

Slice of Life

I stared down upon the slice of pie. Its sweet form was melting. I watched drops of gooey caramel dribble down its sides. I extended my fork. The tines disappeared in its rich sugary filling. I heard the soft crunch as I stabbed the crust. When I brought it to my mouth, I reclined. I paused, feeling the warmth of the blanket that enveloped me.

The second it touched my tongue, I could taste the sugar. I pressed it against the roof of my mouth, allowing it to melt. Every tang of chocolate was delightful to me. I gnawed at the pecan, savoring its nutty flavor with each bite.

I looked to my right to see my dimly lit Christmas tree. Then, I peered to my left to see my rough stack of fiction books. It was 1 a.m. and I could feel the soft bristles of a blanket on my chest. Ironically, I was eating pie the day after National Pi Day. I took a deep breath, watching my stomach fill with air. Is there anything better than these fleeting moments of joy?

I could feel my eyes widening, taking it all in. My once heavy eyelids lifted. My tiredness gave way to the sugary endorphins tickling my mind. I smiled, looking around once more. My eyes locked into the distance, my mind trailing off.

As I dug my fork into the center of the dessert, I picked off another sliver of pie. I brought it to my mouth like any other bite, but when it cooled the tip of my tongue, I got a different feeling. Memories flowed into me like rivers seeping into a lake.

I remembered a Thanksgiving, when I ate this very flavor of pie as my family praised me. It dissolved on the roof of my mouth, leaving me with a bittersweet tang of nostalgia. When I slouched further into the chair, I felt as if I too were melting. My elbow sunk into the plush bear beside me. I nestled in my blanket, feeling the heat spread across my whole body.

I stared at the half-eaten pie. Its flaky drizzle of chocolate was dissolving into a soft brown blur. Its once hardened texture had melted into a creamy goop. I sniffed, inhaling its faint sugary smell.

I watched the glimmering lights of my small Christmas tree. It might've been March, but I never had the audacity to take it down. I noticed how the tiny delicate rays of light reflected off my walls.

I could hear the music playing on my headphones, each beat woven into a tapestry of sounds. When I glanced at my door, I felt relieved to see it closed. I was more than happy to spend that time alone, but most importantly with pie. Munching on the dessert, I took a moment to savor the sugary treat, the memories, and the ambiance of my room.

Then, I looked around again, my eyes tracing every corner and crevice. But they locked at the center of my blanket, at the single pie slice in my lap, although it was nothing more than a creamy splotch atop a crumbling crust. This was my last bite.

I scooped it up with my fork, gazing upon it a final time. I inclined my head, scraping it off the prongs with my teeth.

As I chewed this final bite, I reflected. Perhaps any day can be the best day. No matter how mundane things may be, they can be magical if you make them so.

I think I experienced one of the most memorable moments of my life, eating pie at 1 a.m.