

Indian Tacos

“The key to making a fluffy scone is minimal contact.”

When I was first learning how to make scones, that was what my mom told me. Except, the way she phrased it was very different.

Tonight, that exact food - made out of flour, baking soda and water - is topped with vegetables, chili, cheese, refried beans and sour cream. Actually, that’s a lie. The variations differ depending on the eater’s tastes, but those are all the possibilities that we have tonight.

Laughter fills the air, as our family reminisces over times long past, and times that occurred not too long ago.

The scent of the not-actually-spicy chilli fills the air, paired with the smell of refried beans, but it’s not noticeable. At least not to us. We’re used to it after all.



“Can I have another scone?” One of my sisters stands up from the table, already edging her way toward the counter where the fluffy bread rests on a plate.

“Wait! I want one too!” Another of my sisters jumps up from her chair and is by the counter in a flash.

“There’s only one more though . . .”

“Wanna split it then?”

“Fine,” she huffs. This one has never been good at sharing, but on nights like these, when the mood is light and everyone’s stomachs are full, it’s difficult for even her to start trouble.

“Hey! Your half is bigger than mine!”

“No it’s not.”

This is normal too. I mean, what family doesn’t have banter? At least, in the end, they can come to an agreement.

Five minutes later, after the last scone has been scarfed down, my little brother walks back into the kitchen. “Can I have another scone?” he asks.

I exchange looks with my sisters.

“There’s none left,” I say.

“What?” he sulks, as he leaves the kitchen.

What could he have expected though? I wonder to myself. When there's food as good as indian tacos on the table, you have to move quick in order to get your fill. Especially with six people living in the same house.

I lean back in my chair, the air feeling calmer than it'd been a few moments ago. My stomach is happily full, and from the looks on my sisters' and mom's faces, I can tell that they feel the same.

“Indian tacos are definitely heaven on a plate,” I say, as I do every time we eat them.

Chyler Sewell is a young anishinaabe-kwe writer from Garden River but currently living in Hamilton on Dish with One Spoon territory. She loves food in all forms but she especially loves the traditional food of her people. Chyler has always loved stories in books and tv shows, so she couldn't imagine her life without them. She's been published in Guelph University's magazine, the Peak.