

# Happy International Bacon Day!

This morning, I served my family low sodium bacon and it went over like a ton of bricks, which ironically is exactly what low sodium bacon tastes like. To add to the fiasco, today is International Bacon Day. So, it was kind of like culinary blasphemy.

Now, I have to preface this post by saying, The Broughtons love their bacon. I was neutral on the bacon issue before I married Larry, but becoming a Broughton meant loving that particular part of the pig. Our wedding reception featured every sort of food wrapped in bacon imaginable (and a large swan carved out of butter, but that's a different story).

This morning I knew I was in trouble the moment I threw the bacon in the pan and it started to turn a weird yellow/orange/brown. "They're gonna know! I'm going down," I thought to myself—mild panic setting in. This was bad. No matter how good the cinnamon rolls or how scrumptious the eggs, if the bacon's not good, you might as well throw the whole breakfast out the window. *(Which is strictly prohibited in our home owner's association rules and regs.)*

When I served the "bacon" my family seemed to not suspect a thing. I felt devious, like slipping a cheating husband rat poison in his coffee, but my family did nothing to deserve this...this...What have I done?

As soon as I took a bite I knew it was all over. Darting my eyes from kid to husband to kid back to husband I could see the confusion on their faces as they ate their first piece.

It made an unnatural crunching sound that pierced the ears, and with each bite the noise became louder and louder until finally ending with a terrible crunchy crescendo, leaving me feeling guilty and...very thirsty.

Emily picked up her remaining two pieces and threw them on to

her dad's plate without saying a word. Larry, poor Larry, he would never say anything. He is so sweet and supportive. He just kept eating, looking straight down at his plate. I finally confessed, "The bacon is low sodium," and with that, a big sigh we let out by everyone.

I think they were just happy I wasn't able to make regular bacon taste so awful—sealing my fate as a terrible cook. They all then downed their OJ's to get rid of the taste and tore into their cinnamon buns. "I just thought it would be healthier this way," I explained. Thus, almost completing the transformation into my Mother.

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**In celebration, here is some bacon linkage:**

- ★ My friend Andrea made **Maple Bacon Cupcakes** on her blog Bakers Love.
- ★ **Kevin Bacon** in the warehouse scene in Footloose, because nothing releases teenage angst like drinking beer, a high-energy dance routine, and jazz hands.
- ★ Jim Gaffigan talking about bacon. "Even the frying of bacon sounds like applause..."