

## TICKLE CAKES

by

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A few hours before dawn,  
Baker Becky Bickle was busy . . .

Baking a batch of huckleberry muffins,  
Mixing batter for blackberry scones,  
And rolling dough for yummy plum buns.

Baker Becky's arms were dusted with flour,  
Her nose sprinkled with sugar,  
Her cheek speckled with yummy plum jam.

She slopped out batter, thick and sweet.  
She plopped out dough to knead with care,  
All while Carmel the Cat sat and watched.

Ding!  
The muffins were done.

Baker Becky bustled to the oven.  
Her elbow bumped a bottle of oil,  
Which spilled and oozed,  
And ran beneath her shoes.

Baker Becky flew up,  
And fell down,  
Landing on her arm.  
CRACK!