

Anyway,  
once we had this chocolate cake for tea  
and later I went to bed  
but while I was in bed  
I found myself waking up  
licking my lips  
and smiling.  
I woke up proper.  
'The chocolate cake.'  
It was the first thing  
I thought of.

I could almost see it  
so I thought,  
what if I go downstairs  
and have a little nibble, yeah?

It was all dark  
everyone was in bed  
so it must have been really late  
but I got out of bed,  
crept out of the door

there's always a creaky floorboard, isn't there?

Past Mum and Dad's room,  
careful not to tread on bits of broken toys  
or bits of Lego  
you know what it's like treading on Lego  
with your bare feet,

yowwww  
shhhhhhh

downstairs  
into the kitchen  
open the cupboard  
and there it is  
all shining.

So I take it out of the cupboard  
put it on the table  
and I see that  
there's a few crumbs lying about on the plate,  
so I lick my finger and run my finger all over the crumbs  
scooping them up  
and put them into my mouth.

Ooooooooooooooooooooo nice.

Then I look again  
and on one side where it's been cut,  
it's all crumbly.

So I take a knife  
I think I'll just tidy that up a bit,  
cut off the crumbly bits  
scoop them all up  
and into the mouth

oooooooooooo mmmm nice.

Look at the cake again.

That looks a bit funny now,  
one side doesn't match the other  
I'll just even it up a bit, eh?

Take the knife  
and slice.  
This time the knife makes a little cracky noise  
as it goes through that hard icing on top.

A whole slice this time,  
into the mouth.

Oh the icing on top  
and the icing in the middle  
ohhhhhh oooo mmmmmm.

But now  
I can't stop myself  
Knife -  
I just take any old slice at it  
and I've got this great big chunk  
and I'm cramming it in  
what a greedy pig  
but it's so nice,

and there's another  
and another and I'm squealing and I'm smacking my lips  
and I'm stuffing myself with it  
and before I know I've eaten the lot.  
The whole lot.

I look at the plate.  
It's all gone.

Oh no  
they're bound to notice, aren't they,  
a whole chocolate cake doesn't just disappear  
does it?

What shall I do?