Stone Butch Green Beans

Remove label from green bean can, and then use can opener to remove lid. Discard lid. Place can directly on burner, using low heat. Use old underwear, preferably clean, to take hot can from stove when beans are ready. Serve with a microwaved burrito and a Budweiser.

Soft Butch Green Beans

Use can opener to remove lid from green bean can, and dump green beans into some kind of dish that can go into the oven. Open a can of cream of mushroom soup and pour it over the green beans. If you don't have cream of mushroom, you can use another kind as long as it's cream of something. Then open a can of french-fried onions, and eat half the can standing at the kitchen counter, washing it down with Budweiser. Place remaining onions over beans and soup, and bake the whole thing at 350 degrees until the soup isn't runny anymore. Serve with a microwaved chicken pot pie.

Green Beans for Butches Hoping for Sex on the First Date

Buy actual green beans. They are in the produce department of the store. Ask someone in the beer aisle if you can't find the produce section. To prepare the beans, you need to wash them. Don't use soap. Then snap the ends off each bean. You can get this chore done during football halftime if you hurry up. If there are strings on the beans, pull them off. Throw away the ends and strings, and keep the middles of the beans. Now blanch them. Don't be frightened--it just means put them in boiling water for a couple minutes. Go next door and borrow a colander from a neighbor. Drain the beans, using the colander. Now get a saucepan and put in a hunk of butter and let it melt. Then sprinkle in a little bit of flour and stir it around. Add half and half until the stuff in the pan is thick enough that it looks like soup. Turn off the heat, and into the saucepan sprinkle several good shakes of seasoned salt. Dump in a little jar of cocktail onions. Put the blanched green beans into a baking dish, and dump the stuff you made over them Bake at 350 degrees--as a rule, bake everything at 350 degrees. Now go brush your teeth, put on a clean shirt, and run over to the grocery to get a roast chicken from the deli. Good luck!

Butch Bio: Author of Rusty: How Me and Her Went to Colorado and Everything, Except Not Really, Garbo wrote a column for Chicago's Windy City Times. Her short stories are available at garbowrites.blogspot.com.