

***Topic: You have accomplished a great deal in your high school career and received honors, awards, and recognition. Congratulations! Now we're interested in knowing something else about you — what do you do just for fun?***

“For male creatures like us, cooking is such a tiresome burden,” one of my friends stated firmly. To me, nothing is naturally boring. It depends on whether you know how to make it more exciting and enjoyable. Everyday, at around 6.30 p.m, some of my neighbors may hear exciting music going on from the kitchen of my family’s flat, and that’s when my cooking starts.

My mother is so busy that she laid that “tiresome burden” on me. She also hopes by mastering the cooking skill, I would learn to be independent and responsible. At first, I was reluctant to accept that mission. Cooking was not as easy as following a fixed recipe because each member of my family has his own appetite. Thus, I have to be flexible and careful with every small spoon of spice. Even a little excess salt can spoil the whole meal. Therefore, cooking was such a hard work to me. All I wanted to do was lying in my bed listening to my favorite songs.

Seeing my mother cooking with tiredness in her face, I knew that I had to do it however boring it is. The only thing I could do to improve this situation is to make cooking more interesting. Then an idea flashed in my mind: “Why don’t I combine music with cooking?” My ears are totally free when I do the cooking. Besides, I love music. And that was how “Singing with pots and pans” was invented. Since then, that “tiresome burden” has become my hobby.

Every cooking time is a newly improvised performance of mine. Let the kitchen be my stage, the food be my audience and the pestle be my micro. Instead of yawning while waiting for the water to boil, I dance about the kitchen. I dance rhythmically on my imagined dancing floor as I move from the microwave to the cooker or from the kitchen box to the pan. Besides, I slice things with the music beats. Maybe that's why all the pieces are so even. Holding the pestle "micro", I sing confidently before "my audience". I really love them because they are so great as not to throw me off my stage however bad my singing skill is. All these actions really make me feel refreshed and fun.

Sometimes my entertainment does lead to some unexpectedly ridiculous circumstances. Once when I was doing my job in the kitchen, suddenly sensing something abnormal, I turned round and realized that many people in the opposite apartment block were staring me with both eyes and mouths wide open. Fearing that they would call a mental hospital or an asylum, I waved my hands and shouted: "I'm okay. I'm fine". Since then it has happened several times more but now they have completely got acquainted with that scene. Another time, my mother abruptly opened the door and like my neighbors, she caught the sight of my weird behavior. She put her hands on my head and said anxiously: "Did you catch a cold?" I just laughed and said: "I'm okay, mom. Just my crazy moment." All those startling circumstances were really funny and even inspiring although they made people around me a bit worried.

My mother asked why my cooking skill has improved so much. I answered her: "Because it has become my hobby." Cooking does help us survive and music does entertain us. However, cooking alone can be somewhat boring and listening to music alone can be time-

consuming. By combining those two things, I have created my own activity: cooking in music.