

When I first got the idea to open an ice cream shop, it felt like a dream. But dreams don't come cheap. I didn't have the luxury of taking out a business loan or finding investors willing to back my vision. Instead, I did something that weighed heavily on me—I took money from my family's savings. Specifically, the funds from a recent real estate closing that had been meant for something else, something safer.

It was a risky move, and everyone knew it. My family trusted me, though, and that trust was what kept me going on the hardest days. We poured everything into the shop—time, energy, money, and hope.

The process wasn't easy. But there were also moments of joy. Slowly, the shop came together, not just as a place to buy ice cream, but as a real community hangout. People started to come not just for the sweets, but for the atmosphere. Friends met up, families bonded, and the shop became a small but vital part of the neighborhood.

Looking back, I know the decision to use that money was a gamble. But seeing the shop full of happy faces, hearing the laughter and chatter of people who feel at home here, I know it was worth it. The ice cream shop has become more than just a business—it's a place where memories are made. And that, I think, is the sweetest success of all.

We have big plans for next year and want to kick things off with a clean slate. We're planning to install new gutters, upgrade the soffit, enhance our storage, and expand our outdoor seating.

**Year to date gross \$119,347.20**

**Cones sold to date 21,258**