

# ever so sweet SUSAN



HUGGIES  
DryNites

**Susan Sweetley's tummy** was filled to the brim with butterflies. It was part excitement with a dollop of nerves thrown in. The 'Ever So Sweet' village baking competition was finally here and this was the first year she'd be old enough to take part.

**"This is it Mum!"** Susan smiled one night after tea, holding up her drawing. Her cheeks turned pink with excitement as her Mum eyed the colourful design:



**"Wow!"** she said, clearly very impressed.

Susan's design was spectacular. There was a tiered dome of fairy cakes, each one swirled with thick buttery icing. Then there were hues of lavender and lemon that looped high and were topped with baby blue sprinkles and, best of all, a tiny daisy made out of marzipan. Their paper cases shimmered in shiny silver and the cakes were piled high on a tall glass cake stand. No doubt about it; if they tasted half as good as they looked, Susan would win for sure!

**"I've never seen anything like it."** her Mum laughed.

Susan smiled from ear to ear; it was the best compliment she could ever get seeing as her Gran made the best cakes in the world!



The day before the competition Susan got busy in the kitchen.

**"Can I help too?"** asked her little brother Ben.

**"Thanks Ben but you're a bit too small! I'll let you lick the bowl at the end if you like?"** said Susan. Happy with that suggestion, she got to work.

It took her all day to bake and decorate each little cake perfectly, piling them high as she went. By the time she reached her last one she was exhausted and had to get her Mum to lift her up so she could perfectly place the final cake on the very top to complete the shape she'd designed on her piece of paper.

Susan, Ben and their Mum stepped back to look at the finished extravaganza.

**"It's magnificent!"** announced Susan's Mum.

**"And it tastes so good!"** said Ben in between licks of the bowl and spoon she'd used.

Truffle, Susan and Ben's excited puppy, barked in agreement and wagged his cute little tail.

**"Come on let's celebrate with some pizza."** said her mum picking up her purse.





By the time they all returned, Susan was ready for bed. As she turned to head up the stairs, Truffle came bounding into the room, mad as a hatter and chasing his tail round and round in circles. Strangely, his shiny black coat was now spotted with big blobs of lavender and lemon. Susan, her Mum and Ben all looked at each other.

Susan ran to the kitchen, her mouth open in horror as she looked at the mess before her. The glass cake stand had been knocked over and lay smashed on the floor. The fairy cakes were scattered across the room; the perfect swirls of icing now scattered and half eaten. Truffle licked his lips and sat down next to the mess. Susan's eyes filled with big pools of tears.



**“Truffle, what have you done?”** she shouted angrily.

Susan's Mum gave her a big, warm cuddle. **“Don't worry sweetheart, we'll fix everything in the morning, you'll see. Go to bed.”**

Susan was too upset to argue and marched straight up the stairs; heartbroken that her dream of winning the Ever So Sweet competition was shattered.



Back downstairs Ben pulled over a chair and stood on it so as he could reach the table top where Susan had mixed her cakes.

**“Let’s get to work Mum”** he said, **“There’s no time to waste.”**

They worked hard all through the night to rebuild Susan’s entire dome of cakes. They baked fresh spongy cakes to replace the damaged ones and carefully smoothed over the bashed lemon and lavender icing, returning it to its creamy perfection so as it looked just like Susan’s drawing.

At the end Susan’s Mum disappeared into the attic and reappeared with a beautiful glass cake stand.

**“This used to belong to your Grandma and Grandad – it’s an antique and very precious.”** she explained to Ben.

Together they piled the cakes high, just as Susan had done before, and then her Mum rained down the baby blue sprinkles until the finished cakes sparkled before them.

The house was quiet when Susan woke up. She sighed, remembering the events of last night and, with a heavy heart, she went downstairs to see what could be done before the competition.



Pushing back the kitchen door she gasped in wonder as her eyes met with a huge fairy cake dome just like the one she'd made the day before. She rubbed her eyes in case she was dreaming, but no, there it was in front of her untouched. The silver foil cases looked shinier than ever.

**“You’d better get dressed Susan, we’ve a competition to get to!”**

said Susan’s Mum as she walked into the kitchen with Ben.

Susan raced up the stairs.

At the village hall Susan sized up her competition.



**At table number one was Victoria Berry with her 3 layer Victorious Victoria Strawberry Sponge Cake.**

Standing next to table number two was Melanie Spoon with her Mighty Macadamia Nut Meringues. Next to her was Rachel Baker with her Rocking Rocky Road Squares and fourth was Baca Flutterworth with her Butter Burnt Brownies.



Susan placed her Ever So Fabulous Fairy Cakes on the final table. A loud bell rang, marking the start of the competition. Susan felt the flutter of butterflies in her tummy as she quickly wished each of the girls good luck.

**"I don't need luck"** replied Victoria snootily.  
**"My cake speaks for itself."**

**"Well, my dad told me he's never tasted a meringue like mine."** said Melanie confidently.

**"My rocky road is the best this competition has ever seen, it's much better than Becca's brownies and your fairy cakes put together."** said Rachel as she folded her arms.

**"We'll see about that"** said Becca. **"But I agree, my brownies are better than Susan's boring old fairy cakes."**

Susan's confidence began to wobble like a great big jelly. This was going to be ever so tough!

Susan watched the judges nervously as they made their way around each table, 'ooh-ing' and 'aah-ing' at every taste. One of the judges let out an extra long 'mmmmm' as he tasted Becca Flutterworth's brownies. Becca quickly threw Susan a smug look.



Susan bit her bottom lip anxiously as the judges turned to face her table.

Before judge number one had even reached Susan's table he shouted **"Well I don't recall having seen anything quite so temping."**

**"They almost float off this magnificent cake stand."** said judge number two lifting a cake off the stand.

Then the real test came – time for a taste. Each judge took a mighty mouthful of sponge and a smattering of the creamy lemon and lavender icing. The silence that followed went on for so long that Susan thought she might explode.

**"Susan"** said judge number three, **"These cakes are fabulous!"** He stuffed the rest of the cake into his mouth. All three judges faced the crowd, each sporting a lemon coloured moustache.

**"We declare Susan the Ever So Sweet champion!"**

they announced together.



The crowd erupted into loud cheers and whoops and claps as Susan was presented with her winner's medal. Susan grabbed three cakes from her stand and rushed over to where her Mum and Ben stood proudly with Truffle in tow. She handed each of them a cake.



**"I knew you would do it!"** shouted Ben as he jumped into her back.

**"Yes but I couldn't have done it without you. And you too Mum!"** she exclaimed.

All of them cheered as they devoured their fabulous ever so sweet cakes.



**The End**