

## The Great Pancake-Make

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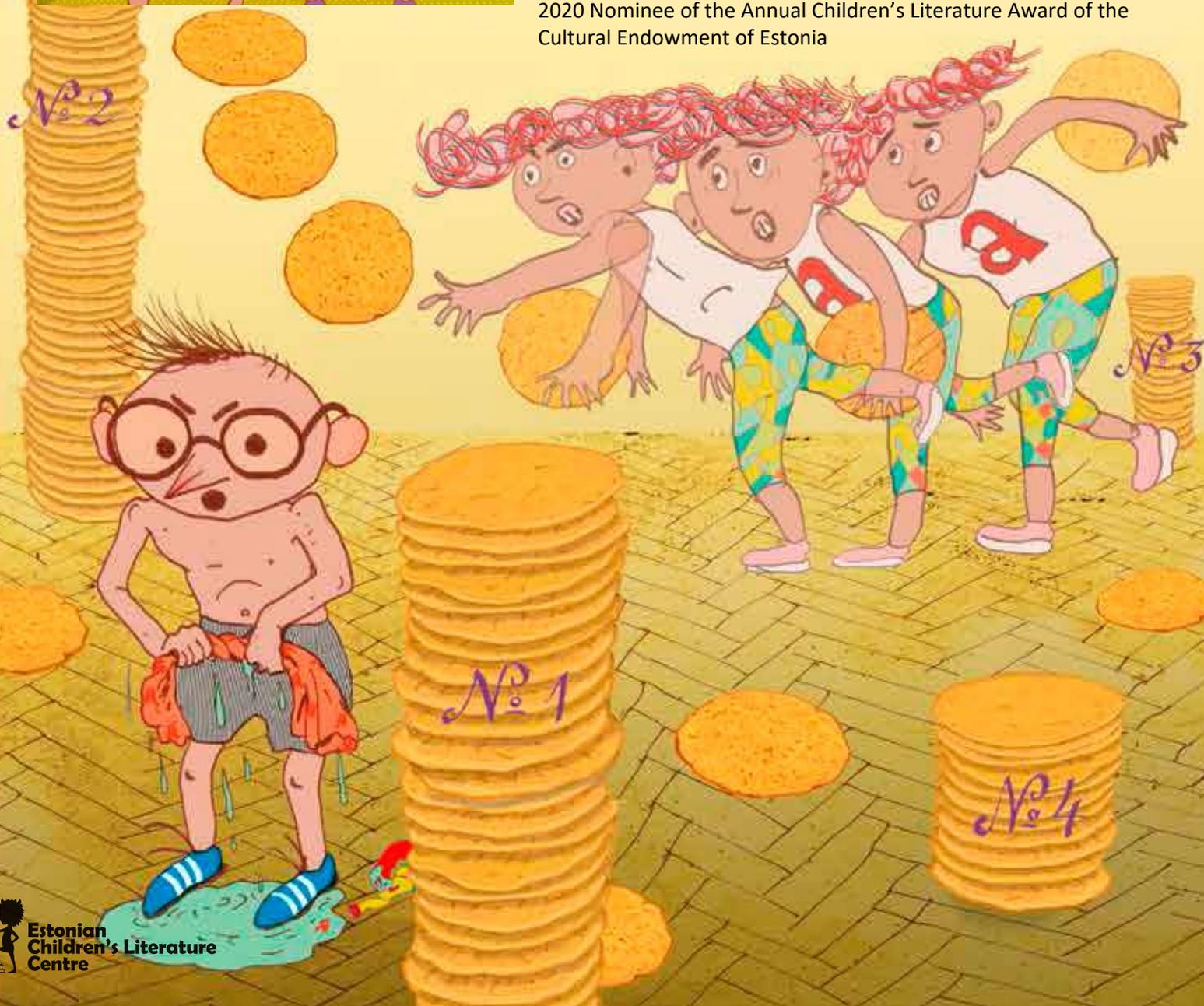
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Picturebook, fiction

Age: 5+

While Mom and Dad are still resting from their busy week early one Saturday morning, the kids decide to make pancakes on their own. Although there are several cookbooks on the kitchen shelves, the children decide to go with their instincts and take a creative approach to making the batter. The first attempt comes out too thick, and then becomes too runny when they add more milk. By the time they get it to be just the right consistency, it fills the whole bathtub! Who on earth can make so many pancakes, and who could ever eat all of them?

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Around seven o'clock on a bright Sunday morning  
mum & dad, after a hard week, were a-bed snoring  
My pal Anna knocked at our door and came in  
"Let's do some cooking," she said with a grin  
We'd work as a team, make a roast, cook some buns  
maybe porridge or better – something sweet to our tongues!  
A big plate of pancakes - that was our plan.  
I agreed right away and that's how it began.

But how to make pancakes? What sort should they be?  
How thick or how thin and just how many?  
We paused a little, but wouldn't give up,  
'cause whoever can't cook can look in a book.  
There are lots of cook-books on our kitchen shelf  
they're there for just browsing, if nothing else.  
Our Estonian Salme or Anni, are both popular  
but our favorite, who else?, is, of course, Jamie Oliver!

Anna took down a book, and turned to a page,  
but I could not read yet, I was too young an age:  
"Come on, Ants, be useful, move your legs!  
Go to the fridge and get me four eggs!  
Find a bowl, some flour, that's what we need..."  
I did this and thought, as I followed her lead,  
how Anna can turn her hand to anything or end:  
she's a smart teacher, not just a girl friend.

And she's older than me, about 18 months, I thought.  
So I obeyed when I heard, "Where's the sugar and salt?  
Where is the milk, and is it unpasteurized?"  
I had no idea, but cheerfully nodded and sighed:  
"Oh yes" (I hate fights and what use is pride?)

Everything's on the table, or nearby someplace other,  
the flour's in the bowl and all mixed together.  
Crack, crack! Anna broke all the eggs into the bowl,  
opened the milk, tipped it, poured it over the whole.  
Then it was my turn - I grabbed the beater,  
I'd earn my cake like no other cake-eater!

Beating so carefully so's the flour won't spill  
is tougher than ten squats of gym class drill!  
Anna stood beside me - "let me have a go" .  
I said "no," and, uninterrupted, made the dough grow  
the whisker whiskers beat the yolks, and the dough changed  
yellower and yellower – all was rearranged!

Finally my arm got tired, but, luckily for our plan,  
Anna shouted, just in time, "OK, heat the frying pan!"  
In the fridge Anna found a quarter pack of butter  
soon it sizzled in the pan - splutter, splutter, splutter!

In the melted butter, the batter was smooth and light,  
but the pancake, the little rascal, did not turn out right:  
over all, our poor pancake was not at all as it should be—  
something had gone badly wrong, it was plain for us to see.  
The pancake was all lumpy - the brown crust had fried,  
but it was thick as bread with chewing gum inside.

Something's wrong with the batter, whatever could it be?  
Mom would surely tell us what if she came down to see.  
But we didn't want this, we left her to her sleep,  
"We've put in too much flour!" –I spoke up with a peep:  
"There's too much flour in the dough - it's too thick, d'you see?"  
but Anna didn't think so - she did not agree.  
Hmm .. she's entitled to her view, but it was fixed in her head,  
too little milk was the problem – and we had pancake-bread

A little more, a lot less –  
Let's go crazy! Make a mess!  
In cake-making all's connected  
and the outcome will be affected.

Anna stood firm, and her reasoning was strong,  
And so, just like I had before, I nodded and went along:  
milk must be added -fill the bowl up to the brim  
(and you can't take out the flour the way you put it in).  
The mixture grew! The dough curled, out of the bowl it grew,  
over the table, all over the floor and all over Anna's socks too.  
And my shirt sleeves - they dangled down into the dough  
Will this make the pancakes tastier? I really hope so!