**1. Chocolate Cake**

         by **Michael Rosen**

I love chocolate cake.

And when I was a boy

I loved it even more.

Sometimes we used to have it for tea

and Mum used to say,

'If there's any left over

you can have it to take to school

tomorrow to have at playtime.'

And the next day I would take it to school

wrapped up in tin foil

open it up at playtime

and sit in the corner of the playground

eating it,

you know how the icing on top

is all shiny and it cracks as you

bite into it,

and there's that other kind of icing in

the middle

and it sticks to your hands and you

can lick your fingers

and lick your lips

oh it's lovely.

yeah.

Anyway,

once we had this chocolate cake for tea

and later I went to bed

but while I was in bed

I found myself waking up

licking my lips

and smiling.

I woke up proper.

'The chocolate cake.'

It was the first thing

1 thought of.

I could almost see it

so I thought,

what if I go downstairs

and have a little nibble, yeah?

It was all dark

everyone was in bed

so it must have been really late

but I got out of bed,

crept out of the door

there's always a creaky floorboard, isn't there?

Past Mum and Dad's room,

careful not to tread on bits of broken toys

or bits of Lego

you know what it's like treading on Lego

with your bare feet,

yowwww

shhhhhhh

downstairs

into the kitchen

open the cupboard

and there it is

all shining.

So I take it out of the cupboard

put it on the table

and I see that

there's a few crumbs lying about on the plate,

so I lick my finger and run my finger all over the crumbs

scooping them up

and put them into my mouth.

oooooooommmmmmmmm

nice.

Then

I look again

and on one side where it's been cut,

it's all crumbly.

So I take a knife

I think I'll just tidy that up a bit,

cut off the crumbly bits

scoop them all up

and into the mouth

oooooommm mmmm

nice.

Look at the cake again.

That looks a bit funny now,

one side doesn't match the other

I'll just even it up a bit, eh?

Take the knife

and slice.

This time the knife makes a little cracky noise

as it goes through that hard icing on top.

A whole slice this time,

into the mouth.

Oh the icing on top

and the icing in the middle

ohhhhhh oooo mmmmmm.

But now

I can't stop myself

Knife -

1 just take any old slice at it

and I've got this great big chunk

and I'm cramming it in

what a greedy pig

but it's so nice,

and there's another

and another and I'm squealing and I'm smacking my lips

and I'm stuffing myself with it

and

before I know

I've eaten the lot.

The whole lot.

I look at the plate.

It's all gone.

Oh no

they're bound to notice, aren't they,

a whole chocolate cake doesn't just disappear

does it?

What shall 1 do?

I know. I'll wash the plate up,

and the knife

and put them away and maybe no one

*will* notice, eh?

So I do that

and creep creep creep

back to bed

into bed

doze off

licking my lips

with a lovely feeling in my belly.

Mmmmrnmmmmm.

In the morning I get up,

downstairs,

have breakfast,

Mum's saying,

'Have you got your dinner money?'

and I say,

'Yes.'

'And don't forget to take some chocolate cake with you.'

I stopped breathing.

'What's the matter,' she says,

'you normally jump at chocolate cake?'

I'm still not breathing,

and she's looking at me very closely now.

She's looking at me just below my mouth.

'What's that?' she says.

'What's what?' I say.

'What's that there?'

'Where?'

'There,' she says, pointing at my chin.

'I don't know,' I say.

'It looks like chocolate,' she says.

'It's not chocolate is it?'

No answer.

'Is it?'

'I don't know.'

She goes to the cupboard

looks in, up, top, middle, bottom,

turns back to me.

'It's gone.

It's gone.

You haven't eaten it, have you?'

'I don't know.'

'You don't know. You don't know if you've eaten a whole

chocolate cake or not?

When? When did you eat it?'

So I told her,

and she said

well what could she say?

'That's the last time I give you any cake to take

to school.

Now go. Get out

no wait

not before you've washed your dirty sticky face.'

I went upstairs

looked in the mirror

and there it was,

just below my mouth,

a chocolate smudge.

The give-away.

Maybe she'll forget about it by next week.