

# Chocolate cake and diet



A Food Object I can't forget the day when I lay my eyes on that beautiful hunky slice of Hershey's Chocolate cake, sitting beautifully on a white porcelain tray contrasting its finely chiseled structure. The ins and outs of that moist and chocolaty slice comatose my senses and put them on a brink of making a decision whether to ignore the temptations or serve them with this enigmatic slice of cake. My sensuality won over my agenda of losing weight this month.

The cake was about six inches high all covered with gooey chocolate frosting and decorated with Hershey's kisses. A treat that every chocolate lover would really kill for so I dug in putting my guard down and forgetting I ever planned on losing weight. So I quickly picked up my fork and took the first bite of my cake the moist and soggy chocolate cake melted like butter in my mouth, along with the sticky chocolate fudge frosting. It felt as I have taken a dive into the thick and blubbery sea of chocolate easing the pain that had been building up inside of me for days.

This is what I had been so desperate about, a big lustrous slice of chocolate cake, that sent my heart racing and had me wanting to take another bite and then another and then another. For a moment I forgot where I was and what I was doing, sabotaging my diet plan and deceiving myself, all I could remember was that beautiful cake and filling my mouth with it. People around me were scared they kept telling that I should slow down or I'll choke on it, but all I could hear was this sweet beauty in front calling me to have more.

On the first half I gave up, I could not stop myself I just wanted more so I took a deep breath and the bitter and sweet smell filled my senses with happiness. The deep shades of brown covering the entire area around my

mouth was quiet funny I could not believe myself that I could be that vulnerable regarding my obsession with chocolates and chocolate cakes. The most hateful aspect about being on a strict diet and one that was very painful was, not allowed to have chocolates. Especially on birthdays, over the years what made my birthdays so special were not the parties, balloons or the people but the dessert! On my every birthday I would have my favorite chocolate flourless, double layered with the thickest layer of chocolate fudge frosting. But all the wonderful sweet birthdays I had and despite all the fun I had in those birthdays, this day was simply the best. I took all my pent up frustration from having to eat veggies or organic foods over this luscious piece of cake. Although a slice of this cake meant hours and hours of workout and a day full of soups and only fruits but it was worth the sacrifice (Diamond, Harriet & Phyllis 1997).

It was the best slice of cake I had in my life, which changed the entire picture in my mind; I did not know that something could taste that heavenly. The ecstasy I felt when I took my first bite ended on remorse when I took the last so I finishes eating and dabbed my chocolate covered lips taking in the last remaining wisps and crumbs of the cake. It felt like one amazing experience and so I called it a day and departed from the shop.

#### REFERENCES

Diamond, Harriet, and Phyllis Dutwin. Grammar in Plain English. Hauppauge, N. Y: Barrons Educational Series, 1997. Print.