

Thanksgiving

My thoughts swirled as they fantasized about the future buttery goodness that awaited me. On Thanksgiving day my mom unveiled an exquisite dish, mashed potatoes. The whole room stared in awe as the potatoes filled the room with an inviting, comforting, warm aroma of butter and cream. The minute the potatoes were placed on the table the race began between my hangry family on who will have the first scoop of delight. The bowl filled with the mash gets passed around everyone scooping a generous amount. Once I placed the potatoes on my plate I watched as the golden pool of butter in the center dripped on the sides of the velvety mash. While the kitchen lights bounced off the butter, creating a brilliant, sparkling reflection. I unfolded my metallic spoon from my pristine white cloth and rushed to take a spoonful. When the potatoes finally entered my mouth I could feel the soothing sensation of it gliding across my tastebuds. I couldn't tell if the mash was so good that it caused my tongue to tickle or if it was the toasty heat of the potatoes burning my mouth. I closed my eyes and wished the lustrous warmth and magic I felt could last forever.

As the blistering steam rose from my plate, I couldn't help but notice all of the delicately placed garnishes on my potatoes—a sprinkle of chopped black pepper, a drizzle of gooey cheese, and a hint of sea salt to bring the flavors to life. It was so silky and fluffy anyone could mistake it for a cloud. The balance of luxury and homemade created the ultimate masterpiece on a plate.

I savor each indulgent bite because I know nothing this good could ever last forever. Every time the butter coated my tongue, it wrapped me in a warm blanket of nostalgia for those cozy fall evenings. Eventually, my plate was licked clean, with not even a glimpse of butter of evidence to prove that the mashed potatoes were ever there.

Gazing at the empty plate in front of me, I felt grateful to have enjoyed such a splendid meal. The dish my mom had crafted was not only made out of cheese, cream, potatoes, and all sorts of delightful spices but it was also infused with her love for our family. The mashed potatoes in our meal represented a memory of the flavors of a Thanksgiving meal connecting everyone. Everything was in absolute harmony. I could still taste the last bits of the addictive mash sticking to the sides of my mouth and I

disposed of the evidence. Food is a symbol of home and the love that fills you while eating. All you need to make an unforgettable plate of mashed potatoes is fresh ingredients, a skilled cook, and a dash of love.

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