The first fight I had with my mom was when I was in first grade. I was in a phase of my life where I just did not feel like eating certain foods which made packing lunch for me the biggest struggle of her life at that moment. Being the picky eater that I was, sandwiches and pasta were out of the question. So, my mom decided to pack some siomay and ketcap manis (steamed fish cake with sweet soy sauce). At home, I drenched my siomay with that sweet and slightly sour sauce; making sure its surface area was covered. She made sure to give me extra ketcap so that I’ll have more than enough for my siomay. As lunch time was closing in, my body was shaking in excitement. Ms. Lotto finally called out for us to line up for lunchtime. As I stood in line next to my friend, I bragged about my lunch, telling her how this is the yummiest Indonesian dish ever. Down the hall we walked, each step felt like a

* Mom makes lunch
* Walks me to school
* I am excited for lunch
* Open my lunch box
  + Ketchup spilled everywhere, siomay smells a bit, kids start making fun of me, teachers don’t want to help me clean up
* Eating siomay