

Human text of how to cook pasta from some website

How to Cook Pasta Yumna Jawad Updated August 20, 2024 5 from 2596 votes Learn How to Cook Pasta perfectly. Follow my step-by-step tutorial to cook spaghetti, or other types and serve with sauce or in a pasta salad! Jump to Recipe23 Comments This post may contain affiliate links. Please read our disclosure policy. Knowing how to cook pasta properly is the foundation for many a great meal. Simply follow a few basic rules: use a big pot with lots of water, more salt than you think you need, and watch the clock. Below I'll share my easy technique for cooking pasta perfectly whether to serve in warm dishes or a salad. dried spaghetti in a pot with water Save this recipe! Type your email & I'll send it to you! Email * Email address Save Recipe Pasta is affordable, has a long shelf-life (two years!), and is low in fat. Yes, it's a carb, but eaten as part of a balanced diet it's a great source of energy. Choose the whole wheat varieties for more protein and hunger-killing fiber. MY LATEST VIDEOS How to Cook Pasta (Video Tutorial) ► How to cook pasta perfectly According to legendary Italian cookbook author Marcella Hazan, the spaghetti or pasta itself should be the final thing you cook when making a pasta dinner. Everything else, sauce, etc., should be ready to go. That way, the spaghetti can be drained, tossed with sauce for proper sauce-noodle adhesion and served pronto! Cooking pasta for warm sauce Fill a large pot with six quarts water. Bring to a boil. Add salt. Be generous, this salt seasons the pasta as it cooks and penetrates into the noodles. hand adding salt to water in a pot Add the dried pasta. Stir until the water returns to a boil. Set a timer for one minute less than the package instructions recommend. Test for doneness at this point. If you like your pasta very firm (al dente) or are going to be simmering for a while in sauce, check and remove even sooner. cooking pasta in a pot with water Now, strain and cool briefly, but do not rinse. Rinsing washing away the starch that helps the sauce stick to the pasta. Toss in olive oil instead. overhead shot of pasta in a colander When ready to use, add to warm sauce, toss and finish cooking or chill for later use.

ChatGPT: write me a summary of the book 'sapiens: a brief history of humankind' by yuval noah harari

Of course! Here's a clear, engaging summary of Sapiens: A Brief History of Humankind by Yuval Noah Harari:

Sapiens explores the history of humanity from the emergence of Homo sapiens in Africa to the complex, globalized world we live in today. Harari breaks this vast story into four major "revolutions":

The Cognitive Revolution (c. 70,000 years ago):

Humans developed the capacity for complex language, abstract thinking, and shared myths, allowing them to cooperate in large groups and outcompete other species.

The Agricultural Revolution (c. 12,000 years ago):

Humans transitioned from nomadic hunting and gathering to farming. While it allowed population growth, Harari argues it also created social hierarchies, disease, and greater human suffering.

The Unification of Humankind:

Through the spread of money, empires, and religions, disparate human cultures began to unify under shared belief systems and institutions, connecting the world like never before.

The Scientific Revolution (c. 500 years ago):

A new emphasis on observation, experimentation, and progress led to massive technological, political, and economic changes, ultimately creating the modern world.

Throughout the book, Harari emphasizes how much of human society is built on shared "imagined realities"—things like religion, nations, corporations, and human rights—that exist only because people collectively believe in them.

He also questions whether all these advancements have made humans happier or healthier, suggesting that progress often benefits societies at the expense of individuals and the natural world.

Would you also like a super short 5-line version you can use if you need it quick? 🌟

Claude - write me a story but do not make it sound ai generated

The Last Lighthouse

Morgan stood at the edge of the cliff, salt spray dampening her face as waves crashed against the rocks below. The lighthouse behind her had stood for two hundred years, its beam cutting through fog and darkness, guiding ships safely to harbor. Now it would be the last night it would shine.

"Progress," the town council had called it. Automated navigation systems had made the lighthouse obsolete. No need for a keeper, no need for the massive bulb and its dancing light. Just another relic to be photographed by tourists until they too stopped coming.

She ran her hand along the weather-worn door, feeling every splinter and groove beneath her fingertips. Inside, the spiral staircase creaked its familiar song as she climbed. Two hundred and forty-seven steps. She'd counted them every day for thirty years.

At the top, Morgan prepared the light as she always had. Oil checked, wick trimmed, glass polished until it gleamed. Technology had advanced around her, but these motions remained unchanged since her grandfather's time.

As darkness fell, she struck a match and lit the lamp. The mechanism began its slow rotation, sending beams of light across the water. She watched a cargo ship in the distance adjust its course slightly, a small acknowledgment of her existence.

Morgan pulled out the letter from her pocket—the official notice that tomorrow technicians would arrive to decommission the lighthouse. She'd been offered a pension, a small apartment in town. A place where she'd hear car horns instead of seagulls, smell exhaust instead of salt air.

She folded the letter and placed it on the small desk where she'd kept her logs. Then she settled into her chair for the last watch, determined that on her final night, no ship would come to harm on her stretch of coast.

The light turned, keeping its ancient promise, unaware that some promises weren't meant to be kept forever.

Ernest Hemingway - The Old Man And the Sea

The Old Man and the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream

and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first

week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.