

📌 PART.015 - The World is Changing... But First, Let Me Bake This Cake

"Snowfall, Reflections & A Cake That Smells Like Home"

The snow had been falling for days.

Not in a dramatic, stormy way—but soft, steady, endless.

Everything was covered in a thick, powdery blanket, from the rooftops to the tiny café chairs left outside, now completely buried under the frost.

The streetlamps flickered in the cold, casting a golden glow over the untouched sidewalks. A few brave footprints dotted the street, proof that someone had dared to step into the deep snow.

Susie pressed her hand against the frosted window, leaving a small print before pulling her blanket tighter around herself.

"If I go outside now, will I sink into the snow forever?"

It wasn't an unreasonable question. The snowdrifts outside were getting suspiciously tall.

A Grocery Store That Held A Thousand Stories

Inside Ken's shop, the air smelled like fresh bread and oranges.

It was not a big, fancy store, but it was the kind of place where people lingered.

- The kind of place where grandmothers came to chat more than to shop.
- Where kids ran in after school, breathless, asking for the warmest loaf of bread.
- Where Ken knew who had lost a mitten, who needed an extra carton of milk, and who was struggling but too proud to ask for help.

During the pandemic, this store had been a lifeline.
And for Susie, it had been more than just a job.
It had been a small, steady corner of the world when
everything else felt uncertain.

She ran her fingers over the wooden counter, warm
from years of use.

*"If these shelves could talk, what stories would they
tell?"*

Probably that she spent too much time daydreaming
and not enough time organizing inventory.

Ken had definitely told her that once.

Time, Like Falling Snow

That night, after work, she curled up by the window,
watching the snowfall.

For a moment, she just listened.

Snow makes everything quieter.

It softens the world. It covers all the rush, all the
noise, all the hurry.

It falls without asking for permission, without announcing its arrival.

And then, suddenly—everything looks different.

"Maybe time is like that, too," she thought.

We don't always see it changing.

We don't notice the tiny, falling seconds.

But one day, we look up, and everything is covered in something new.

"Maybe time doesn't pass us," she thought.

"Maybe we pass through time, like travelers moving through falling snow."

A Philosopher in Pajamas (and A Cake That Smells Like Home)

Later that night, her apartment smelled like sugar, vanilla, and slow memories.

She had spent two hours baking her mother's pavlova, carefully folding the egg whites, watching the peaks rise.

Each movement felt like a ritual.

She glanced at the cake cooling on the counter and placed her hands on her hips.

"Well," she said aloud, to no one in particular, "I have officially achieved something today."

The baby kicked in agreement.

"See? You get it."

She leaned against the table, wrapping her hands around a warm mug of tea.

"2021 is coming."

The weight of it settled over her like a warm blanket.

A new year. A new beginning.

But what did that even mean?

The world is a House of Memories

If time is snow, then the world is a house full of stories.

Some people leave, but their laughter stays in the walls.

Some moments pass, but their warmth lingers in the

air.

This cake, this tiny apartment, this quiet winter night—they were all pages in the book of her life.

"Maybe we don't own time," she thought.

"Maybe we just borrow moments and carry them with us."

Outside, in the soft glow of streetlights, a child laughed, building a snowman with mittened hands.

And Susie smiled.

Because she knew.

She knew 2021 would come and go.

She knew life would keep changing, like snow melting into rivers, like rivers flowing into the sea.

But she also knew this:

Right now, she was here.

Right now, she was safe.

Right now, she had a baby kicking inside her, a heart full of dreams, and a cake cooling on the counter.

And that was enough.

For tonight, that was enough.

✨ END OF EPISODE 12