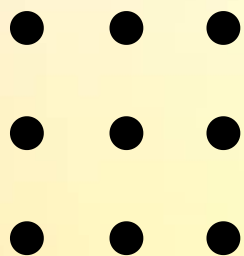


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# *BAKING TIMES*

A BAKING MAGAZINE



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# LETTER TO EDITOR

BY: TANAZ ENGINEER

## A LETTER ABOUT THE MAGIZINE

Dear Editor,

It's so amazing how much I love your magazines! I bolt and go get the mail every day to see if a new magazine came., If it arrives I run to my comfiest sofa and start reading it immediately. With amazing recipes and interviews and poems how could I just let it sit there? I go through the whole magazine no matter how long it takes. I examine every photo and read every word. My favorite recipe is your new paleo cake.. I love that you chose an uncommon diet that not many people are on. Those who do follow a paleo diet got a great recipe. I tried to make it, and it worked so well. It didn't taste different or weird. It is now my favorite cake and it's healthy. Thank you for all of these recipes. I mailed you a bracelet that I made so you always remember me. It has a cute little cake charm on it. Please wear it.

---

# DEAR READER

**Miss Amanda,**

**Thank you for writing to us. We appreciate that someone is so passionate about our magazines. The paleo recipe was a big risk because we didn't know how it would turn out, but we are glad you liked it. About the bracelet, I have decided to keep it in a small case in my room for safe keeping. It's a very cute bracelet. We are planning a few more out of the box recipes, so stay on the watch for the magazine. I hope you like them**

**Editor of Baking Times magazine**

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# POETRY ABOUT BAKING

HAIKUS  
AND  
ACROSTIC

you bring out the cake  
you place it kids start crying  
cake is on the floor

walking into store  
craving favorite donut  
but they are sold out

**O**pen the door  
**V**ictory cakes  
**E**ating the tasty flavors  
**N**ever stick your hand in the oven



# DIY CAKE TOPPER

Are you designing a cake? If so you may want to jazz it up a little. You can add so many different cake toppers. In this article I will be teaching how to make cake toppers, but I have a little twist. We will make them out of salt dough instead of clay. The first step is to make the salt dough. Salt dough is very simple to make and it only uses four ingredients. You will need:

2 cups of flour

1 cup of salt

1 cup of cold water

Extra 3 tablespoons of flour.

All you need to do is mix the first 3 ingredients together. Don't worry if the dough is a little sticky and not super solid. The dough will seem quite odd but this is where the extra flour comes in handy. Add 1 tablespoon of flour and knead the dough. Then add another tablespoon and knead the dough. The dough should be getting thicker now. Keep adding in the flour until it turns into a bread type dough. Quick tip: Try to roll out your dough as smooth as possible so when you paint it, it looks smooth. Once you have the dough made, roll it out and cut it into cool shapes. Make sure your dough is about an inch or so thick. If the dough is not thick it won't be able to stand on your cake, but beware if you make it too thick it will be too heavy. I suggest using cookie cutters to cut the dough because they are very easy to use. Trying to cut it with a knife you may mess up your shape. Add a toothpick to the bottom of your shape so it will have something to stand on.

Bake your cake toppers at 375°F for about 10-15 minutes. Once you take them out let them cool for another 10 minutes. WARNING: As they cool, they may smell good and you will be tempted to eat it, but DON'T. It's mostly salt. I made that mistake and my mouth was salty ...and I mean salty. Once they are cooled paint your cake toppers. I used acrylic paint and it worked very well. The smoother your dough the easier it will be to paint and the nicer it will seem. Be sure to paint all the sides so none of the dough is showing through. Let the paint dry and voila you have your very own cake toppers. You can reuse these on cakes just be careful you don't wash off the paint on it. Impress your friends or just make these for fun! That's it for this DIY project.





# NAILED IT REVIEW

Nailed It is the most amazing, exciting, hilarious TV show and it shall be known throughout the WORLD!!! Nailed It is a TV show where three home bakers (that don't exactly know how to bake) compete to bake. The winner gets \$10,000. The first round is called Bakers Choice. There are three different confectionery treats, and the bakers run and pick one of the three. Once they pick, they go to their baking station and try to recreate the treat. Afterward when it's time to face the judges their hilarious epic failures always make people laugh. The winner of the Bakers Choice gets the "Golden Chef's Hat" plus a special gift. The gift is usually a kitchen or baking tool. The reaction on the baker's face when they get their gift is priceless. The next round is the most exciting one. The bakers will try to recreate a bigger, harder, and more exciting cake. This cake looks very challenging and difficult. Thankfully they get extra help in this round.



*A CAKE MADE ON NAILED IT*

There is a button on a baker's station. This is called the "Panic Button". When this button is pressed the guest judge or Jacques Torres the other judge will come over to help the baker. There is another button that is not always there but it helps the baker that struggled the most in round one. The button does different things depending on the episode, but it distracts the other bakers in some way. As you watch the bakers you can catch some mistakes yourself and the judges might see some to. A common mistake is over-filling the pan. When they do this the cake often drips out of the pan because there is too much batter in the pan and the middle is raw. Once their time is up the bakers present their cake to the judges. Some people do okay. Others do not. The cakes are so hilarious and just completely wild. The judges first look at the cake, judging its detail. Next, the bakers cut a slice of their cake and the judges taste it. Last is the most intense part of the show...announcing the winner! The judges sit at their table and...they announce it! They spray the winner with a money gun(not a real gun). YAY! The winner gets \$10,000 and at the end of the show everyone takes a selfie. Nailed It is a great show. I hope you watch it and think it's a lot of fun.





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ALL GLOVE N' OVEN  
STORES**



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# RICH TO POOR TO BAKER

I woke up and remembered what day it was... my first day of middle school at Beverly Hills Middle School! Jumping out of bed and running to my closet, I picked my most stylish outfit, a glittery gold top and designer black skinny jeans. Dad was at work already because he had to leave at 6:00, but Mom was still home since she is dropping me off at school. I ran down the stairs and saw mom making breakfast. "Yum!", I yelled out, "It's pancakes for breakfast!". Pancakes were my favorite food, especially mom's homemade organic ones. After breakfast mom did my hair in a fancy bun. "I love your long, flowy hair," said mom. "Thanks," I answered, "You tell me every time you do my hair." For some reason, mom has always admired my hair. The way the brown strands of wavy hair fall down my back I guess she just finds it soothing. "Mom?", I asked, "Can we take the Porsche instead of the Lincoln today?" Mom replied, "Sure Lucy. I don't mind." I think that she knew I wanted to impress the new kids at my school. I got in the car and we headed out. Here I come, middle school. We got to school and it was way bigger than my old elementary school. My friends from elementary school went to the new middle school that got built so I don't have any friends. All the 6th graders were new, so I had to make a good impression. As I walked down the school halls all the older kids were looking at me and pretty much every other new kid. I got to my homeroom and went to my seat. Next to me was another 6th grade girl. She said her name was Lizzie. She was really nice and she was going to the same room as me. After some other classes, it was lunch. I rushed out and found Lizzie. We sat at a table with some of her other friends. I got home from school and told mom all about school and how fun it was. I felt like a true princess with a big school, a giant house, and amazing parents that do anything for me. I chilled out on my laptop and then I heard mom's cell phone ring. I overheard her conversation "Hello...Yes, this is she... Oh no! Is he okay? Should I come to visit him?... Phew, he's okay. What happened though?...Ok...He can't work for the next year?!. Thank you for letting me know... Ok, Bye." Then she called dad. I couldn't hear what happened, but it sounded really bad. They talked on the phone for almost an hour. Mom came upstairs to my room where I was. She told me all that happened. Dad fainted at work and he had a brain tumor. He has to stay in the hospital for a year, mom will be working extra hard and if we can't keep doing everything we will most likely end up selling the Porsche and other items we don't need. From the time I was seven, I loved playing the violin. My mom told me that when I was younger I had said I wanted to be just like the fancy famous people who ride in limos. I was extremely afraid of having to stop my violin classes because they cost quite a bit of money. Mom and I went to visit dad at the hospital and talk about what to do and to just check up on him. We decided that mom should get a proper well paying job. The next few months we just got used to our new lifestyle. I was still doing violin classes. Violin classes were important because when I grew up I wanted to be a famous violin player. Mom got a job towards the end of the year. "Honey," my mom said, "I really have been trying to avoid this, but we have to stop doing the violin classes for now." I was shocked that my mom, who does everything for me said that I couldn't even do a simple violin class. I know it costs some extra money but she can't even work a little harder to earn that money for her own daughter. I may sound selfish, but she knows how much violin means to me. At school I told Lizzie about everything that happened. "I was so sad that I have to stop playing the violin.", I told her. "You could try to earn the money yourself.", she said. "Oh my gosh! Me? You think I can earn money myself?", I laughed at her. "What? I'm serious. There is a bake competition school wide. All the schools in the Beverly Hills School District are competing. Think about it ok. It's December 1st and the bake competition is in February. I don't know the exact date." She explained to me. Later I found a poster on one of my classroom walls about it. "February 12th", it read, "winner gets \$10,000"

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# RICH TO POOR TO BAKER

Wow! That is a lot of money. I could definitely do the violin with that money. I decided to do it. Mom isn't home a lot now that she has a job. She works from 6:00 am to 6:00 pm. I take the bus to school, get school lunch, and sometimes create a mini supper for myself when I get home. I got home from school and immediately got on my computer to search for how to make a cake. I got great tips, but I still didn't know any recipes. I searched how to make a vanilla cake. We had all the ingredients and the tools. I mixed the ingredients and put the cake in a pan and put it in the oven. I waited and waited and waited. "Rrrriiiiiinnnnngggg!" the timer went off. "Mmm yum!" I said. It was very good. It tasted just like the one from the bakery across the street, but I only thought that because I made it. As good as this cake was, it was just a vanilla cake and not nearly as complicated as it should be. The next day at school was a normal day. I told Lizzie about my cake and gave her a slice since I secretly hid one in my bag. "Yum!" she gushed. When I came home I tried to make a chocolate cake. This time when the timer went off and I let it cool I took the whipped cream and used it as frosting. I took out our piping bag and used that. It looked much better than a regular cake. I was very proud of myself. I thought about what cake to make for the competition. I figured that I should spend the next few days researching baking tips so I get a break and so I could be a better baker. The more I bake the more determined I get. Mom and I visit dad every Saturday. We say hi. I tell him about the school. I'm beginning to feel very sad though. Dad is stuck in the hospital and mom is always working. They need a good life too, but what could I do? It's already February and I decide to make a three tier strawberry chocolate checkered cake with cream cheese frosting. I practiced it so many times before the competition. The day of the competition, I'm extremely nervous. I keep thinking about Dad and Mom. Mom is with me but she skipped a day of work. I saw all the other kids and said hi to lots of kids from my school who came. I present my cake to the judges. They examine my decorations and then taste it. It was all in slow motion in my head. The 10 seconds before they told me what they think seemed like an hour and the suspense was getting to me. I took a deep breath in and...they loved it! I was so happy and relieved. "It's delicious!", one said "Great design", said the other. "Love everything about it." said the head judge. I watched as they announced the top ten. I listen for my name "Katy", they said. "Lucas, Anne, Jake, Amanda, Grace, Lucy..." Yes! I made it. I walked up and waited while the other names got announced. "Coming in third place...Jake! Coming in second place...Amanda!" Aww man! There's no way I'm coming in first place. I lost. I was about to walk away when. "Coming in first place.....LUCY!", they announced. I was shocked. "OMG OMG" I started yelling. I got my medal and money. Straight after we went to the hospital. We walked in and I told dad about what happened. "That's amazing honey, now you can play the violin." he told me. "Actually, I would like to give the money to our whole family. This way mom can work less and we can help you more." I told them. "Aww, that's so sweet." they both said. I had learned throughout the time dad was in the hospital to be grateful. All the time that mom wasn't home and I had to do things by myself. I felt responsible. I kept feeling more and more grateful for both of my parents. Now that I gave the money to my whole family my dad can get better and then he can start working. Then I can play the violin again. I will have to wait a bit longer till I can play the violin but it's worth it. I feel great and proud. Everything worked out and I learned a great lesson. I learned to be grateful for not just my parents but for everything. "Thank you, Mom and Dad", I said as I hugged them both. "You're welcome", they softly whispered in my ears. In the end everything worked out. We got home and mom undid my hair and brushed it out. It had gotten very tangled from jumping around. "I love your hair." she told me once again. I didn't answer, I just smiled. It has been a crazy time for everyone in my family but we have gotten through it.

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# ADVICE COLUMN

## QUESTION:

Dear Lola, My friend's dad bakes many different things. He uses yeast a lot in his breads. He told me yeast makes his bread rise. Now I'm starting to wonder, why does yeast make things rise? Can you please answer my question? Love, Anne Coldwell

## RESPONSE :

Dear Anne, That is a great question. The reason yeast makes bread rise is because when you knead the bread air bubbles are created and trapped inside the dough. Once you bake the bread the yeast turns the sugar into carbon dioxide gas and alcohol. The gas in the dough makes the bread rise. The alcohol in the dough evaporates as the bread bakes. I hope this answered your question.

Sincerely, Lola

# DEAR FATHER GREGORY BOYLE

BY TANAZ ENGINEER

a letter to the man who changed lives through baking. old gang members who wanted to change their lives came to him and he made them work out the bakery. he also got funds to help with tattoo removal. this man is a legend.

My name is Tanaz. I am 10 years old and in 5th grade. I love what you do for the community. Your idea to help gang members through baking is genius. I am going to visit Homeboy Bakery soon.

I love baking and helping the community. You put those two together in a great way! I always thought that helping gang members would be extremely hard but baking was so simple and nice. It was very surprising to me.

I do wonder why you chose baking. There are so many ways to help.

Baking just connects everyone no matter who they are because- maybe it's just me-you want to share and/or eat your creation! No matter who you are you must work together to make a tasty treat.

Once you give out your treat it's being kind and it means sharing. I guess I do understand why you chose baking.

I'm not a perfect baker so maybe you can send me some tips. I mostly make cakes and cupcakes with my mom. If you can send me some tips it would be greatly appreciated. I am including a self-addressed stamped envelope to make it easier for you to respond.

I am very thankful that you are doing this. You're an inspiring person and you keep changing the world one person at a time.

Sincerely,

Tanaz Engineer



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# HATER TO BAKER

BY TANAZ ENGINEER

A stay-at-home mom makes her kid a birthday cake...but she hates baking and doesn't see the point in it! This home mom, Mitra Engineer, made her first cake when her kids wanted homemade cakes not one bought store. She made her kids a cake from a box because she did not know if she could make it from scratch. Will her kids like it or not? Mitra grew up watching her family bake. She loved all the cakes they made and so did her siblings. She especially loved licking all the bowls and spoons that were left over from mixing the batter. Even though she loved watching her family bake, she avoided it as she grew older. She never wanted to bake because she did know how to and didn't see the point in it. When she had kids she got store bought cakes for their birthdays. When her son turned seven he asked for a homemade cake.

## A INTERVIEW WITH A HOME BAKER

She made the cake from a box. It was actually a lot of cupcakes put together in the shape of a 7. The kids liked the cupcakes and ate them all. Afterwards, she made more birthday cakes for her other kids. She realized that baking was more than she thought. The decorations and flavors were her favorite. The feeling to express herself in the decoration made it fun. Her favorite cake was an ocean cake because of the creativity she got to put in the cake. At the end, Mitra enjoyed baking and even made cakes when it wasn't a special occasion. She kept baking and kept learning and, all of her kids love her cakes. This story is a message to keep going even if you don't like something, whether that something is small like baking or huge like keeping up your grades to get into college, even though you don't like school.





# Chocolate Chip Cookie History

It's difficult to imagine that the chocolate chip cookie, one of the world's most favorite sweet treats, was actually invented by accident. In 1930 Ruth Wakefield and her husband Kenneth were running the Toll House Inn on Route 18 near Whitman, Massachusetts. Ruth made all the meals for the guests at the inn. One night Mrs. Wakefield was going to make a bunch of Chocolate Butter Drop Do cookies. Chocolate Butter Drop Do cookies were an old but popular cookie recipe.

As Mrs. Wakefield was baking she realized she was out of baker's chocolate. Mrs. Wakefield grabbed a block of semi-sweet chocolate and chopped it into tiny pieces. She expected the chocolate to melt and spread throughout the cookie like baker's chocolate would, but instead it kept its form just softening into a gooey texture. This was the world's first known chocolate chip cookie.

The cookie was a big hit and she just had to keep making them. She called her cookie the "Chocolate Crunch Cookie". She even published the recipe in many of Boston's and New England's newspapers. Ever since her recipe got on the The Betty Crocker Cooking School of the Air radio program it exploded and became a favorite in all of America. It's difficult to imagine that the chocolate chip cookie, one of the world's most favorite sweet treats, was actually invented by accident, but it was!