

Carrot cake, ftw

I had the kind of weekend that just fell away, like sand through my fingers. I was desperate to hold on to it but of course, it didn't last.

I made a carrot cake to soothe my nerves. I grated the carrots first, topping and tailing them before peeling and then slowly grating down with the grater I bought in a second hand store in New York. I grated until there was only a stubby bit left, which I tossed in my mouth and munched on.

My weighing scales doesn't have a battery so I measured by the cup. I don't have cups, so I measured by the mug and imprecisely at that. I had to zest an orange, but I only had satsumas which (it turns out) are too soft to grate the zest off. Instead, they split between my fingers and I squeezed their gunk into the thin measuring jug I was using for the oil and the two eggs (supposed to be three, but only had 2). I thwacked the eggs open.

I last made carrot cake on November 8, pleasantly pottering around the kitchen after therapy confident that Clinton would soon be the next US President. The cake turned out lovely, the election did not. This time, the cake was only OK. I forgot the walnuts (as I always do) and ate it before I could ice it (which always happens).

Afterwards, I went for a run in the park, just to get out of the house. On my run, I thought: I just want the kind of life where you have to be home at a certain time to put the chickens in their coop. And to be able to think about my chickens in peace, without worrying that an (imaginary) fox might eat my (imaginary) chickens and being haunted by that thought all night.

In the park, there were small children in hats and coats, feeding the ducks. Or well, trying to feed the ducks but more often clocking the poor ducks in the head with giant chunks of bread. One kid unfurled his palm at his mouth and swallowed the bread himself. Good call, kid.

I had a lot of work to do and it felt overwhelming. It's like my to do lists come with free refills, repopulating overnight like rabbits on speed.

I saw a toddler who got himself turned around on his trike. "Turn me around," he yelled to dad. "No," dad said (nicely), "push on the pedals". And the little fella pushed the pedals and turned himself and was thrilled. But then, he kept pushing and started to loop and ended up more askew than when he'd started and even more frustrated.