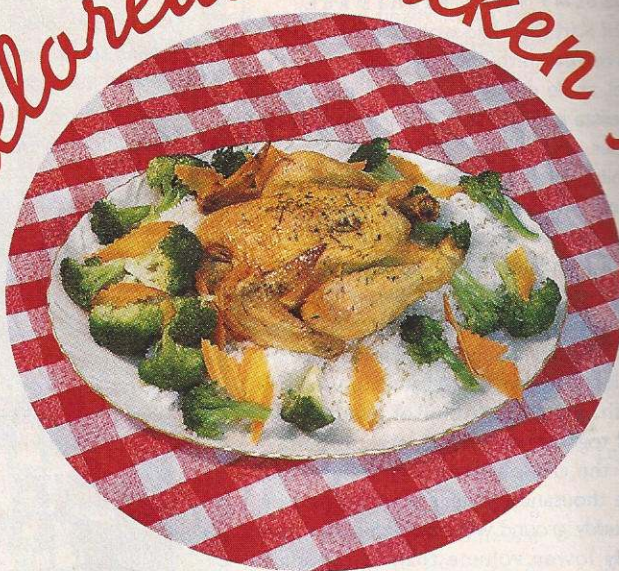


Pasta is what I cook. Pasta and broccoli. Pasta and tomatoes. Pasta and garlic. You name it, I can toss it over a little linguine.

Other things I don't cook so well. Hey, I'm a bachelorette, why should I? There are those times, however, when even a chick like me wants to clean up her swingin' pad and rustle someone (or two) up a nice home-cooked meal. That's where my foolproof gal-on-her-own roast chicken recipe comes in. It's crispy, lemony and tasty every single time.

# Bachelorette Chicken Party



*You should really go out and get:*

One Perdue Oven Stuffer Roaster, complete with that little self-timer thing\*

Some lemons, maybe 2

Some olive oil\*\*

Some Coleman's Mustard Powder\*\*

A basting brush

Remove that lovely giblet bag from the inside of the chicken (Frank was too kind to leave it in there). Rinse chicken inside and out, and pat dry with a paper towel. Leave the chicken alone while you cut one of the lemons into thin slices. Fill the giblet hole with them. Cut the other lemon in half and rub all over the chicken. Squeeze the other half of it into a cup, add the oil and mustard powder and brush this mixture onto the chicken. Put the chicken in the oven (the package will tell you the temperature) and periodically take it out and baste, baste, baste (i.e., brush the chicken with the remaining oil and mustard mixture) until the little self-timer pops. That's it, you're done.

You might want to serve this with a little rice. I prefer the easy-yet-delicious, comes-in-a-bag-that-you-boil variety. Gravy's good too, although don't even ask me how to make it. A nice vegetable won't hurt either.

\*I know it's not organic, but it wouldn't be a bachelorette chicken if I knew when to take it out. That's just the way it is.

\*\*Being the non-bachelorette that she is, Anne B. insisted we give close-to-exact measurements. Do no more than a cup of olive oil and about 3 tps. of mustard.

PHOTOGRAPHY: DORA HÄNDEL