

Chocolate + Tahini "Earthquake" Cake



Ok, since the last time we spoke, I have crossed a total of, um, nothing, off of "LA" to do list. I have, however, started rewatching all the seasons of Entourage. I figured it'd be a

great segue into the big move. You know, because my life will absolutely mirror the life of Vinnie Chase and his buddies from Queens, right?



Or you could just insert a straw and go to town.

I'm actually gearing up to head to LA this Sunday for four days of work and apartment-hunting. This will be my second solo trip out there and I gotta tell ya, I relish the 'aloneness' of it all for about 24 hours and then I start to really miss my people. It's weird, but I was single for so long in my 20s that I felt proud to be comfortable traveling by myself or just living life for myself. There were definitely times when I felt lonely but I was blessed to have an amazing group of friends who were in the same stage of life as I was. We were all there for each other and very present in each other's lives. Heck, I fancied myself as an openly-Jewish "Carrie Bradshaw"—grabbing life by the horns and really living it (albeit it with A LOT less cash, uglier shoes and a little less promiscuous). I think about my four years in Chicago, specifically, and I feel proud of myself for doing

my thing, you know? I was woman, could you hear me roar!?



Tahini, how I love it so.



But now that I've got this amazing kid and husband, I've gotten VERY used to being needed and always having someone around. And so while I sit in my seat on the plane, anticipating 5 or so hours of uninterrupted reading and movie-watching time, while also making a mental list of what I want to order from room service later that night for my eagerly anticipated, "dinner-in-bed-while-watching-uninterrupted-hours-of-Bravo", one of my most FAVORITE things to do while traveling solo (I know, I really live out loud, right?), I know the novelty of this aloneness will wear off very soon. It's the second day of solo travel when I start to feel the homesickness and the weirdness of a few days by myself.



She got her hands on some lip gloss. That's my big mouth laughing at her in the background. The kid cracks me up.



This is what we do after dinner – hang out and goof off. It's the best. P.S. Pink's really his color, don't you think?

Of course, I try to snap myself out of these pangs of homesickness or weirdness about not having my kiddo by my side by reminding myself that I'm THIS close to entering into my temporary single-parent status and I might just want to cherish this alone time while I got it, you know? Hashtag, get-it-while-you-can-sister.

The other thing I did besides start binge-watching Entrouage is bake a cake in honor of LA. Well, it's not really a cake so much as a 'loaf', but whatever, I baked it nonetheless and it came out very tasty and very pretty. I had the idea after two incidents--the news that there was an earthquake about a month ago, the epicenter of which was something like .5 miles from the school I'm about to work at, and my new-found obsession with tahini and chocolate. Thus, the chocolate and tahini 'Earthquake' cake was born. Do enjoy and don't be afraid to replace your healthy, Whole30 breakfast with a slice of this and some coffee . . . just this one morning. I won't tell anyone, I promise. ☐



“Earthquake” close up

[amd-zlrecipe-recipe:9]

