

A Story About Marinated Grilled Shrimp



Don't you ever have one of those days where you just feel irritatingly happy for no reason at all? I, a food lover, was having one of those days. Today, on this spectacular day, I decided to try to make dinner, so my parents could have a day off from cooking. To my surprise, they agreed. Anyway, I decided to make some marinated grilled shrimp, since we have tons of shrimp in our refrigerator.

I'm standing in our kitchen, deciding what to do while my little brother helps me by getting the ingredients; Three cloves of garlic, minced, 1/3 of a cup with olive oil, 1/4 of a cup with tomato sauce, two tablespoons of red wine vinegar, 1/2 of a teaspoon of salt, 1/4 of a teaspoon with cayenne pepper, two tablespoons of fresh chopped basil, two pounds of fresh shrimp, peeled and deveined and skewers. My parents often tell us that they love spicy food, so I added a little bit of chili peppers. With my brother helping me, I command him to stir the garlic, tomato sauce, olive oil and vinegar in a large bowl. After, I season it with the basil, salt, cayenne pepper and the bit of chili pepper. Later, I tell my brother to stir until it's evenly coated, which he surprisingly does without food all over the place. I cover the bowl with a cloth and refrigerate for about forty-five minutes.

After forty-five minutes of watching my brother evilly smile and rub his hands together in a weird motion are done, I tell my brother to go set up the table. Meanwhile, I preheat our grill to medium heat and then thread the shrimp into the skewers. I lightly oil the grill grate and cook the lovely shrimp on the preheated grill for about three minutes on each side.

When I'm finally done, I place the shrimp in a plate in the kitchen, where I notice the table is all set and run to the living room to notify my parents that dinner is ready.

My parents and I walk to the kitchen together, each one of us clearly excited to eat my delicious grilled shrimp. We arrive to see my brother chugging down the milk carton, his face red and a few stains of marinade on his shirt.

“You ate them all?” I screamed at him. He nods innocently.

“I wanted to share that with our neighbors too! It would have been amazing to see them taste something they've likely never tried before.” I say.

“Well, that's too bad.” He responds.

“Watch it....” My parents warn him.

“Ok. I'm sorry. They were too good! We can make it again.” He says with a repented look.

“Ok.” And I smile at him, happy knowing that someone finally liked my food.

Christine Mena Garcia was born in Caracas, Venezuela. She arrived in Canada at a young age. Her favorite things to do are playing sports and listening to music. She absolutely loves reading, writing, taking risks and trying new foods. She also likes getting in touch with nature, play violin and living her life. Her favorite foods are seafood and Spanish food.