



## Wagyu, Marrow, and the Lonely Carrot: A Plate of Pure Chaos

### Description

There are times in life when a dish arrives at the table and causes you to sit back, cross your arms, and ask: *Why?* This is one of those times. Before me was a wagyu filet, a comically oversized slab of bone marrow, and a single carrot—a plate that managed to be both pretentious and depressing in equal measure. It's not food; it's performance art. And not the good kind, either. The kind that leaves you confused, vaguely irritated, and wondering if the artist needs therapy.

Let's start with the wagyu. The meat itself was cooked to perfection—juicy, tender, and everything a wagyu filet ought to be. But it was overshadowed, literally and figuratively, by the monstrous chunk of bone marrow sitting beside it. Now, bone marrow is meant to be an indulgent treat—a smear of richness on a crisp point of toast, balanced by a bright drizzle of something acidic. But here? There was no toast. No drizzle. Just pure, unbridled fat, plonked on the plate like a dare. The accompanying spoon was more of a warning than an invitation.

And then, the carrot. Oh, the carrot. A single, sad little root vegetable, lying limp across the filet like it had been dragged into this mess against its will. It wasn't roasted to perfection, nor was it glazed with anything memorable. It was just *there*. Why? Presumably to tick some kind of checkbox that says "vegetable included." But its real purpose was to highlight how little thought had gone into the rest of the plate.

Speaking of the plate, the presentation was, let's say, avant-garde. A smear of sauce wandered aimlessly around the edges, as though the chef had applied it mid-existential crisis. Chives were scattered across the marrow in a haphazard manner, as if to suggest, "Yes, I tried." The overall effect wasn't elegance; it was chaos. You could practically feel the chef's despair radiating off the porcelain.

The real kicker, though, was the absence of anything to make the dish remotely cohesive. No toast to spread the marrow on. No acidic drizzle to cut through the fat. No crispy element to add texture. It's as if the chef got halfway through designing the plate, threw up their hands, and thought, *That's all I do!* But it doesn't do. What's left is a plate of disconnected components—a rich steak, an oil slick of marrow, and a carrot that feels like an afterthought. It's indulgence without balance, excess

without reason.

To name the restaurant would be cruel, because frankly, the chef doesn't need the bad press; they need a long holiday and possibly a therapist. This isn't the work of someone in a good place. It's the culinary equivalent of a midlife crisis—a flashy sports car of a dish that no one asked for and no one knows how to use.

In conclusion, this is a plate that prompts more questions than answers. Why is the marrow so large? Why is the carrot so lonely? Why was there no toast? And who thought this was a good idea? If you're looking for a meal, this isn't it. If you're looking for a metaphorical cry for help, well, you've found it. This dish is equal parts absurdity, tragedy, and cholesterol, served with a spoon and a side of regret. Bon appétit.

### Category

1. Food

### Tags

1. what were you thinking?

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