

THE ELUSIVE PEACH

As I kid, I couldn't wait for summer peaches—those fuzzy, succulent, sweet treats that promised pies and jams and some weird concoction my mom made with sour cream. You knew you had a good one when you bit into it and the juice dripped down your arm, making you sticky for the rest of the day.

But something happened to peaches. I know it must be some diabolical conspiracy fraught with chemicals, black market deliveries from eco-busting distances, or crate overcrowding, because I just can't find a good peach anymore. They either are bruised, too hard, too sour, or the worst crime—mealy.

I go out of my way to farmers markets, overpaying for my inevitable disappointment. I once had my cousins ship them from Georgia, and okay, they were very good, but like an idiot, I ruined most of them by attempting jam and adding in too much clove.

But I won't give up. I'm on a mission now. And, please, if you have a good source, send them my way.