**FIRST EXPERIENCE IN THE KITCHEN.**

**(Karan Vora, 8th PPS)**

The last thing I am going to do in my entire life is to cook. I used to believe when men cook and women drive, the outcome is the same. A blast! After which, I would never step in the kitchen again.

It was my mother’s 40th birthday. I wanted to make it special for her. She had gone out with her college friends and had told me that she would come back in an hour or two. It was the perfect time for me to do something that would really make her day the best day in her life. Little did I know it would turn out to be the worst . I wanted to prepare a cake for her. She would be the happiest person to see her child in the kitchen, for the first time, not eating but cooking. She would be enthralled to see a cake prepared for her by her son. I knew nothing about baking. I browsed YouTube and started searching for videos about baking for beginners. There was Nutella overload cake recipe that I thought would be the perfect for mom because she, like me, was a Nutella lover. I played the video and got the first few steps in the preparation correct. Then came the hardest part, finding the ingredients. I didn’t even know where to find sugar in the kitchen. I opened jars and shelves and found two similar looking jars with similar looking contents. I was sure one contained salt and the other powdered sugar. I smelled the jars but didn’t receive any success as both had no sell. I took a spoon from the stand and put a spoonful of one of the contents in my mouth. I was sure it was salt so I put the contents of the second jar which was sugar in my cake mixture I had prepared. I emptied the contents in an old box of ice cream that I found in one of the shelves in my kitchen and put it in the oven. As per the instructions, I had to heat the at mixture 200 degrees for half an hour. I was running out of time so I turned the dial to 400 degrees for fifteen minutes. I knew something was not right from the smell.

I could see from the glass panel of the oven that it was heating at a tremendous speed and thought it might be because of excess sugar or something. I realised I was very wrong. Bothe the cake mixture and the plastic box had melted and before I could turn off the oven, the whole oven exploded! Everything in the kitchen was a pastel brown and smelling of hazelnut Nutella. I heard the knock on the door and saw my mother standing outside with bags of cloth stores and gift stores.as she entered the kitchen, I explained everything. She said nothing but just hugged me and I could hear her from her whisper “Thanks for trying, but next time just order a cake. I would be happy even with a ready-made on.”

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