

Cooking lessons

“Okay...you can do this.”

Kick Pacer said to himself, trying to psych himself up for what was to come. He had the pot in front of him on the counter, ready to be filled with water.

“It’s just instant soup. You can do this. Okay. Step one.”

He turned on the tap, letting the pot fill with hot water. Once it looked good enough he shut it off, a proud look shining across his features.

“Just call me Chef!”

He exclaimed, clicking his cybernetic hooves together. He lifted the pot with his pony magic, the rings on his black horn glowing as he shifted the pot to the stove. He flicked on the burner and stared at the water, waiting patiently. There was only three more steps. Boil the water. Put in the noodles. Put in the spice packet. Then all he had to do was leave it alone until it cooked enough. He could DO this! Excitement swelled in his chest as he tippy tapped his hooves on the linoleum floor. He turned away to grab the packet of noodles, and when he turned back the water was about to boil over.

“Ah! AH!”

He rushed over and lowered the burner, the bubbling, angry water sinking back into the pot.

“Phew...”

Okay, next step. He took out the noodles and gently dumped them into the pot.

They burned.

How they did, the laws of physics do not know. The noodles dumped into the water and instantly became crinkling black flecks. He sighed, started again. The water boiled, the noodles went in...and they didn’t burn! He did it! Kick Pacer watched the noodles, then took out the flavor packet.

“You know, I can make this better.”

He said to himself, walking over to his spice cabinet and rifling through it. Eventually he grew excited, and just grabbed a little bit of everything. He trotted back over to the pot, where the noodles were slowly simmering. He began to dump in spices, not paying attention to how much or even what he was putting in. The smell became stronger, and dark smoke started to rise. He blinked, the smoke boiling over the pot, and turning to a red, hissing mist.

“I...uh...”

Eventually the pot burst into flames, and Kick Pacer squealed. He ran to get water to dump on the fire when an evil voice erupted from it.

“WHO HAS AWAKENED ME?”

“...What?”

He turned around, a giant, red eye floating amongst the licking flames.

“Uh..who are you?”

“TIS I. THE DEMON OF THE NOODS. I HAVE COME FORTH AFTER YOU SUMMONED ME.”

“I didn’t summon you!”

“BUT YOU DID. IN DEFILING THE NOODLES BEFORE YOU WITH ROTTEN SPICES AND TOO MUCH SALT YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME FORTH.”

“...But I didn’t mean to?”

“...YOU DIDN’T?”

“No! I’m just trying to make noodles!”

“...OH. WELL YOU’RE REALLY BAD AT IT.”

“I’m aware of that now!”

“RIGHT. WELL. THIS IS EMBARRASSING.”

They stared at each other for a while, and with an awkward bye the eye disappeared, leaving a thick, boiling mass of too soft noodles and a mixture of spices that looked like baby vomit.

“You know what...I’ll just order pizza.”