



The Finer Cookie: Churros with Cinnamon

Description

And then, Churros for Breakfast...

By **Kimberlie Robert**

One afternoon, while thinking of love at a corner table on the edge of the Plaza da Quintana next to the Cathedral de Santiago de Compostela, something familiar caught your attention in a couple of people that just passed by: something in the posture, or something in the shape of the face. They embraced and exchanged affection, and without warning, your breath began to tremble as you realized that you had just witnessed what was obviously a devotional exchange between your friend and another woman, and if there is one thing you know well, it is the image of intimacy.

Without warning, the afternoon changed from breezy and pleasant to one of pounding sun, and close humidity. Your throat swelled in protest, and your heart plumb-lined into the dark well of emotion that seeped deeply into your blood. The barriers were broken now, leaving you defenceless and exposed, and much to your surprise, your sense of self was overwhelmed by the feeling of foolishness. Your gaze now fixated, as you watched more. Alone and out of place, you realized you've been spotted.

Just like that, the pain turned to anger. On your feet, you barely heard the chair rocket to its side, lying dented on the stones. The reunion you had imagined was a distant memory now, and your friend's promising smile looks disingenuous. Bag in hand, you nearly broke your toe on the fallen chair. With that, you flashed your back with such finality that you almost turned to salt.

Now your room felt foreign and unfamiliar. Seeing the box of dark chocolate cookies, tied up like pretzels, sprinkled with sugar crystals, made with love, sitting on the desk made your eyes weep, but you are too balled up to cry. Footfalls in the hallway stopped at your room. A voice said:

"Alex, you're here! Why did you run from the Plaza like you did?"

Your tongue glued to the back of your throat, you hurled the chocolate pretzels, one-after-the next, toward the



~~betrayed standing at the threshold. The cookies made good projectiles, but your aim was clumsy, and the cookies laid wanton on the floor.~~

Now that woman was standing in your doorway—the same one you saw in the Plaza.

“Brother, Mother is waiting.”

Your breath stilled, as you changed directions and quietly bit the cookie in hand.

The following morning, the sun rose like some epic hollywood movie. Waking strong and happy with an inner vibrancy that could have risen the dead, you felt a new page had turned and the streets were waiting. Seeing with your heart and holding with your hands, you both meandered through the dappled park toward some morning café. Your friend spoke in poetic tones: “The nearness of you is delightful, Alex. It would be a treasure if time could be frozen, and within it contained the very moment where we loved the day together, and trusted in our essential *raison d’être ensemble*.” Your tender reaction was proof that you were exquisitely out of control.

Appetites strong and tempted by every indulgence, the food trucks were already warm and fragrant with the star-shaped sticks that are known as Churros. Just a simple cinnamon and sugar coating was all that was required that morning, and within seconds, their charms had beckoned your surrender. The red and white striped paper, all warm in the hand, held many bite sized and crispy confections. It was the best kind of meal. With two close, devouring this crunchy-with-sugar breakfast, while anticipating the first alongé of the day, happiness was itself defined.

Click here for the [Churros with Cinnamon and Sugar recipe](#).

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[Sesame Coconut Shortbreads](#)

[Panellete de Pinyon](#)

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[Espresso Chocolate Fudge Cookies](#)

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[Flourless Peanut Butter with Bourbon Soaked Peanuts and Smokey Bacon](#)

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[Browned Butter and Red Wine Brownies](#)

Photography by Kimberlie Robert



Kimberlie Robert is currently the Executive Cookie Maker at [The Finer Cookie](#). As of recently, she has worked as an Executive Assistant for five years. Prior to that she was the Coordinating Director/Partner of an Advertising Agency. She has earned an MA in Art History and a BA in English Literature. She is also a writer and researcher, short story editor, pastry chef, tango dancer and gardener.

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