

The Culinary Child

Restaurant life was all that Sierra had ever known, it was in her DNA. The atmosphere, the vibe and the energy was like the blood pulsing through her veins. When a restaurant has a creator with such passion, it has a soul and spirit that can be felt by everyone who sits down to break bread and enjoy the ambience.

Sierras restaurant had been ‘born’ one year ago and every day she had watched it grow, change and evolve. It developed and matured, its face changing every day as it learnt from the people who graced its tables with their celebrations, gentle banter and eyes filled with love and laughter.

Each day started out in the darkness. Down at the docks or at the butchers surrounded by the carcasses, raw flesh, scales and fins Sierra felt there was something very clean and basic about meat. The beauty lay in seeing what it could become – steamed and sautéed, roasted, panfried or grilled. It was a magical transformation from what she saw here to the creations that would have her patrons drooling tonight. Sierra always smiled when she saw a customer watch a steaming plate go to another table and after deeply inhaling say “I think I’ll have that too.”

From there, the next stop was the market. Vegetables of every shape and colour sat, some still coated in the fresh earth from whence they came. Sierra scanned across the tables of produce and tuned her ear to the hollering of stall holders all vying for attention. Sierra loved getting the best products at the best price – it was part of the fun of sourcing things personally and she wouldn’t stake her reputation and that of her restaurant on anyone else.

By mid morning the hunting and gathering was done and the haul returned to the tribe of kitchen hands and chefs. The sound of pounding tools and the clashing of metal implements, had for Sierra always been a tangible prelude to the delights being prepared for the nourishment of hungry hearts and bellies. The lunch crowd were nice, but the evening meals was when the restaurant came to life and it always made Sierra feel like she was having a huge family dinner.

After the crisp white linens had flown up in the air like the wings of a bird and landed gently upon tables, the silver cutlery was precisely placed beside china plates. The smell of fine food mingled with the wine and the music and Sierra gazed across her creation like a proud parent.

The building was more than bricks and mortar it had become an extension of Sierra. As the last customers walked out the door, Sierra flipped the sign to “Closed” and looked around proudly - part of the beauty of being the owner she thought as she poured a glass of her favourite wine and sat down at her favourite table by the window as the hard work of clearing up was done by other hands.