

A NOTE ABOUT BREAD DAYS

Dear Reader,

Bread Days is a personal story. My dad was an avid baker. What began as a hobby soon became his weekly ritual. He named his sourdough starter Paolo and cared for him like a best friend. Bread Day was a full experience for our family — from watching the dough rise and the sweet smell filling the kitchen, to sitting together and enjoying the fresh, warm bread. Every loaf had its own character, and I felt his love in each slice.

Three years after my dad passed away, I began writing *Bread Days* and decided to keep the ritual alive. I baked with his tools, wrote in his old bread journal, and cared for my own sourdough starter Paoliño — Little Paolo. A starter can be stubborn. You mix, you wait. You keep something alive with caring gestures. Bread-making became a mirror of grief for me: the unpredictable rise and fall, and the slow, steady work of carrying on.

The story follows Nara, who discovers that life goes on after a loss, even when you don't want it. As she returns to Bread Days and her starter, she learns that love endures in memory, that rituals hold us steady, and that starting anew takes quiet courage. Papa's passing in the story may feel sudden. For me, loss arrived without a warning, and I wanted to stay true to my experience.

I hope this book invites you to think of your own bread days. The cherished rituals you tend with love, and the joy that comes when something you've cared for finally bubbles.

Warmly,

HANNAH CHUNG

