

Descriptive: t-bone
steak and pan



Juan Olivarez English 1301PW1 Descriptive Essay Stepping through the door, that familiar smell creeps through my mind and I can't refrain from grinning from ear to ear. As I take my next step, my heart pounds and my head goes numb with a sense of bliss and satisfaction I will soon be experiencing.

Placing the bags down slowly, I can't help but feel them slipping from my grasp as my palms sweat from the anxiety from the moment that is no more than just an hr away. The thrill and excitement I get from seeing my girlfriend cook is something that is erotic, even though the act itself is so innocent.

Taking the items out of the bag, slowly I make sure one last time that the list she gave me is complete and all items are checked off. With the excitement of a young child asking for a delicious piece of candy, I call out her name.

Walking in the room with a smile that lights up the room, like a flare lighting up a dark place and making an eerie setting feel like home, she looks at me and sighs to me letting me know the theatrics are about to start. She starts off by slowly, yet sensually slipping the apron over her head and tightly fastening the belt around her curvy and luscious hips.

Pulling a hair clip off from her sleeve, she throws her head forward and grasps her hair with a stiff yet subtle movement and then proceeds to lift her head as she clinches the clip in her soft and beautiful brown hair. One by one she places the items on the counter with a look of urgency to fill my pallet with the delicious foods she prepares with her own two hands. She finally takes out a thick and hardy T-bone steak, as pink as a rose on a beautiful spring day, an onion as yellow as bright as the sun.

Finally the long and healthy asparagus comes out waiting to feel the heat of the pan and sting of the oil it will saute in. Bending down she pulls out a pan and firmly grasps the handle like a soldier going into battle with her weapon of choice. Click, Click, Click goes the stove as she lights the flames that will create the tempting meal she will prepare. Placing the pan on the stove, she pulls the oil from the shelf and starts to slowly drizzle the oil on the pan like an artist preparing her canvas for a wonderful masterpiece. Looking back at me she asks me in a gentle voice asking how

I'd like it cook. Medium Well I replied. Letting the pan and oil heat up, she snatches an onion from the counter and tosses it up and catches it behind her back as if trying to mimic a jester at a circus. Her playfulness is exuberating and like an Asian master chef she stabs the onion in its core and continues to slice it with the ease of cutting through a soft piece of butter. Testing the oil she tosses a piece of onion in the pan with the care of a person tossing a young child a ball. Crackle, crackle, crackle the onion goes as it sizzles in the oil.

Tossing the rest of the onions in pan, the smell becomes intoxicating and the taste of the onions caramelizing like sugar can already be sensed on the tip of my tongue. A minute later she gathers the asparagus, counting slowly making sure as not to get to many or too little to throw into the pan. With a spatula firmly grasped in one hand and 12 pieces of asparagus in the other, she shovels the onions to one side and lays the asparagus one by one letting them slit off her pinky in order to keep from blistering her soft hand with oil.

Within minutes the mixture of both smells starts playing tricks on my mind by making me feel like I'm in a five star restaurant. Flinging a plate from one hand to another, she grabs the pan and slowly leans it onto the plate while the onions and asparagus slide down like jello slithering off your spoon. Yummy is in my tummy with what's coming up next. At last, it's time for the main course to take the stage. Using the same pan and oil that is saturated with essence of onions, she turns up the flames that will gently blister the first side of my steak.

As the oil starts to crackle, she holds the steak with both hands and throws it in with no regard to her own well being. Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle is all I need to hear before my senses start to overwhelm my body and cause me to feel a sense of fainting. The smell is memorizing, sweetness from the onions and the fat from the steak give it an aroma that can't be described. Bliss is just a short time away. Five minutes pass and she uses the spatula to lift the steak from its boiling brew of oil, onion and grease.

Holding the steak up in the air as the grease slowly drips down, she waits to let the pan heat up once again in order to see the other side of the steak. Splat is the next sound I hear as she drops the steak on the uncooked side. Once again, the sizzling sound is so tempting that licking my lips is the only way for me to handle my temptations. I walk up to the stove with the curiosity of a young child, I look in to the pan and see a gorgeous steak popping and bathing in its own grease. As I peer in the pan, I see a brown pinkish colored steak with hints of black in the pan is a moment I would never get tired of.

I close my eyes and let the smell engorge my nose and allow it to hinder any other sense in my body. Click is the next sound I hear followed by the sound of her voice saying " it's done". Sitting on the table I see a plate with a huge tempting steak that is engulfed with brown caramelized onion and a side of lanky strips of asparagus. My weapons of choice are my trusty silver knife and fork, which sit harmlessly to my left. A glass of wine as red as blood sits to my right, as my napkin lays on my lap with no sense of purpose in my mind.

A single candle stares me in the eye, blinding me from the beauty that sits across me in her long black dress. Hair hanging down like vines from a tree she glances at me and asks me to close my eyes and give thanks for the things we have. Closing my eyes I slowly nod my head and begin to silently give grace for the things in my life. The moment is calm, silent and eerie as I conclude my thoughts and cautiously raise my head. My eyes hesitate to open as if them not wanting to realize the moment I'm in.

Opening my eyes there is rush to my head as I sit there in silence and a cold feeling on my face. The lights are on and the room is empty. Nothing sits on the table as I imagined, no one sitting across from me nor was there an aroma in the air from the delicious meal I had already tasted in my mind. A grin sits on my face from ear to ear as I realize my mind wandered from the paper I was supposed to be writing. No girl, no food, no problem. This moment hasn't happened yet but I sit here confident that one day it will, when she steps into that door!