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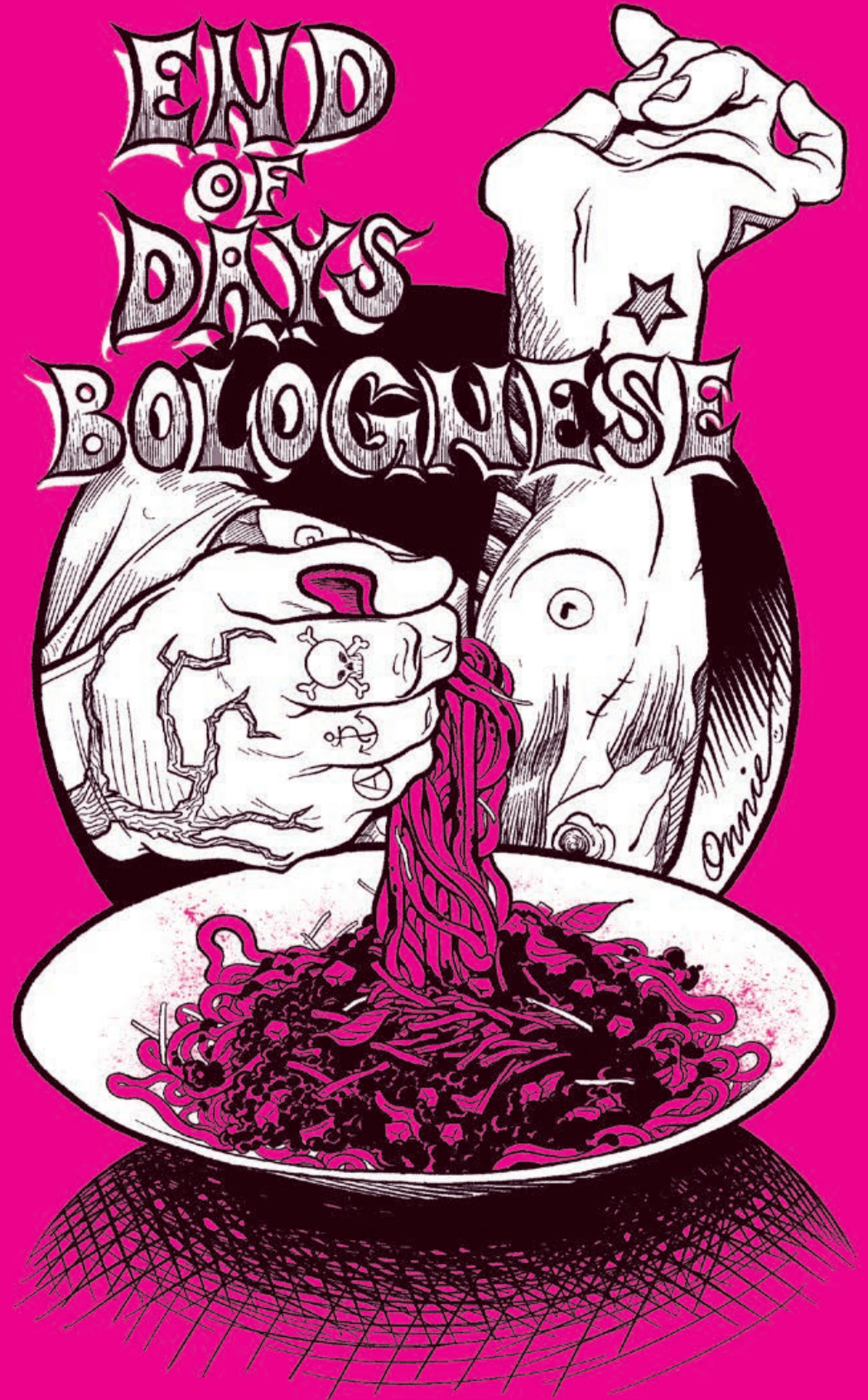
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**WHEELIN',
DEALIN'
& MAIN
MEALIN'**



NATS WHAT I RECKON

This dish is one of the most classic hits of all time. It can also be a classic bastardised punish if it's jammed with a tonne of stupid shit. God knows the signature bolognese recipe additions I've seen before have been nothing short of fucking bizarre, I've even made a few strange moves myself in the past – everything from barbecue sauce to Vegemite. Now, by all means, put whatever you want in your sauce, but the title of 'bolognese' loses its identity fast when ingredients like zucchini and capsicum enter the room. Made my way – I promise you a classic done right – it's like a good dance move you can rely on without landing on your arse in front of everyone.

SERVES: 6-8*

COOKING TIME: 1-however bloody long ya like hours

HECTOMETER: 4/10



* depending on how sauce heavy you go

INGREDIENTS

- 1 ONION
- 2 CARROTS
- 2 STICKS CELERY
- 150-200g PANCETTA (CAN SUBSTITUTE BACON)
- 25-30g BUTTER
- OLIVE OIL
- A BIT OVER 500g EACH OF PORK AND BEEF MINCE
- FRESH ROSEMARY, THYME OR OTHER SAVOURY HERB (OPTIONAL)
- GLASS OR 2 OF WINE (RED OR WHITE)
- 300g TOMATO PASTE
- 1 CUP MILK
- 1-2 CUPS CHICKEN STOCK
- SALT & PEPPER TO TASTE
- BAY LEAVES (WHO KNOWS IF THEY REALLY DO ANYTHING, ANYWAY, SO LET'S PLAY IT SAFE AT 2-3)
- 500-750g PASTA (BUY SOME FUCKEN NICE BRONZE-EXTRUDED SHIT WOULD YA, THE COUPLE OF EXTRA BUCKS GOES A LONG WAY)
- PARMESAN, TO SERVE



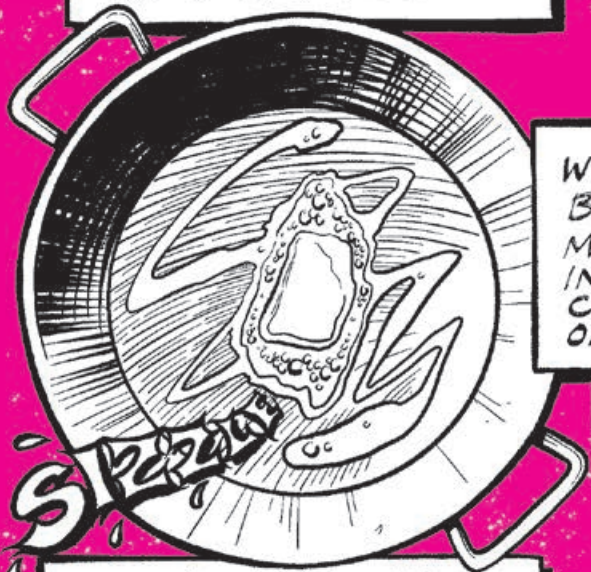
DICE THE ONION, CARROT, CELERY AND PANCETTA AND KN' BUNG IT IN A BOWL.



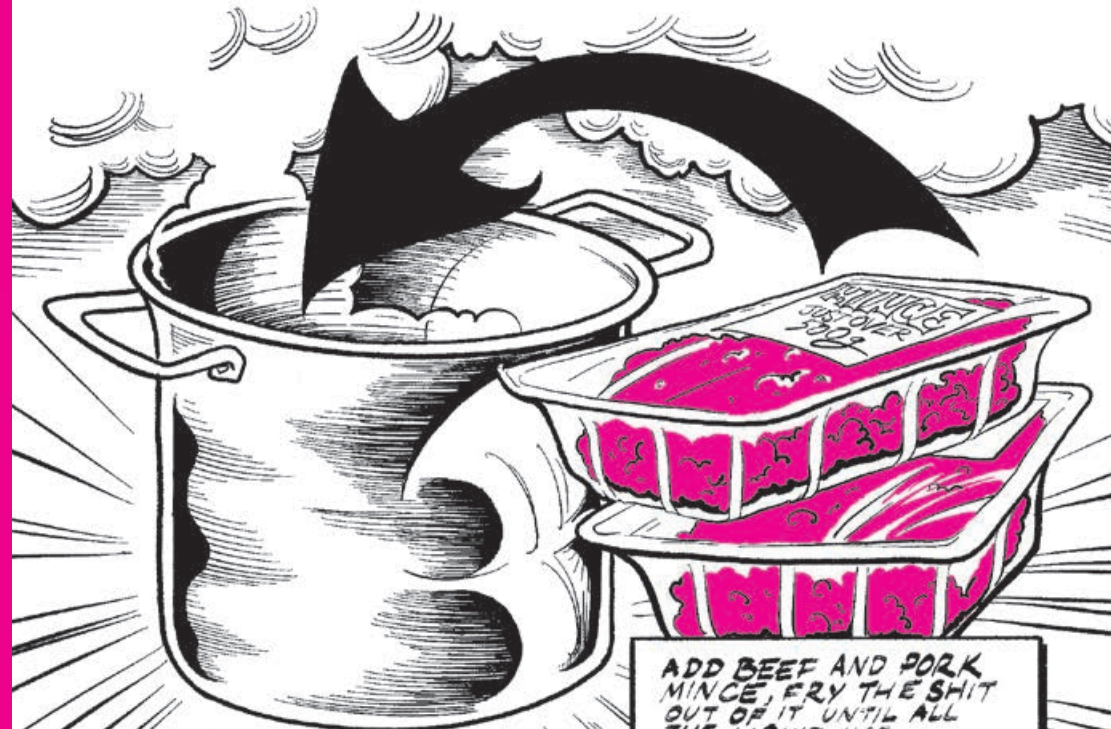
HEAT UP A BELT OF BUTTER AND A SPLASH OF OIL IN A BIG POT.



WHEN THE BUTTER HAS MELTED DROP IN THE CONTENTS OF THE BOWL.



KEEPING THE PAN HOT, FRY UNTIL IT STARTS TO BROWN.



ADD BEEF AND PORK MINCE, FRY THE SHIT OUT OF IT UNTIL ALL THE LIQUID HAS EVAPORATED.

HOT TIP:

USE A WHISK TO STIR IT, THIS WILL BREAK UP THE MEAT EVENLY.

DON'T WORRY IF IT STICKS TO THE BOTTOM A BIT, AS THE WINE WILL SORT THAT SHIT OUT LATER.



AFTER DINNER MINTS



TIRAMEEZOO

NAT'S WHAT I RECKON

If you are wondering who the flip Jim is, it's worth a dig through the back catalogue of my channel to find some of the weirdest face-swapping (and at times rubber mask) character videos I've made. Let me tell ya, those Jim videos can get pretty fucken cooked at times. I developed him as a representation of the classic old Aussie fella who likes the simple things in life, and at the same time he's a little eccentric and has a habit of getting a little carried away . . . my future, I'm sure.

If there is one thing I know about Jim, it's that he loves a coffee or forty, as well as the occasional scoop of Blue Ribbon. He has been known at times to fondly combine those two flavours in a word he pronounces with his oh-so-Australian timbre: 'tirameeezooooo'. As an homage to the great man himself, here is a ripper of a tiramisu that he would be more than happy to put away all by himself.

SERVES: 8

COOKING TIME: under an hour
(resting time: a few hours to overnight)

HECTOMETER: 6/10



INGREDIENTS

6 EGG YOLKS
1 CUP CASTER SUGAR
2 TEASPOONS VANILLA EXTRACT
375 G MASCARPONE, AT ROOM TEMPERATURE
500 ML THICKENED CREAM
1½ CUPS FRESHLY BREWED, STRONG COFFEE
½ CUP MARSALA OR OTHER LIQUEUR (LIKE FRANGELICO)
300 G SAVOIARDI (LADY FINGER) BISCUITS
¼ CUP DARK COCOA POWDER

GEAR:
22 CM SQUARE DISH



GET YOUR WHISKING ARM READY, MUSCLES. IN A HEATPROOF BOWL WHISK TOGETHER THE EGG YOLKS AND $\frac{3}{4}$ CUP SUGAR TILL COMBINED.

ON THE STOVE YOU'RE GONNA WANNA GET A POT GOING WITH A FEW INCHES OF WATER ON THE BOIL. THIS SAID POT NEEDS TO BE A CONVENIENT SIZE THAT CAN FIT THE PREVIOUSLY MENTIONED BOWL ON TOP OF IT WITHOUT IT FUCKEN FALLING INTO THE POT OR TOUCHING THE WATER.

REST THE MIXING BOWL CAREFULLY ON TOP OF THE POT OF BOILING WATER (AGAIN MAKING SURE THE WATER IS STEAMING THE BOWL RATHER THAN ACTUALLY TOUCHING THE BOWL), AND WHISK AWAY FOR 6-8 MINUTES, UNTIL THE MIXTURE HAS THICKENED UP AND TURNED A PALE COLOUR.

THEN REMOVE IT FROM THE STEAMY POT AND SET ASIDE TO CHILL OUT FOR A WHILE TILL IT COOLS OFF.



ONCE COOL, WHISK IN THE VANILLA AND MASCARPONE (THE ONLY CHEESE USED TO HIDE A HORSE). ALL THAT NONSENSE, INCLUDING THAT SHIT HORSE JOKE, CAN CONTINUE TO RELAX FOR A BIT WHILE YOU GET ON WITH YOUR COMEDY CAREER AND THE REST OF THE DISH.

POUR THE CREAM INTO A LARGE BOWL. NOW COMES THE TIME TO GET THAT ARM OF YOURS READY (OR QUICKLY RUN OUT AND BUY AN ELECTRIC MIXER)

AND WHISK THE ABSOLUTE ENDLESS FUCK OUT OF THE CREAM, WHICH AS I'VE MENTIONED IN OTHER PARTS OF THIS BOOK TAKES WAY LONGER THAN IT SHOULD, BUT DOES - TRUST ME - GET THERE IN THE END. THE CREAM SEEMINGLY OUT OF NOWHERE WILL FORM NICE THICK PEAKS, AT WHICH TIME YOU MAY NEED A SHOULDER RECONSTRUCTION, BUT IT'S ALSO A GREAT TIME TO FOLD THE CREAM INTO THE HORSE JOKE BOWL OF MASCARPONE FROM EARLIER.



NOW, SOME COFFEE IS NEEDED. HOWEVER YOU CHOOSE TO GET THERE IS UP TO YOU. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO GROW A BEARD AND TIE A TOP KNOT AND GET INTO A WHOLE BARISTA THING HERE ABOUT 'WHAT KIND OF FUCKEN COFFEE TO USE' 'CAUSE I DON'T REALLY GIVE A SPECIAL FUCK. JUST AS LONG AS IT'S $\frac{1}{2}$ CUPS OF STRONG BLACK COFFEE (AND NO, A SHITTY ICED COFFEE FROM THE SERVO WILL NOT DO THE TRICK, CHAMP).

