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Sugar, spice, and everything but fish

Some people are picky eaters. I am usually a picky eater and certain food qualities like chewy, crunchy, and spicy don’t appeal to me; however, I am starting to try new foods because they sometimes surprise me. Onions on my burger used to make me want to throw up; now I cannot eat my burger without them.

Since I love spaghetti, I learned to make it my own way. I cook the sauce with Italian red wine, onion powder, and sugar. The garlic I add to the sauce lingers in the air. The sweet and sour flavors zap my tongue. Some people like their noodles al dente; however, I like them soft. I add olive oil to the boiling water to keep the noodles from sticking together. Some people prefer to eat spaghetti with a fork and spoon. I like to slurp up the snake-like noodles.

Although I can cook a variety of foods, my mother, being the sea-food lover of the family, decided she would cook it for dinner one night. My nose was overcome by the smell of sea water. The meat was soft but overwhelmed with salt. The salt almost paralyzed me as if my mother decided to dump the whole container onto the fish. These smells and tastes differ from those I prefer. As I pushed the scaly fish away from me, I pledged to never endure such abuse again.

Although I didn’t like my mother’s fish, I will keep my pallet open for other types of food that I am not use to. Taste buds may change over time. Trying new foods will show me what I enjoy and what I don’t. I won’t knock something until I try it.