

The Vacation Cake

By Sophie Cooper



In a small town called Exmouth, there was a young, bright girl called Isa. She had brown, wavy hair as smooth as velvet. Isa wore a flamboyant, fun top that stood out like lights in the dark with tight, skinny denim shorts which went well with the top like a brownie with clotted cream. She also loved baking! In fact, yesterday she carefully baked a colourful, creative cake which gradually cooked in the oven rising like the sun in the morning. The cake is for the start of VACATION!!! Her arms were aching, and she glared at the TV that was waiting to be used. Wouldn't a relaxing break from cooking be ok, after all, it is vacation? At last, she went to watch TV. She sat down, collapsing onto the sofa. Flump! After twenty minutes, she decided to get back to work on her cake. However, when Isa got back to the kitchen, the cake had gone... CAPOOF! DISAPPEARED! VANISHED! Although there were crumbs remaining on the plate, they didn't lead anywhere. Then, she looked down at her dog, Rumble! He *must* have seen where the suspect went. "Who ate my cake, Rumble?" she enquired. "Roof! Roof!" the dog barked, pointing with his head to go left.

Straight away, Isa turned left into the streets. "Has anybody seen my cake?" she yelled! At that moment, she spotted a boy in the streets who she knew from school but she also knew he was a vegan and so it was unlikely to be him. In any event, she checked just in case. "Did you eat my vacation cake?" she asked anxiously.

"No, why would I eat your cake, it's full of dairy and you know I'm a vegan and don't eat cake!" replied the baffled boy.

So, Isa carried on looking down the streets, still going left until she saw a girl. "Did you eat my beautiful VACATION cake?" questioned Isa.

"No, I hate cakes, they're so disgusting!!!" snapped the rude girl.

At that moment, she bumped into her brother. "What's wrong sis?" asked George.

"Well, you know our VACATION cake that I make each year. Well I worked non-stop today baking it, but somebody has eaten it, it's gone!!!" exclaimed Isa.

"Oh, I saw somebody run down this path with a cake. Follow me!" answered George reassuringly.

Across the streets they went, through a couple of winding roads until they arrived at their favourite park where they thought they had found their suspect...

It was GEORGE'S FRIEND PETE EATING CAKE!!!

Isa felt so angry and annoyed that Pete had ruined her family tradition that she wanted to snatch his bag of crisps and eat them all!

However, she could not see the cake anywhere which was odd. "Where is it anyway?" Isa asked impatiently.

There was silence for a while, nobody answered... Finally, Pete plucked up the courage to reply, "I didn't eat your cake or steal it! It was a cake that I bought at the cake stall! To tell the truth, I saw your dog eating it outside your house when I walked past this morning....".