

A Fishy Story

Adrian Mora

Course: English 101

Instructor: Ms. Ramona Cutrer

Assignment: Diagnostic Essay

There it was. It seemed that it was staring at me. The tiny droplets of sweat on my forehead made the room too cold to even have a reason to sweat. In one hand, I held my tools, the only thing that separated me from it. My friends were there, previously laughing. Now, they were all concentrating on me. Not a sound crept from their lips, except for a few encouraging words—"You got this, man."

I looked down one last time. I could see the roll, just sitting there on my plate. It appeared dry and slimy in the middle. There were little, orange beads surrounding the exterior, which I later discovered were fish eggs. Yes, this was raw fish. It was sushi. The center was shiny, like a marble. It was surrounded by a sick, green-colored seaweed, then a wall of rice; all together, this was the perfect size for my mouth to engulf. My friends had put soy sauce and a spicy sauce, wasabi, on it, which gave it an even nastier appearance.

"I guess it's now or never," I said, turning almost as green as the seaweed. My chopsticks gripped the roll delicately, and I slowly raised it in my hand. "This thing is heavier than I thought," said the nervous, cowardly side of me. Although I wanted to close my eyes, as I imagined people do in similar situations, another part of me desired to watch it. I wanted to make sure it didn't try anything "fishy." I needed to watch it, all the way, until it reached its final destination—me.

As I chewed, I tried desperately not to think. I likely prayed to go brain-dead right then and there. The next message that my tongue sent to my brain almost put me in shock. My senses had betrayed me! I actually liked it! It was nothing like I've ever tasted before. It was sweet and

spicy at the same time. It was tough because of the seaweed, but the salmon in the middle just melted in my mouth. I looked over at my friends, who were hoping to claim the remaining five rolls on my plate for themselves. The words that came out of my mouth made them all respond with laughter and affirmation. “Don’t touch my food.”

Ms. Cutrer’s Comments: *Although this paper was the diagnostic assignment for English 101, Adrian exhibited a solid command of language and skilled control of his subject. Vivid description and detail make this initial work of this student writer memorable and fun to read.*