

Name: *Teacher's model*

### **Tasting an Oxymoron**

an literature-inspired lesson found on-line at WritingFix

The waitress placed the beer milkshake in front of Doc, and he first noticed the wet mark where she'd just slid it across the diner's counter. When he'd decided to order this strange dessert, he hadn't given much thought to what color it might be. The color that it was wasn't what he'd expected at all. It should've been yellower, it seemed to Doc, but it was the color a sandy beach. He stuck his straw into the milkshake's dunes, and he stirred the thickness. A smell wafted up from the thick liquid then. It was sour. Doc tried not to react with a cringe, but he did, and he was sure he saw the waitress watching him from the corner of her eye.

He leaned forward, trying not to glance again at the nosy waitress, and placed his lips to the straw. It was thicker than he thought it might be, and it took several sucks before the first drop landed on his tongue. The sweet taste hit him first, which made sense. Doc could have told you that the tongue's tip is where sweet is processed. For a moment, the Doc was even convinced that his sly waitress might have pulled one over on him, making him a vanilla milkshake and saying it was beer. But then the sour taste hit, he felt it on his tongue's sides. His mouth opened slightly in a gagging reflex. For whatever reason, he sipped again as soon as he could close his mouth again. It was as though the sweet-tasting cream was curdling on the back of his tongue.

He pushed his dessert away, making the tall glass cross the exact, wet path still on the counter. Two sips were enough for Doc. He'd thought about the milkshake, demanded its creation, gave it a fair shake, and now he could move on. The waitress wanted to smile at him, he could tell, but she didn't. "Tastes okay," Doc said as he left his money on the counter. "The good thing about a beer milkshake is you don't need but a few sips." Doc never stopped at that particular diner again, but he smiled whenever he drove past.