

## Selected Entries from a Millennial's Food Planning Journal

Sunday

10:32 AM

Woke up with the taste of last night's beer(s) and sage garlic fries in my mouth. Resolved to brush teeth more thoroughly. Also resolved to spend less \$\$\$ eating out this week and maybe even clock in at the national average of 37 meal preparation minutes per day. Well, actually it's 21 for my age group. Let's not push it here.

10:43 AM

Refrigerator inventory, pre-grocery store outing.\*

1 bottle white wine – unseen at bottom of birthday party booze bucket

2 half loaves Dave's

Killer

Bread – still dealing with ramifications of mistaken purchase three weeks ago

1/2 cucumber – covered in plastic wrap that has not weathered well in fridge tundra

Baking soda – for odor control, not baking

1/3 container spicy avocado hummus – hallelujah!

10:55 AM

Arrive at grocery store with plans of world domination via chicken soup and grain bowls.

11:13 AM

Depart with reusable tote bag full of lactose-free kefir, ginger kombucha, and lemon sparkling water. Sigh audibly to nobody in particular and re-enter store to address conspicuous lack of edible items.

11:33 AM

Leave grocery store again with Redbor kale, Romanesco broccoli, Japanese sweet potatoes, and other vegetables that would make any family medicine doctor or world traveler proud. Resolve to bring list to grocery store next time.

1:22 PM

Apartment smells of soup and leprechauns and hope and change and hence Obama.

I don't want soup anymore because it's basically just a big bowl of warm, salty tears.

4:55 PM

Popcorn EMERGENCY!!!!!! Hustle to 5:15 showing of Hidden Figures for appointment with Dr. Taraji P. Henson.

8:08 PM

Return home from theatre to discover that chicken soup was left unattended on kitchen counter for 3 hours. Decide with the help of food scientist Harold McGee that I will live to see another day.

Monday

7:15 AM

Fight off a case of the Mondays with breakfast burrito, sadly lacking the kick of salsa roja. Start shopping list for next Sunday. Dance around to the tune of Macklemore's "Can't Hold Us" for 4 minutes and 18 seconds while packing lunch for work.

2:22 PM

Momentarily tempted by coworker's offer to go purchase soup and grilled cheese. Brainstorm nonverbal system to communicate #mealplanninggoals, like a monk who has taken a vow of silence.

2:24 PM

Grilled cheese temptress breaks open secret office chocolate drawer.

2:45 PM

Sugar coma.

6:01 PM

Open up birthday wine. Lose 40% of chicken broth in life or death struggle with linoleum floor. Nibble at bowl of oatmeal while watching Chef's Table.

Tuesday

7:15 AM

Brekkie = two swigs of lactose-free kefir. Wonder how kefir can be lactose free. So caught up in this quandary that lunch is forgotten.

2:12 PM

Running on fumes from last night's "dinner." Pounce on open box of heirloom grain crackers near communal table, only to discover there are only 1.7 crackers in the box. Still worth it.

2:16 PM

Discover that the 1.7 crackers were actually not communal and apologize profusely to grilled cheese temptress. Tears well up in eyes. Blurt out nonsense about Obama soup.

6:01 PM

Pour glass of birthday wine to recover from trying day at the office. Feeling inspired, Google "grain bowl," but end up spending all 21 cooking minutes looking at SQIRL website.

7:32 PM

Fuck it. I'm getting tacos.

\*Based on real events