

“What if?”

It's that phrase that we all say at least once in our lifetime (or at least think it). Well, that phrase is what our story revolves around.

Once, there was the baker's wife. She wasn't very good at baking, but she fancied herself a good writer. In her free time, she always wrote stories. Pretty much everyone loved her stories. But every day, she pondered, "What if I were a good baker? Would I lose my love for writing? Would I have been happier?" Now, the baker knew that his wife loved writing. So, every year, he entered her in the annual writing competition. She always came last.

The baker's wife started to lose hope in herself and in her writing. Days passed, and she hadn't written a single story. The years dragged by. The baker's wife was becoming quite an old woman. She hadn't written a single story since the last competition her husband entered her in. She spent whole days locked in her room, trying to get over the feeling of not even coming close to winning writing competitions. One day, she was looking for a recipe on her computer, that her husband could use, when an advertisement came up for a writing competition. The baker's wife wanted to enter. She really did, except she had the fear of coming last. She decided to enter even though her instincts told her not to.

She spent whole days locked up in her room. But this time, it was for a different reason. She was writing stories until she came across the perfect one. After about two weeks of being locked up, she decided she had the perfect story. She typed it up on the website she needed to post it on. She was about to hit the 'send' button, when she had a thought. “What if I lose? What if I win? What if I find that I just disappointed myself? What if I find enjoyment out of it? What if?” It was that last question that made her make up her mind. She clicked the 'send' button and felt she didn't care if she wasn't a good baker or writer. She was just happy that she entered.

What if she hadn't? Well, what if.