Family Dinner

A Digital Painting

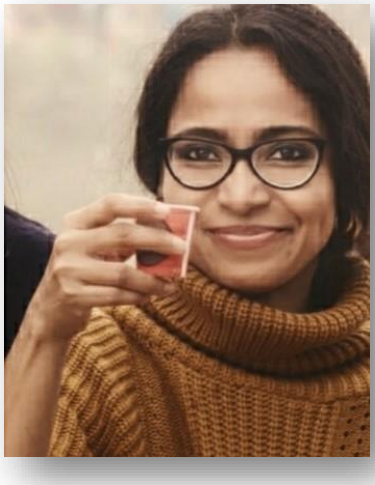
by

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Musings (?)

What is the most comforting thing about family dinners? Why can't most of us name *it*? And those who can (name it), where do they find the right words that others never stumble upon, not even by accident? Why do family dinners always end in irresolution? Or do they? How else do they end? Is the menu (almost) mundane? Magical (or nearabout)? Does it bring back memories? Of what kind? Every single family dinner – *every single one*, I repeat – is a story, is it not? No? Chicken soup with rice, anyone? If you look at it just right, won't it bring you the comfort you've been craving for?



Satarupa Sinha Roy was born in India. She enjoys reading and drawing; occasionally, she also writes short fiction, experimental prose, recipes that don't look the part but work just as well, etc. An epicure at heart with a penchant for all things connected to food and eating, Satarupa co-founded *Amaranth Journal of Food Writing and Art* in 2021 with her partner and a former coworker & friend.

Satarupa is an academic and currently teaches English Literature to undergrads in a college in India.