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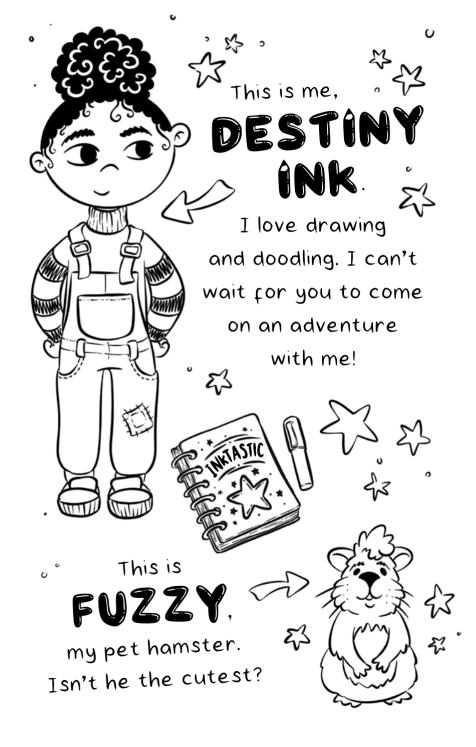
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My school is holding a baking competition and I'm going to make a carrot cake for it. Carrots make me think of my pet hamster, FUZZY. They are his favourite so I'm sure everyone will like my cake. I really want my cake to be the **BEST** because the winning prize is a glow-in-the-dark paint set.



Inktastic is my catchphrase. It's a mash-up of my two favourite words: *fantastic*, and my surname, *Ink*. Do you get it?



I can't stop imagining all the cool things I could paint in my sketchbook. I hope I win.

Dad is the baker in our family -

he's super good at making biscuits, muffins and especially chocolate brownies.

But Grampa hurt his back, so Dad is helping run

errands for him. But that's



OK, Mum is going to help me bake and decorate my cake instead. I find Mum in the kitchen, holding a cookbook with crinkled edges and Post-it notes sticking out of it at all angles.

"Ready to get started?" she asks.

"Ready. Steady. **BAKE!**" I say. Mum opens the cookbook and flicks through the pages. "Stop!" I shout when I spot the

RROT

INGREDIENTS:

CAKF

1. Preheat

Grease

The carrot cake in the photo
looks SO YUMMY! It's golden
and squishy, with big fluffy icing that looks like soft clouds. It has
carrot decorations. Looking at it
makes my mouth water.

£3

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recipe we need.

 \times \wedge \wedge \times \sim J X ድ'> "Can we start now?" I ask. 🕱 bouncing up and down. 57 "Let me just reread the instructions," Mum says. "I've never made a carrot cake before." "I want the cake to be ష్ **PERFECT!**" I say, thinking of the prize I'll win. 2 "Baking isn't about being Х perfect," Mum says. "It's about having fun!" I think about the fun I'll have painting awesome glow-in-the-dark pictures. ೠ "OK, ready," Mum says after Ł what feels like forever. "Let's get our ingredients and equipment."

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She calls out the items we need. one by one, and I race around the kitchen collecting them and putting them on the counter. I like seeing how quickly I can bring things back.

"Flour!" she calls, and I grab the big plastic container with the colourful lid.

"Sugar and pecans!" she shouts, and I rush to the cupboard.

"Baking powder!" she adds, and I find the small tub on the shelf.

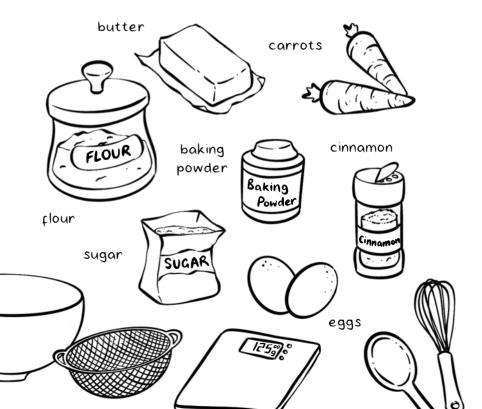
"Carrots!" she says, and I dash to the fridge.

"Eggs and butter!" she calls, and I dart back to the fridge.

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"Finally ... cinnamon!" she says, and I reach up to the spice rack and put the small glass jar on the worktop.

Mum has got out all the equipment and lined everything up next to the ingredients. Time to bake!



We wash our hands and then I get my **INKTASTIC** apron from the hook on the back of the door. Mum helps me tie the straps in a knot behind me, then puts her apron on too.

Granny Gail made me my own apron with **INKTASTIC** stitched on to it. She's really

good at arts and crafts. She also made me a special cape to wear for a magic show I did at the community talent show!



"First we need to prepare the carrots and the pecans," Mum says, reading from the cookbook. "You can wash and peel the carrots while I chop the pecans."

I use the little step we have for me to reach the sink. Washing the carrots is really easy. A bunch of water splashes on me, but that's OK because I'm wearing my apron.

Peeling the carrots isn't easy though. The peeler is fiddly, so Mum has to help me and it takes **AGES**.

We then grate the carrots, saving the leftover stubs for Fuzzy. He'll be super happy to eat them later.



"Now we need to mix the dry ingredients together," says Mum. We measure the ingredients and add them all to the same bowl. I grab the wooden spoon and start mixing but an explosion of flour goes EVERYWHERE. \mathcal{C}

"Maybe go a little slower, Destiny." Mum laughs as she wipes the flour from her face. "Oops ... SORRY!" I say as I start mixing again, this time a lot more carefully. Next, we add the wet ingredients to the dry ingredients. I'm in charge of cracking the eggs. I grab an egg and bang it on to the edge of the bowl. The egg **SMASHES**. Yolk oozes everywhere. Eggshell scatters everywhere. 13

I look down at the cake mixture we've been working so hard on and it is filled with bits of shell. OHNO!

