

## Terra's memoirs: Squishy squashy sluh!

When I was a child I disliked a number of things. Well...I guess knowing who I am, it is safe to say I HATED a number of things. I distinctly remember my “over the top”, dramatic, loud laments to my poor dear mother about how she “could not EVER cook ANYTHING without potatoes or mushrooms or onions, or worse yet, a combination of the three!” However, what I hated more than those three things was SQUASH! How could such a disgusting thing like squash ever been created let alone be cultivated! It was unfathomable to my child mind. Before my story goes any further, you have to know that my mother was the kind who would say, “either you eat what I made for dinner, or you can make yourself a peanut butter and jelly” and point lovingly with a smile to the refrigerator (oh mothers and their sassy ways!).

One evening I had not been home in time for dinner. I was probably out playing with some friend probably doing little friend things like making up “oh so cool” dances to songs by “oh so cool pop singers” like Debbie Gibson. My mother, being a good mother, nicely made me a bowl of the stew she cooked and placed it in the refrigerator awaiting my arrival. She warmed the stew, set it on the table, and went back to whatever it was she had been doing before I came waltzing into the house in probably some thespian-like way. The first spoonful was magnificent! Upon lifting the second enormous bite that was probably way too big for my mouth at the time, I noticed something strange. It was this orange, mushy, square...SOMETHING!

“Mom! MMOOOOMMMM!!!” I screamed from the kitchen (I was not the kind to go looking for my mother when screaming worked just as well).

“Yes?” she yelled back (she was also not the kind to come looking for the person who screamed at her when screaming back was the proper response to such a call).

“MOM! What is this STUFF in here?! This orange stuff?!”

There was a long pause. “They’re carrots Terra”.

“Oh!” I say, still screaming mind you. “I love carrots!...But mom, these don’t *taste* like carrots”

“I know honey. They were cooked in the stew. Just eat them”

“OK!” I scream as I happily go back to shoving spoonfuls in my mouth. But, something still did not seem right. I was getting a bit suspicious of these new tasting carrots. So I did what any child would do: I investigated. I fished one of those strange, orange, mushy squares out of the stew and put it on my napkin. “Hmm...” I thought to myself, “it certainly DOESN’T smell like a carrot. And it certainly DOESN’T feel like a carrot.” I took a nibble. Then another. IT WASN’T A CARROT AT ALL! I had been tricked! Had! Fooled! Those strange, orange, mushy squares were...SQUASH!

So what’s the moral of the story here folks? Moms are moms. They know what is best for you when you may not know it yet. Never ever mind the scheming, devious, little tricks they may pull. Because what I love more than anything today is loading a dish full of potatoes or mushrooms or onions, or a combination of the three...and especially sitting down to a HUGE, steaming, well spiced, baked squash...all to myself! Because I am not sharing.