

The Pizza de Résistance
By Katie Chater

It was going to be delicious. Although I hadn't tried *this* recipe before, I had made pizza dough. Wanting to make a healthier pie, I replaced the usual white flour for whole wheat.

After sprinkling the fragrant yeast into a shining silver bowl, I added sugar. I then poured warm water into the bowl and watched the blossoms unfurl elegantly. Using a wooden spoon, I attempted to stir the heavy, brown mixture. Globbs of dough stuck to the wooden spoon in protest. I eventually cobbled together an ugly lump and tentatively placed it onto the floured counter. As a swimmer, I was familiar with the burning sensation caused by extended periods of exercise, but no amount of training could have prepared me for this task. No matter how I turned, stretched, jostled and pounded, the dough would not relent.

Ten minutes later, the dough should have been graciously rising on the counter. A warm and damp towel should have been cradling the walls of the bowl, gently coaxing it into a soft cloud. The toppings should have been sitting in gleaming white bowls, ready to be distributed. Instead, I gave the dough one final shove and the now rock-hard mass slumped sadly on the counter. I cried out and hurled the dough across the room. Like a tired goose going in for a desperate landing, it soared through the air and crashed against the tiled backsplash with a splat. It was time for take-out.

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