

THE GREAT CAKE RACE

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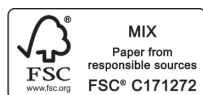
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CHAPTER ONE

THE GREAT CAKE RACE!

*** Saturday 3 May, 10 am ***

Honeysuckle Community Centre and Park

Make a cake and race it to the finish line

Fastest cake wins! ★★★★★

Jamila read the notice on the park gate
with her heart thumping. *I can do that!*

She thought. *I know I can do that!*

Jamila was seven years old. She loved

cake. And she was a very good runner.
So this was perfect.

Wasn't it?

The only problem was, Jamila had
never made a cake on her own.

She wasn't going to let that stop her,
though. Jamila didn't let anything stop
her. Whether it was drawing, dancing,
running or reading, Jamila always went
for it. She chose the fastest route, the
brightest colours and the boldest patterns.

"My joyful Jamila," her Nani – her
grandma – had called her, before she'd
died nine months ago.

"Look, Dad – it's a race with cakes!"
said Jamila, jumping up and down.

“Can I enter? Can I? Can I?”

“Yeah... why not?” said her dad, ruffling her hair. He took a leaflet from the folder beside the poster. “I’ve always told you, Jamila. You can do anything.”

“ANYTHING!” agreed Farhan, her two-year-old brother, snatching the leaflet and trying to eat it.



“What sort of cake do I need to bake?”
said Jamila, her feet jiggling with excitement.

“Let’s see...” Dad gently tugged the half-eaten leaflet away from Farhan and looked at it more closely. *“No help from anyone else... Has to be put in the oven by the judges if contestant under 14 years old... blah blah blah... Cake has to be whole when brought over the finishing line... Good luck with that! Ah yes, here it is. Cake to be an original creation of your own choice.”*

“An o-ri-gi-what now?” asked Jamila.
“What’s that? Does it have raisins?”

“Raisins!” said Farhan, nodding excitedly.

“It means it has to come from *your head*,” said her dad with a smile. “It has to be full of joyful Jamila!”

Jamila’s eyes sparkled. She was going to make a cake like no one had ever seen before. A cake with *everything* in it.

