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To be able to cook oneself’ a meal for dinner is a mark of success in one’s life. To be able to walk out, take rosemary from one’s own garden, and finely chop fresh rosemary with one’s own knife is a privilege. Having easy access to a supermarket, in which one can pluck the filet of her desire from the counter, and taking dinner home for her to season with salt, pepper, and fresh herbs is indescribably therapeutic. Hearing that silky, decadent meat sizzle on a grill and watching the outside crust with a beautiful, rich brown is to witness the success of an individual. A meal, a filet whose scent drifts into her nostrils, and calms her into a melted state, whose taste gives readily into a juiced ecstasy, is a mark that she has become independent enough to care for the quality of how her needs are met—and can do so in her own home. This is what one should strive for, and this is the symbol of hope held for a young person’s future. That she may one day be able to wake up, go down her stairs, and decide to cook a meal for dinner.