffy, their labels were gone,
 This morning could be his doomsday.

For this wonderful chef (named Gregor Usef)
 Was famous for nutty-chip cookies.
 If he made a mistake, in this very bake,
 He might be considered a rookie.

Though he blew at his nose, it still remained closed,
 And he wrung his hands with stress.
 "What will I do, my nose full of goo,
 Might cause me to make a big mess.

He looke'd so hard within the small jars
 That white spots danced in his eyes.
 Picking the left as the salt he confessed:
 "I hope I have chosen wise."

Now the people who came on that very day,
 Left shaking their heads with scorn.
 The poor old baker with salty-chip cookies,
 Shall forever be forlorn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir or Madam,

I am simply appalled by your magazine *Sugar and Spice*. In your last issue there was included a recipe (Woe!) that no young lad or lass should ever place their hands upon. It was such an awful, taste bud-threatening recipe...Well, here is my tale:
I had just received my latest issue of *Sugar and Spice* and, upon reading the delightful content within, spied a particular "Spice Filled Chili" recipe. Since my large pantry is continuously stocked with canned goods such as beans in case of an earthquake, and because I am always one who enjoys a nice chili, I decided to make the fateful recipe. Woe! Oh, if I had not seen those cookery instructions! As I crafted this chili, I was surprised when it called for numerous amounts of spicy things: 2 cups of Sriracha, 4 whole jalapeños, and 5 tablespoons of chili powder. I paid no heed to those massive amounts. Oh, woe is me! When I tasted that horrid chili, my poor taste buds were rapidly singed right from my tongue! My frantic screams echoed throughout the neighborhood as I tried to stop the painful burning. Let me save you from more horrid descriptions as you most likely understand what I am telling you. You HORRID, HORRID people! How DARE you include such a recipe in your magazine! I am enraged! You shall pay my expensive doctors bills for my poor tongue! And know, editors, that I shall truly resign my dutiful subscription shortly hereafter. Woe to those who use that recipe!

Your horrified customer,

LADY MARY-ANNE AUGUSTA III

LADY MARY-ANNE AUGUSTA III
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Miss Augusta III,

I sincerely apologize for the discomfort and frustration our "Spice Filled Chili" recipe has caused you. Our team here at *Sugar and Spice* will be deeply disappointed to lose one of our faithful subscribers.

I have reviewed the recipe in question and concluded that you might have been too vigorous in your spicing. Spice, when overdone, can ruin the taste of the dish you are cooking. The recipe for "Spice Filled Chili" called for a tablespoon of Sriracha, 2 whole jalapeños (seeds removed), and 1 teaspoon of chili powder. I am afraid that you might have misread our instructions in the recipe, causing the chili to be unusually spicy. Because your discomfort was caused by a simple exaggeration of the amounts and not the actual recipe, *Sugar and Spice* shall decline to reimburse you for your doctor's bills. We shall, however, offer you a free month's subscription if you are interested to continue receiving *Sugar and Spice*.

We hope you consider our offer and we apologize for your spice fiasco.

Sincerely,

Robert Digoly

Editor in Chief

Sugar and Spice magazine



MEMORABLE MEALS AT MOLCAJETES

Based on an interview with Kim Etzel

The warm, tropical breeze toyed with Kim's hair as she stepped off the massive cruise ship and onto the docks of Cozumel, Mexico. The clear, teal water sparkled in the morning sunlight, revealing hidden reefs below the glassy surface. Kim and six others strolled down the dock toward the island's bustling streets lined with shops, restaurants, and tall palm trees swaying invitingly in the ocean breeze. As they reached the water front, their excited faces fell with disappointment. The streets that they had envisioned to be lined with authentic Mexican food and wares were in reality filled with kitschy souvenirs and Americanized restaurants that screamed their touristy essence. These individuals wanted their time in Cozumel to be enriched in traditional, authentic Mexican food, which would not be fulfilled at some touristy taco place. They desired to dig deeper into the local food culture and pondered whether or not they should risk asking local people for suggestions. Seeing no other options, they threw up their hands and decided to take a chance. They hailed a small yellow cab and told the driver, "We want to eat lunch where the locals eat." The driver smiled and excitedly started to tell them about a restaurant called Molcajetes. This restaurant was apparently a little bit away from the tourist filled hustle and bustle of the dock and was an absolute favorite of the locals. They thanked the driver and set off on some morning sightseeing, eager for their native meal.

Around lunchtime, Kim and the others ambled through the cobbled streets of Cozumel, following the driver's directions to the restaurant he had raved so much about. As they passed by clay brick houses and small local stores, they realized that the directions had led them to no such restaurant with Continued on page 17





the name of Molcajetes. "We must have heard the directions wrong!" they declared. Their stomachs growled in anticipation for the food that would hopefully come. Stopping at a corner bodega, they asked for directions again, their voices laced with more urgency because of their hunger. "Ooooooh! Yes! Molcajetes!" The native sighed and rubbed his stomach. "Mmmm..." Seeds of doubt were planted in Kim and the others' minds. Was this all a trick? The friendly counter man gave them a different set of directions and they dashed down the streets, eager to find this hyped up eatery. Although they followed those directions, the mysterious Molcajetes was nowhere in sight. They stopped a man walking near them and asked directions a third time. "Mmmmm, yes...Molcajetes!" He replied almost instantly. The doubt that had seeded in their mind suddenly sprang forth and clouded the reality of the restaurant in their minds. "Is this some sort of gag you play on all the tourists?" The man chuckled and responded, "No, it's really amazing restaurant! You're gonna love it!" Doubt flew from their foggy minds when they saw his genuine smile shine at them. Finally, after following his directions, they entered a hotel courtyard and beheld a small restaurant with its name in bold letters above it: "Molcajetes." They beamed at one another and rushed inside the tiny, hole-in-the-wall place. Heavenly smells greeted them as they stepped through the door. The staff were exuberant and lavishly doted on them. Because it was past lunchtime, they were the

only customers there and were served on the best dishes and tablecloth. The owner himself greeted them and whipped up a batch of his famous guacamole at their table. After delicious appetizers, the main meal was served: steaming clay bowls heaped with beans, rice, meat, and lovely toppings. The food was incredible. Kim and her friends stayed for three hours, talking and laughing with each other while devouring all the delicious food the staff kept serving. What an afternoon! The anticipation and the buildup to the amazing food made the meal at Molcajetes one of the most memorable meals in Kim Etzel's life.

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NEW DISCOVERIES

The thick fog swirled through the Amazon's towering trees, blanketing them in a shroud of gray. Raymond Von Zuzzer squinted through the mist as he cautiously moved forward through the undergrowth.

"My, I can hardly see a centimeter ahead of me," the adventurer muttered.

"Awaete? Where are you?"

"Yes Sah? I am heah."

"Oh, good. Where is Johnson and the rest of the party?"

"I don't know Sah. Tey moved ahead awhile ago. I have not heard tem in some time."

Raymond Von Zuzzer's brow furrowed as he tapped his finger against his chin. He gazed down at the little sack that he carried. Tap. Tap. The long silence was broken by a macaw screeching his opinion into the humid morning.

"Sah?" Awaete cautiously asked. "You still tere?"

"Yes, Awaete. I was just thinking about our little predicament here. If this unfortunate mist does not clear soon, we will most certainly be separated from our party."

The native shrugged. "I tink it is too late for tat Sah. I tink we be already separated from ta party."

"Most unfortunate, isn't it. Thankfully, I know my way about in jungles! Come along Awaete."

Raymond Von Zuzzer strode off into the rising mist while the young native stood there, shaking his head. Awaete sighed and followed the man into the vegetation.

Later that day, the two men had arrived at the banks of the river. By then the pesky fog had lifted and they could finally see where they were going.

"Oh Awaete!" The collector gushed. "Look! It's a *Combretum rotundifolium*! And a very fine specimen at that!"

"Very nice Sah."



Raymond caressed the plant's shiny leaves and sighed.

"If only I had brought extra specimen tubes. I could have taken this beauty home to my collection. Ahh, if only. But, no. I have come to this jungle for a greater purpose." He patted the small sack and smiled.

The native had remembered that the boat dock was upriver, so, after a stop to boil water from the river and add it to their canteens, they set off, following the river. Awaete led the way. The rest of the day passed tediously as they trudged forward down the muddy banks of the river. Darkness fell over the Amazon and still they walked. Suddenly, Raymond stopped, dead in his tracks.

"Wait!" His loud, urgent voice startled the sleepy birds around them. "I can't hear the river anymore. We must have walked away from it by accident!"

"Are yah sure Sah?"

"Yes. Absolutely. I am beginning to doubt your directions, Awaete. You know how important it is that I get the contents of this sack to the capital as soon as possible."

"Sah, I..."

"I don't want to hear your excuses. From now on, I will lead the way."

Raymond Von Zuzzer turned on his heel and marched through the brush.

Awaete sighed and reluctantly followed the prideful collector away from the direction of the river. When the native caught up to Raymond, he was standing in the moonlight, tapping his foot with impatience.

"It's about time you..."

"SAH! DON'T MOVE" Awaete cried. "Yah is standing in the poison plant!"

Raymond Von Zuzzer's face turned as white as the moonlight he was standing in.

"You...you mean *Strychnos nux-vomica*? The ones you natives use on your attack spears?"

"Yes Sah, the very ones. Now don't move Sah. I tink I know how ta get yah out of the poison plant patch."

"You better!" Once white, Von Zuzzer's face was now a deep shade of red. "I am thoroughly ashamed of you Awaete!"

"Me Sah? What did I do?"

"Your whole job as my guide is for you to keep me out of messes like this. Yet, here I am! Thoroughly ashamed!"

The young native was shocked. His mouth gaped open.

"My job? All due respect Sah, but yah wanted ta lead yahself last I checked."

The flustered Raymond did not seem to hear.

Continued on page 21

POEMS



SHATTERED

Untouched,
Abandoned mess,
Shards protruding from piles,
Spices thrown across the
kitchen,
Scattered.

LIMERICK

There was a young lady named Dot
Who wanted to stir up her pot.
She lifted the lid,
And in she did skid,
Great scott, what has happened to
Dot?



"All I'm trying to do, Awaete, is get this wonderful new spice back to the Collectors Guild and become one of the richest men in the world because of it! Is that too much to ask?"

"Sah, I..."

"GET ME OUT OF THE POISON PLANT!!!"

Awaete had never seen Mr. Raymond so angry before. Though he disagreed with the collector's reckoning about who was to blame, he closed his mouth and helped the seething man out of the plant patch.

"We'll make camp over here."

Raymond said tersely.

They set up a ramshackle lean-to and ate a small dinner of dried jerky they had in their packs. Not a word passed between them. With a small grunt, Raymond Von Zuzzer crawled under the lean-to and fell asleep.

The loud screeching of monkeys in a nearby tree woke Raymond early the next morning. His back ached from sleeping on the hard ground, but at least he was dry. It had sprinkled late last night and Raymond despised being in wet clothes. Suddenly he jolted up. Where was Awaete? Raymond scrambled out of the lean-to and frantically searched the area surrounding their camp. There was no sign of the native. Raymond sank to his knees, despair clouding his vision. Then, his despair turned to anger.

"Prideful native." He muttered, "Thinks he can find his way all by himself, does he? Well, I don't need his blabbering guidance. My, I can survive here all by myself. I'll show him that Raymond Von Zuzzer is not just a stuck up, rich man. I really do know what I'm doing."

After that, Raymond set about

to making himself breakfast. He had a limited supply of food inside his pack, so he scoured the area around the camp for fruit. He discovered a small mango tree about 2 minutes away from his little camp.

"Ahh, *Mangifera indica*! How nice!"

During his breakfast of several juicy mangoes, Raymond thought about signal flags. They had many uses. They could fly about the trees signaling to far away people that he needed help. It could be used as a blanket. He decided to make one. Raymond gathered bright colored leaves and thin vines for thread. He found a sharp stick to use as a needle and set to work.

"This will work," he told himself. "It must work. I have an incredible spice to share with the world. I will be rich. The contents of this bag is worth millions. Ha ha! I have finished it!"

He held up the finished flag and gazed at his handiwork.

"Not bad, not bad at all."

He set aside the flag and dug through his pack to find his canteen for the day was growing hot. When he picked the canteen up, it felt strangely light. He swallowed a mouthful of the liquid and immediately regretted it. There was only a few drops left in the canteen after he had hastily chugged the precious water. As if responding to the realization that he had no water, his throat felt dry and cracked. He pushed away the feeling and ate a mango.

"Now I must mount the flag," He muttered. "How delightful."

Raymond tied the flag around his waist in a tight knot. He faced the tree.

"If only Awaete could see me now! He would be proud!" He frowned and sniffed, Continued on page 22

"Not that I'd want his praise anyway."

Raymond began to climb. At first he was slow and made very little progress. As he went, he became more comfortable and was able to speed up. As he peeked over a large branch, he found himself face to face with a long green snake. It hissed. Raymond screamed. And unfortunately, he let go of the branch he held. He plummeted to the ground. Raymond hit the ground with a dull thud. Groaning with pain, Raymond laid beneath the tree for what seemed like hours.

He woke to a mischievous little monkey tugging at the signal flag still tied around his waist. Somehow, that sneaky guy had wormed the flag out from under Raymond's stomach. The monkey yanked at the flag. Raymond yanked at the flag. A full on tug of war ensued. Finally, Raymond pulled a dirty trick. He swiped the young monkey's legs out from under him and tugged the flag from the monkey's grasp. Raymond and the monkey plopped down on the ground both panting and out of breath.

"Ha ha! I...have won!"

The monkey sighed. Raymond was suddenly overcome with a feeling of déjà-vu. He knew someone that sighed like that. Who was it? Raymond's mouth fell open as realization dawned. Awaete. That's who the monkey reminded him of.

Raymond's heart ached to think of the young native. A tear trickled down his face.

"Do...do you think Awaete left... because of me?" He asked the little monkey.

The monkey cocked his head.

"I was being awfully rude to him before he left."

The monkey scratched its stomach.

"I miss my friend Awaete." He whispered. "I can't do this without him."

The monkey snatched the flag and scampered up a nearby tree, hooting with victory. Raymond curled up into a little ball and longed for a native's voice to say "Sah" and for a cool drink of water. He fell into a fitful sleep.

"Sah? Oh Sah are you okay?"

Raymond looked up into the worried face of Awaete and smiled.

"Awaete? You...you came back? For me?"

"Of course I did Sah! Yah is my mastah and yah is my friend! I also brought ta help! We must get tat spice to ta capital!"

"I'm...I'm your friend?" Raymond was filled with joy on this discovery.

"Yes, yes, yah must stop talking now. Bring ta water for him!"

Later, inside the Collectors Guild, Raymond stood before the board.

"Now, I present to you...The Awaete spice!"

Raymond brought forth the tiny sack and turned it upside down onto a tray. The sack was empty.

SENRYU

Deserted kitchen,
The sink loaded with dishes.
Who forgot their chore?

Kiki's Indian Restaurant: A Place to Remember

In a little hole in the wall place, between California and Clement Street, a small piece of heaven is captured in a simple bowl of Indian Butter Chicken.

As I pranced toward the quaint restaurant, a fantastic smell punctured the air around me. It was a spicy, heavenly, tantalizing smell, that made me hurry a tad bit faster, for my stomach was growling. Kiki's Indian Restaurant is a minuscule place, home to only one or two tables. The friendly staff greeted me warmly and offered tea and warm naan to start my meal. The naan was soft and chewy, a just as a naan should be, in my opinion. A lovely way to start a relationship with Kiki's food. The tea was a sweet, milky sort of tea, quite tasty and refreshing. Then the main meal arrived. The butter chicken and rice was steaming with heat. I realized that the very same lovely smell outside was the smell of this amazing dish cooking in the kitchen. The presentation was beautiful, Continued on page 24

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a dollop of moist rice perched in a sea of butter chicken, garnished with a fresh sprig of cilantro. I plopped a hearty scoop into my mouth and shivered with delight. Succulent curry blended perfectly with sticky rice and chewy chicken. The curry was rich, smooth, delicious, and paired nicely with the sticky, lovely rice. The chicken--Oh the chicken was perfect. Exactly the right amount of chewiness, consistency, and flavoring. The incredible flavor of the entire dish was breathtakingly precise and lovely. Indian taste exploded in my mouth. It had just the right amount of spice, not too much for the mild eater, but not too little for consumers who like a small kick to their food. A rich tomato sauce base gives the dish it's lovely volume and gorgeous color. After sampling the different ingredients of the spectacular dish, I devoured the rest of the butter chicken masterpiece and eagerly accepted seconds. (Yes, they offer seconds at Kiki's. It is truly a wonderful idea!) Chef Kiki herself bade me farewell after I had stuffed myself to the brim with butter chicken. I couldn't get enough of the indescribably amazing dish.

I will most definitely be traveling back to Kiki's Indian Restaurant soon, just for that heavenly butter chicken, by far the best butter chicken I have ever sampled.



DEAR BERT...

Dear Bert,
I love making various baked goods with a cinnamon flavoring to them. But recently, my sister has developed allergic reactions to them. We think its the cinnamon, but my whole family doesn't want to give up eating cinnamon. Do you have any suggestions of a substitute spice that still has similar flavors?

Thanks,
Fredrica Blappy

Dear Fredrica,
That is an excellent question! You know, cinnamon allergies are rather common. There are many substitutes for this spice, but one of my favorites is nutmeg. It is a very tasty spice from Indonesia and I use it regularly in baked goods. Nutmeg's sweetness matches the sweetness of cinnamon wonderfully. Something to put in mind, though, is that nutmeg does not perfectly match cinnamon's flavor. It has a slightly more pungent flavor, but I would still recommend it as a great option. Because of its pungency, add 1/4 of a teaspoon of nutmeg to every 1 teaspoon of cinnamon in your recipe. I hope this helps, Fredrica, and that you continue baking your tasty goodies!

Cheers,
Bert



BRAINW

A couple of years ago, my family traveled to India. My grandparents are originally from there, so we met lots of our cousins. Towards the end of our trip, we stayed at my dad's cousin's house. His father's brother's son twice removed or something like that. One night we went out to eat. We thought, "How nice! They'll take us to their favorite Indian restaurant!" They did take us to their favorite restaurant. We arrived at a mall. Then we walked up to McDonalds. Now my family does not partake in the normal American love of McDonalds. We try to eat healthy and I have never eaten a happy meal in my entire life. But these relatives didn't know that. "We thought you would be missing home!" they said. We got dosas instead. It made me think: "Why is the typical American stereotype for food consumption hamburgers and fries? Why do 1 in 3 of Americans eat fast food? Is there some bigger scheme behind this?" I passed the thought as nothing in the moment, yet the idea stayed tucked away in my brain. The next morning, our cousins brought out cornflakes and milk for breakfast. "You've gotta be kidding me," my dad muttered. My sisters and I ate the cereal out of respect, but all the while we were gazing at the wonderful parathas my parents were eating for breakfast. What makes the rest of the world think we Americans have bland food tastes? I mean, come on, have they ever tasted gumbo from the south? I didn't think so. That night, our relatives cooked us curries and daals. "We made it mild for you!"



WASHED!

Thanks. Our spice endurance hasn't developed at aaaaallll after spending two weeks in India. How thoughtful of you. Anyway, back to McDonalds. Not only do many Americans enjoy a good happy meal, but people from other countries do as well. McD's is seeping into the global food culture without our even realizing it. It's *sniff* really sad to hear stories about students all over the world favoring fast food over home-cooked meals. Wouldn't you rather have a nice fresh dumpling over a burger? No, you wouldn't. Because McDonalds is brainwashing you. There, I said it. I think that big ol'McD's is plotting something. A HUGE something. The large influence of McDonalds make on worldwide food culture is significant. And the numbers rise daily. What if an impact on food culture all around the world was the the ticket to world denomination? What if, after conquering America in the food world, McDonalds conquered every other country out there? Imagine it! A world where every single person only ate McDonalds. What if home-cooked meals were banned? Imagine that: A world where everyone has bland food palates. So, my point is, citizens of America, what will we choose? Will we choose to support the schemes of McD's? Or will we change our eating habits and prove to the world that Americans are diverse in our food culture? It's up to us.

CREDITS

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