

The Sauces of Destiny

Sauces are one of the best inventions to have ever been created. In the same vein as Franklin and his electricity, or that dirty lad who discovered penicillin because he never cleaned up, whoever invented sauce, as a concept, deserves their flowers. The glorious human being that thought, 'this food needs to be wetter' - how do we thank them? A sauce makes or breaks a meal. It has power, both for good and evil. It can be your best friend or your worst enemy, all by how it tastes on your chicken burger. Each sauce has its own character, its own personality. Some are cocky (siracha), some are angry (chilli, naturally) and others can have an elegance to them (thousand island sauce, but not the one from the Pizza Hut salad bar). A whole universe exists in an off-brand BBQ dip; an entire history in a fancy salad dressing. It might be - and this is bold - the most important thing about a meal. Or, hell, about existence in general. Such complexity in such a small thing. And, thus, it stands to reason that humans - who are also fairly small things containing infinite thoughts, feelings, ideas - can be easily compared to sauces. Every single one of the 8 billion people on this planet have their own sauce-related counterpart. Star signs are out; Sauce signs are in. Below are some of my thoughts on what kind of person can relate to a select number of sauces, and a brief explanation of my thought process relating to each answer.

Ketchup

Let's start off with the G.O.A.T. We all pretend we're above it - but we couldn't be more wrong. Ketchup is solid. It's dependable. It will never let you down. The Ketchup People - also known as 'Tomato Teds' - are always there for you. They might not have the most charisma, or be the most interesting, but that doesn't matter. They are consistent people, keeping the world going. They are to society what bricks are to houses. They might not be your best friends, in the same way most people wouldn't say a brick is the best part of a house, but they will never be your enemies. We need to respect these people more, the steady ships in stormy nights. To all the 'Tomato Teds' out there, from me and all my dear readers: Thank You. Thank you for never being late, always lending a helping hand. For doing your taxes on time, parking within the lines. You make life better, if not with your wit, then with your calm presence.

Salad Dressing

Salad Dressing, to me, screams one thing: gauch. It tries to be fancy, but it's too much. It affects those around them negatively; instead of raising the elegance of a place, it makes everything seem a bit plastic, a tad false. Snobby people without character. That's the Salad Dressed people. People who have those awful all-white kitchens. Salad dressing is New Money, in all the worst ways. These people will ask you to pay them back for a coffee, despite having a 4-bathroom house. They lack the 'Quiet Luxury' of other rich people and their respective sauce-counterparts.

They will gossip about your financial situation and likely have a fridge just for bottled sparkling water. I'm not a fan, I'm afraid of you, salad dressing folk.

BBQ Sauce

Dads are BBQ sauce people. Every dad - regardless of race, sexuality, height, weight - has a bit of BBQ in him. When I think of BBQ sauce I think: bacon sarnies on a Saturday morning, those awful blue reflective sunglasses, a bottle of beer. And that's a Dad. BBQ sauce people are usually found at their kid's football games on a Sunday morning in the rain, arguing with the referee. They hang out at your local Halfords or Wickes. They love a caravan holiday.

Cheese Sauce

What a thing. You heard of cheese, yeah? You're familiar with melted cheese, right? Forget all that. I'll be honest, I have no real idea what cheese sauce is. I wish I could joke about it, but I can't. Where is the line between a gooey camembert and a cheese sauce? Is there a specific rule, a set of guidelines to distinguish these differing dairy produce? Who knows - but, I digress. Cheese sauce people are relaxed, maybe *too* relaxed. They miss appointments and don't care. They sleep through alarms and lose their keys a lot. But they're okay with it. They don't punish themselves for their laid-back attitude - they rejoice in it. Life isn't too hard for them, because they don't let it be. They accept the things they cannot change. Always good to have a cheesy fella around when you're stressing out about something trivial, as they offer a trademark non-challant, 'Who cares?'. Type B (B for Brie, if you will) and fine with it.

Garlic Mayo

Let's be blunt: an absolutely brilliant sauce. A beautiful duet, akin to Posh and Becks, Dick and Dom, Simon and Garfunkel. Two queens that just lift each other up, make two halves whole. That's who garlic mayo people are. Effortlessly cool, charismatic folk. They lend you tampons, tell you when you have a bogey (without embarrassing you - a true skill) and always have a good book/film/series to recommend you. They smoke cigarettes but never smell of it. Know all the cool bars in any given city. Never sweat. They are popular, but morally good. They don't brag, the humble souls they are. They are the people who turn heads when they walk into a room, without trying or acknowledging the attention. They're hot, those goddamn Garlic Mayo souls.

Thousand Island Sauce*

One word: Yachts. White pants. Champagne. The richer cousin of the Prawn Cocktail, Thousand Island sauce has a real class about it. It doesn't talk money, ever, and goes off on golf trips disguised as business meetings. They wear boat shoes even when they're not on a boat. Have a

wife they hate a bit. They think the Hamptons are gauche and don't believe in taxes. They would never, ever wear a Hawaiian shirt, but they would vacation there on their aforementioned yacht.

*Again, when I say 'Thousand Island Sauce' I am not, in any way, referring to the Pizza Hut Thousand Island Dressing found on the salad buffet. They are two completely different things, as different as night and day. One is elegant and likes the finer things in life, the other has bits of kid's snot in it.

I hope I have educated you, my dear, saucy readers, on the undoubtable similarities between the innermost workings of the human soul and their sauce/dressing counterparts. Maybe, just maybe, me writing this essay will open your eyes a bit: you will never meet another person without thinking if they would be more of a 'Chilli Sauce' or a 'Mustard' kind of soul. You will look at your family tree and be able to spot the 'Ketchup' folk that have come before you. When you're sitting, minding your own business at a cafe or a restaurant, and you look out of the window to people-watch, you will think of me. And of sauces, and their complexities and depth, their individual personalities. You will sip your coffee and see a woman cross the road and think: 'I bet she's a Salad Dressing of a person'. And that is enough for me.