

From the Lab to The cake Lab:

My journey of science, passion, and pride

The Breaking Point

For years, my life was defined by precision and dedication. I hold a PhD in biotechnology, but when my husband and I started our young family abroad, we were completely on our own. With no close family or friends nearby to lean on, and a husband whose demanding career as a financial consultant required constant travel, I made the choice to step away from my career to anchor our home.



Once my eldest started school, I stepped back into science, working on the front lines as an NHS COVID Scientist with the UK Health Security Agency (UKHSA) for two years. But life had other plans. While expecting my third child, I faced severe health challenges and had to resign.

Shortly after, I received a diagnosis that shattered my confidence: arthritis. Suddenly, I was a mother of three, out of work, dealing with chronic pain, and facing a future that felt completely blank. I had no plan, and honestly, at that moment, I felt I had no hope. It was a true breaking point.

A Spark of Joy

Amid the pain, I looked for small ways to bring light into our lives. I had always been good at baking, so I began making occasional treats for my son's school. Seeing the children's faces glow with pure happiness when I brought them sweets brought me an immense sense of comfort.

Soon, the other parents and teachers started noticing. "Why don't you start a business?" they asked.

The idea was terrifying. Because of the arthritis, my hand movements were unpredictable and painful. How could I run a baking business if I couldn't guarantee what my hands could do from one day to the next? The doubt was a massive hurdle. I was not alone in the dark. But I wasn't alone in the dark. My sister, cheering me on from abroad, showed a massive amount of confidence in me, and closer to home, my biggest everyday champion was my own son, who kept telling me to go for it. Seeing my determination—and the physical struggles with



my hands—my husband stepped in with the ultimate gift to help me start: my very first stand mixer. It was a beautiful gesture of support that took the physical strain off my joints and gave me the practical tool I needed to fight back.

I made a firm decision: I would start small. If a day came where my hands wouldn't cooperate, I simply wouldn't take an order. I was taking back control of my life, one small step at a time.

Shaping the Dream

To my surprise, the part that scared me the most—registering the business and dealing with official paperwork—ended up being a blessing. Instead of being a daunting barrier, the process actually gave me a roadmap. It taught me how to properly structure my ideas and gave a real, professional shape to what I was trying to build.

I started with basic cakes and simple treats. The response was overwhelming. People didn't just like them; they loved them. As my confidence grew, I began pushing myself to take on complex, highly creative cake projects. Every single time a complicated cake turned out exactly how I envisioned it, I felt an overwhelming wave of emotion. It became my absolute pride and joy.

Where I Am Today

Today, I am still building. As a home-based business, building a customer base is a slow and steady journey that relies heavily on the power of word-of-mouth. I do Christmas stalls, and recently, I had the privilege of holding a stall at the Garrick, culture fair—a massive milestone for me.

Looking back to that breaking point a few years ago, I never could have imagined I'd be here. Baking didn't just give me a business; it gave me my healing. Every compliment from a customer, every complex design I successfully conquer, and every smile on a child's face reminds me that even when your body throws obstacles in your path, passion and determination can bake a completely new future.



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People

