



Like the rest of the world's university student population, when the world "shut down," I was left alone in my college apartment to ponder life's many trials, tribulations, wretched Zoom calls, and of course, my future career. As a film major, and aspiring director and actress, the pandemic caused me to truly question if my dreams were worth the trouble and if my hopeful comedic success would be of any good to anyone. A wee bit melodramatic? Possibly, but I am a drama student after all. I am a storyteller at heart and have wished to bring a smile to the world's face with my tales for as long as I can remember. I wanted to inspire hope. Love. Joy. Laughter. But it was getting hard to see through the negative smog of COVID-19. Should I have gone into another career that helped people in a more tangible way, like a doctor or lawyer, instead of a creative field?

In an attempt to quiet my existential woes, I turned to my one true and tried relief: a Wes Anderson film. Specifically, *The Grand Budapest Hotel*. Anderson's pinks, purples, puffy pastries, and particular persons thrust me into a humorous pastel dream that I never wanted to leave. His films transport you, take you on a journey far away, and allow you to forget your, well, woes. I needed this. It helped me. And I realized, I wanted to—and still could—do that with my own work.

The next day, on a special lockdown outing to my local coffee shop (my only human interaction of the week), I watched as the barista made her customer's coffee, smiling and humming a tune. She was content. She was making something for someone else and finding the light in their face when she handed them their personalized drink. When I walked up to order my usual plain coffee, she offered in a chipper tune "What would you like today?" I was struck by inspiration (and the perfectly marketed sign above me): a pastel drink, fitting for my new adventure to be Wes Anderson's protege. "I'll try a matcha latte, please." And what a great choice it was.

This bright green drink forever spiced up my mundane daily routine. I would sit down with my matcha latte (I eventually learned how to make my own at home) and work on my screenplays, fueled by the antioxidant and caffeine-rich beverage. With its immense amount of health benefits, slightly bitter taste, and terrific green coloring how could I not love it? It can be used in an endless amount of ways: lattes, teas, smoothies, ice cream, and screenplay inspiration to list a few. I simply could not get enough and decided I would try to make my own matcha recipes to brighten up my lonely days and impress my friends when we could meet again. After many failed attempts—and help from Pinterest—I perfected my newest favorite matcha recipe: white chocolate matcha brownies.

Within these pages you will find the ingredients, along with detailed step by step instructions with images (that I hope would make Wes Anderson proud). All photos were taken by me.



2 tbsp matcha powder ½ cup unsalted butter 1 cup white chocolate chips ½ tsp salt 1 cup flour

1 cup granulated sugar

¼ cup brown sugar

3 eggs

1 tsp vanilla extract







## To pass the time, it may help to...



Contemplate life in a warm bed.

Hotel Chevalier, 2007

Contemplate life in a warm bath.



The Royal Tenenbaums, 2001



The Grand Budapest Hotel, 2014

Or, the most popular option, age.



Once you've let the brownies bake to perfection and cool for 20 minutes—how many new wrinkles have you acquired in this time?—you may now indulge. I strongly recommend a glass of milk to complement the thick, fudgey quality of the matcha brownies. Add a sprinkle of white chocolate chips and enjoy the platter all to yourself, you've earned it. However, if you absolutely must share the sweet treat, show your loved one you care by garnishing the gift with nice flower.

