

Homemade Black Bean + Cheddar Hot Pockets



Black bean + Cheddar
Hot Pockets

I am astonished at how quickly this whole thing is happening. The month of August has come and gone and so has my mom who was here the whole month to help take care of Siona while I was at work. As I type this, my beloved husband is on a plane headed to us for a week of family love time. As much as I am thrilled that he is coming, I can't help shake the thought that he'll be leaving again in just 6 short days. I know that sounds pretty pessimistic and I don't normally have that kind of outlook on life any more, but once we drop him off at the airport again it'll truly just be me and the kiddo.



I swear some of them turned out looking like
Midwestern States . . . and one Georgia.



Now
please don't get me wrong. I'm borderline obsessed with my kid
so it's not the thought of being alone with her that scares me

(although I was singing a different tune when she was a wee baby. Being left alone with her scared the s*%# outta me. Ahh, how unprepared I was). No, it's not being alone. It's the exhaustion. It's always been about the exhaustion. I've learned how to run errands with a two year-old (snacks and books, LOTS of snacks and books). I've learned the fine art of dropping everything in the middle of the aisle and bailing when I feel that a toddler tantrum coming on. I've learned how to do laundry while simultaneously feeding her, vacuuming the apartment and responding to a work email. The thing I haven't learned to do is fight the fear of exhaustion. I go to bed so dang early because I'm scared of being tired with nowhere to run and no one to step in. I know that seems silly but that's my thing. I'd like to stay up passed 9 pm one of these nights. I'd like to start crafting or reading again but I'm so physically and mentally drained that I just can't do it.





Thus, the homemade Hot Pocket. These are so easy and so NOT time consuming. I used to eat the s#%{ outta some Hot Pockets as a broke 20-something year old. It was absolutely normal for me to come home at 3 am from a night out at the club, turn on reruns of Sex and the City (ahhhhhh, 2002), and reach into the freezer for that delicious pocket of chemical cheesiness. The fact that you had to microwave it in a cardboard sleeve should have been a big red flag for me but I was living in DC on \$25k/yr during the height of my Hot Pocketness so this was no time for pickiness. The thing is, I love any food in pocket form and as my beloved friend, Jessie, pictured in this post with my beloved kiddo, pointed out so do most cultures in this world. You got the samosa, the empanada, the krepalch, the pierogi, the dumpling, etc. Food in pocket form is just tasty and since the trashy eater inside of me yearns for a Hot Pocket but the smart, homemade cook inside of me knows that s{*# ain't kosher or good for me I decided to make my own Hot Pocket. And the best news? Thanks to frozen puffed pastry dough, it takes about 10 minutes to make.



Epic pic – Between the creepy baby doll, Siona's neon band-aid and Jessie's boob. EPIC picture.

[amd-zlrecipe-recipe:16]

