Chocolate Cake

When I was a boy, I had a favourite treat, chocolate cake. It was not just any chocolate cake, oh know it was my mum’s chocolate cake with chocolate sauce running out and butter cream oozing out! I would sit licking my lips every time she had baked one.

One day she did, and she said, “if there is any chocolate cake left you can have some. One night there was a piece left.

 So being the mischievous child that I was, I could not think about anything else expect the chocolate cake.

Lying in bed, wide awake I pictured the scrunches chocolate cake in the cabinet. (just wating to be eaten)

 I took the sheets of my bed and placed my foot down on the bedroom carpet. One foot two foot, I opened the door”creeeeeeek”the noise nearly woke my mum and dad. I crept downstairs and into the kitchen; I looked at the cake my mouth watered.

 I ate the whole cholate cake it was covered with cholate sauce.

 I felt a little guilty so I ran upstairs and went into my bedroom and went to sleep.

 The next morning, I ran downstairs and ate all my breakfast.

 Feeling worried, that my mum might find out I looked down at the floor trying to hide my guilt. Surprisingly, she said there is some chocolate cake left over for you in the cabinet as soon as she said that my heart was in my mouth. I realised that she was glaring at me with her two beady eyes, her face started to go red like a tomato and purple like a beetroot. Her hair stood up on end. Suddenly my mum yelled says “there is slice of chocolate cake missing”

You ate it didn’t you? You little… but before she could say anything, I ran out the say all the way to school.

That was the last I ever had stole chocolate cake.

