

Highly Accurate And Inaccurate Interpretations Of Spaghetti.

1992. We had very little moments of American or western food enter our household at any given time during the 80s. In the 90s, that started to change. And I was always thankful to my mother. Always thankful. But I was also an asshole too. I remember one time I had expressed to her how dearly I loved these things called “tater tots”[®] and how they tasted so magical. I remember she ate one and proclaimed instantly that she thought she could make something similar. The thought of this was riveting. If she could figure out a way to make this, we could bring such gold home? And eat it on a daily basis? Was this possible? And I still clearly remember to this day her experimenting. She found a way to mash up real potatoes and she somehow smashed them together with her hand and I believe she fried them. I still remember her blowing this mashed invention as it was still hot from the from the frying process. She handed it to me proudly to test the first bite. I was an asshole. I ate it. And this being made from real potatoes and not the artificial ones I had become accustomed to, I told her I didn’t think it was the same. I was an asshole. She had tried. She had went out of her way to make something for us. Something we had expressed happiness about. And I was an asshole. The least I could have said was, it was damn close. Or it tasted amazing. I was an asshole. I just told her it was not the same. What a cold blooded asshole. My mother, who worked so hard everyday. Came home. Tried to interpret Americana. And her asshole son, was an asshole. I feel terrible to this day. What an asshole.

Despite these real potatoes not being sufficient or actually, accurate in my skewed or warped perspective, I did find encouragement in the other American foods that slowly began to infiltrate our household. I remember, I did very much love her spaghetti. I know not exactly the ingredients she used, but I did love it. When we had spaghetti. I just simply loved it. It tasted magical. And I remember such moments with happiness. Eating her spaghetti. I remember she had later discovered garlic baguettes at our local grocery

store. It was a new product. It was called at this time
gallie bread. But knowing what I know now, they were
baguettes. And she would bake them and together with
this spaghetti, this was magic. True magic. I remember
around this time my brother's friend was at our home. He
was actually at our home a lot. I with no friends, and my
brother with many, was quite aware when we had friends
over. There was one day, I remember him expressing his
hunger. He kept expressing how hungry he was. And I
had told him how lucky he was. Because this day, my mom
was making spaghetti. I knew how lucky we were but I
had to express to him how damn lucky he was to be here
on this particular day. Lucky guy for sure. But when we
were eating. I was appalled. Shocked. He was picking at
his spaghetti like a rock climber. Slightly tapping it
and eating as little as he could. Me, being the simpleton
that I was, saw what this meant. Made my conclusions and
confronted him. I asked him, if he didn't like my mother's
spaghetti? I asked him directly there. For I was offended.
Mystified. How was this possible? He had just minutes
before expressed his dire hunger? Why was he not eating?
I was being the friendless, friend's older brother bully
that I was. And I kept grilling him. What was his deal?
But thinking back now. I realize. So sadly. That perhaps
our spaghetti, was not normal spaghetti. Perhaps it
was spaghetti created from the hands of immigrants.
And perhaps it did not taste as it should. Perhaps it was
immigrant spaghetti. And I should have known this. But. I
was an asshole.



A kind of potato food item, typically round or cylindrical. Not necessarily made
of real potatoes and sometimes they are fried.