

Cheers

The savory scent of the turkey traveled around my house before it drifted into the living room. As my cousin and I locked eyes, the scent pulled us into the kitchen. I got up off the couch, leaving Elf playing on the television. With each step, the fragrance grew stronger, carrying away.

Fresh, steamy, turkey called my name, with the salty mashed potatoes echoing behind it. As I finally set food in the kitchen, the sight overtook me, making my stomach growl. Vibrant yellow, corn dazzled in the light like a disco ball, looking fresher than ever. It was accompanied by dark green, crispy, brussel sprouts that made me imagine the crunch. The mashed potatoes sat to the right, its creamy for making the drool gush out like a waterfall. The bright orange macaroni and cheese yearned for me to take a serving, taking all my might as I waited my turn to dump a handful onto my plate. And most importantly, the turkey. It's shining brown skin attracted my whole family's eyes as we lined up for a piece.

Once I finally sat down, plate and Sprite in hand, my sister plumped right down next to me. I thought of all our previous thanksgivings, often hosted at my aunt's house. However I remembered last year we did not attend. My father, recuperating from a surgery, enjoyed a movie beside us as we ate delivered chinese food. At the time, we were all disappointed not to go party with the family. Looking back I realized the whole point was to be with family. And I was.

"Cheers!" my sister exclaimed, bringing me back to the moment at hand with a raised can of Coke.

"Cheers!" my brother remarked, touching her can with his own Fanta. I looked at my plate, then at the cousins, grandparents, aunts, uncles, friends, and siblings around me.

"Cheers indeed" I responded with a smile.

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