

The Burnt Pancakes

The first pancake is always a disaster. At least, that's how it was every Sunday morning in my house.

When my parents started working earlier shifts, breakfast became my responsibility. The first few attempts were messy—burnt edges, batter spills, and smoke alarms that protested loudly. My younger brother didn't hesitate to point out every mistake.

But each week, the pancakes improved. I adjusted the heat, measured ingredients more carefully, and learned that patience mattered more than speed. Eventually, Sunday breakfasts became a small tradition in our house.

What started as a simple chore turned into something more meaningful. Cooking taught me responsibility and problem-solving in ways I didn't expect. When things went wrong, I had to adapt instead of giving up.

Those Sunday mornings also became a time for conversation. Between pancakes and laughter, my family shared stories about school, work, and future plans.

Now, whenever I face a new challenge—whether it's learning a difficult math concept or leading a group project—I remember those early burnt pancakes. Improvement rarely happens instantly. It happens one attempt at a time.