**Made With Love**

What’s the first thing your nose temps you to sniff out when you wake up?

In the early rising mornings, all the frosty air running around my house up the stairs peeking into my room smells the fresh gooey chocolaty baked goodness with hint of the smell of my mother’s fresh steaming morning brew. All you can here is the sounds of my mother’s favorite soft tunes and the soothing softness of her voice singing along. As I drag myself out of the warm sheets of my cozy bed to get my hands on one of those freshly baked delights, you can feel the warmth of the baked goods steaming out of the oven the second you walk into the room. You know this is home. As you stroll into the room you see the hurricane of cooking utensils tossed around the kitchen. Have you ever seen such a disaster? The smile from ear to ear on my mother’s face means you know it’s going to be delicious, but knowing you’re the one who must clean up the nightmare is weighing you down. Is it going to takes seconds? Minutes? Or even hours?! But it is worth the satisfaction of seeing the smile on my mother’s face. Without a thought, I grab one of those excellent savory delights, risking the scorching heat of the cookie that just jump out of the oven, the risk of burning my mouth, I devour it anyways. It was sure worth it. It has the taste like it was sent from the heavens above, the taste of baked perfection you could only dream of: warm, chocolaty, soft chocolate chip cookies.

Out of the corner of my eye I spot the rest of the batch, freshly baked, and just left out to cool, do I dare grab another?

