

Michael Rosen

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Gobble!
Gulp!

Gobble!
Gulp!

Omm!

Gobble!
GULP!!

Mmmmm.
Mmmmm.



Illustrated by

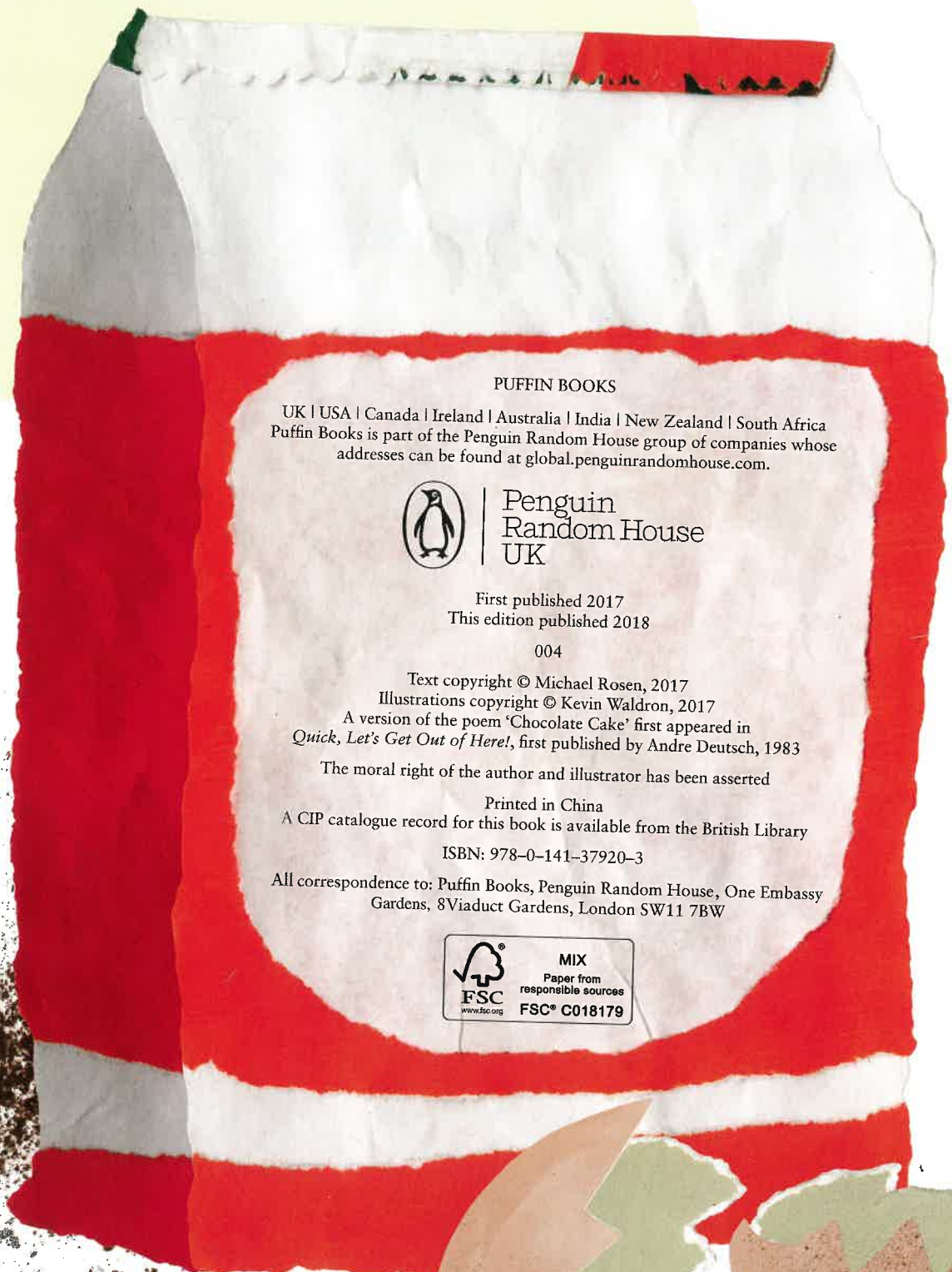
Kevin Waldron



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For Emma, Elsie & Emile - M.R.

For Ben - K.W.



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When I was a boy,
I had a favourite treat.
It was when my mum made . . .

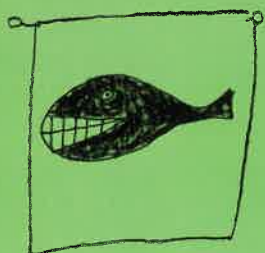
chocolate cake!



ohhh!

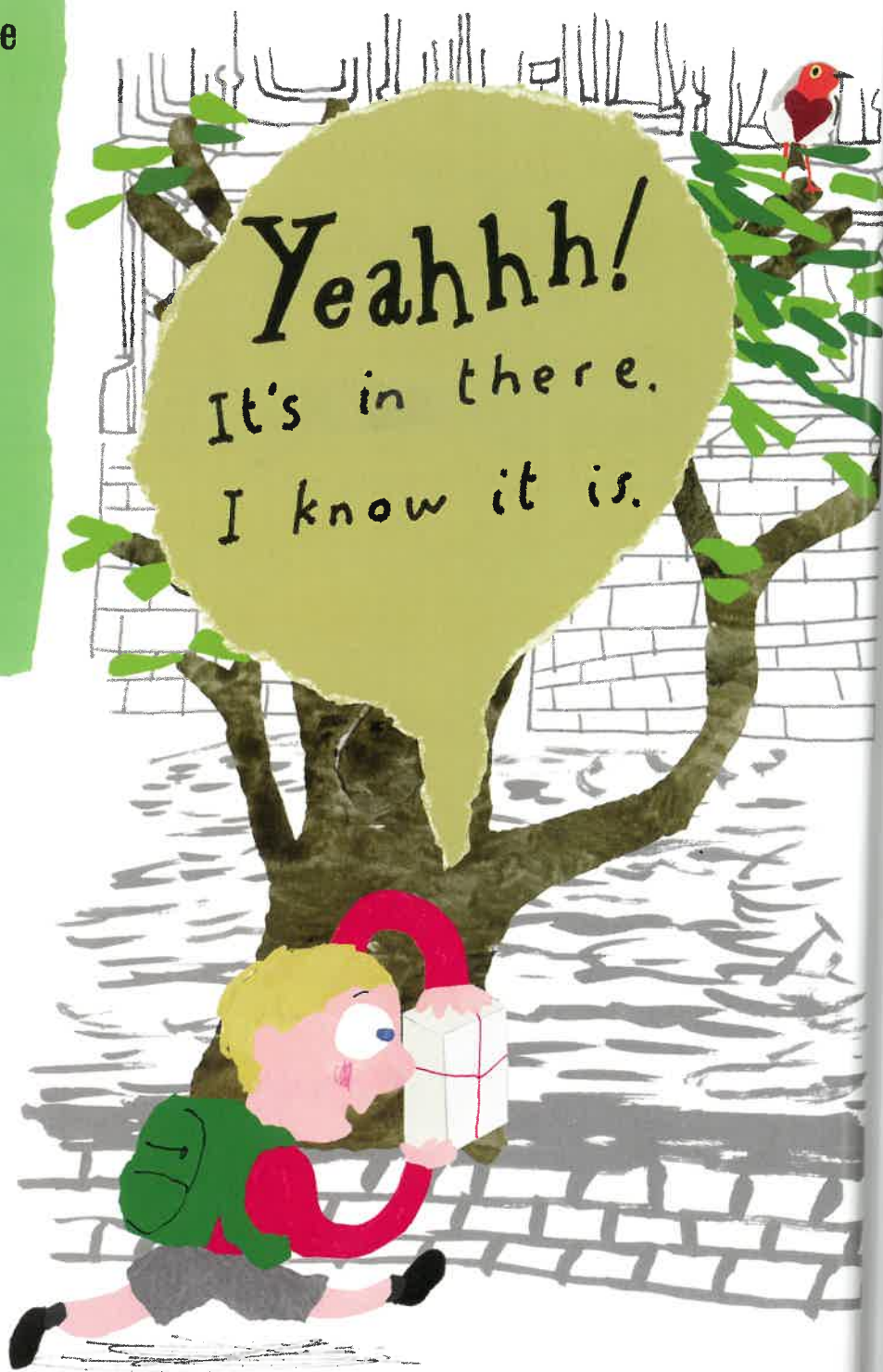
I LOVED chocolate cake.

My mum, she says to me,
“Listen, Michael,
if there’s any chocolate cake
left over at the end of the day,
you can take some to school
tomorrow to have at play time
or at lunch time.”



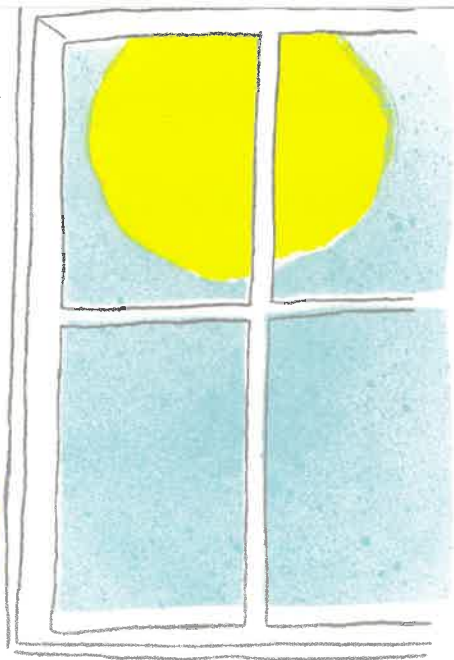
So I used to go to school
with a piece of chocolate cake
in my little box.
And I’d be walking to school . . .

Yeahhh!
It's in there.
I know it is.



and I'd get to school,
and it would be play time or lunch time
and I'd open up the box,
take it out . . .

What's it going to be...
chocolate cake!!!
It is!!!



Open up the paper . . .

Mumma get it!
Look at it!!!

Mmmm!
Mmmm...

Ahhh!

I love
good...

Mmmm...



Ahhh,
mmm
Well,
look at it!!!

Gobble!



I LOVED my mum's chocolate cake. **Yes!**

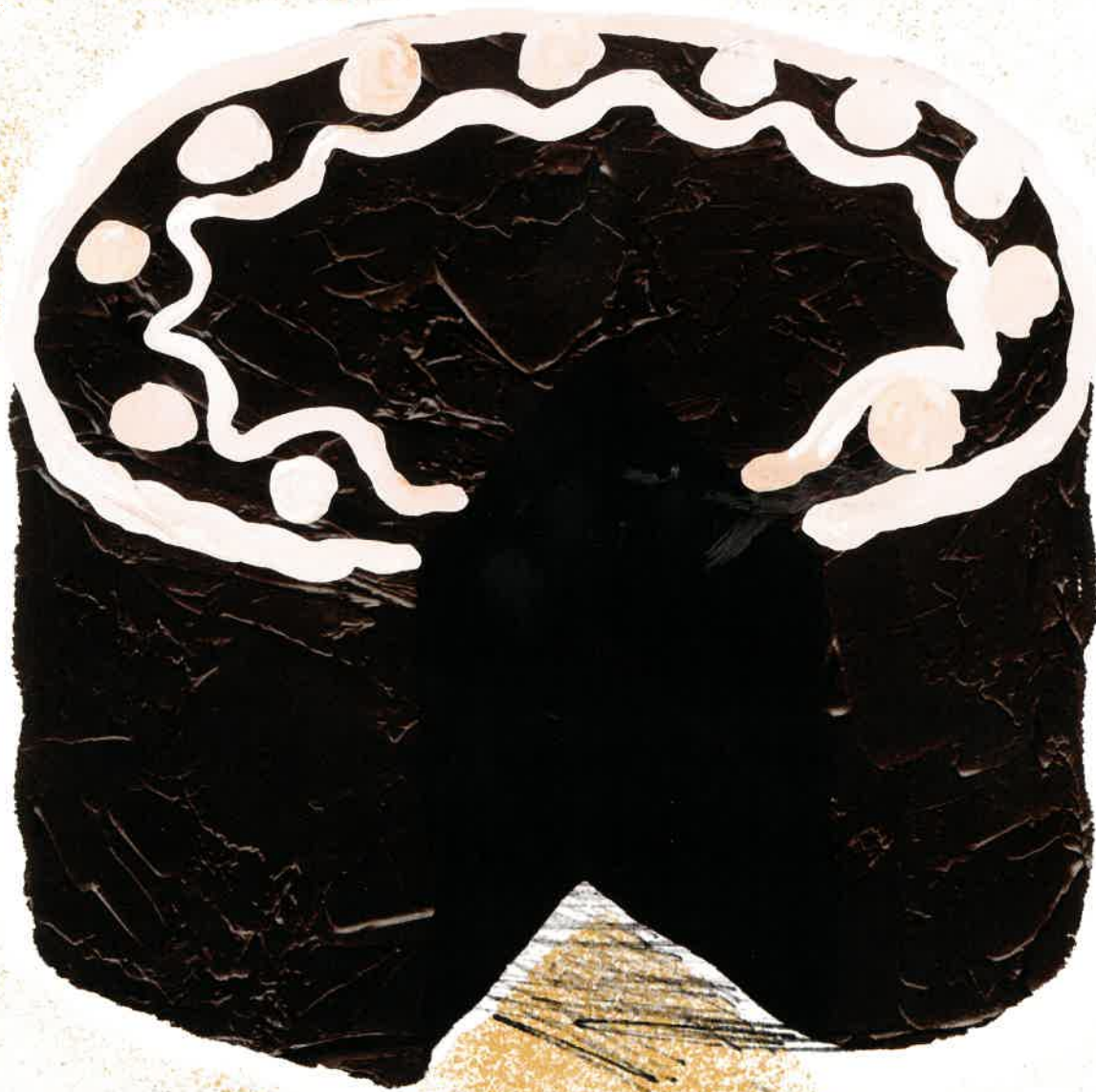
And one time,
there WAS some chocolate cake
left over at the end of the day.
And I went to bed
and I was fast asleep,
and then,
in the middle of the night . . .

I woke up!



And I thought

~ s n a p !
- - -



chocolate cake!!!

Heh-heh!

Maybe I could go downstairs
and have a little look at it.

No one would know.

So I got up out of the bed . . .

S h h h h h!!!

I mustn't wake
my brother up!

Along the passage . . .

Careful not to tread on the creaky floorboard
outside Mum and Dad's bedroom,
because if they wake up and find me
I'll be in **BIG TROUBLE**.

So, really quiet.

! K K K K K
C r e a k

Are they still asleep? Yes. OK.



Along the passage . . .

down the stairs . . .

into the kitchen . . .

open the cupboard . . .

and . . .

Yeahhh!

There
it is!!!



So I take
it out ...

Just have a little look at it.
Mmmmm.

Look at it,
yeah h h h

...oh,
what's this?

Oh...
mmm...



And then I notice some little crumbs on the plate.
So I think, if I lick the end of my finger, I could pick up some of those crumbs and no one would know anything about it.

Chooka
chooka
chooka
chooka
chook!

Oh yeahhh!
Little sticky bit there.

Gobble! Yumm!
Mmm...
Mmmmmmmmm!



And then I notice
on the side of the cake
there's some little crumbly
bits just falling off.
So I think,
if I take a knife
I could just ...



... tidy it up a little bit.
No one would notice.

**SCRRRAPE!
SCRRRRRAPE!**

Scrunch-it-all-together-
and-there's-the-crumbly-bits-
and-the-sticky-bits-
and-it's-all-gonna-go-in-there-
yeah-belly-belly-belly!

OOommmmm-myom-yom-
OOOOMMMM!
Gobble!
Mmmm.



And then I notice that as I've tidied
it up a little bit over here,
then maybe I could just
even it up a bit over here.



So I take the knife again
and this time ...
THROUGH the crispy icing
on the top ...
THROUGH the squashy icing
in the middle.

RRRRRAPE!

And I've got a whole slice this time –
yeahhhh!
And it's all gonna go in there.

It's a ...
belly-belly-belly.
And it's ...

ahhhh.

A-HA-HA!

Gobble!

Mmmm. Gobble!



And now
I've got the taste of it in my mouth
and I can't stop myself,
so I go

Ya-Pshhh!
Ya-Pshhh!

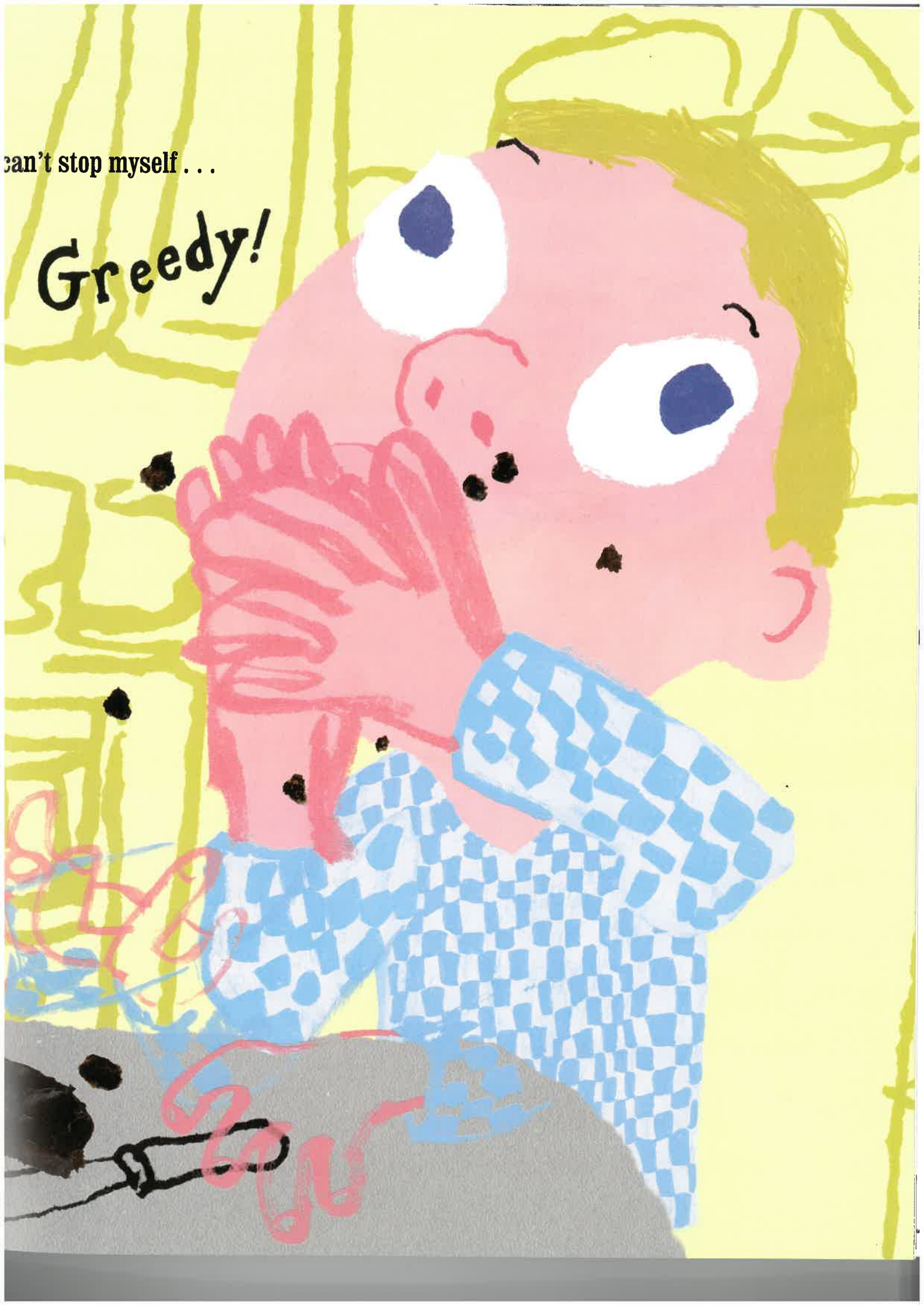
And I've got these slices,
so I go

Gobble!
Gobble! GULP!
Gulp!
Gobble!
Gulp!
Gulp!



can't stop myself . . .

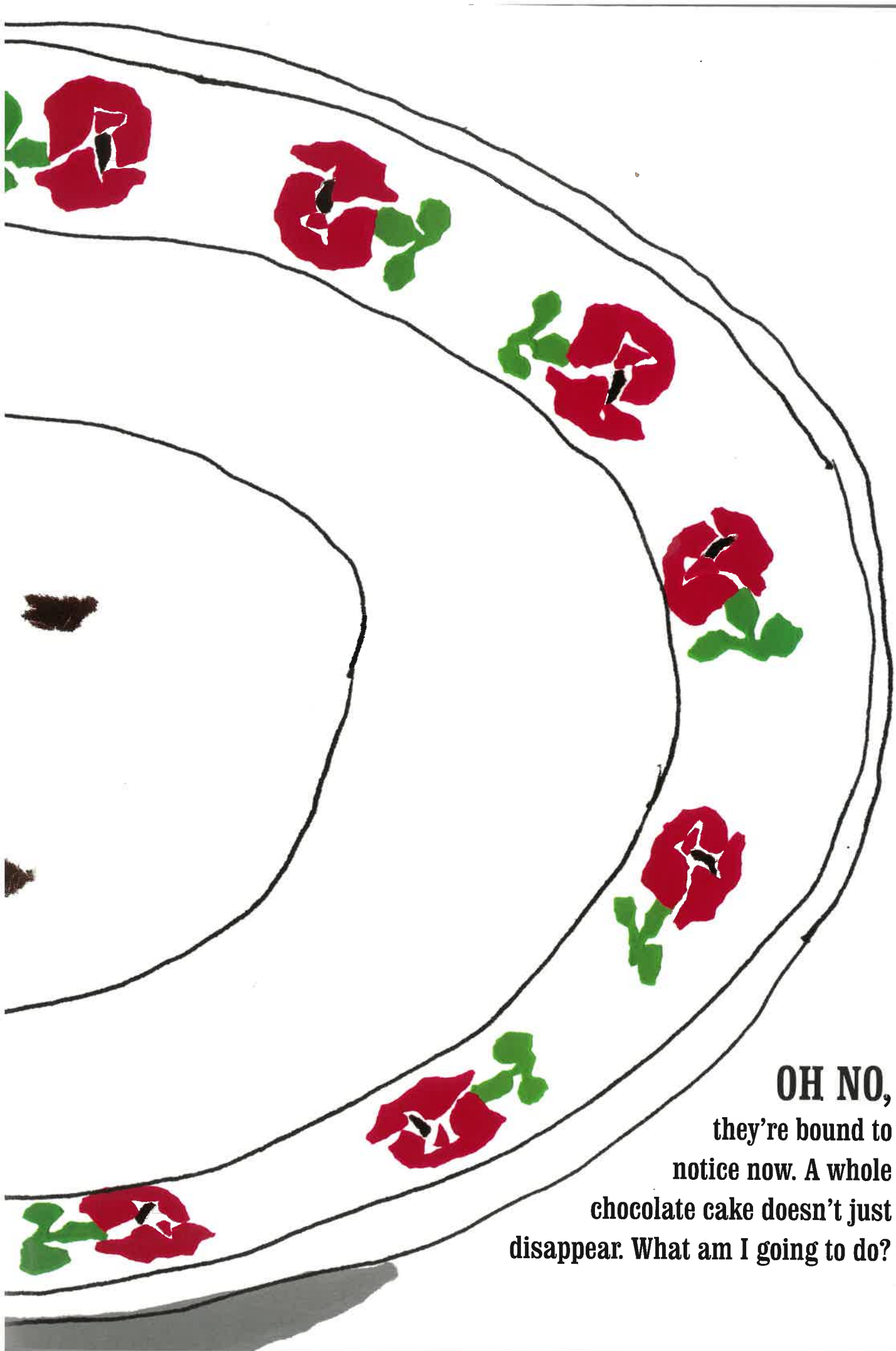
Greedy!



Oh no!

It's all gone!





OH NO,
they're bound to
notice now. A whole
chocolate cake doesn't just
disappear. What am I going to do?



I know:
I'll wash up
the plate
and the knife

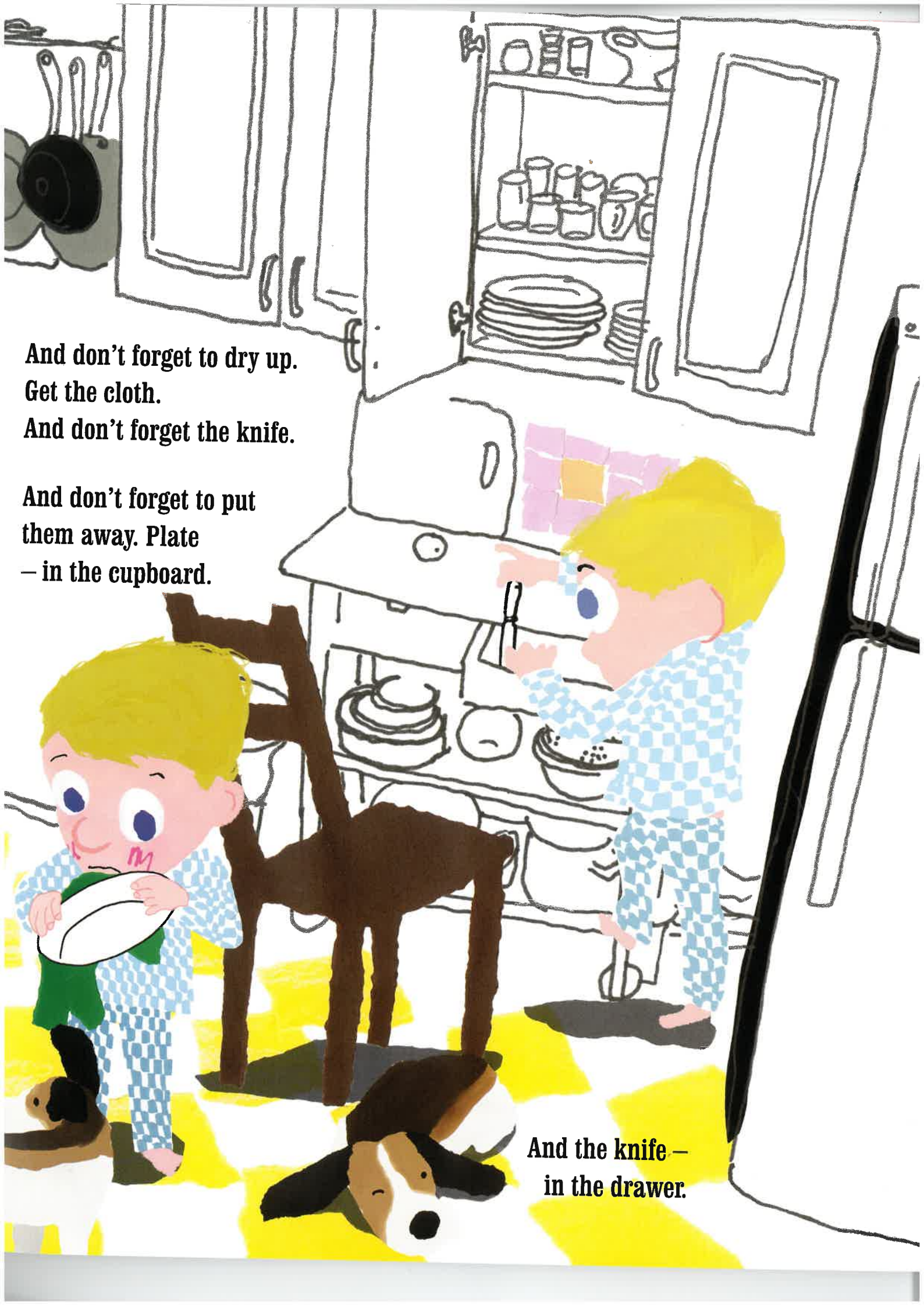
and they won't
know anything
about it.

Good
thinking!

Take the plate and the knife
and wash it up.

Really quiet.

Wash up the plate and the knife.

A colorful illustration of a kitchen. In the foreground, a young boy with blonde hair, wearing blue and white checkered pajamas and green shorts, is holding a white plate. A brown and white dog is lying on the yellow floor next to him. In the background, a woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue and white checkered dress, is standing at a kitchen counter. She is holding a pair of scissors and looking at a pink and orange checkered cloth on the counter. The kitchen has white cabinets, a sink, and a refrigerator. The floor is yellow.

**And don't forget to dry up.
Get the cloth.
And don't forget the knife.**

**And don't forget to put
them away. Plate
– in the cupboard.**

**And the knife –
in the drawer.**

And back up to bed: shhhh!

Up the stairs ...

Along the passage ...

I know where the creaky floorboard is now.

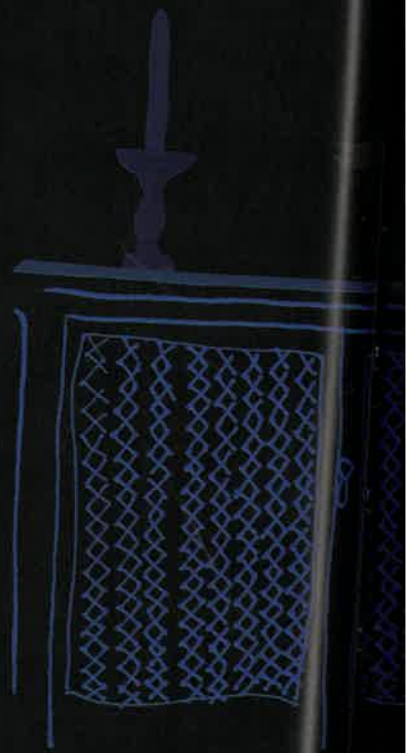
So, all I've got to do is tread OVER it,

because if I tread ON it, and it makes a noise,

I am DEAD!

Careful
now -

ea k k k k k!



Are they still asleep? Yes. It's OK.

Into the bedroom ...

into bed ...

under the covers ...



Aaah. Nice warm feeling:
chocolate cake in my belly,
goody, goody, goody.

And I go to sleep.

In the morning

I get up

and I go downstairs.

And I'm having my breakfast.

And Mum is busy over there

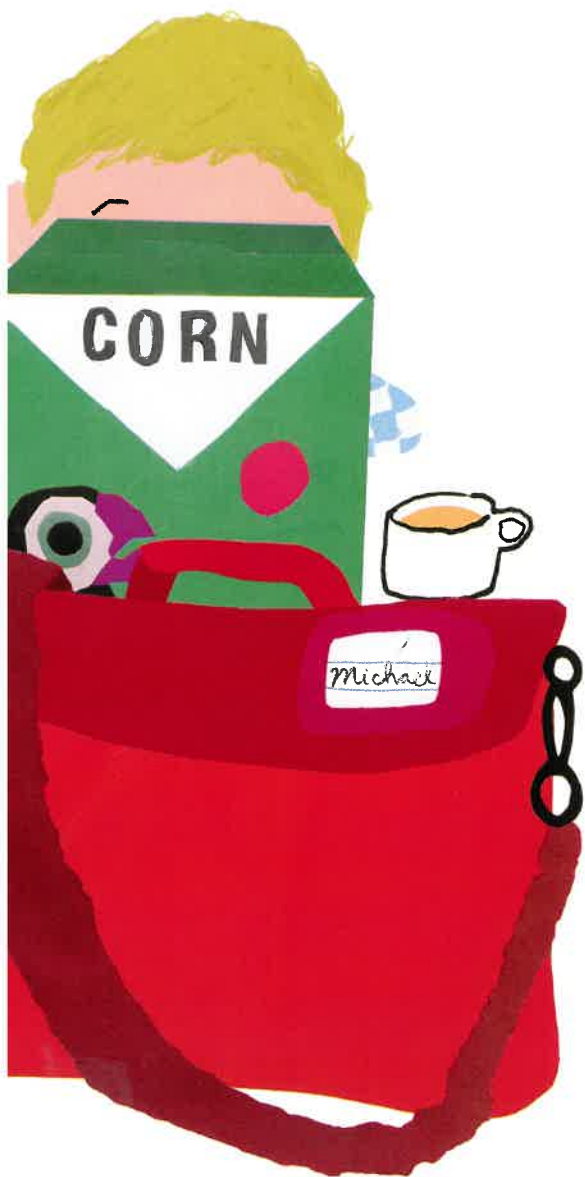
and she's busy over there ...



And then she says,
“Oh! Michael, don’t forget
your book folder.”
She hands me my book folder,
and I’m busy having
my breakfast.

He’s busy over there ...

she’s busy over there.



And then she says,
“Oh! Michael!
There’s something else:
there’s something nice,
there’s some chocolate cake
left over from yesterday
for you to take to school today.”

And I went,

... all right.
Yeah.





And she says, "What's the matter?
You usually jump at the idea of
having chocolate cake."

And I went,

Yeah, it's all right...
it's OK.

CORN

And she's looking at me very closely,
just here, next to my mouth.
And she says, "What's that?"

And I said, "What's what?"

It's not . . . chocolate cake, is it?"

And I said,


D'nnno!



and she went over to the cupboard.

**IT'S GONE!
THE CHOCOLATE
CAKE'S GONE!!!**

You haven't eaten the **WHOLE**
of the rest of the chocolate cake,
have you?"

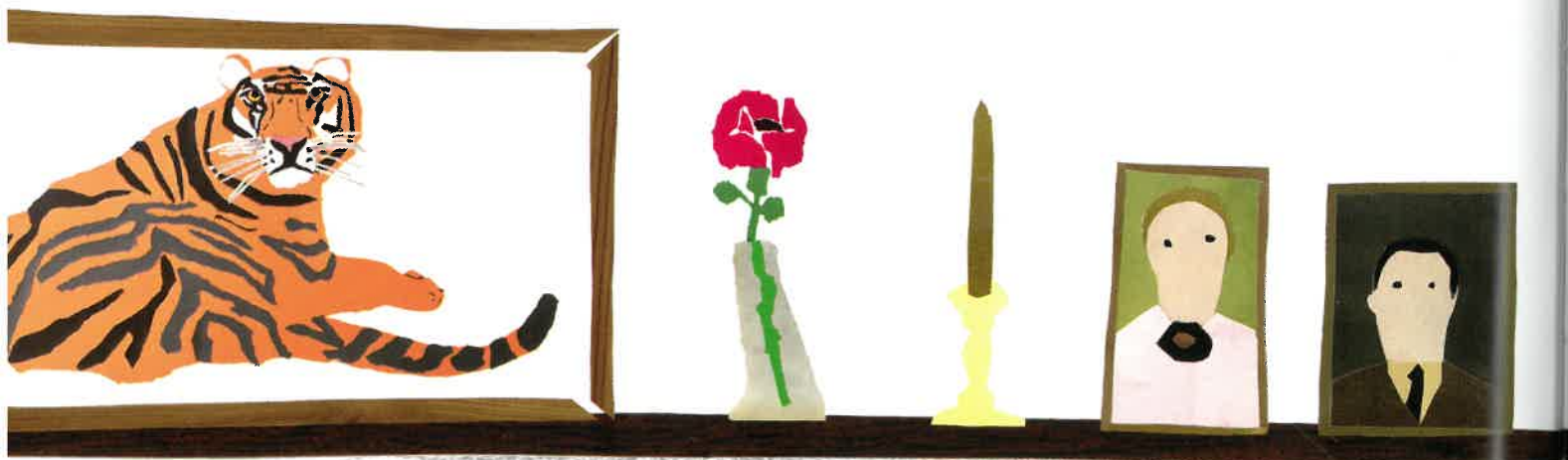


And I said,

I don't
know.



“You don’t know?” she said. **“You don’t know?”**
I don’t believe a word of it . . .
Now, off you go to school . . .



... **NO!**

Before you go to school,
go upstairs to the bathroom,
and wash your

**dirty,
sticky** face!”



I went upstairs to the bathroom,
and I looked in the mirror.

And I saw it –
just there:



chocolate
mudge!
chocolate **blob!**



And I looked at it
and I thought, maybe,
next time we have
chocolate cake,
she'll forget about it.





Do you think she will?

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