

# **How To Cook In A JIFFY**

**Even if you have never  
boiled an egg BEFORE**

**Prasenjeet Kumar**

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We are grateful to you for recognizing and respecting the hard work that this author has put in for bringing out this book.

To economise on costs, this book contains no photographs. However, if you wish to have a look at how the dishes should actually look like, you could either refer to the e-Book version or to the Author's website *www.cookinginajiffy.com*.

For more information, you are welcome to address the author at *ciaj@cookinginajiffy.com*.

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## **What People Say.....**

*"What a wonderful Survival Course in cooking. Don't leave home without this."*

### **Aftab Pandit**

*"This is awesome... My friends across the world and I have started swapping recipes on emails- I'll add you to the mailing list."*

### **Simar Suri Pall, India**

*"oh cool!! i needed this! this'll make my single bachelor meals easier and faster. my regards to your mum".*

### **Kaustubh Das Dehlvi, Kolkata**

"...I was DELIGHTED to read about your "cooking in a jiffy" initiative. I think it is FANTASTIC! One thing I have learnt from the women Opus Dei members is the importance of family life and the value of the work of the home. So, everything you write in ..... was music to my ears and will be music to theirs. .... You are so right: a family that eats together is a united family. We Catholics also say, which is even more true, that a family that prays together, stays together."

**Fr Joseph Evans, London, United Kingdom**



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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book (and its partner website *www.cookinginajiffy.com*) is dedicated to my dearest mother who loves not only cooking but also experimenting with food. Despite being a working mother (she is actually a very senior Indian Administrative Service officer), she is an ardent believer in the philosophy that kitchens should be a happy place for families.

She is the sole reason behind the good health and well-being of our entire family. I still remember as a two-year old child, when my mother would be in the kitchen, I would sit on the floor and in a spirit of togetherness, take a toy wok, put in it all the peels of vegetables and stir them feverishly imitating my mother.

Unlike most fathers who would leave their wives to cook food while sitting and watching television, I have seen my father, who too is coincidentally a very senior Indian Administrative Service officer, helping my mother in washing and cutting vegetables, kneading dough and so on, especially in the days when we didn't have reliable domestic help.

This often resulted in meals being cooked from scratch within 30 minutes. And the bonus was that cooking time came to be always celebrated, as family time, with lots of cutting, washing, steaming and frying going on side by side with such planning, co-ordination, and sequencing of operations that would put a Mission to Mars to

shame! I, therefore, dedicate this book to my father too, who even now takes time off to “advise” me on what my book should focus on, and sometimes even gives editing suggestions.

To reiterate, dear readers, please note that the recipes compiled in this book (as well as the ones posted on its partner website *www.cookinginajiffy.com*) belong to my mother. She is the original author of all the recipes and NOT ME. I have simply put these out in the public domain to enable others to understand and follow our philosophy of cooking, if they so wish.

I next dedicate this book (and website) to all my friends, relatives and acquaintances who have sampled my mom’s cooking either at my home or at my work place from my lunch-box and have pestered me to share those recipes.

Finally, I wish to express my gratitude to all those visitors, fans and followers to my website *www.cookinginajiffy.com* as well as to my Facebook and Twitter pages and for their really encouraging comments and constructive suggestions that have not only kept my morale high in some really frustrating times but have also resulted into the writing of this book.

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## I

### **MY STORY—WHY I HAD TO LEARN HOW TO BOIL AN EGG AND DO MUCH MORE**

I was 20 years old and was literally on cloud nine. I had an offer for admission into the prestigious BA (LLB) Honours course of the University College London (UCL), one of the top most Universities in the world. For studying my dream course of Law, with a degree that is “recognized” in India, there just couldn’t be a greater place.

Like any other happy go lucky man, I didn't know cooking. This is not considered a “life threatening disease” because at home, in India, cooking is mostly done by domestic help. They were generally trained by my mother into churning out the kind of dishes that we liked.

My mother had learnt some cooking from her mother. But she loved reading cookbooks, downloading recipes from various websites, and experimenting with various cuisines. Many times she would even experiment with nouvelle cuisine that she would come across in a fancy restaurant abroad.

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UCL had a wide variety of accommodation. Most of them were self-catered and only two were catered halls. Since I didn't know any cooking, I exercised extraordinary care to opt for only catered halls in the application form and crossed out all the non-catered or self-catered options.

After a couple of months, I was informed, to my great relief, that my application for a catered hall was SUCCESSFUL. I was allocated Ifor Evans, a Hall Of Residence, located in Camden Town.

Came 20 September 2005 and I landed at London Heathrow after a gruelling nine-hour non-stop flight from India. Immediately I had to get into an extremely long queue for immigration. It was 6:00 in the evening (which was 11.30 pm by Indian Standard time).

My turn at the immigration counter came after about an hour. I handed over my passport and caught a furtive glance at the form that the Immigration Officer was scribbling on. My heart did skip a beat or two because the form had such ominous choices as "Arrest Him"; "Deport Him" and so on. The officer, however, had just a cursory look at my documents and instead of asking any tricky questions, congratulated me for doing such a great job by gaining admission at UCL.

Then he remarked that since this meant that I would be spending more than six months in the UK, I needed to see a doctor. I was puzzled. After

all, it did sound like that if you planned to be spending more than six months in the UK, and that too during the winters, you certainly needed to get your head examined by a doctor at the Heathrow airport!!!

Anyway, I had no option but to join another long queue, this time outside the Heathrow Medical Services office. I saw students, mostly from countries in the Far East, India, Africa and South American countries, waiting patiently for their turn. I soon learnt that it was not my head but my chest that interested them. This was going to be x-rayed to diagnose whether any of us students from the developing part of the world was suffering from tuberculosis!

It was then that I suddenly remembered the advice of one of my friends, who had studied in London before, to bring along a recent chest x-ray.

This seemed strange to me but nevertheless, I had got my chest x-rayed in India. As I was unaware of what was going to happen to me at London Heathrow airport, I had packed that x-ray carefully in my checked-in baggage. That was certainly a BIG mistake.

I soon learnt with trepidation that if you didn't have an x-ray of your chest when you arrived in the United Kingdom, you had to be x-rayed right there and then at the Airport. And this process

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could take up to 5-7 hours as the queue would be very long. I really cursed myself for not having kept the chest x-ray readily accessible in my hand baggage.

Anyway, when my turn came and that too after an hour and a half, I was asked by the Medical Services officer whether I ever had a chest x-ray done. I told her that I was carrying a chest x-ray from my home country but that was unfortunately in my checked-in baggage.

Instead of scowling or scolding, the Doctor to my relief was actually very helpful. She immediately gave me a card, so that I could access my checked-in baggage at the Baggage Reclaim. I quickly ran to that area and located my baggage.

It appeared to be in a reasonably good condition, except for the very strong tape all-around it that the Indian airport security had put in routine to probably dissuade anyone planning to slip in a bomb or two in my luggage. The problem was that you needed something sharp like a knife to cut through that tape, and you can't carry any such sharp instrument in your hand baggage. Quite a Catch-22 situation, I must say.

The only "sharp" thing I appeared to have in my possession were my luggage keys. So I had no option but to use those suitcase keys to patiently saw through the tape to reach my x-ray.

I then rushed back to the Medical officer who after seeing my x-ray finally let me go. I later learnt that the British Government was, on an average, spending GBP 100 on each such x-ray at Heathrow, and was mighty pleased to save that much expenditure of the Government right after my arrival.

A friend had already come to pick me up from the airport. He too had been patiently waiting for nearly three hours. I was constantly in touch with him (thanks to the wonders of mobile telephony), as well as with my parents in India who just couldn't sleep with tension. Ifor Evans was another 45 minutes' drive from the London Heathrow airport.

When I checked in at Ifor Evans, the security guard (there was no reception at 10 o' clock in the night in any case, plus it was also a Sunday) just handed me the keys to my room with a catalogue of information (such as life at UCL or living in London). I was so exhausted that I could barely make it to my bed and crashed.

The next morning, still groggy and jet lagged, I couldn't first recall why I was in such a strange and unfamiliar place. After taking a shower and changing into fresh clothes, I decided to look for the Dining Room but didn't know where it was.

I had only seen the building during night time and knew that I was on the third floor. Now I had to

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figure a way out, quite like the way prisoners try to escape from medieval dungeons in Hollywood movies.

I finally managed to get out of the building and followed my nose to the wafting smell of frying eggs to the Dining Room. And then my world, along with all my “due diligence” in finding me a catered Hall of Residence came crashing down.

Yes, I had come to the right Dining Room, in the Ifor Evans Hall. Yes, breakfast was still being served. But, no, I couldn't have it.

Why??? God, I had already passed my immigration and x-ray tests and was willing to get my head examined too. But no, the kind souls in the Dining Room were not willing to relent.

The dining room was open at Ifor Evans only for tourists, and NOT for lowly creatures like students.

Why? Because the UCL Autumn Term had officially not begun. Ok, charge me extra, I pleaded. No, I was told very clearly that students were not allowed to eat at the dining room even if they were willing to pay extra.

Why? Because the caterers had not planned for that exigency.

But as international students, I tried to resubmit my case, we were specifically asked to arrive a

week in advance before the commencement of the First Term which was at the end of September. This was meant to settle international students well before the start of their respective courses.

That may be fine, I was answered. However, no meals were to be served during that one week period because the Hall of Residence staff was technically on leave as the term had not begun.

As a budding lawyer, I had just lost my first case.

And with this my rites of passage in the Find Me a Meal ritual in the Wonderland of Cooking had just begun.

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## II

### **TAKING BABY STEPS INTO THE WONDERLAND OF COOKING**

**A**ngry and confused, and suffering from terrible hunger pangs because the last meal that the airlines had served me was some 18 hours back, I had no option but to hit the streets.

The friendly lady at the Reception told me that Camden Town was bustling with delis and eating out options. After wandering about for some 500 meters, I found a small supermarket express, with its signboard, shining from a distance, the same way as a ship looking for land may spot a lighthouse.

The express shop had a wide variety of sandwiches on offer. After going through the various options, I decided to go for a Tuna sandwich. I also ordered a cup of coffee. That will

be 4 Pounds, the cashier said. I gulped with astonishment. 4 Pounds meant 320 Indian Rupees---which could get me sandwich and coffee in the canteen of my old college in Delhi for at least 20 days!

There was nothing great about the sandwiches. They were soulless and tasted “plasticky”, if you know what I mean. But at least they were convenient.

For lunch, I decided to visit a nearby deli. It served decent Panini but that was much more expensive than the sandwiches. The difference was that at least I got something warm to eat.

This went on for a full week till I was allowed entry into the Dining Room of Ifor Evans. I thus had to survive on all kinds of sandwiches, tortillas, wraps and salads (various kinds of pasta and egg salads with mayonnaise, lettuce, mustard, etc) for this entire miserable period. I was getting poorer and poorer and was missing my home food terribly.

Coming back to my room, I would open up all my Guide Books and plough through the instructions. When I went through the fine print, I realized to my horror that all UCL catered halls had ONE RULE (perhaps like most other colleges in the University of London and various other Universities in the United Kingdom, but unlike any “catered” college in India). And can you guess what that rule could be???????????

The rule was that all meals were provided EXCEPT LUNCHESES ON ALL DAYS AND ALL MEALS ON WEEKENDS. That meant going back to the dreaded sandwiches and salads for the lunches and the weekends. I couldn't bear the thought.

One of the Guide Books somewhat helpfully suggested that international students should learn cooking before arriving in Britain. Back in India, I had once tried to learn cooking some Indian dishes like rice and dal (lentils) in my spare time but noticed that both these preparations required a pressure cooker. I couldn't carry a pressure cooker to the UK for the simple reason that there is a limitation on how much weight you can carry in your luggage in an airline.

Another reason was that I had to carry my bedding (minus the mattress thankfully!) along with my clothes, especially winter clothes. This was because Ifor Evans had given us two options: either carry your own bedding or pay fifty pounds to the Hall of Residence for it.

Most international students being on a tighter budget like me naturally preferred to carry their own bedding. So, there was not really much space left for carrying kitchen equipment except for a few crockery and cutlery.

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Ifor Evans fortunately had a very decent kitchen on every floor. The kitchen was equipped with a few ovens, fridges and cooking stoves. For my first miserable week, I had not really used the kitchen much except for storing my sandwiches in the fridge. Now after realizing that I'd have to be on my own during all weekends and holidays, I had to be open to newer ideas.

Then one day I met a student from Portugal who too looked lost just like me. I showed him around and pointed out the places where from he could buy some food. He told me that he was not very fond of sandwiches or salads and wanted to have something warm.

So, then we ventured out, this time in the opposite direction and soon found a proper supermarket. We bought baking trays for 99 pence each. My friend did not know cooking, quite like me. He told me that at home, his mom used to do the cooking. We bought some lasagne.

I had never heated food before and was a little hesitant to use the ovens in the Ifor Evans kitchen. The packaged product had, however, very easy-to-follow cooking instructions including how to puncture the plastic film, how to place the product inside the baker and at what temperature to cook that dish for how many minutes. We followed the instructions diligently and were relieved when the package neither exploded nor

burnt our fingers. This was the first time I learnt how to heat up a readymade meal in an oven.

Apart from this single baking tray, I did not have any other cooking utensil. The first few weekends I lived simply like this. I was grateful for the warm breakfast and dinner that I could have at Ifor Evans during the week days.

For lunches, I still had to be on my own. I lived on sandwiches, cereals, sometimes heated readymade roast chicken. I usually did not have any greens. Sometimes I would even forget to have lunch because I would be busy attending tutorials and lectures, making notes in the library or participating in such extracurricular activities as mooting.

After three months, when I flew back to India for my winter vacations, my friends and family members were quite shocked to see me. I looked pale and skinny and was quite a couple of kilos lighter. My mom asked me what I had done to myself. My father joked about the “greatness” of the UCL Slimming Centre and “recommended” its services to all and sundry. It was obvious that I was not having proper nutritious food.

When I was going back to London for my Second Term, my mom insisted that I carry along a pan. (This was despite telling my mom that I did not need a pan and was happy with whatever I was

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doing). This was the second kitchen utensil I acquired (the baking tray being the first).

One Sunday I thought of experimenting with boiling an egg that, don't laugh, I had never done before. I called up my mom (thanks to Skype/Google Talk) and diligently wrote down the instructions for boiling an egg, including what to put in the pan first water or egg; how much water to put; how to get a half-boiled egg and so on. My mom also gave me some tips on how to peel a boiled egg flawlessly that I didn't know.

I bought some eggs from the supermarket that day. I was excited to experiment as well as a little afraid of the consequences. Surprisingly, the experiment went off rather well. I was able to have a perfectly boiled and peeled egg for breakfast without any problems. (I am sharing more details regarding this story in Lesson 5--How to boil an egg and graduate to various egg recipes.)

This literally opened the doors for further experimentation. A good thing about Ifor Evans was that since a lot of students were cooking in the kitchen, it was helpful in soothing frayed nerves and in taking out the performance anxiety.

Whenever I wanted to cook anything, I would ring up mom and write down instructions. I learnt to sauté veggies, starting with sautéing peas for breakfast (the way I used to have them in India for breakfast) and then graduating to sautéing other

vegetables like carrots, cauliflower, mushroom, spinach, etc. I thus started having veggies in all my meals and was hopeful that with my vitamins replenished, no one will now ever call me "pale".

Learning to boil a perfect egg now led to many more possibilities. I learnt to make an egg sandwich by mashing the same boiled eggs. Once I learnt to make a sandwich, I could make any kind of sandwich whether it was with egg, ham, or with plain lettuce, cucumber and tomatoes.

When I became even more confident, I started experimenting with chicken. I learnt to boil chicken just the way I had learnt to boil an egg. Then I graduated to baking chicken, making chicken in white sauce, etc. When I became even more adventurous, I experimented with some sea food. I cooked prawns in a nice tomato sauce and had it with corn and other veggies.

I was overjoyed with the fact that I could cook proper meals from scratch without anyone, including a domestic help, hovering over me and offering me a helping hand.

This was my first stint with cooking and I found cooking to be absolutely magic. Raw chicken, fish, prawns and vegetables--all look so different. But when I tossed them in a pan with butter, the colours would magically change. Raw prawns are grey in colour but when cooked they get a bright red colour. Raw peas have a dull green colour but

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when you start sautéing, they acquire a bright green colour which is soothing to the eye. The same thing I noticed about carrots, mushrooms, etc. And then the aroma of things sautéing in pure butter, was simply divine!

Spinach was my favourite veggie when I was in India. I enjoyed spinach, when cooked the Indian way, even when I was a small child. I suppose, a little bit of credit for this should go to the cartoon character Popeye who used to develop big bulging biceps by just feeding on canned spinach. But when I started cooking spinach, I found it to be quite a magical and majestic vegetable. I now noticed how raw spinach looks like leaves of a tree. However, when you cook it, it leaves a lot of water losing its leaf like look and instead gaining a small thread kind of an appearance. I was surprised to find that a 500 gram packet of spinach, when cooked, could be reduced to a serving size for barely one person. I experimented later on with putting goat cheese, and fresh crème to make it even tastier.

Ultimately, like my mother, I fell in love with cooking. Cooking was no longer drudgery. It was a really nice way to take a break from my studies.

Though I never considered myself to be even close to a professional chef, others slowly started noticing my culinary skills. A guy was so impressed seeing me having nice colourful sautéed vegetables for lunch along with my main

meal, that he couldn't help asking me whether I had cooked the vegetables myself. When I answered in the affirmative, he told me that I was having a very civilized lunch and that I should not tell my future wife that I was such a good cook. I accepted his compliment with whatever humility I could muster but I thought it to be a little too much especially the part of keeping my "culinary skills" a secret from my future wife!

In the end, I was happy and grateful that I could make nutritious meals even at my Hall of Residence with such limited resources. I was no longer dependent on having sub-standard sandwiches and salads from supermarkets and delis.

I don't think I will ever become a great chef who can cook anything and everything. But I was confident that I could now be a master of my nutritional needs wherever my studies or work or even vacations took me. I think the secret is to focus on all the things that you like eating and then to keep your cooking simple, subtle and eminently manageable.

**The lesson: If such a novice like me could manage cooking, so can anyone.**

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### III

#### **WHO IS THIS BOOK MEANT FOR**

**F**irst of all, this book is meant for all my college friends who are about to start their University education and are going to live by themselves, probably for the first time in their lives, in self-catered dorms, hostels, halls of residence, apartments, whatever.

They either starve themselves or survive on street food--- sandwiches from supermarkets, instant noodles that you can have straightaway (that you don't even need to boil) etc etc.... In the process, they become deficient in vitamins, minerals, proteins and a lot of other good stuff, which is not really a good state to be in when you need to muster all your resources for excelling in your chosen courses of study.

Next, it is addressed to all those newly employed people who are about to start their careers in

Mumbai, Dubai, Singapore, London, New York or elsewhere and who need to set up some very basic cooking facilities in their apartments.

They have their dreams. They work hard, they would like to play hard too, but work related pressures are such that surviving on take-aways becomes the norm and sometimes even the preferred option. They, however, neither have the time nor the inclination to bother with anything but a very simple Survival Course in Cooking, which is what this book ventures to provide.

The third category could be that of the single moms or dads who suddenly realize the need to acquire some basic culinary skills FAST.

Finally, I address the needs of the small but growing tribe of campers, and those opting to stay in self-service apartments, while on tours and vacations, who too wish to acquire somewhat decent skills in cooking.

In short, this book is for anyone and everyone who wishes to learn about the magical art of cooking even if he or she has never boiled an egg before.

Research shows that manufactured food products contain harmful additives that are not really good for anybody. Pre-cooked and packaged foods also come loaded with hidden fat, sodium, and preservatives and on top of that keep on losing, whatever little nutrition they originally started

with, in storage. It is becoming more and more important, therefore, to cook your own food no matter what circumstances you find yourselves in.

In this book, I share with you some very easy yet practical instructions that I used to jot down in my diary in my UCL days. These tricks and tips, from my mom, have really helped me in learning how to make meals from scratch. She would answer all my questions, doubts and fears, and encourage me to set me off on tasks such as how to boil an egg or chicken (a simple skill in cooking generally taken for granted).

I realized that many people, who are not able to master cooking, flounder because they cannot find anyone who could answer their simple or "stupid" questions (some people do after all consider how to boil an egg a stupid question!!). So, they just give up.

I hope the instructions that answered all my questions regarding cooking will answer yours as well. In this book, I am recounting my own personal experiences and mistakes so that you need not repeat the same. And yes, please be assured that there is nothing like a laughable question.

You may, if you so wish, start with such seemingly easy tasks as how to boil an egg, how to peel a boiled egg and how to break an egg for omelettes flawlessly.

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And then, with the step-by-step graduation process that I describe, you can, just as I did, “graduate” to making egg sandwiches, sautéing vegetables, boiling chicken and much more.

*Bon appetit then!*

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## Lesson 5

### **HOW TO BOIL AND PEEL AN EGG FLAWLESSLY AND GRADUATE TO DO MUCH MORE**

**N**ow we should take up some really serious cooking.

#### **Why Should You Learn to Boil an Egg**

For an absolute newbie, learning how to boil an egg should definitely be the first port of call. When I too learnt to boil an egg at my Hall of Residence, it boosted my self-confidence like nothing could. I could now have a complete breakfast consisting of a boiled egg along with some cereals that I bought from the supermarket and a glass of cold milk. I felt really proud that I could make myself a simple breakfast without any help and without

“wasting” even five minutes. This eventually opened my eyes for further experimentation.

Boiling an egg also proved to be a foundation for many more recipes. Once I knew how to boil an egg, I could make myself an egg sandwich. When my confidence grew even more, I could experiment with making other egg recipes such as a scrambled egg, egg poach or even an egg fry.

I hope mastering the art of boiling an egg (which is hardly an art) would give you the same amount of pleasure and assurance that it gave me and would encourage you to try out making many other egg recipes.

### **My first experience with boiling an egg**

On a foggy Sunday morning, and bored with my usual cold breakfast of cereals and milk, I decided to experiment with boiling an egg. I had never boiled an egg before in my entire life and the feeling of trying something new did unnerve me a little. So, I first spoke to my mom over Skype and carefully scribbled down some tips.

The first tip, which I was not aware of, was to take out the egg from the fridge and to let it come to room temperature. This is because the egg is really cold when it is taken out of the fridge. When the same egg is put in water, and the process of boiling starts, a sudden temperature difference created between the egg and the water can

sometimes lead to the egg cracking up inside the pot.

The second tip was that I should put water first in the pan and then let the egg slip in. If I did the other way around, there could be a possibility of the egg rolling around and breaking in the pan while I clumsily took the pan with egg to the washbasin to add water.

As instructed, therefore, I first let the egg come to room temperature. Then I filled the pot with water which was enough for the egg to be submerged. After that I carefully placed the egg inside the water, put the pan on the hot plate and then switched it on.

For a few seconds, it looked like nothing had happened. I was alarmed enough to place my hands near the pan to check if it was heating up. Slowly I could see the water shaking as if there was a mild earthquake. Small bubbles soon started forming at the bottom of the pot which in a few more seconds turned into bigger and bigger and bigger bubbles. At this point, I realized that the water was coming to a boil.

As soon as the water came to a boil, I was instructed to turn off the heat source and let the water cool down on its own. I could only then remove the egg from the water.

Voila, my idiot-proof hard-boiled egg was ready.

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Personally I don't like half boiled or semi-boiled egg. So I never experimented with these. But in case you are fond of them, my mom suggests to remove the egg the moment the water comes to a boil (and NOT wait till the water cools down on its own).

## **How Should You Then Boil an Egg**

To recapitulate I would suggest the following steps to boil an egg:

Take out the egg from the fridge and let it come to room temperature.

In a pot, take enough water for the egg to be fully submerged.

Add the egg and then turn on the heat source.

As soon as the water comes to a boil, turn off the heat source and let the water cool down on its own.

Remove the egg from the water.

Remove the shell. Your perfect hard-boiled egg is ready.

In case, you want to have a half boiled or a semi boiled egg, then unlike in a hard-boiled egg where you remove the egg from the water after letting the water come to room temperature from its boiling point, it is suggested to remove the egg the moment the water comes to a boil.

## **How Should You Peel a Perfect Boiled Egg**

After you have boiled the egg, and taken it out of the boiling water, immerse it in cold water for a minute. This helps you to handle the egg easily and also loosens the shell. Thereafter, gently tap

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the upper pointed portion of the egg with a fork till small cracks appear. Now start peeling from this point and the shell should come out easily if the egg is full boiled.

**Tip:** In case, you find the shell sticking at places, you can break the egg at a few more places with the fork, and then roll the entire egg in your palm for a few seconds to loosen the shell.

For half boiled egg, take out only the upper portion to the point where you can dip a small spoon inside the egg-shell. Then place the egg in an egg bowl and scoop out the egg with a spoon to eat.

Congratulations, you have just completed your first **Cooking In a Jiffy** lesson of how to boil and peel a perfect egg.

## **Graduate Now to Making an Egg Sandwich**

Once you have learnt to boil an egg, you can easily progress to making this simple sandwich. This is what I used to do in my London Hall of Residence to save me from the torture of consuming tasteless, and “plasticky” egg sandwiches from the supermarket. Besides saving me some money, this dish boosted my confidence like nothing could, and I sincerely believe that it will do the same to you.

### *Ingredients*

Hard Boiled egg-1

Mayonnaise-1 level tablespoon

Dijon Mustard-1/4 teaspoon

A pinch of salt

Powdered sugar-1/4 teaspoon

Bread-2 slices (of your choice)

Lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber or any other such filler/salad of your choice-Optional

### *Method*

Boil the egg the same way that you have learnt. This is how you should boil an egg:

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Take out the egg from the fridge and let it come to room temperature.

In a pot, take enough water for the egg to be fully submerged.

Add the egg and then turn on the heat source.

As soon as the water comes to a boil, turn off the heat source and let the water cool down on its own.

Remove the egg from the water.

Remove the shell. Your perfect hard-boiled egg is ready.

Mash the egg well with fork and then put in the mayonnaise and Dijon Mustard and mix well.

Now, sprinkle a pinch of salt and the powdered sugar and again mix well.

Spread this mixture on to a slice of bread.

Put salad/filler of your choice. Cover with another slice of bread and cut into two triangles. Your delicious Jiffy Egg Sandwich is ready.

Prep time: 5 mins

Cooking time: 5 mins (for the egg to boil and for you to peel it)

Total time: 10 mins

## **Making Grilled Egg Sandwich**

After making my own egg sandwiches, I now wanted to experiment with the preparation of a nice warm grilled egg sandwich. I had always loved grilled sandwiches, with those nice grill lines, which not only looked good but also tasted divine.

My mom's grilled egg sandwiches used to have an egg filling with grated cheese and mustard paste that could keep me full till lunch. This meant that I had fewer hunger pangs and, therefore, didn't need to snack in between.

So I first bought a bottle of Dijon Mustard, some onions and some tomatoes. I grated the cheese and chopped my onions and tomatoes. In parallel, I boiled (and peeled) an egg and then mashed it in a bowl. I mixed this with all other ingredients. Then I spread the mixture gently on one slice of the bread and pressed it with another slice of bread to make a sandwich.

My mom had told me to put the sandwich on a cold grill (not a pre-heated grill) and then to switch the grill on. This is because this helps in slowly browning the sandwich better. I was also instructed to keep checking the grill to see that the sandwich had reached the desired level of brownness. Once I realized that the sandwich had become crisp brown, I switched off the grill and

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took out my perfectly grilled egg sandwich to admire and devour.

The sandwich was certainly not as good as my mom's. I could have probably chopped the onion and tomatoes finer but anyways I felt really proud of the fact that I could now grill a sandwich at my Hall of Residence and didn't need to visit a deli for this warm sandwich.

There is no reason why you couldn't "graduate" the same way. Once you are confident with boiling an egg and making a simple egg sandwich, graduating to a grilled egg sandwich does not look daunting anymore. Please don't worry if in your first attempt you were not able to chop onions and tomatoes that well or that you "overbrowned" or "under browned" (if such a term exists) your grilled sandwich. The most important thing is to make an attempt and to learn from your mistakes. The more you will practice, the better you will get at it. Be proud of the fact that you can now have something warm for yourself for your meals apart from that hot coffee from your nearest deli.

Here is then the full set of instructions which should help you too accomplish this mission as breezily as I could.

### *Ingredients*

Egg-1 Hard boiled and shelled

Grated Cheese-25 grams

Butter-1 teaspoon

Tomato Ketchup-2 teaspoon

English/Dijon Mustard paste-1/4 teaspoon

Chopped up onion-1 teaspoon

Chopped up tomatoes-1 teaspoon

Bread-2 slices (of your choice)

A pinch of Salt and Pepper

Tip: Did you notice that I have NOT included mayonnaise (which I did for the simple egg sandwich) in the above list? This is so because mayo, when heated up in a grill, leads to the separation of its oil base that then tastes awful!

### *Method*

Boil an egg the way you have learnt. This is how you should boil an egg:

Take out the egg from the fridge and let it come to room temperature.

In a pot, take enough water for the egg to be fully submerged.

Add the egg and then turn on the heat source.

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As soon as the water comes to a boil, turn off the heat source and let the water cool down on its own.

Remove the egg from the water.

Remove the shell. Your perfect hard-boiled egg is ready.

In a bowl, mash your hardboiled egg well till the egg looks like a mashed potato.

Add together all other ingredients and mix well.

Spread on one piece of bread and press the other slice to make a sandwich.

Put this sandwich into a COLD (not preheated) grill, close cover, and switch it on.

Let the sandwich become crisp slowly.

A good idea is to have a peek inside the grill, once in a while, to check if the toast has reached the desired level of brownness.

Take the sandwich out on to a plate.

You may like to cut your grilled egg sandwich in half, diagonally, to make it easier to eat.

Prep time: 5 mins

Cooking time: 5 mins

Total time: 10 mins

N.B. Please note that this recipe is for one egg and for one person. If you are making a grilled egg sandwich for more eggs, then you need to multiply all the ingredients in equal proportion.

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