THE GREAT CAKE RACE

THE GREAT CAKE RACE

Teresa Heapy



ILLUSTRATED BY Erica Salcedo

BLOOMSBURY EDUCATION
LONDON OXFORD NEW YORK NEW DELHI SYDNEY

BLOOMSBURY EDUCATION
Bloomsbury Publishing Plc
50 Bedford Square, London, WC1B 3DP, UK
29 Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin 2, Ireland

BLOOMSBURY, BLOOMSBURY EDUCATION and the Diana logo are trademarks of Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

First published in Great Britain in 2022 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

Text copyright © Teresa Heapy, 2022
Illustrations copyright © Erica Salcedo, 2022

Teresa Heapy and Erica Salcedo have asserted their rights under the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988, to be identified as Author and Illustrator of this work.

This is a work of fiction. Names and characters are the product of the author's imagination and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without prior permission in writing from the publishers.

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: PB: 978-1-8019-9135-3; ePDF: 978-1-8019-9133-9; ePub: 978-1-8019-9134-6

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Text design by Sarah Malley

Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY



To find out more about our authors and books visit www.bloomsbury.com and sign up for our newsletters

CONTENTS

Chapter One	7
Chapter Two	12
Chapter Three	19
Chapter Four	25
Chapter Five	35
Chapter Six	47



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 jigging 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.

