

Amanda Shea
Waffles
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Beeeeeeeeeep!

Oh, the incessant ringing of my alarm clock. Every morning I heard its death-like screech announcing the new day, yelling at the top of its mechanical lungs, "Wake up! Homework is due! Wake up! New tests to do! Wake up! Hahahahahahaha!"

But not today. Today it sounds like a choir of angels, or a church bell, singing it's praise, calling it's followers. Today it sings, "Wake up! It's Saturday! Time for friends! Time for sunshine! Time for-----waffles!!!"

Yes. Waffles.

Ah, the waffle. Many take its quick cooking abilities for granted, but they are blind to its sweet deliciousness and many times, scarf it down like a rat does garbage. No. This little convenience needs to be cooked with proper care and eaten slowly, as one drinks a fine wine, in order to appreciate its true potential. When cooked correctly, the crust is light and flakey, the middle soft and warm, with a light crunch to give it texture and pleasure to your taste buds.

I sigh as I get up and turn off my alarm clock. Hopping up from my bed, I pull on some slippers and walk down the stairs to the kitchen. My mom bids me a good morning, and asks what I would like for this morning's breakfast.

"Muffins? Pancakes? Eggs and bacon?" she asks. She laughs as I walk groggily to the freezer. "No, what was I thinking... waffles, I should have known."

She rolls her eyes as I begin the ceremonial tribute to the waffle.

In order to get the waffle just right, there is a series of steps that must be taken. The first step is the second most important; picking out the waffle.

When I pick out the waffle from the all-mighty ego box, I pick the waffle with the least amount of ice on it. Ice is the waffle's worst enemy. It causes a soggy waffle, and the consequence of a soggy waffle is cooking it twice. When you cook a waffle twice, you risk burning it. A burned waffle is not acceptable.

As I search through the waffle box, I pick out two waffles and lower them into my very rare, very expensive waffle cooker: the Toaster.

Cooking the waffle is the most important part to enjoying the ego-ness. To get the waffle to the perfect crunch and temperature, the Toaster must be set on five, between one and ten, so the temperature is just right to cook the waffle. I push the lever down on the Toaster and continue the odyssey of cooking my waffles. *Nice!*

While the waffles soak in the pseudo-sun, I walk to the other end of my glorious kitchen and open a small drawer, where my silver-ware sleeps, all nestled together. I grab a fork and knife, removing them from their slumber. I close the small drawer and reach above to the overhanging cabinet. Cylindrical crystals shine in the morning sun. Grabbing one, I place the silver-ware in the glass, and reach for a recycled piece of paper that is supposed to be a plate. Turning around I go to an elongated cabinet and daintily search for syrup, the heavenly shower of tree blood, sugar and water. *hehe.*

I hurry getting the milk out of the fridge. If the waffle pops out before all the utensils are collected, the waffles get cold while I fumble around to get the rest of the utensils.

I skip over to the counter that holds the all-mighty Toaster. Placing all the accoutrements on the counter, I listen to the toaster for the little timer that nestles itself inside the Toaster's belly. Assured that it's still running, I remove the silver-ware from the glass and place them on the counter. I tenderly pour the milk, making sure not to spill a single drop.

Picking up the glass of milk, syrup and the silver-ware, I walk to the dining room and place everything on the table. Turning back to the kitchen, I walk back and rest my hip on the counter. I listen to the light hum and sizzle of the waffle. Then almost on the command of the growl in my stomach, the waffles pop up. They look like two suns, rising over the horizon. Almost as soon as they pop up, an ecstasy of smells reached my olfactory senses, and sends me swirling into a haven of sweet wafflely goodness.

Grabbing the waffles, I place them carefully on the plate, as a parent would place their newborn child into a crib. I walk them to my place at the table, and sit down.

This is the last and best step, enjoying the waffle. In order to enjoy the waffle, the waffle must be cut into certain sizes, so it's not too big of a bite, but not too small, that one only gets a small taste of its deliciousness.

I make the lines parallel to my knife, and counting two lines from the outside of the waffle circumference, I cut all the way down, making a crescent moon, and I repeat the process on the other side. Now I'm left with two crescent moons and a rectangle, which is the middle of the waffle. I turn the rectangle sideways and cut off just the crust of the waffle. Then, carefully counting the lines left in the rectangle (there are four) I cut the very center line leaving two equal pieces of waffle.

Taking the crescent pieces, I cut those in half as well. Now, for the syrup. This is a very delicate process. Syrup is very sweet, so if too much is added, it drowns the waffle. However, the latter is worse. If not enough syrup is added, a very dry waffle is produced, which causes one to drink milk while eating the waffle, then ruining the sweet tang of the waffle.

I look at the sweet meticulously filled waffle dimples. My heart skips a few beats knowing the perfect combination of food is lying right in front of me. I pick up my fork and place it gently into the carefully prepared waffles.

Now for the final and most enjoyable step, eating the waffle. When eating a waffle, one must take their time, but not too much time, because the waffle gets cold. Usually, two pieces of waffle per bite is the perfect size. Not too big but not too small.

First, one eats the outside of the waffle. Just like in brownies, the middle is the best, and everyone knows you save the best for last. Savoring each and every bite, taking time to enjoy all the little convenience has to offer, I eat up the waffles. Finally, I reach the middle, my favorite part. I stack two of the waffle middles together and scarf those down like a homeless person does hot soup. Taking the last two, I mop up the rest of the syrup and enjoy a sweet and delicious bite of waffle.

All done. My waffle odyssey is complete, my tummy full, and my saturday is made. As I clean up, I think about how next saturday will be, in all its golden waffle ness!

Amanda -
Great level
of detail here!
Normally, I would say
avoid a list of events -
but this really works!
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