

Tortilla Pizza

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Have you ever eaten pizza? Well, most likely your answer to that question is a loud and humorous yes. Now have you ever had a tortilla? Maybe you said yes again and if not maybe you don't live near anywhere with culture. You might be wondering why I'm asking some random questions in the beginning of a Personal Narrative, but I have my reasons because the story I will be retelling is the first time I mashed these two great potatoes together, to make a masterpiece only a few have one that gushes into your mouth leaving you drooling for more. Of course this would be the legendary and far known Tortilla Pizza.

We will start this off with why I even had to make my first Tortilla Pizza in the first place. It was a normal day just one any other could have. Although my dad was off in Sabine and my Mom was tired and I needed some food, she then ranted about a recipe: "a Tortilla, Mozzarella, and Marinara." I didn't think much of it, but I thought, "ahh hell why not," so I ended up grabbing the materials out of my fridge and plopping them onto the counter. I grabbed a pan that was a bit smaller, but would do me fine. I then started up the stove to Medium and plopped a tortilla in. I then flipped it a few times making it a little cooked, at least I hoped at the time. Then I smoothed out some Marinara with a spoon. Not too much it would over flow but just enough to make it nice. I also put the cheese right on top and made sure to have it spread since this would be the glue for the tortilla's. Then I thought I was done and my mom stopped me to remind me I need a tortilla on top. I was still quite confused and thought the interior wouldn't cook, but I went along with her spouting and put a tortilla on top. I then flipped it using a plate a few times and then it was done now sitting a paper plate looking quite fine may I add. I grabbed said plate and then took it into my Dining room innocent to the holiness of such a wonderful dish. I cut it in 4 with a butter knife then I grabbed the first tortilla and took a bite. Honestly I thought it was mediocre and maybe not worth the effort, but I ate it and then left after cleaning up.

You might wonder why I butter'd it up like oil on a pan, making it seem as if God himself made this dish, and honestly I just didn't know what to write for this essay, and I thought it would be funny. Though there is a message to this story! Don't let yourself get all warmed up for something and make sure to have realistic expectations because you might be let down. As well of course to not cook something your mom gets from tiktok.