

# Fudge it.

Our editor welcomes you to the *fudged* fam

We did it, we made a thing! A lot of work has gone into this little food baby we call *fudged*.

When first sitting down, my team and I had to pinpoint what would set us apart from other food magazines. The task demanded a look into our own lives and the question of, “What’s missing?”

We wanted to flip through the pages of a magazine and see ourselves, messy parts included. We wanted to place a value back in creating things with our hands, getting to the root of what good cooking actually is—a journey, something to slow down and savor. But before we could do that, we had to address



the one thing really getting in our way.

Like most people, I think about food ALL THE TIME. When it’s seven in the morning and the day is looming ahead, I’m already plotting out where to stop and pick up a latte before heading into the office. I eat out for lunch, because let’s be honest, I lingered in bed too long and didn’t have time to prep anything. I get off work, and yes, I’m hungry again—so hungry that my plans to cook at home turn into takeout. At eleven o’clock, I’ve got three words for you: late night munchies. I’m able to make it through most nights without embarking on a quest to satisfy my sweet tooth, but on bad days it’s almost necessary.

Lattes, takeout, and late nights trips for ice cream are great and all, but my team and I found that we really did miss the kitchen. Any person passionate about something will know this: that even when one loves something, it can be hard to give it the needed time to flourish and grow. For me, I had given up that time at the end of the day when I would put my hands to work with a knife and cutting board, a saucepan and plate. The world would become quiet again. For my own sake, *fudged* couldn’t have come at a better time.

We’re so excited you’ve  
decided to join us.  
Sydney Love