

Hit the road mac and please come back



Many of you have probably heard the expression “the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach”. Well, I’m here to put a stop to that sexist nonsense with this aptly named post, hit the road mac and please come back.

Hit the road for the holidays

As I mention in many posts on this blog, I’m “the single guy”. That means I get to travel to everyone else’s houses for the holidays. Luck be my middle name.

Now, my personality is at best...um...unique. I think some will go with “tiring”. There are some other less flattering descriptions, but I’ll just put them in the basket of “sense

of humor challenged”.

Anyhoo, I have a duration on my welcome at most locales. But I *am* welcome, though. And that’s part of the answer to my claim above.

Please come back anytime

Anytime you bring your macaroni and cheese, that is.

You see, I’ve become a hard request at many dinner tables, especially the holidays, because of my locally famous mac and cheese.

It’s a special blend of 6 or 7 cheeses, mixed with classic elbow pasta, sprinkled with paprika and then baked to crispy goodness in the oven.

For parties and holidays, it’s a repeat offender.

Ladies first, please

And who are the most strident demanders of this cholesterol nightmare? Why, women, of course.

Specifically, my niecelings for years made special requests for me to bring my mac and cheese with me for the holiday

dinners.

That has continued for, well, decades, now. Even more “urgent” from the younger nieceling, as she has turned vegetarian.

Recently, I’ve been invited to my next door neighbor’s family holiday dinners. Her daughter has three girls. Guess what their special request is?

Have mac will travel

Yes, my macaroni and cheese is apparently the universal key to unlock the doors of family dinners everywhere.

Sure, there does seem to be a tilt to the female side of the gender wars here, but my Halloween and birthday BBQ’s had enough male devourers of the stuff to convince me this is my secret weapon.

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So, despite having to put up with me, it appears that’s small pain for the large gain of my macaroni and cheese showing up at random dinners during the year.

And yes, most of those requests come from females, putting the lie to that single gender axiom I mention in the beginning.

So, as the single guy, I get the requests and I bring the goods. And that leaves most of my hosts with the paradoxical feelings that make them want to say, hit the road mac and please come back.