

Monologue Mania!

“Mom’s Mushy Meatballs” from *Ups and Downs*

By Rebecca Wright

SON PERSPECTIVE

Perspective One: You thought you wanted to be a chef, but now you’re distressed about all of the gross stuff you find in food.

* * *

SON:

I wish I had never told my mom that I wanted to be a chef one day. Ever since then, she’s had me in the kitchen learning every recipe that Grandma Lola ever taught her. Don’t get me wrong—I don’t mind the work or spending time with my mom. Not that I want that broadcast around the school or anything. No, what bugs me is the stuff I’ve learned. Stuff I didn’t even want to know. I can’t even look at food the same way anymore. For instance—meatballs. Yummy, right? One of my favorites. At least they used to be. Want to know what goes into meatballs? Eggs! Eggs and mushy, wet bread. I’m serious. You actually soak the bread in water, and then squeeze the water out of it. Who does that? And eggs aren’t supposed to go into meat, are they? They’re for breakfast, not dinner. I thought meatballs were just made from meat! Then there are the onions. The stinky, smelly, make-your-eyes-water onions! They’re practically in everything. And if there aren’t onions, then there’s garlic. Big, old cloves of garlic that make your hands stink from chopping them. I can’t stand it! How can onions and garlic make things taste so good when they smell so bad? Here’s the real kicker. Did you know that you put sugar in spaghetti sauce? Sugar! That’s crazy, right? Who wants sweet spaghetti sauce? And even though I can’t really taste the egg, mushy bread, onions, garlic, or sugar, I now *know* they’re in there! That’s it. I’ve had enough. Tonight at dinner, I’m going to tell Mom that I want to be an engineer.