

43 The Chocolate Cake

Billy loves chocolate cake. In particular he loves the chocolate cake that his Mum bakes. He loves the smooth and fluffy chocolate sponge. He loves the way that the chocolate cream filling melts in his mouth. He loves crunching through the chocolate topping, and he particularly loves it when Mum decorates it with those little white chocolate buttons that are covered with 'Hundreds and Thousands'. Yes, Billy 'loves' chocolate cake. If there is a chocolate cake in the tin, Billy finds that he can't stop thinking about it. Whatever he's doing, chocolate cake keeps popping into his mind and the taste keeps coming into his mouth.

Billy even dreams about chocolate cake. He dreamt once that his bed was a giant chocolate cake, and he could just roll over in the middle of the night and take a bite whenever he wanted to. Or once he dreamt that he got to school and found that his desk had turned into a chocolate cake. All through the day he could just break bits off and eat them. Billy always had a giant chocolate cake as his birthday cake. But for some reason he never invited many of his friends round to his parties.

Once, when there was a freshly baked chocolate cake in the tin at home. Billy was day dreaming about it all the time he was at school. During science that afternoon Mr. Yellit asked: "Billy, what is the one thing that you need all the time in order to stay alive?"

Billy didn't hesitate. "Chocolate cake! Sir," he said, Mr. Yellit thought that Billy was being cheeky. He gave him 100 lines. "I must not give impertinent answers in class."

Poor Billy, it took him half an hour, and he spelt: impertinent: wrong 32 times!

That Friday Billy rushed home from school with only one thing on his mind, the chocolate cake.

"Hello Billy," said Mum, as he came crashing through the door. "Come and say hello to my friend Pam."

Mum and Pam went to the same Keep Fit class.

"Oh Billy," said Mum, "could you fetch Pam a piece of Cake to go with her tea. I think there's some chocolate cake left."

Billy's heart sank; he hated sharing his chocolate cake. He just couldn't bear seeing someone else eat a piece of it. But his heart sank even more when he opened the cake tin. There was only one piece left.

"Oh no!" he thought, "What shall I do?"

He went back into the living room without the cake.

"Maybe they'll forget," he thought.

But Mum said: "Where's the cake Billy?"

And Pam said: "I've heard a lot about your Mum's chocolate cake Billy. I'm dying to try a bit."

Billy went back into the kitchen and opened the tin. He carefully looked at the piece of cake to see if he could cut it in half, but it was too small. So he carefully lifted the cake out of the tin and put it on a plate. Then he slowly carried it into the living room, sniffing up the lovely smell of chocolate as many times as he could on the way. Billy looked so sad as he gave Pam the cake that Mum said: "Are you alright Billy? Did you have a bad day at school."

Billy sat and watched Pam eat the cake. He watched every mouthful. He wanted to stick his fingers in his ears every time she said: "Umm, Oh this is wonderful! This is perfect!" When Pam got up to go, he rushed over to see if there were any crumbs on the plate, but there wasn't even one! Poor Billy had a Digestive Biscuit and had to fight back his tears.

Later that evening there was a knock at the door. Billy opened it, it was Pam. "Hello Billy," she said in her usual cheerful voice. Billy nearly said: "Hello cake stealer," in his most angry voice. But before he could, Mum appeared behind him. Pam carried on in her usual way: "Oh darling, I loved your chocolate cake so much that I thought you might like to try mine. So I baked a special one for you." Pam handed Mum a large tin. "See you soon, Chow!" she said as she disappeared off down the road.

Mum took the tin into the kitchen; Billy watched as she took off the lid. Inside was a very large chocolate cake. It had a creamy chocolate filling, crunchy chocolate on the top and it was decorated, yes you've guessed it, it was decorated with those little white chocolate buttons with 'Hundreds and Thousands' on them.

Billy's eyes were as wide as saucers. "Wow!" he said, "and all because I, I, I" "All because you were so kind and generous to let Pam have that last piece of chocolate cake, Billy," said Mum. "Err.... yes." said Billy, as he remembered how he had begrudged every crumb. "Err... yes.... Mum."

Billy and his Mum, and his big sister, all had a piece of cake before they went to bed. And do you know, Billy has been much happier to share his chocolate cake ever since.

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