Roast Chicken. Simple. Quick. Delicious. But not tonight. Turn the oven on. 180 degrees. Fuck yes. Play around with the oven timer. Know how to use it? Fuck no. Turn that shit to auto off. Don’t know what that means? Who gives a shit.

Prep dem ‘taters. Peel. Wash. Go to chop. Cut them the same size? Fuck no. We like variety. Salt. Season. That enough salt? Fuck no. There’s no such thing as too much seasoning. Okay there is, but fuck it, I’m not Gordon Ramsay.

Get an oven dish. Add potatoes. Add chicken. Oil. Spill oil on the fucking floor. It’s okay, cats love oil. Call your pet. Fuck yes, clean floor. Don’t have a pet? It’s okay, children work too. Put dish in oven. Wait an hour and a half. Fuck yes. Chill time.

An hour and twenty minutes passed? Fuck yeah, pea time. Pot. Frozen peas. Water. Element on. Pot on element. Sorted. Leave for 10 minutes, unless that shit boils over.

Chicken is cooked. Remove dish from oven. Separate potatoes from that delicious mother fucker. Rest chicken for 10 minutes. Slice open. Pink chicken? Fuuuuuuckkkk. Salmonela for you.

Tinfoil chicken. Return to oven. Oven isn’t hot? Dafaq? Realise that the time being set to auto off means the oven wasn’t ever properly on. Well fuck. Fix timer. Re-add potatoes to oven. Wait another fucking hour.

Hour passed. Serve barely edible fucking chicken, overcooked fucking potatoes and overcooked fucking peas to your family. Bonus points if you have guests over. Eat. Pray to the gods no one gets sick. Cry a little. Pussy.