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# Real Chocolate Fudge

**Recipe Number:** 85

**Prep time:** 1 hour

**Cook time:** 30 to 35 minutes

**INGREDIENTS:** 2 cups sugar  
3/4 cup light cream  
2 oz. unsweetened chocolate, cut up  
1 tea. white corn syrup  
2 Tbl. Butter  
1 tea. Vanilla

**DIRECTIONS:**

1. Line a 9x5x3 loaf pan with foil, extending foil over the edge of the pan. Butter the foil.
2. Butter sides of a heavy 2 quart saucepan. Combine sugar, cream, chocolate, syrup, & 1/8 tea. salt. Cook & stir over medium heat 'til boiling. Clip candy thermometer to side of pan. Reduce heat to medium-low; boil at moderate, steady rate. Stir occasionally until thermometer registers the soft-ball stage.
3. Remove from heat, add butter & vanilla, but do not stir. Cool 50-60 minutes & remove thermometer. Beat until it just begins to thicken and the fudge begins to lose its gloss.
4. Quickly spread candy in prepared pan. Cool, lift fudge from pan with foil, & cut in squares.

**STORY:** *Creamy dreamy chocolate fudge  
One can't buy it, beg, or steal it  
It's much safer to conceal it  
Hide the chocolate fudge!*

*Fudge is a major holiday challenge, and one must face the fact each Christmas that the batch could turn out runny, sticky, grainy, rock-hard or too soft, too dark or too light. My family's holiday would be seriously diminished without the rich chocolate confection stashed away in the deep freeze each December. And it can't be the easy kind made with chocolate chips and marshmallow cream. That one works every time. Nope, they're all purists. It's not fudge unless it's a risk.*

*The cold drizzly weather of winter is just right for candy making. I used my favorite cookbook for proper ingredients and precise directions, and heeded the warning that the mixture of sugar, cocoa, light cream, white syrup and salt was not to be stirred once the sugar was dissolved. Okay. Clipping the thermometer on the side of the pan, I set it to cook on medium heat. My daughter, Nan called about then for a leisurely chat, and we were almost caught up on family news when a brown volcano erupted from my pan and bubbled and spewed out over the stove. My new ceramic cooktop was scorched and coated before I could react!*

*I dropped the phone and raced to the sink, cleaned off the pan and set it to cook on a different burner, and when the mucky burner cooled down I began the chocolaty clean-up. What a mess. I carefully watched the candy this time – of course now there wasn't as much to watch – but being nervous I jumped the gun and removed it too soon. The recipe warned me to add butter and vanilla and cool WITHOUT beating. Did that; poured it into the foil-lined, buttered pan. It tasted great, but somehow I sensed it would not fill my expectations. I was right.*

*The following week my confidence returned, and this time I chose another recipe for guidance from my 2nd standby cookbook. I resolved to do everything exactly right and even tested the thermometer in boiling water for accuracy. Aha! That reading was too low; the candy needed an additional 12 degrees to reach soft-ball stage.*

*Okay, bigger pan this time, very slight variation in ingredients, strict adherence to directions—such as buttering the inside of the pan – the stove set to medium heat. Everything was going well, fudge boiling slowly but steadily, mercury climbing in the thermometer, and the phone rang. It was Mark calling from San Francisco. I suspect our kids have ESFP: extra sensory fudge perception. Always great to hear from our youngest son, but I couldn't check the candy with the too short phone cord and I'm forced to excuse myself twice. Mark reminded me of fudge disasters in the past, and we agreed to cut the conversation short so this won't be one of them. Before we hung up I reminded him it was always eaten regardless. Taking no chances, I took the phone off the hook.*

*My patience and attention paid off with a double batch of flawless fudge. It thickened slightly as the temp dropped to 110 degrees. Beating made my arm very tired, but that creamy texture settled evenly into the pan and my self-assurance grew. I measured a one inch square for each piece and the edges stayed pretty firm, another sign of success. No nuts, though I can't imagine why my kids don't like them. I quickly stored away the treasure in the freezer.*

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