

## The Diary of a Frozen Challah

I was born when the baker mixed some water, sugar, yeast, oil, and lots of flour in a giant bowl. He gave me a good stir, lots of hugs and punches. I could not understand if he liked me or the other way around. Hug, punch. Hug, punch. Hug, punch. Then he placed me back into the bowl, covered with a beautiful warm blanket, and placed me in a very warm place. As I was laying there, I was dreaming about me resting on Miami Beach. I love traveling!

Suddenly, I noticed I began to grow and double in size. Soon, the baker came back, took me out of the bowl, back on the table and I got the best body shape ever. I was braided into a beautiful loaf of what he called challah. Then, I was gently placed on a shelf in a freezer. I felt like I was in Antarctica. Did I mention I love traveling? Yes?!

So, I was waiting for a customer to pick me up before Shabbat. I did not have to wait for too long. A little girl entered the bakery. She was holding tight to her mother.

"Mom!" shouted the little girl. "Come here! I have found the most beautiful loaf of challah I have ever seen!"

I kept my breath away. Are they talking about me? Am I the most beautiful and the most delightful challah in the whole store?

"Mom," continued the little girl, "this challah is simply perfect! Let's buy it and take it on our trip to Arizona, so we can have a shabbat there."

Her mother agreed. I cannot tell you how happy I was! Going on an actual trip was never in my plans, but it sounded great! Like I always say, I love traveling!

I spent another couple of days in what I call Antarctica impatiently waiting for my trip. Finally, the mother came back. She took me out and boy what happened next... I ended up in a suitcase on my way to an airport with a deafening sound.

As the plane took off, I heard the girl telling her parents, "What a wonderful shabbat we'll have!"

I was UTTERLY DELIGHTED to be a part of their joy! Back to the plane. I noticed that I started growing and growing and growing so big that I rushed out of the suitcase and could barely fit inside the luggage compartment causing the locker to burst.

The little girl screamed, "Look what happened to our beautiful challah!"

Mom woke up from her nap, "Challah? Oh, no!"

I couldn't help it but continue to grow more and more. Soon, when we passed right over Kansas, I filled up the whole plane and our pilot said over the speaker, "Attention! There is dough everywhere. We need to make an emergency landing in Colorado."

Even though I did not get to Arizona because as it seemed plans got changed, I was happy to be in Colorado too. But then I heard the little girl crying again, "What will happen to our trip?"

"Don't you worry," said her mother. "We are going to have a wonderful Shabbat and a wonderful vacation in Colorado."

"And over the week we may even do some skiing," added her father.

As for me, I ended up being not only one challah, but a bunch of challahs for a bunch of happy families. By the way, skiing sounds like fun. Can you take me with you? Did I mention I love traveling?

A special thank you to my parents for helping edit my story.