

Dinner time



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8 February, Dinner time: “ Tun tun tun tun tun tun tun tun”, it was 9 o’ clock, my eyes lifted from the paper laying in front of my table on the clock as I heard it. “ Time for dinner”, my mind said. I dropped the pen, pulled the chair back, and headed off towards the dining table. Soon as I opened the door that led into the dining room, the aroma went right through my nostrils to the brain, and in a fraction of a second, I remembered what it was in the covered dish, the last time my nose had smelt this aroma. Ooh, it was that what felt so soft and tender to the touch, and salty and very mildly sweet to the taste. Mama had made me fish and chips, that had always been my favorite. I poured two large and gorgeous dollops of ketchup into the white marble plate, and helped myself to the fish and chips tray. I made a good pile of fish chops on the side of ketchup, and decorated the sides with yellow French fries. The yellow and golden meal complimented the red and white background. Nothing on Earth could be more appealing to me than what I had right in front of me! I extended my arm to pick the fork that was beside the jug, pushed it into the first chop, and pulled it to my mouth. Next second, I had it between my teeth. My mouth was full of fiber. I squeezed it between my teeth, and felt the juice watering the inside of my mouth. “ Aah!” I screamed. Something just pricked the inside of my left cheek. “ And what’s that?” I heard my mind voice what it felt. The next moment, it had dissolved. It was a piece of crunch that had softly pricked me in the cheek, though I loved it for it told me, “ The crunch had just been out of the oven”. I had shut my eyes close to imagine the science of flavor. Salty (fish), sweet and sour (ketchup) and nutty (sesame seed oil) flavors had had a great fight! One tried to dominate the second, the second overpowered the third, and the third outshined the first. It was a ring, that was twisting and rolling, and

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rubbing until it was shattered into tiny fragments, and with a gulp was gone. It was one minute past nine when I had picked up the first fish chop, and within 6 minutes, I was holding the last one. I spared the fork, held the chop between my both hands, and twisted it apart. The golden crunchy crust cracked and white juicy fresh and tender fish meat showed up. The combination of white meat, golden crust and red ketchup was mouth watering. The last piece was much more appetizing than the first ones because I had inspected it. In one bite, I chew the chop away. I had relished! I caressed by tummy as if some big treat was lately given to it.