

CULINARY SHOCK

By Kim Souza Carson

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Prologue

The pan took to sizzling, as he dropped in a pat of butter. He poured himself a glass of “Silver Oak Cabernet 2018” from Napa, in a balloon glass. Lifting it to the light he swirled the deep ruby liquid. Clear “legs” ran slowly down the sides of the glass. Taking a sip, he exhaled softly and smiled wickedly. The music of “Bolero”, by Maurice Ravel filled the air. He closed his eyes for a moment and listened intently. Picking up the cleaver, he turned to the thigh spread out before him on the wood block, glistening and marbled. Slicing off a nice-sized portion, he seasoned it with a mixture he had concocted on his own, of fresh garlic, black mustard seed, pastille de Oaxaca, salt, pepper, and a bit of saffron. He laid it carefully in the pan, the aroma filled his nose, he smiled sheepishly, and said, almost in a whisper, “Thanks for dinner, Daniel.” The rest of the body lay off to the side of the kitchen, tucked away in the walk-in freezer.