

# *Cheese of Death*

Have you ever eaten something so disgusting that you gag at first sight?  
I have ... and it will curse me forever.

In the summer of 2009, I arrived at Paris, France with my mom, dad and my sister Erica. It was the supper hour, and our stomachs growled with hunger. We strolled around the tragic streets of Paris until we arrived at an admirable-looking restaurant called *M*.

I ordered a steaming plate of spaghetti and tomato sauce. It was delicious. Once I had eaten my fill, I was handed a dessert menu.

“I want this,” I said, pointing to the word *fromage*.

Eventually, a french waitress strolled to our table with a plate of three different kinds of cheese. There was a long dry cheese that looked like mozzarella, a white creamy cheese, and a small slice of cheese with blue spots.

“The cheese has mold!” my dad exclaimed. I glanced at the blue cheese.

“That’s mold?”

Dad took a large mouthful of the moldy cheese. A look of disgust crossed his face.

I was eager to taste it.

I nibbled the dairy product – my mouth went dry with a bitter taste.

“Yuck! Gross! I can’t believe I ate that!”

I was disgusted. Normally, I’m a cheese lover ... but that cheese became my worst nightmare.

Ever since that day, blue cheese is the only cheese I will *never* eat.

~ *Megan Brant* ~  
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