

Now there may be some of you that are adverse to warcrimes in the kitchen. If you're one of those losers you're not welcome to my hotels.

No refunds if you already paid for a room.

Today, we're going to be cooking what I call Nitroglycerin Chicken. Banned in 30 countries around the Navarre and considered a torture device by the United States Marine Corps of California, this recipe is great for all your holiday needs. The fact that this meal is a rotisserie means that modern automation will allow you to spend more time interrogating suspects with friends and family and less time spinning your food over a fire pit on your own while they have turns with the car battery.

Let's start the recipe.

First we're going to need a bird. Personally I recommend either stork or albatross, but if neither of those is available a full grown chicken or a turkey will do. Some stores out there will even sell you the bird dead, defeathered, and all dressed up for cooking, so if you're not talented or you're incapable of avoiding mortal wounds when wielding a knife there are ways you can acquire such a priceless animal.

You'll also need some seasonings in order to make the meat tolerable, they are as follows:

1. A proportionate amount of olive oil
2. Garlic powder
3. Onion powder
4. One tablespoon soy sauce
5. 4 tablespoons of butter (Use of margarine is a hate crime)
6. One tablespoon crushed red pepper flakes
7. One Habanero pepper
8. A can of your favorite beer or vodka

I'm going to assume you either wussed out or you're enough of a go-getter to have a raw piece of poultry on your hands with its bones still inside and its skin still attached. This is a good thing, even if it may smell terrible.

At this point you're going to mix your olive oil, your garlic powder, and your onion powder together, making a nice runny, herb-infused mess. If you like poultry seasoning, you can either add it to the concoction at this point or forgo the garlic and onion and just use that medley like a zero-effort chump. Lift the skin from the bird without tearing it, rubbing the oil into flesh of the poultry and separating the skin until all portions that you actually want to eat have been seasoned with a nice layer of herbal taste.

Let the bird rest at this point while you get your fire started and your rotisserie set up. Get the coals going so that you'll have a good furnace for your meal or, if you're lucky enough to own a stove or, God forbid, a toaster oven crank that baby to around 325 degrees. If you're smart, you'll avoid putting the rotisserie stick into the oven. If you like blisters, third degree burns, or are dumb, go ahead and shove the stick in there too so you don't forget where it is.

While that's heating up, let's make our basting sauce. Melt two tablespoons of butter in a glass or pyrex cup and add your tablespoon of soy sauce and red pepper flakes. If you're using a big bird, double the amount of each and mix well. Congratulations, you have constructed the casing to your oral dynamite.

Put it to the side with your basting brush.

Now you may be asking 'where's the actual act of genocide in this warcrime?'

Patience, that's our next step:

We need to make our nitroglycerin injection sauce. Melt another two tablespoons of butter in a glass cup and crack open your beer or, if you're in Russia, your vodka. You'll need about half of a can, so the rest of it is yours to enjoy. Your habanero is going to go into a food processor after you've removed the stem, and you're going to liquify that baby, seeds and all. Keep going until its baby food, then add in your butter and vodka mix. Mix it up in the food processor with a pulse so that you don't have to dirty anything else, then put it into your injector.

Give a bit to your dog or uncle Maxwell if you're not sure they made it right. If Maxwell was not in the army, he'll probably pass out, which means more bird for everyone else.

If Maxwell was in the army, you may want to reconsider giving him a taste so that he doesn't break your arms and take you to the police because he knows what you're doing and has a misplaced sense of justice.

Inject your bird with the nitro and stand back. If it doesn't explode on the table, you're in business. If it does explode, go back to the store and rebuy your ingredients, you obviously mixed something wrong. If it melts, carefully scoop the remains into a casserole dish. I will provide a link to Gramma's Napalm Pot Pie at a later date so that your investment does not go to waste.

Retrieve your rotisserie stick from your counter or your oven. If you burned yourself, remember that I warned you.

Insert the rotisserie stick and secure your bird. Place the bird over your fire or in your oven and begin to roast it, applying your basting sauce regularly so that the fowl does not lose its tender and moist state. After an hour and a half, check your internal temperature in the

deepest part of the bird meat. If you're hitting around 180 to 200 degrees you're golden, if not then continue cooking and applying your baste until the entire thing is melt-off-the-bone ready. Don't overcook the bird though, as the meat may become loose enough that you'll have to dive into the firepit to save your warcrime from being discovered by the fed.

When done, douse your firepit and turn off your oven. Clean up, leave no evidence, even if you have to contract a third party to do so.

Now that you're ready to eat, be sure to place some on your own plate, but quickly announce that you may have to go to the bathroom after saying prayers. This is polite and, if Maxwell hasn't woken up and warned everyone, will allow you to slip out while they start eating.

When you return, your guests will have likely either been knocked unconscious or will have left, meaning that you are free to spend the rest of the day interrogating that suspect like you wanted, without any witnesses to tell you you're doing it wrong or that you're violating their rights. After all, if they admit they were done in by your cooking that will make them look weak in the eyes of their coworkers due to being unable to digest a weak, thin-boned avian whose only defense is to fly away like a cowardly sky-rat.

This has been Trumpy Devito's 'Kitchen Warcrimes'.

Happy Holidays Everyone!