

Vivian Cuneo

Now you might wonder where it all started but I'll give you a hint: my mom is a doctor and is very healthy, so we never get sweets which leads me to crave them even more. One day I came back from school craving something sweet. I decided to make some muffins from the *Joy Of Cooking*. They were walnut and maple syrup flavored. I still remember how they tasted. Bland. No flavor. That got me cooking. Ever since then, I try harder when I bake to create more flavor. I look for more challenging recipes. That is how my baking journey began.

I love baking because I love making people happy with the food I make. I always try for the best and share my food with my family. I also bake for my friends and bring the treats to school to share with them. Whenever I bake something stupendous that gets many thumbs up, I jot it down and make sure to remember it. When my family and friends are happy with what I bake, I am happy. I live in Sonoma Valley, California. Now, with the California fires burning, people are more in need of a treat, so I strive to continue baking even in these difficult times.

When something comes out of the oven I can always tell if my creation went well or failed. A few times I have taken something out of the oven too early and it is not a good sight. When something is a success, the aroma is so strong and always lights up the whole house with delicious smells.

It's now about a year and a half since I first started baking. I've learned that I have a family history of cooking. My mom's side of the family is Syrian and my dad's side is Italian and whenever we have a reunion there's a huge spread of many different types of unique food. My Aunt Christine and my Great-Grandma Sylvia have written cookbooks. To know that cooking has been in my family for so long inspires me.

I have a dream. When I grow up I would like to be the owner of a little bakery on the corner of a street in Paris. There will be croissants and French baguettes all around. The walls will be painted pale pink and the displays will be white. All of my family will work there. Someday I hope this comes true.