**MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN KITCHEN**

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It is always said that girls are blessed with a skill to cook. It is completely opposite in my case. I never cooked tasty food, even under the supervision of my mother. However, I always liked cooking. It was admired by me as a pass time activity.

It had just happened that a few days ago while surfing the internet, I had come across some really new and cool recipes. They were quick and easy to make. From that day on, I whole-heartedly wanted to try one of them.

Two days later my mother had to rush to her friend’s place as she had met with an accident. My mother quickly called the nearby store and ordered to deliver few snacks and cookies for me and my brother to have for. She also prepared some chips at home, in case we would fall short of the snacks. She left home hurriedly and told me that she might come home late.

As soon as she left, I turned my computer on at a very high volume; I played all the songs that were on my playlist. I also added a few new ones. I was dancing very crazily and was in my own sweet world. After a few time, when I was exhausted, I carefully served myself some chips and sat lazily in my drawing room. I was like a couch potato on the cozy sofa. Engrossed so much in the movie I was watching, I did not realize that I had devoured all the chips. I came to know about this only when the bell rang and the delivery boy came to give the news that there were no chips and only cookies wouldn’t do for my fussy little brother who would be returning Rome in a quarter of an hour.

I realized that it was a golden opportunity for me to try those delicious dishes. I finally decided to make cream sandwich. After all my brother loved sandwiches. It was all set in my mind that I would not make any mess in the kitchen. I took out all the ingredients and first tasted the bread slices. Then, I applied lot of mayonnaise over it. I was fairly successful at chopping the vegetables which I decorated the next on the layer of mayonnaise. On top of the vegetables, I laid a slice of cheese and I finally topped it with another buttery slice of bread. I decided not to spill the beans that I had made the sandwich and not mother.

My brother had arrived by the time and he was in want of food. I brought the plate of sandwich to the drawing room proudly. And in the thoughts of being a chef I spoke what was not supposed to.

Initially he did not believe me but on showing him a few pieces of vegetables and some pieces of cheese fallen on the ground he was finally shown the truth. He grinned at me. He ate a bite from another corner of the bread, yet another one, followed by one more. And on completion of the entire sandwich he told me “You are the best chef in the world.” It was my best and first experience in the kitchen.