

KYLIE'S CAKE

Kylie's Gran made wonderful cakes. Swiss rolls and sponges, fruit cakes and cupcakes, tea loaves, savarins and amazing chocolate brownies. She could make a cake out of anything.

Kylie's dad tried to catch her out. He'd bring her a bag of courgettes. Or a pumpkin. Or a bunch of carrots. "Bet you can't make a cake from this!"

Gran just smiled, went into the kitchen and shut the door. An hour later—TADA! There was a fantastic cake. Kylie longed to bake like that, but Gran never let anyone watch her cooking.

A week before Gran's sixtieth birthday, Dad said, "She must have a birthday cake, Kylie! But I can't make one."

"I'll do it," Kylie said.

She spent the next week watching baking videos and she chose the easiest recipe. The day before Gran's birthday, Dad sneaked out and bought the ingredients. When Gran went off to her Zumba class, Kylie crept into the kitchen and found Gran's mixing bowl.

It looked a bit dusty, so she gave it a quick rub. Suddenly—

WHOOSH! A huge genie billowed out of the bowl.

"What is your command?" it boomed.

Kylie blinked. "I—I need a really special cake," she stammered.

"More special than usual? One of these?" The genie waved its hands in the air, conjuring up extraordinary images. Cakes like castles. Meringue butterflies. Towers of rainbow cupcakes. A Stonehenge of swiss rolls...

Kylie blinked. It was impossible to choose!

The she thought, It doesn't matter what I like. What would Gran like best? And suddenly she knew. She whispered into the genie's ear

It stared. "Are sure, O Great Baker's Granddaughter?"

"Certain," said Kylie. "Please do it before Gran—I mean the Great Baker—gets back."

The genie sighed, took a deep breath and zoomed round the kitchen. An hour later, the cake was ready.

Kylie smiled. "It's perfect," she said.

The next day, when Gran had unwrapped her presents, Kylie went into the kitchen, put the cake on a plate and lit the candles.

When she carried it into the living room, Gran clapped her hands. "Lovely! You're a clever girl, Kylie!"

It was a rather lumpy lemon cake, with Happy 70th Birthday on top. In wobbly letters.

"It's not as good as your cakes," Kylie said.

Dad nodded. "You're still the best baker in the family, Mum."

And your secret is safe, Kylie thought.