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Stove Top Brownies?

By Erica Lynch

In seventh grade about six years ago, I was taking a class called Home Economics, or what I like to call Home Ec. The class was for students who wanted to learn how to cook and how to sew. I had some experience with both cooking and sewing from growing up around my grandma, who worked in restaurants all her life and sewed for a hobby. Of course, I took the class because I thought I could pass it without a doubt, but also because it was a fun class.

One day in class, my friend Chelsea asked me if I wanted to come over after school to hang out. I took her up on her offer and told her I would be there in a dash, after school let out.

I arrived to Chelsea's house at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We were unsure of what we wanted to do. Therefore, we sat on the couch while we contemplated what to do for entertainment.

"Do you want to bake something?" asked Chelsea.

"That would be fun!" I said. "Just like Home Ec class."

We scrambled through the cabinets to see what all we could find to bake. We came across cookies, brownies, cake mixes, and pudding.

"Which do you want to make?" asked Chelsea.

I looked at her with a train of thought and exclaimed, "Brownies sound good!"

Next, I started reading the directions on the back of the box, looking for all the ingredients that we would need. The basic directions usually say turn your oven on to preheat at a certain temperature, mix your batter, spray the pan, and then pour the batter and bake.

Chelsea and I worked as a team to get all the right ingredients to whip of the batter for the brownies. The mixture was smooth and creamy with just a few clumps like tapioca pudding. The batter was ready to pour in the slippery greased pan. We then put them in the oven. We set the timer for approximately 24 minutes to let the brownies bake.

When the timer chirped, I went to the kitchen to check to see if the brownies were cooked all the way through the middle. Opening the oven door I realized they were still completely gooey, and I knew something was not right. I ran my finger over the top of the runny brownies to see they were not even warm.

"I think there is something wrong with your oven."

"Why?" asked Chelsea.

"The brownies are not cooking and the oven is like an ice box."

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Chelsea then began to examine the oven, turning knobs, flipping switches, and to try to figure out what is wrong. She didn't see anything out of the ordinary. I asked her how we were going to cook them if the oven did not work. She suggested, cook the brownies on the stove top. I looked at her with doubt, but said "Why not? Wouldn't hurt to try."

After deciding to use the round, brown burners to cook our brownies, we waited patiently for them to cook. Since we weren't sure how they were going to turn out we made sure we kept watch on them just in case something went wrong. As each minute passed, we could smell more of a sweet, mouth-watering scent throughout the air. We checked on the brownies to see what they looked like and the next thing we knew, they were beginning to sizzle like bacon.

"Oh, my goodness," I said. "I don't think these brownies are going to cook right because they are made for an oven."

Chelsea looked at me like she couldn't believe we both thought the brownies would cook on a stove top. We both burst with laughter.

In the end, Chelsea and I realized our bright idea of using the stove top was a flop, and so were the brownies. We came to conclusion maybe there are directions for a reason.

