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English 1101

### Heated Passion

Over the head and tie the knot.

Cold water on the hands.

Hair pulled back.

Lights on and temperature set.

It's game time.

Nothing but...

Determination.

Desire.

Passion.

Can you take the heat?

The smells. The sounds. Both send the blood in my veins pulsing through their roller coaster paths, up down all around, filling me with anticipation. The rush I get. Excitement.

Exhilaration.

Ecstasy.

The blades have been sharpened and the tools cleaned. The instructions are laid out and the procedures are clear, but the question is, will I follow my orders or stray off the beaten path and follow my instincts? The heat is rising.

With the flick of a switch, the air around me begins to dance as sounds of twirling and whirling fill my ears. White meets white. Thick meets thin.

Solid meets grain. The crash is horrifically beautiful, both sides thrashing around in a whirlpool of violence. The heat continues to rise. White resists white. Thick envelopes thin. Solid dominates grain. Wait... Has an agreement been made? Possibly so. The sides combine. White becomes white. Thick adheres to thin. Solid unites with grain. Has this happened before? The scene is so familiarly moving. History has repeated itself and the best is yet to come.

New elements are tossed into the picture. The newly formed alliance once again takes action against the latest intruders. The bloody scene continues and the results are intoxicating. A painting of color and diversity is laid before my eyes. The white, so pure, charges the army of yellows and browns, liquids and solids. The heat is reaching its peak. The outcome is unpredictable. The noise intensifies as the whirlpool gains speed. Small shreds

of shrapnel turn their attention towards me, and drag me into the battle and all its craziness. I've been here many times before and I know exactly what to do. Power.

Passion.

Control.

So many emotions. I execute my power over the opposing forces below with ease. My passion overflows and a masterpiece begins to unfold beneath me. The forces join sides and create what could be the strongest unit of a lifetime.

Over the hill comes one last attempt at defeat. Any possibility for victory is jerked right from underneath them. The dream team sweeps over the underdogs and incorporates them into their portrait of Power.

Passion.

Perfection.

The temperature has met its goal. 400° F even. I turn off the mixer and the kitchen is quiet again. The fighting is over and the victory flag waved. Using my favorite red spatula, I scoop my newest creation out of the bowl and into the awaiting pan. A few more seconds and my masterpiece is off to its final stage of completion. I wait for what seems to be an eternity until the timer notifies me the process is complete. The smell of cinnamons and vanillas colliding together send my nose into a state of euphoria as I open the oven door. The scene is so beautiful I cannot begin to put words to what I see. Its top, so perfectly round and smooth, is just slightly golden brown against the creamy white of its sides. As I transfer it from pan to plate, the crust, hidden

with its cinnamonly goodness, remains crisp and intact. Carefully and exactly, I grab the can of whipped cream and construct a cloud of curves and layers, precisely placed as I want them. As my finishing step, I garnish the top with plump, ripe strawberries, their intense reds contrasting drastically with the golden hues of the cake. Grinding a few up, I take their sweet pulp and drizzle it over my artwork, completing my painting of perfection. I have managed to do it yet again, taking a few simple ingredients and transforming them into a cheesecake to die for. Baking is My passion.

My enjoyment.

My authority.