

My luminous wall

Made with a warm hug

M_JASNIAK JUN 05, 2017 09:28PM

Flying pancakes My favourite dinner from my childhood is pancakes. Pancakes were delicious. They tasted the best with jam. I remember my mum also made pancakes with cheese and sugar . Tasted amazing! One day my dad saw on TV a culinary program in which cooks threw pancakes up. He decided to do them . At the beginning everything went OK. Then when a pancakes was on the frying pan and you had to turn it, my dad did just like on TV. When one pancake was falling down, it landed on my scared mom. It was fun! My mum never let my dad fry pancakes again. Natalia and Ewa

Be careful with seafood (sometimes) I spent my holiday in Spain some years ago. It was a really awesome adventure! One day I and my friends went to the best restaurant in Barcelona. It was called "Fox" and we ordered seafood. I was so glad, that I could try regional delicacies. The food looked great and very tasty. Unfortunately when we were eating our colleague Cuba started choking. We were so scared that we called the ambulance. Fortunately the whole situation ended well. It turned out that in one piece there was a small shell mussel and it stuck in his throat. Cuba was in hospital but after 2 days he felt very good and came back to us. Next days we were swimming in the sea, playing volleyball and dancing all night long. It was a nice time for me. Last day of holidays we went to the same restaurant and we ordered also seafood and this time everything was great. Klaudia

Mum intervention Five years ago I wanted to cook dinner. I was really hungry. I prepared a plate and a spoon. I found a pot and poured water into it. I turned on the gas stove. I waited until the water started boiling. I opened a packet of pasta and I poured it into a pot. In the second pot there was some chicken broth which I decided to heat up. I poured warm chicken broth on the plate, but I forgot about pot with the pasta. After twenty minutes from the boiling I began to smell something unpleasant. There was a lot of smoke. I burned the pot. After a moment my mother ran to the kitchen. She quickly turned off the gas stove and opened the windows in the kitchen. My mom was angry because I could burn myself and burn the house. I was really scared. Then she cooked dinner for me which I ate. Never again did my mother allow me to cook dinner. Until today I badly remember this event.
Darek

My first broth and "dry" potatoes For as long as I can remember, I have always wanted to be as my grandmother - that is I wanted to become a wonderful cook. My parents were working very much, so my grandmother was looking after me and my sister every day. She taught us a lot of things, read books and told us interesting stories. I can say that she inspired me to become better and better in cooking. When I was a child, she let me help her in preparation of dishes and in baking delicious cakes. When I was 10 years old I decided that I would give her a surprise and I will prepare something by myself. I wanted to make broth and potatoes. I threw everything what I had near my hand into the broth (the loin, the carrot, the parsley, the leek, the celery, chives and many spice) and still I cooked the broth. I peeled potatoes and I put them into the pot and I started cooking them. Everything seemed to be perfect. On television my favourite fairy tale started so I began watching it. Suddenly I could smell something strange in the house. I reminded my dinner and quickly I ran to check it. At that time my grandmother came back. To my absolutely surprise the pot started burning and potatoes were black. The grandmother started laughing and said that potatoes should be boiled in water. Later she looked at the broth and said the loin and chives weren't being added to the broth and vegetables should be peeled. I was so sad but grandmother comforted me and said I would still learn everything. Until today we recall this unfortunate broth and potatoes. Monika

Dog food? Why not? I remember that as a little girl I used to like preparing food for myself. One day I got up early and I decided to make my breakfast. I felt like eating something light. I found a bowl and a spoon, and I took out a carton of milk from the fridge. There was only one problem because I couldn't find breakfast cereals. I thought that my mom had hidden a new pack of this product. This way I began looking for the breakfast cereals. After some time I found a sack with breakfast cereals in the lower cupboard. I poured some into the bowl and poured breakfast cereal with milk. Then my mom came to the kitchen, she looked at the sack lying on the table and she quickly took my breakfast. She said: "These are crisps for our dog!". Since then my mom always got up before me to be able to prepare breakfast for me. Until today I remember the funny situation when I almost tasted dog food.

Marta and Miriam

It's really difficult to save pocket money. It was ten years ago. I was a little girl and I loved cooking. But I was always cooking on a toy cooker because my mum didn't allow me to cook on a real one. She was worrying about me. One day I could see that my mum was very busy – we had some guests for dinner. She went to a shop. When she came out, I decided to help her. I thought that I could do something. I wanted to cook pasta and French fries. Everything had been going very well until the oil didn't start to splash. I didn't know what to do so I took a pot. I wanted to pour some water. Then my mum returned home. I was very scared and I dropped the pot on the floor. Immediately the carpet started burning. My mum put out the fire very fast. I was very disappointed but I reminded the pasta. When we look inside the pasta pot, we could see a huge noodle. And that's all from my cooking. Instead of helping my mum, I burned the carpet. I had to buy a new one from my pocket money which I had been collecting all my life.

Paula

When I was a very little girl, I used to love having fun with my friends while playing "the house kitchen". I was pretending that some stones were potatoes, some nettle with grass was salad and so on. One beautiful day my cousin who is three years younger than me came to visit me. I invited her for a "coffee" (coffee was sand with water from a pond) I also did it myself. Pretending to drink I put an old cup in my mouth, but my cousin didn't understand that it was just a play (she was too little). She drank a whole cup of my "coffee" normally as if it was juice and asked for a bit more! I never told her what "coffee" she had drunk!

Julia

How to make someone's pet happyWhen I was 11 years old, I thought that I could try to prepare a meal for my parents, because they were working hard in their jobs. They always came back home at about 18.00. They were often very tired. I tried to prepare some French fries from a package. When I put them in the oven, I went to watch TV. I was watching my favourite film " Shrek ". About 30 minutes later I felt horrible smell. I reminded myself that I had put the French fries in the oven. When I went to see what was happening, I saw that the French fries were burned down. I didn't know what to do because I wanted it to be a surprise to my parents. I thought I could order something from a local takeaway. When my parents came back home, "my" dinner had already been on the table. They were hungry and satisfied. I didn't tell my parents about my adventure. My dog ate the French fries, it was absolutely happy! Michał

I and my friend Kinga wanted to bake a cake for our friend, Natalie's birthday. The cake was to be a surprise. We met together in Kinga's home and started making a cake. We added all ingredients and I noticed that we didn't have a sugar. Me and Kinga have dirty hands so Kinga called her little brother. We asked him to give us some sugar from the cupboard. He brought a packet and went to his room. Kinga poured some sugar into the cake and we put it into the oven. When the cake was in the oven , I started cleaning the kitchen. I threw out empty packaging and I saw some packaging of salt! I thought it must have been a mistake and I didn't tell Kinga about it. We decorated the cake and went to the surprise birthday party for Natalie. We gave her our cake and she treated her guests with it, one piece for everyone. This cake was horrible! I quickly told Natalie and Kinga about it. We started running and take people their pieces of the cake. This was a very funny but also stressful situation! We will remember this day for the rest of our lives! Roksana, Natalia, Kinga

Romantic dinner! Eight years ago my parents celebrated 20th wedding anniversary, so I decided to make them a surprise - a romantic dinner. I found an interesting recipe for a vegetarian lasagne (my mum doesn't eat meat). I went to a local shop to buy all ingredients. I bought special pasta, carrots, broccoli, cucumber, corn and cheese. Unfortunately, there was no tomato sauce, so I had to ask my neighbour if she had some. Luckily, she had it and gave me some. I came back to my house and started preparing the dish. I cooked pasta and fried vegetables. Then I put all ingredients together and put it into an oven. Suddenly, my friend called to me and we were talking for an hour. I completely forgot about the lasagne! When I smelled a smoke, I ran to the kitchen. The dish was burnt and my parents were to come back in 30 minutes. There was no time to make something else, so I just ordered a pizza. It was one of the funniest things that happened to me when I was a child.Helena i Michalina

Cooking hasn't always been safe for me! It was winter. I was 5 years old. we prepared meals for Christmas together with my mother. I wanted to help my her, but I couldn't cook. I began to disturb my mother. She gave me some vegetables. I was cutting them into small pieces, I was slicing cucumbers, potatoes and red peppers. While I was slicing a carrot, suddenly I felt pain. Oh my God! Blood appeared on a cutting board. I was frightened, I screamed: Mum, I've cut my finger! She ran fast. As it turned out, it was only a little cut. She said: Calm down, Natalie, it isn't terrible. My mum washed the wound and put an adhesive plaster. Since then I have been always careful, when I'm keeping a knife in my hand and cut vegetables. Natalia

In my family we all know that baking together can be a special experience. When I was a kid me and my grandma were always baking together. One day she was doing eclairs for my birthday party. Grandma used to fill them with some vanilla cream. Once she left the kitchen and I put one fo my Lego blocks into one of the eclairs. When all the guests arrived I was waiting for them to taste the eclairs we had made together with my grandma. I didn't know who would take the special one with a Lego block. But when I saw my sister face with the Lego in her mouth... I couldn't stop laughing but she didn't want to talk to me. After that situation every time I'm baking with my grandma, she always checks me And she always stays with me in case if I wanted to do something funny. Krzysztof @ Krzysztof

Błażej I had a lot of adventures with cooking in the course of my life but only one of them left a permanent mark in my mind. It happened on 21 May 2006. I was in a primary school. The sun was shining outside. Nothing hinted on sinister events of that day. I lived through almost entire first grade at this point but this day was different. We weren't supposed to bring food to school that day because that day we were making some salad. At first, it was funny. I took ingredients out of my backpack and began making potato salad. (I don't even remember how it tasted when I finished but probably like ordinary potato salad.) When I was mid-way through slicing my potato. I heard a scream in the distance and a dim sound of a knife hitting the floor of the classroom I was standing in. I was about live through most chaos I ever experienced in my life. The class teacher rushed out for any teachers that could take care of us while she could get some bandage. As she was leaving, she asked us to stop preparing food and keep calm. It was the wisest solution to this problem, but not the most comfortable for our class. Especially when as soon as she left Mateusz asked what if she would never return. Somebody rushed for the door but we stopped him, but the chaos grew in seconds. When the first available teacher reached our classroom, it was already a disaster. The food was flying, I and some other kids were crying for no explicit reason. The problem was solved quickly. Now it is a warm positive memory but back then it was a source of nightmares and as close to anarchy as I ever was.

When I was younger I used to look how mum was cooking. Her best breakfast was pancakes with Nutella. Once, I wanted to make it by myself. I prepared all ingredients: some milk, 2 eggs and plenty of flour. I added all of them into a bowl. I mixed everything, I warmed up a frying pan and I started to fry my own pancakes. My first pancake broke up. Next one was better. Suddenly I heard that my mother woke up. I went to her as fast as I could. Unfortunately I totally forgot about the frying pan and my pancake on it. I felt the smell and when I came back to the kitchen I noticed that my pancake was burnt. I needed to clean a whole kitchen. What a funny story! Eryk

When I was a little boy I was with my parents and brother on holiday. It was in Italy. We went to a restaurant for lunch. We ordered a pizza. The pizza was good. We asked the chef for a recipe. Having returned home my mother decided to prepare the pizza for dinner. We couldn't find the same ingredients. We were looking for them in many shops. We wasted a lot of time. We decided to use other ingredients. When we bought everything, my mother started cooking pizza. All family wanted her help. We had a lot of fun. When the pizza was in an oven, we could take a rest. My grandparents came to us to taste our Italian dish. The pizza differed from the original one from the Italian restaurant. But it was a really nice time spent together with a whole family! Maciej

One day I organized a birthday party where I invited a bunch of friends. I wanted to prepare something special, so I decided to make pancakes with whipped cream and fruits. I quickly started to work. I put the pan on the cooker, I made pancake batter and I started frying pancakes. Suddenly ... I heard the doorbell. The first friend came. He gave me flowers and a gift. I forgot that my cat wasn't locked in the basement. I was terrified. When I returned to the kitchen, the pancake batter wasn't there. He entered into the bowl and licked the pancake batter. I wanted to kill him. Luckily my friend helped me quickly to make new the pancake batter and everything finished successfully. Klaudia
