Description Essay

There is always a question that lingers in my family every night. What’s for dinner? Although I use to be a chief who cooks outstanding meals, I am outweighed by the convenient options like Whataburger. I am very open to new types of food because the tastes will either surprise me or make me puke on the closest person to me.

The smell of garlic lingers in the air. The taste zaps my tongue with intriguing flavors. Some people prefer to use a fork and a spoon while I like to slurp up the snake like noodles. I cook this meal with an Italian red wine to give the sauce a unique enriching flavor.

My senses were overcome by the smell of sea water. The meat falls apart in my mouth, winning the war against my taste buds. The taste of the salt almost paralyzes me. As I push the scaly textured fish away from me, I pledge to never endure this experience again.