



Remember when...? – Sugar or not sugar

Description

Sometimes, we have fairly vivid memories of events when we were very young and this is one of them.

As a preschooler (i told you i was very young) one of my favorite “snack” was a slice of bread, with butter and sugar on it. Even before i could clearly speak, i would ask for “crouste-sucre-beurre” (which would translate to “crust-sugar-butter”).

Although, i can guess that my mom would usually be the one making it for me, on occasion, i would venture to do it myself.

A real monkey

I still remember that the breadbox was on the counter and had a door that opened forward. Once open, it was easy to get the bread but, for a 3 or 4 year old who had climbed on the counter, that only left a couple of inches on the edge of the counter once the door was open. But i never fell, which surprised my mom.

In the pantry

If we used butter (we certainly didn’t have margarine back then), it must have been left in the pantry so it would not be too hard. But it surely was too high for me, so pulling a chair, i was able to get my last two ingredients for my “crouste-sucre-beurre” treat.

Like a big girl

So that one morning, i decided to do it all myself: i got the bread from the breadbox, i got the butter from the pantry and i needed the sugar to top it off, of course. However, since i didn’t know how to read, and my mom had various containers that were similar, i was using my sense of observation to find the sugar. I grabbed the container, looked through the little holes on top and saw it was white.

Yup, that is sugar. With all the ingredients in hand, i proceeded to complete my unique recipe.

Time for breakfast

Since it was early (my mom was still in bed), i guess that was going to be my breakfast. The first bite sent me shivers all through my body. YUCK!!! that is NOT sugar... that is SALT!!! I had looked through the holes of the salt shaker and confused the white sugar with the white salt!

I'm not going to tell

Feeling quite embarrassed, i didn't want to wake up my mom to tell her, and for some odd reason, i didn't want to throw away food, so i left the salty bread on the counter. When she did get up, she noticed that bread with one bite missing and wondered why i didn't finish it. I had no choice but to tell her. But she had to taste it to believe me!

That taught me not to rely on the color to distinguish salt and sugar!

How about you? Did you ever make a funny kitchen mistake? Don't let me be the only one in the world to have done something odd. Share your story too.

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