

How to impress friends with pigs in a blanket

✖ My friend Andrea and her family came by to visit last week. Andrea and I were friends in high school, and moved to San Francisco together for college. She stayed up in Northern California, so I only get to see her every three or four years.

Whenever kids come over to our house I always serve up some pigs in a blanket—always. They're easy. They're fun. They're not messy. They're friggin' delicious. Seriously, who can resist their petite scrumptiousness?

Let me set the stage for you:

Andrea is a food writer.

Andrea makes her own butter.

Andrea doesn't let store bought bread cross the threshold of her home.


Andrea's kids have never tasted Kraft Macaroni and Cheese (and worse—won't touch the stuff).

Now, before you all start to hate Andrea for her culinary wizardry, let me say this: Andrea is a good sport.

As her clan arrived (husband and two boys), I realized my usual fare might not be to their standards. When I started pulling out the "ingredients" (term used very, very loosely, because really, it's just The Pillsbury Dough Boy and Littl' Smokies) I said, "Um, I'm going to make pigs in a blanket, is that okay?"

At that, Andrea jumped up and offered to help. Boy, for a professionally trained pastry chef (Tante Marie's), she sure didn't know squat about how to assemble these tasty pastry wrapped delicacies.

"Oh, Andrea, let me show you how to do it," I offered. She

managed to cut up the triangles with some skill and assembled a few pretty decent ones. 

Everyone enjoyed their lunch and we were off to swim with our bellies filled with one of summer's best treats (followed closely by the S'more. But I didn't want to overwhelm her with my domestic talent so we had cookies instead).

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 I wrote this for the Mom Blog on ocregister.com. You can visit my blog over there by clicking: [Here](#).

I also linked to some other things I've written for them about my enormous domestic talent:

Oh, the laundry gods must be mad at me

Honey, I'm going to have to write you up for tonights dinner

Slightly inappropriate family dinners: Psycho Chicken