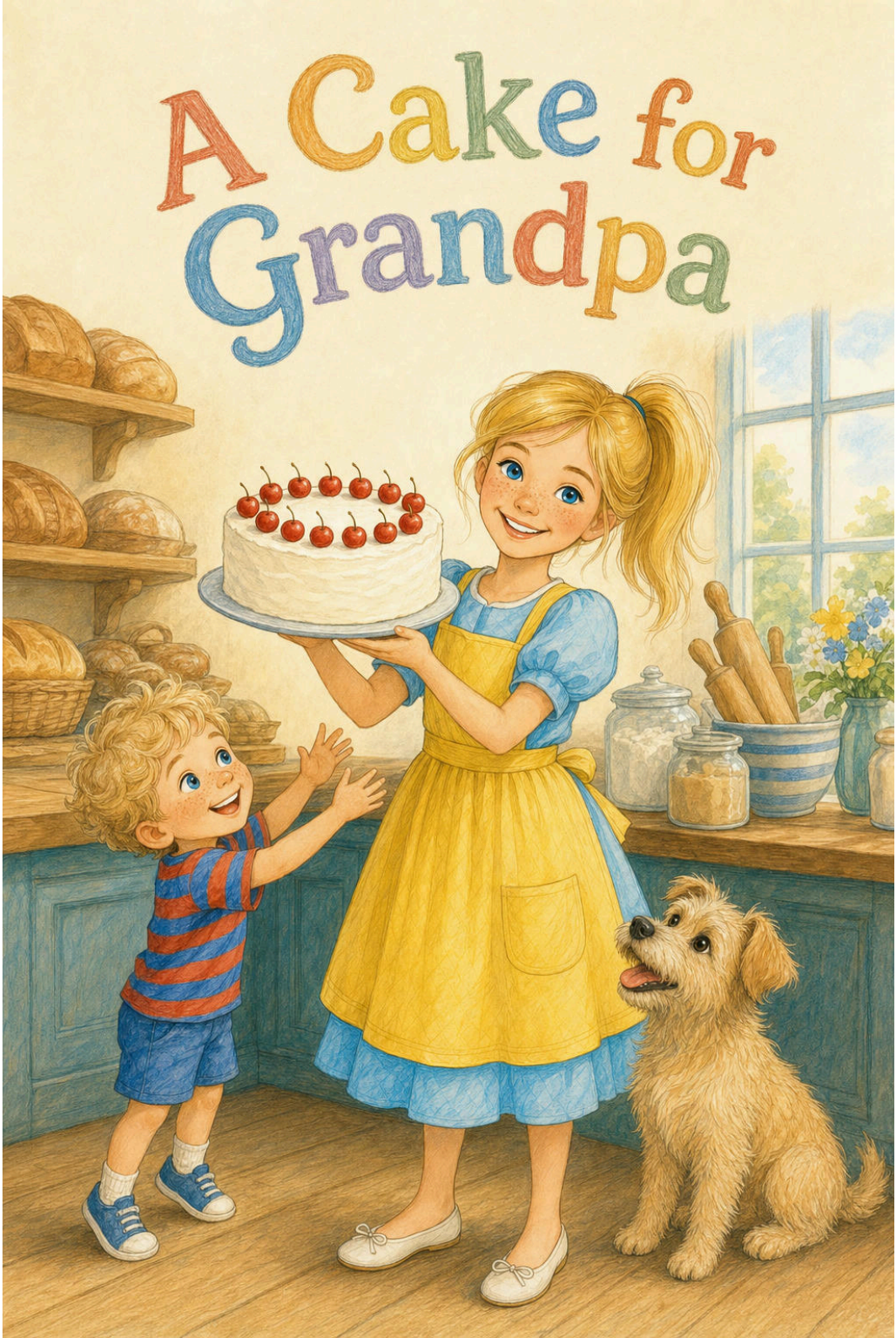

A Cake for Grandpa

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About This Book

At a Glance

- **Reading level:** English level A1- (CEFR)
- **Age:** 7+
- **Length:** 8 chapters · ±5,400 words

Edition

This is the **first edition** — version 1.3, published September 2026.

Version	Date	Notes
1.0	July 2026	First edition
1.1	August 2026	Language corrections
1.2	September 2026	Reading level relabelled A1- (text unchanged)
1.3	September 2026	Illustration corrections.

About the Story

The Series

Rosie's Bakery sits on Main Street in the little American town of Maple Falls, where Evie and her mom bake fresh bread every morning and cakes to order. Evie loves to bake — and most of all to decorate, with a ring of red cherries on top. In each book she takes on one baking job, from the first mixing bowl to the last cherry, while her little brother Billy tastes everything and Crumble the shop dog waits for a crumb. Warm, gentle stories for children just starting to read English.

This Book

Evie loves Rosie's Bakery. Most of all, she loves to bake.

Grandpa's birthday is on Saturday. This year, Evie has a big idea. Can she make his cake all by herself?

First she needs a list. Then flour, sugar, eggs, and butter. And red cherries — Grandpa loves cherries! Evie mixes and stirs. The whole bakery smells sweet and warm.

But a first cake is a big job. Little brother Billy wants to help with everything. And not every step goes just right.

Come into the bakery, meet Evie and her family, and see what happens when a girl bakes her very first cake. Can Evie make the best cake in Maple Falls?

Chapter 1: Rosie's Bakery



It is morning in Maple Falls.

The sun comes up. The little town is quiet.

But Rosie's Bakery is not quiet.

Rosie's Bakery is on Main Street. It is a small, happy shop. There is warm light in the window. There is a bell on the door. Ding, ding!

Inside, the oven is hot. The bread is baking. There is fresh bread every morning.

The smell is warm and sweet. Mmm! What a good smell.

Evie loves that smell. She loves the morning smell of bread.

Evie is twelve. She lives upstairs. She loves the bakery. Most of all, she loves to bake.

Evie loves to make cakes. Big cakes and little cakes. She loves to make them look pretty. Cakes make her happy.

One day, Evie wants her own bakery. But not yet. Now she is just twelve.

Mom works in the bakery. Mom's name is Rosie. The whole town loves Rosie.

Mom makes the bread. Mom makes the cakes. Mom makes cookies too.

"Good morning, Evie," Mom says.

"Good morning, Mom," says Evie.

Evie is ready to help. She loves to help Mom.

Billy runs in. Billy is seven. He is Evie's little brother.

Billy is the taste tester. He tastes everything!

"Is the bread ready?" Billy asks.

"Not yet, Billy," says Mom.

Billy sits down. He waits. He does not like to wait.

Baby June is here too. June is the new baby. She is very small.

June has no words yet. She just says, "Ba, ba, ba!"

Evie smiles at her. "Hi, baby June," she says. Evie loves June. She helps take care of her.

Crumble is here too. Crumble is the shop dog. He is brown and soft.

Crumble knows one thing. He wants a cookie!

He sits and waits. He waits and waits.

"Not yet, Crumble," says Evie.

The bread is ready now. Mom takes it out of the oven. The bread is warm. The bread is soft.

Mom cuts one small piece. She gives it to Billy.

"Taste it, Billy," says Mom.

Billy takes a big bite. "Mmm! Good bread!" he says.

Crumble looks up. He wants some too.

"Here, Crumble," says Evie. She gives him a little bit.

Crumble eats it fast. Woof!

Ding, ding! The bell rings. A lady comes in.

"Good morning!" says Mom. "We have fresh bread today."

"Bread, please," says the lady.

The lady takes the bread. She smells it. "Oh, that smell!" she says. "I love it."

Evie smiles. She loves it too.

Now the shop is quiet again. It is just the family.

Evie has an idea. A big idea.

"Mom," says Evie. "It is Saturday soon."

"Yes, it is," says Mom.

"And Saturday is Grandpa's birthday!"

"Yes!" says Mom. "It is Grandpa's birthday."

Evie thinks about Grandpa. Grandpa lives near the bakery. He comes in every day. Grandpa is kind and funny. Evie loves him a lot.

Grandpa loves cake. He loves red cherries too.

Every year, Mom makes his birthday cake. But this year, Evie has a big idea.

"Mom," says Evie. "Can I make the cake?"

Mom looks at Evie.

"Can I make Grandpa's cake?" says Evie. "All by myself?"

The kitchen is quiet. Billy stops. Even Crumble looks up.

Mom smiles a big smile.

"Yes," she says. "You can. Your first cake."

"My first cake!" says Evie.

"Your first whole cake," says Mom. "All by yourself. And I am right here."

Billy jumps up. "A cake! Can I taste it?"

"Yes, Billy," says Evie. "You can taste it."

"Yay!" says Billy.

Crumble barks. Woof, woof!

Evie is so happy. A birthday cake for Grandpa! Her first cake!

She wants it to be the best cake. She wants Grandpa to smile.

Then Evie stops. She thinks and thinks.

A whole cake. All by herself.

That is a big job. That is a very big job.

Evie is happy. But she is a little scared too.

Can she really do it?

Chapter 2: What a cake needs



Evie is ready to bake.

But wait. What does a cake need?

“Mom,” says Evie. “What do we need?”

“Good question,” says Mom. “A cake needs many things.”

“Let’s make a list,” says Mom.

Evie loves a list. A list is a big help.

Mom gets some paper. Evie gets a pen.

“I will write the list,” says Evie.

“Good,” says Mom. “Now, what does a cake need?”

Evie thinks and thinks.

“Flour!” she says. “A cake needs flour.”

“Yes,” says Mom. “Write it down.”

Evie writes: flour.

“What else?” says Mom.

“Sugar!” says Evie. “A cake needs sugar. Sugar is sweet.”

“Yes,” says Mom. “Good. Write it down.”

Evie writes: sugar.

Billy runs in. “What do you need?” he asks.

“We need things for the cake,” says Evie.

“Can I help?” says Billy.

“Yes,” says Evie. “What does a cake need?”

Billy thinks hard. “Candy?” he says.

Mom laughs. “No, Billy. Not candy.”

“A cake needs eggs,” says Mom. “Two eggs.”

“Eggs!” says Evie. She writes: eggs.

“And butter,” says Mom. “A cake needs butter too.”

“Butter,” says Evie. She writes it down. Butter.

“What else?” asks Evie.

“Milk,” says Mom. “A cake needs milk.”

“Milk!” says Evie. She writes: milk.

Evie looks at the list.

“Flour, sugar, eggs, butter, milk,” she reads.

“That is a good list,” says Mom.

But Evie stops. One thing is not here.

“Grandpa loves cherries,” says Evie. “Red cherries!”

“Yes!” says Mom. “Grandpa loves cherries a lot.”

“The cake needs cherries too,” says Evie.

She writes one more thing: cherries.

Now the list is done.

Evie reads the list again.

“A cake needs flour. A cake needs sugar. A cake needs eggs. A cake needs butter. A cake needs milk. And the cake needs cherries!”

“Good job, Evie,” says Mom. “That is the list.”

Billy looks at the list. “That is a lot,” he says.

“Yes,” says Evie. “A cake needs a lot!”

Mom smiles. “Do not worry,” she says. “We can get it all.”

Now, what do they have?

“Let’s look,” says Mom. “Do we have flour?”

Evie looks. There is flour. A big bag of flour.

“Yes!” says Evie. “We have flour.”

“Good,” says Mom. “Do we have sugar?”

Evie looks. There is sugar. A big bag of sugar.

“Yes!” says Evie. “We have sugar too.”

“Good,” says Mom. “We have flour and sugar.”

Evie is happy. Two things — done!

“Do we have butter?” asks Evie.

Mom looks. “Yes. We have butter.”

“Do we have milk?” asks Evie.

Mom looks. “Yes. We have milk too.”

Evie smiles. “Flour, sugar, butter, milk. We have them all!”

But wait. Two more things.

“Do we have eggs?” says Evie.

Mom looks. She looks and looks.

"No," says Mom. "We have no eggs."

"No eggs?" says Evie.

"No eggs," says Mom. "We need eggs."

Evie looks at the list. "We need eggs," she says.

"And cherries?" says Evie. "Do we have cherries?"

Mom looks. "No," she says. "We have no cherries."

"No cherries?" says Billy. "But Grandpa loves cherries!"

"I know," says Mom. "We need cherries too."

Evie looks at the list one more time.

"We have flour. We have sugar. We have butter. We have milk," she says.

"But we need eggs. And we need cherries."

"Yes," says Mom. "We need eggs and cherries."

Billy jumps up. "Let's go get them!" he says.

"Where do we get eggs and cherries?" asks Evie.

"At the store," says Mom. "Down the street."

Evie is happy again. She has her list. She knows what they need.

"Come on," says Mom. "Get your coat."

Evie gets her coat. Billy gets his coat too.

Crumble runs to the door. Woof! He wants to go too.

"Not you, Crumble," says Mom. "You stay here."

Crumble sits down. He waits by the door.

Evie takes her list. She holds it tight.

"We need eggs," she says. "We need cherries."

"Let's go!" says Mom.

Time to go.

Chapter 3: Down the street



Evie and Mom go out. Billy comes too.

They walk down the street. Main Street is long. The sun is out. It is a nice day.

“I love Main Street,” says Evie.

“Me too,” says Billy.

They walk and walk. Down the street they go.

Evie holds her list. She holds it tight.

“We need eggs,” she says. “We need cherries.”

They pass the big maple tree. It stands by the town square. It is very tall.

“Hello, tree!” says Billy.

Evie laughs. They walk down the street.

Main Street has many stores. They pass the bread store. They pass the book store. They pass the hat store. So many stores on this street!

Then Evie sees a store. It is her friend's store. Sara's store.

Sara's family has a store on Main Street. They sell fruit. Apples, pears, and cherries. All fresh.

Sara is at the store. She sees Evie.

"Hi, Evie!" says Sara. She waves.

"Hi, Sara!" says Evie. She waves too.

"Where are you going?" asks Sara.

"We need eggs," says Evie. "And cherries. It is for Grandpa's cake."

"A cake!" says Sara. "How nice."

"Come back soon," says Sara.

"Yes!" says Evie.

Evie is happy. She loves to see Sara.

Now, on to the eggs. Where do they buy eggs?

"The egg store is close," says Mom. "Down the street."

They walk down the street. They go in the egg store. A man is at the store.

"Good morning," says the man. "What do you need?"

"We need eggs," says Mom. "Fresh eggs, please."

"Fresh eggs? Yes!" says the man. "I have fresh eggs. How many?"

Evie looks at her list. "Three eggs," she says. "Two for the cake. One more. Eggs can break."

"Three eggs," says the man. "Here you go."

The man gets the eggs. They are big and white.

"These eggs are fresh," says the man. "Fresh today."

"Good," says Mom. "We will buy the eggs."

Mom buys the three eggs. Evie is happy.

"We have eggs!" she says. "Fresh eggs!"

Now they need cherries. Red cherries for Grandpa.

"Where do we buy cherries?" asks Evie.

"At Sara's store," says Mom. "Let's go back."

They walk back down the street. Back to Sara's store.

"You are back!" says Sara. She is happy.

"We need cherries," says Evie. "Red cherries for Grandpa."

"We have red cherries," says Sara. "Big and red. Come and look."

The cherries are red. Big and red. Grandpa loves red cherries.

"Look!" says Evie. "Red cherries. So red!"

"These cherries are fresh," says Sara's dad. "Fresh and red."

"We will buy the cherries," says Mom. "We will buy a big bag."

Mom buys the red cherries. Now they have eggs and cherries.

"We have eggs. We have cherries," says Evie. "We have it all!"

Now, who can carry the cherries?

"Can I carry them?" says Billy. "I can carry the cherries!"

"Okay," says Mom. "You carry the cherries. But hold them tight."

"I will hold them tight," says Billy.

Billy carries the cherries. He holds the bag. He is happy.

"I am a big helper," says Billy.

"Yes, you are," says Mom.

They walk down the street. Evie carries the eggs. Billy carries the cherries.

But the cherries are red. So red. And Billy loves cherries too.

Billy looks at the cherries. He looks and looks.

"Just one," he says. "One little cherry."

Billy eats one cherry. Just one.

"Billy!" says Evie.

"It is so good," says Billy. He smiles.

Mom laughs. "Oh, Billy," she says. "One cherry is okay. But no more!"

"No more," says Billy. But he smiles again.

They walk down the street. Home to the bakery.

Evie is happy. They have fresh eggs. They have red cherries. They have it all.

"Come on, Billy," says Evie. "Carry them home."

"I will carry them," says Billy. "I will hold them tight!"

Down the street they go. Home to Rosie's Bakery.

"We have it all," says Evie. "Now we can bake. Time to bake!"

Chapter 4: Mix, mix, mix



Evie and Billy are home. They are in the kitchen. Mom is there too. Crumble is there too.

“Now we bake,” says Evie. “First, aprons on.”

Evie has an apron. It is yellow. She puts it on. Billy has an apron too. His apron is small and blue.

“My apron is blue,” says Billy. “I like my apron.”

“Aprons on!” says Evie. “Now we can bake.”

Mom smiles. “Good. Aprons on. Let’s bake.”

Mom sits close by. She wants to watch. “You bake, Evie,” says Mom. “I am right here.”

“Thank you, Mom,” says Evie. She is happy.

Evie gets a big bowl. It is a big white bowl.

“We need a bowl,” says Evie. “A big bowl for the cake.”

She puts the bowl on the table. The big bowl is ready.

"Now the flour," says Evie.

She puts flour in the bowl. Flour, flour, flour. White flour in the big bowl.

"Now the sugar," says Evie.

She puts sugar in the bowl. Sugar in the big bowl too.

"Now the butter," says Evie.

She puts butter in the bowl. Flour, sugar, and butter. All in the big bowl.

"Now the eggs," says Evie. "We need two eggs."

Evie gets the eggs. They are big and white.

"I crack the eggs," says Evie. "Watch me crack them."

Evie cracks one egg. Crack! The egg goes in the bowl.

"One egg," she says. "Now two."

Evie cracks the next egg. Crack! Two eggs in the bowl.

"Two eggs!" says Evie. "I can crack eggs."

Billy looks. He wants to crack an egg too.

"I crack an egg!" says Billy. "I can do it too."

"Okay, Billy," says Mom. "One egg. Crack it slow."

Billy gets an egg. He holds it. He wants to crack it.

But the egg is not in the bowl. Crack! The egg is on the floor.

"Oh no!" says Billy. "My egg is on the floor."

Evie laughs. Mom laughs too.

"It is okay, Billy," says Mom. "Eggs can fall. We clean it up."

Then Crumble comes. Crumble sees the egg. Crumble is happy.

"Crumble!" says Billy. "No, no!"

But Crumble licks the egg. Lick, lick, lick. The floor is clean now.

"Crumble helps!" says Billy. "Good dog, Crumble!"

Crumble wags his tail. He likes eggs a lot.

Mom laughs. "Crumble is a good helper," she says. "Now, no more eggs on the floor."

"No more," says Billy. He smiles.

Now the bowl is ready. Flour, sugar, butter, and two eggs. All in the big bowl.

"Now we mix," says Evie. "We mix it all."

Evie gets a big spoon. It is a big wooden spoon.

"I need a spoon," she says. "A big spoon to mix."

Evie mixes with the spoon. Mix, mix, mix. She mixes it all.

"I mix," says Evie. "I mix the cake."

"Can I mix?" says Billy. "I want to mix too."

"Okay," says Evie. "You mix too. But hold the bowl."

Billy holds the bowl. Evie mixes with the spoon. Mix, mix, mix.

"Mix it up," says Billy. "Mix, mix, mix!"

"I mix it up," says Evie. She mixes and mixes.

Now Evie stirs. She stirs with the spoon. Stir, stir, stir.

"I stir," says Evie. "Stir and stir."

She stirs the flour. She stirs the sugar. She stirs it all.

"Stir, stir, stir," says Billy. "You stir a lot!"

"Yes," says Evie. "I stir and stir."

Evie stirs and stirs. The batter is soft now. The batter is ready.

"Look, Mom!" says Evie. "The batter is ready."

Mom looks in the bowl. "Good job, Evie," she says. "The batter is ready."

Evie is happy. She stirs one more time.

"Now what?" says Billy.

Evie gets the pan. It is a big round pan.

"Now the pan," says Evie. "The batter goes in the pan."

She holds the pan. She looks at the bowl.

"Into the pan!" says Evie. "The batter goes in the pan!"

Chapter 5: Into the oven



Evie holds the pan. The batter is in the bowl. Now the batter goes in the pan.

“I pour the batter,” says Evie. “Watch me pour.”

Evie pours the batter. Pour, pour, pour. The batter goes in the pan.

“I pour it all,” says Evie. “The batter is in the pan.”

Billy looks. “You pour well, Evie,” he says.

“Can I pour too?” says Billy.

“Not now, Billy,” says Evie. “I pour the cake. You watch me.”

“Okay,” says Billy. He watches Evie pour.

“Thank you, Billy,” says Evie. She pours the last bit. Pour, pour. The bowl is empty now.

“All done,” says Evie. “The pan is full.”

The batter is soft and yellow. The cake is ready to bake.

"Now the oven," says Evie. "The cake goes in the oven."

Mom comes close. "Yes," says Mom. "Into the oven. But the oven is hot."

"The oven is hot?" says Billy.

"Yes, Billy," says Mom. "The oven is very hot. Very, very hot. I do this part."

"Okay, Mom," says Evie. "You do the hot oven."

Mom opens the oven. Evie feels the hot air.

"Oh!" says Evie. "The oven is hot!"

"Yes," says Mom. "A hot oven bakes the cake. Step back, Billy."

Billy steps back. "The oven is hot," says Billy. "I step back."

Mom holds the pan. She slides it in the oven. The cake is in the hot oven now.

"There," says Mom. "The cake is in the oven."

Mom shuts the oven. The hot oven bakes the cake.

"Now we wait," says Mom. "The cake needs time."

"We wait?" says Billy. "How long?"

"We wait," says Mom. "Wait, wait, wait. The cake bakes slow."

Evie sits down. Billy sits down too. They wait.

"I can wait," says Evie. "I wait for the cake."

Billy taps his feet. "I wait too," says Billy. "But it is hard."

They wait. Tick, tick, tick. The clock is slow. The oven is hot. The cake bakes.

Then Evie smells something. She smells the cake.

"Mmm," says Evie. "I smell the cake. It smells sweet."

Billy smells it too. "Sweet!" says Billy. "It smells so sweet."

The bakery smells sweet. The warm smell is everywhere. Sweet, sweet, sweet.

"The cake smells sweet," says Mom. "That is a good smell."

"I love the sweet smell," says Evie. "It smells so good."

Evie thinks of Grandpa. "This cake is for Grandpa," she says. "Grandpa loves cake."

"Grandpa loves cake a lot," says Billy.

"Yes," says Evie. "His birthday is Saturday. This is his cake."

"A sweet cake for Grandpa," says Mom. "He will be so happy."

Billy gets up. He goes to the oven. He wants to look.

"Billy," says Mom. "Not too close. The oven is hot."

Billy peeks in the oven. "I see the cake!" says Billy. "Is it done? Can we eat it?"

"Not yet, Billy," says Evie. "We wait."

"But it smells so sweet," says Billy. "I want cake now."

"Not yet," says Mom. "The cake is not done. We wait more."

Billy sits down. "Wait, wait, wait," says Billy. "I do not like to wait."

Evie laughs. "I know, Billy," she says. "But a good cake needs time."

Crumble comes too. Crumble smells the sweet cake. Crumble wags his tail.

"Even Crumble waits," says Evie. "We all wait."

They wait and wait. The oven is hot. The cake smells sweet.

Billy peeks again. "Now?" says Billy.

"Not yet," says Evie.

Billy waits. Then he peeks again. "Now?" says Billy.

"Not yet, Billy," says Evie. "Wait, wait, wait."

Mom looks at the clock. "Soon," says Mom. "The cake is almost done."

"Almost!" says Billy. "I can wait for almost."

Evie looks at the oven. The cake is in the hot oven. It smells so sweet.

“Come on, cake,” says Evie. “Bake, bake, bake.”

The oven is hot. The bakery smells sweet. And they wait.

Is the cake done? Evie wants to see.

Chapter 6: Oh no



“The cake is done!” says Mom. “Now we look.”

Mom opens the oven. She takes out the pan. The cake is warm. The cake smells sweet.

“I see it!” says Billy. “I see the cake!”

Evie looks at the cake. She is so happy. This is her first cake!

“It smells so good,” says Evie. “Grandpa will love it.”

But then Evie stops. She looks at the cake again.

“Oh,” says Evie. “Oh no.”

“What?” says Billy. “What is it?”

Evie looks at the cake. One side is high. One side is low.

“Look,” says Evie. “This side is low. The cake is not flat.”

Mom looks too. “Yes,” says Mom. “One side is low.”

"Why is it low?" says Evie. "Why is this side low?"

Billy looks down. Billy is quiet.

"Billy?" says Mom. "Do you know?"

"I… I bumped the table," says Billy. "I bumped it. I am sorry."

"You bumped the table?" says Evie.

"Yes," says Billy. "I ran in the kitchen. I bumped the table. The pan moved. I am sorry, Evie."

Evie looks at Billy. Billy looks sad.

"It is okay, Billy," says Evie. "You bumped it. But you did not mean to."

"I am sorry," says Billy. "I am so sorry."

"I know," says Evie. "It is okay, Billy."

But Evie is sad too. She looks at the low side. Her face falls.

"It's not perfect," says Evie. "My cake is not perfect. This side is low. It is not perfect."

Evie sits down. She feels sad. Her first cake, and it is not perfect.

Mom comes close. Mom gives Evie a big hug.

"Come here," says Mom. "Here is a hug."

Evie feels the hug. It is a warm hug. She feels a little better.

"That's okay," says Mom. "It's okay, Evie."

"But it's not perfect," says Evie. "One side is low."

"That's okay," says Mom. "A cake does not need to be perfect. We can fix it."

"Fix it?" says Evie. "We can fix the cake?"

"Yes," says Mom. "We can fix it. We fix it together."

Evie looks up. "How?" says Evie. "How do we fix a low side?"

"With icing," says Mom. "We put icing on the cake. Icing hides everything."

"Icing?" says Billy. "The white icing?"

"Yes," says Mom. "Soft white icing. We put it on the cake. It hides the low side. No one sees it."

Evie thinks. "The icing hides the low side?" she says.

"Yes," says Mom. "Icing hides everything. The cake looks perfect."

Evie smiles a little. "We can fix it," she says.

"We can fix it," says Mom. "You and me. We fix it together."

Billy jumps up. "I can help too!" says Billy. "I can help fix the cake!"

Evie laughs. "Okay, Billy," she says. "You can help. But no more bumps!"

"No more bumps!" says Billy. "I do not run. I walk. I walk slow."

Evie gives Billy a hug too. "It's okay, Billy," she says. "I am not mad. We fix the cake together."

"Together," says Billy. "I like together."

Mom smiles. "Good," she says. "A low side is a small thing. We can fix a small thing."

Evie looks at the cake. One side is low. But now she is not sad.

"It's okay," says Evie. "We can fix it. The icing hides the low side."

"Yes," says Mom. "And Grandpa will love it. A cake with love is the best cake."

Evie stands up. She feels good now. Her cake is not perfect. But that is okay.

"Let's fix it," says Evie. "Let's make the icing!"

"First we wait," says Mom. "The cake is warm. We need a cool cake."

"A cool cake?" says Evie.

"Yes," says Mom. "We wait for the cake to cool. A warm cake is too soft. Then we fix it."

Evie looks at the warm cake. She looks at the low side. The icing will hide it.

"Okay," says Evie. "We wait. Then we fix the cake."

Billy sits down. "Wait, wait, wait," says Billy. "Not again!"

Evie laughs. "Yes, Billy," she says. "We wait one more time."

The cake sits on the table. One side is low. But that is okay now.

Can they fix the cake? Evie wants to try.

Chapter 7: Cherries on top



“The cake is cool now,” says Mom. “Feel it.”

Evie feels the cake. It is not warm. It is cool.

“Yes,” says Evie. “The cake is cool. Now we fix it!”

“Now we make the icing,” says Mom.

Evie is happy. “The icing!” she says. “The soft white icing!”

Mom gets a bowl. She puts in sugar. She puts in butter. She puts in a little milk.

“Now we mix,” says Mom. “Mix and mix.”

Evie mixes the icing. She mixes and mixes. The icing gets soft. The icing gets white.

“Look, Mom!” says Evie. “The icing is soft. The icing is white!”

“Good,” says Mom. “Soft white icing. Now we put it on the cake.”

Evie takes a big spoon. She takes some icing. She puts it on the top of the cake.

"I put icing on the top," says Evie. "The top of the cake."

"Yes," says Mom. "Now spread it. Spread the icing."

"Spread it?" says Evie.

"Yes," says Mom. "Spread the icing over the top. Move the spoon. Spread it out."

Evie spreads the icing. She moves the spoon. She spreads the icing over the top. Left and right. Left and right.

"I spread it!" says Evie. "I spread the icing!"

"Good girl," says Mom. "Now spread it over the low side too."

Evie spreads the icing over the low side. More icing. She spreads and spreads.

"Look!" says Evie. "The low side! I cannot see it!"

Mom looks. "No," says Mom. "You cannot see the low side. The icing hides it."

Evie is so happy. "The icing hides the low side!" she says. "You are right, Mom!"

Billy comes to look. "Where is the low side?" says Billy. "I do not see it!"

"The icing hides it," says Evie. "The low side is gone. Now I see only icing."

"Wow," says Billy. "The icing hides everything!"

Now Evie makes the top smooth. She moves the spoon slow. She makes the icing flat. She makes the icing smooth.

"Smooth," says Evie. "I make the top smooth."

"Yes," says Mom. "Slow and smooth. A smooth top."

Evie moves the spoon. Slow, slow. The top is smooth now. The top is white and smooth.

"Look at the top," says Evie. "It is so smooth!"

"It is very smooth," says Mom. "Good job, Evie."

Now Evie stops. She looks at the cherries. The red cherries.

"Now the cherries," says Evie. "Grandpa loves cherries."

"Yes," says Mom. "Cherries on top. You put cherries on every cake."

Evie takes a cherry. She puts it on the top. One.

"One," says Evie.

She takes one more. Two.

"Two," says Evie.

She takes one more. Three.

"Three," says Evie. "One, two, three."

The cherries go in a ring. One cherry, one cherry, one cherry — in a ring.

"Look, Mom," says Evie. "The cherries go in a ring. A red ring on top."

"A ring of cherries," says Mom. "Very nice, Evie."

Billy looks at the cherries. "Can I eat one?" says Billy.

"No, Billy!" says Evie. "The cherries are for Grandpa. Not for you!"

Billy laughs. "Okay, okay," he says. "For Grandpa."

Now Evie takes red icing. She writes on the cake. She writes with the red icing.

"G," says Evie. "R… A… N… D… P… A."

"Grandpa!" says Billy. "It says Grandpa!"

"Yes," says Evie. "'Grandpa' in red. For Grandpa's birthday."

Evie steps back. She looks at the cake. The white top. The smooth icing. The ring of cherries. And "Grandpa" in red.

"Oh," says Evie. "It is beautiful."

"It is," says Mom. "It is a beautiful cake."

"A beautiful cake!" says Billy. "The most beautiful cake!"

Evie is so proud. Her first cake. And it is beautiful.

"I fixed it," says Evie. "The low side is gone. And the cake is beautiful."

"You fixed it," says Mom. "You made a beautiful cake, Evie. All by yourself."

Evie smiles big. She looks at the cake one more time. The icing is smooth. The cherries are in a ring. It is beautiful.

"The cake is ready," says Evie. "It is ready for Grandpa."

"Yes," says Mom. "Tomorrow is the party. Tomorrow we give it to Grandpa."

Evie looks at her beautiful cake. Tomorrow is the party. Tomorrow!

Chapter 8: Happy birthday, Grandpa!



It is Saturday. Today is the party. Today is Grandpa's birthday.

The bakery is full. Mom is here. Dad is here. Billy is here. Baby June is here. Crumble the dog is here too. And Sara comes to the party. Grandpa sits in his big chair.

"Where is my cake?" says Grandpa. "I want to see it!"

"Wait, Grandpa," says Evie. "Here it comes."

The cake is on a big plate. Evie picks up the plate. She holds it with two hands.

"I carry the cake," says Evie. "I carry it to Grandpa."

"Slow," says Mom. "Carry it slow."

"Yes," says Evie. "Slow and careful."

Evie walks. She is slow. She is careful. She carries the cake with two hands.

"Careful, Evie," says Mom. "Careful, careful."

Evie walks slow. One step. Two steps. She carries the cake. She is very careful.

The party is quiet. Everyone looks at Evie. She carries the cake to the table.

Then Billy jumps up. “The cake! The cake!” says Billy.

His foot slips. Oh no!

Everyone stops. No one moves. Mom stops. Dad stops. Sara stops.

But Evie holds the cake tight. She holds it with two hands. The cake does not fall.

“The cake is safe!” says Evie.

“Good girl,” says Mom. “You are so careful.”

Billy sits down. “Sorry, Evie,” says Billy.

“It is okay, Billy,” says Evie. “The cake is safe.”

Evie walks the last step. Slow and careful. She puts the cake on the table. Right in front of Grandpa.

Grandpa looks at the cake. He sees the white icing. He sees the red cherries. He sees “Grandpa” in red.

Grandpa smiles big. “Oh!” says Grandpa. “What a cake! It is beautiful!”

“I made it for you,” says Evie. “All by myself.”

“For me?” says Grandpa. “Thank you, Evie!”

Now Mom puts candles on the cake. One, two, three candles. The candles are little. Mom lights the candles. The candles are warm.

Billy counts the candles. “One, two, three!” says Billy. “Three little candles!”

“Look at the candles,” says Billy. “Pretty!”

Everyone sings. “Happy birthday, Grandpa! Happy birthday to you!”

Grandpa is happy. He looks at the little candles. He takes a big breath. And he blows. Puff! The candles go out.

"Hooray!" says Billy. "Happy birthday, Grandpa!"

Now Mom cuts the cake. She gives Grandpa the first piece.

Grandpa takes a bite. He eats the cake. He takes one more bite.

"Mmm," says Grandpa. "This cake is so good. This is the best cake in Maple Falls!"

Evie is so happy. "The best cake?" says Evie.

"Yes," says Grandpa. "The best cake. And I love the cherries!"

Evie smiles. "Cherries on top," says Evie. "You love cherries, Grandpa."

"I do," says Grandpa. "I love the cherries most of all."

Billy wants a bite too. "Can I have a bite?" says Billy.

"Yes, Billy," says Evie. "A bite for you."

Mom gives Billy a piece. Billy takes a big bite. "Mmm!" says Billy. "So good!"

Mom gives Sara a piece too. Sara takes a bite. "Yum!" says Sara.

Crumble comes too. Crumble wants a cookie.

"Not the cake, Crumble," says Evie. "A cookie for you."

Everyone laughs.

Evie looks at Grandpa. Grandpa eats his cake. He is happy.

"The cake is not perfect," says Evie. "One side is low. But we fixed it. And we made it together."

"It is perfect to me," says Grandpa. "Thank you, Evie."

Grandpa gives Evie a big hug. Evie is so proud. Her first cake. All by herself. And Grandpa loves it.

Then Sara comes to Evie. "Evie," says Sara. "The cake is so good. Can you teach me too? I want to bake, too."

Evie smiles big. "Yes!" says Evie. "We bake together. It does not have to be perfect. We make it together."

"Yes!" says Sara. "Together!"

Evie looks at her cake. She looks at Grandpa. She looks at Sara.

Evie is so happy. And she is so proud.

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