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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Baking birthday cookies

Once upon a time, there was a young boy named Milo. His birthday was coming up and he was so excited to celebrate with his family and friends. But, there was one tradition that he looked forward to the most every year, and that was baking birthday cookies with his mother.

Milo woke up early on the morning of his birthday and immediately ran to the kitchen to find his mother already waiting for him. Together with dad, she had decorated the whole living room and kitchen with balloons. It looked amazing!

"Good morning, birthday boy!" she said with a smile.

"Good morning, Mom!" Milo exclaimed, his eyes bright with excitement. "Are we making the birthday cookies?"

"Of course we are," she replied, ruffling his hair. "It's not a birthday without them."

Dad bought all the ingredients we need to make your favourite cookies, oatmeal chocolate chip."

Milo couldn't help but feel a wave of happiness wash over him. This was a tradition that he and his mother



had been doing since he was a little boy, and it always made his birthday feel extra special.

The two of them set to work, measuring, mixing and rolling out the dough. They laughed and talked, and Milo couldn't help but feel grateful for his mother's love and presence in his life.

"Okay, now it's time to decorate," his mother said, pulling out the sprinkles and icing.

Milo's eyes lit up as he picked out his favourite colours and shapes to decorate his cookies. They made a huge batch, enough for themselves, some to bring to school, a few for the neighbours and a lot for when his friends and family came by to celebrate his birthday. It took them all morning.

"These look perfect," his mother said, admiring the cookies. "I'm so proud of you, Milo."

"Thanks, Mom," Milo said, feeling a lump form in his throat. "I love you."

"I love you too, my sweet boy," she replied, giving him a hug.

The two of them sat down to enjoy the fruits of their labor, and Milo couldn't help but feel grateful for the special bond he shared with his mother. He knew that no matter how old he got, this tradition would always hold a special place in his heart.