

Dreaming The Impossible Dream

Today is the day! I'm hosting a party at my house today. Everyone is coming. It's going to be perfect. I have the menu planned. Each dish complements each other and together they make up a masterpiece. They will be talking about my party for years and everyone who did not come or who were not invited will be green with envy. Oh yes, its' going to be great.

I need to pick some things up at the supermarket. The vegetables are not perfect but they will have to do in a pinch. I couldn't find the cuts of meats that I wanted for the dishes so I will have to improvise. It's not my fault that I wasn't able to get the perfect ingredients, but I have to push through because I don't want to disappoint my guests.

I'm running late because it took longer than I expected to get all my errands done and the checkout lines were so long. My guests are going to be here within an hour and I still haven't begun cooking. Where to begin? This is getting to be hopeless. My head is spinning. My body feels like it is moving in quicksand. My legs and stomach feel like they are being boiled in oil.

There is flour everywhere and everything is in a mess. The vegetables are older than me. The texture is not quite right and they don't taste as good as I wanted them to be. This is going to be a mess. I'm running out of time so I have to throw things together haphazardly and hope that they will work out. The dishes didn't come out the way that I wanted them to. I wasn't able to cook a few of the dishes that I had planned. Oh dear, this is not going according to plan. Why is this happening to me? Why can't I get this right for once in my life? Everyone came hungry and will leave disappointed. The meal didn't turn out the way I dreamed it would be. I never get what I really want. Life is so unfair. Poor is me. Poor is me.