



# *rosemary chicken noodle soup*

## ingredients

4 cups wide cooked egg noodles, hot (3 1/2 cups uncooked)  
1 tablespoon olive oil  
2 teaspoons salt, divided  
8 cups water  
4 cups chicken broth  
2 cups chopped onions  
1 cup chopped celery  
2 tablespoons chopped fresh rosemary leaves  
3 pounds boneless skinless chicken breasts  
1 (10 ounce) package pre-shredded carrots  
1 (8 ounce) package pre-sliced mushrooms  
1/3 cup finely chopped Italian parsley  
1 (6 ounce) package fresh baby spinach, coarsely chopped  
1/4 cup fresh lemon juice  
1/2 teaspoon fresh ground pepper  
a wooden spoon

combine noodles, oil, and 1/2 teaspoon salt; toss well to coat.

combine water and next six ingredients (through chicken breasts) in a large dutch oven; add 1/2 teaspoon salt. bring to a boil. cover, reduce heat, and simmer 30 minutes. remove the chicken from the pan, cool slightly, and shred.

add carrots and mushrooms to pan; bring to a boil. reduce heat and simmer six minutes or until carrot is tender. add shredded chicken, parsley, spinach, and remaining 1/2 teaspoon salt; cook three minutes or until spinach wilts. stir in noodle mixture, lemon juice, and pepper. cook 1 minute.



"Soup's here," Judd finally said after we watched each other for a few minutes.

As I sipped the broth, Judd pretended to ignore me. I knew he wasn't really watching television. His face was too perfectly stoic like he was working hard to make himself seem cold.

"Do you want the rest?" I asked.

Judd frowned at me. "If I wanted soup, I'd have ordered myself some. I'm not a dog begging for scraps."

Scowling at his ridiculous anger, I shrugged. "I don't want to waste the rest. Can we put it in the mini fridge and I'll eat it in the morning?"

Judd's frown eased. "Fuck it. I'll eat it."

"No, it's mine," I said, standing up. "I offered and you got grumpy. Now, you can't have it."

"I'll just eat it after you go to sleep."

"I respect your honesty," I said, setting the bowl into the little fridge next to the expensive treats. "It's a rare quality in a thief."

Judd grinned.

— Bijou Hunter, *Damaged and the Knight*