

The Perfect S'more

5: The Assembly and Eating of the S'more

It is now time to assemble the parts of the s'more and partake of the eating of the delicacy with proper form and style. It is a simple matter to know when it is time to begin this phase, since you will probably hear choirs of angelic hosts singing in the firmament as all the forces of s'moredom converge upon this moment. On the other hand, that noise may only be the children you chased from the fire converging upon you as they demand you share your s'more. You can also tell it is done because your marshmallow is now brown.

Either way, one must approach the assembly of the s'more with due respect so the final product will function properly and no spare parts will be left over after the construction. To begin you will need the marshmallow, the Graham halves with the melted chocolate, a plate, a napkin, a Phillips screwdriver, a monkey wrench, some radiator hose tape, a length of rope about twenty feet long, a wooden splint, and the ignition switch from a '72 Buick. I don't know if you will use all of these items, but that's what I had on hand



Ready for eating!

when I wrote this. It's best to be prepared.

Your marshmallow should be ready to slide off the stick at any moment, so gently remove it from the coals as you tiptoe toward the Graham halves. Breathe softly and rhythmically so as not to lose the marshmallow or disturb the sanctity of the moment. Hold the stick steadily as you set the warm marshmallow down upon the Graham that has the chocolate. Cap the marshmallow with the other half of the Graham and carefully slide the stick away as you press down softly. The stick should slide out easily and cleanly if the marshmallow's center was sufficiently softened in the heat. If not, the golden shell will stick to the cracker while the entire innards of the marshmallow pull away with the stick. This is called "gutting the 'mallow" and is a sign that the roaster lacks the patience necessary for slow roasting.

Resist the urge to toss your stick aside and bite into the morsel. A tossed marshmallow stick will always land sticky-side down in the dirt, in which case it is rendered useless except for loaning it to a friend. Instead prop the stick up nearby for use later on, but keep a watchful eye on your s'more as you do so. For some reason, s'mores scurry off when left unattended. At least this is what my father-in-law told me on a recent camping trip where this happened repeatedly. I *think* that's what he said. It's difficult to tell when he talks with his mouth full. It actually sounded more like, "Omigoff! Your f'more juff rumaway!" I have found the monkey wrench to be useful here.

Returning to your s'more, pick it up by placing the thumb of your right hand below the lower cracker and the fingers upon the top Graham. It is considered snobbish to hold your little finger aloft as if sipping tea in high society. If you are left handed, reverse this process. If you have no hands, put both big toes below the lower cracker and your pointy toes on top while bending the knees to bring the s'more to your mouth. This may be difficult.

Now bring the s'more to your mouth, which should be opened widely enough to accommodate the entire s'more or a football. It is not considered polite to shove the whole s'more into your mouth, but this extra width will help collect any crumbs that break off during the bite. A professional s'morologist will never let a single morsel touch the ground.

Here's a clever trick I learned from my Aunt Marlene who lived downstream from a toxic waste dump: it helps if you have grown a good thatch of facial hair. A beard will help catch crumbs and blobs of melted marshmallow and chocolate for later nibbling.

Enjoy your scrumptious delicacy. It is the result of years of painstaking research and hours of hard work. You are now a certified s'morologist, a Johnny S'moreseed of sorts. Take this gift you have been given, and share it with others. I recall an ancient proverb that says, "*Give* a man a fish, and you feed him for a day. *Teach* a man to fish, and he'll sit in a boat and drink beer with his buddies all weekend." I don't know how that applies, but I think we're meant to spread the gospel of s'morology wherever we go.