

Lela, Me, and the Cake

Walking straight down till the end of Altonen Street, there will be a row of green houses on the left side and a row of yellow houses on the right side. Yes, this is the district where my sister Lela and I live in. We live in one of the green houses on the left side. But this story is not about where we live, this is about Lela and me! Lela is my sister. She has lovely curly hair and Mom always ties a bow right on her head. I think I must be the cutest little boy in the world. Although Lela says I can only rank second in cuteness because she is number one. I am five years old and Lela is six. I cannot tell you how much I love Lela because she is the only sister I have. Meanwhile, I can never tell you how much I hate her because she is my elder sister, not a younger one. You will know why I love her and hate her at the same time if you read the following story thoroughly.

One comfortable morning, the sun smoothly poured on my face through the window, making me felt so cozy that I did not want to get off the bed. Lela woke me up with an excited smile on her face. "Guess what?" Lela said exaggeratedly, "I saw a big, round cake in the fridge!" I love cakes! So I crept down from my warm bed immediately and encircled my fingers to show Lela a round, hollow hole.



"A cake like this big?" I asked.

"No," Lela frowned to show how stupid I was, "much more bigger than that." I took out a piece of paper and my favorite purple crayon, and drew a palatable big, round cake with candles on it.

"Like this?" I asked satisfactorily and watered with hunger at the same time.



"Wrong again," Lela answered, a bit anxious, "bigger and with cream on it." Then I drew a bigger cake with cream on the edge of the cake. The cake was so big that I almost drew out of the paper and left the spot on the floor.

"Is this big enough?" I cannot wait to eat the cake.

"Almost.... Yes!" Lela finally got the picture she wanted. "Do you want to see it now?" she asked the question I have been waiting for so long.

“Yes, of course yes, can I have a big piece of it too? I am starving to death now.” I replied as soon as possible. Then we rushed to the refrigerator in the next minute. There was really a cake laid right in the middle of the fridge! At the moment when we took out the cake, a loud voice came behind us.

“Do not touch it!!!” Mom shouted.

“That is the cake for your aunts Emma and aunt Alice.” She took the cake away from our hand and put it back right in the middle of the fridge.

“See~ I told you Mom won’t let you eat the cake.” Lela mocked at me just like she is mom’s echo. Now you can see why I hate her. She is such an apple-polisher. But at this moment, I could not (or I should not) argue with her or Mom would definitely punish us.

“I am sorry, Mom.” I surrendered but my eyes could not leave the cake.

“I love aunts Emma and Alice very much, so maybe we should leave here before I cannot control my desire to eat it.” I told Lela.

“No,” Lela demolished my suggestion again, “I will sit right in front of the cake to protect it, or someone like you will come and eat it up!”

“Then I will sit with you,” I sat down next to Lela, “because I don’t want the cake to be eaten by anyone else, too.” Then, we sat on the floor for several minutes.

Finally, Lela whispered to me, “Maybe we should check the cake every now and then.” So we did. The cake was so fine and round every time we opened the door of the fridge. About the tenth time we checked the cake, Lela said, “What if the cream on the top is getting sour?”

“No way,” I cried out.

“If the cream is getting sour, our dear aunts will have stomachache.” Lela told me seriously.

“I don’t want our aunts Emma and Alice to get stomachache!” I started to weep.

“Me either,” Lela said sadly, “I think I’ve got a great idea. We should eat the cream to test if the cream is getting sour.”

“Good idea, it would be better if we got stomachache, not our aunts.” Suddenly I thought Lela was smarter than me. So we took out the cake carefully and both of us bit a piece of cake together. Uh...it was really a nice cake, very delicious, soft, and sweet. Most important of all, the cream was not getting sour.

“The cream is cool and soft, this is a nice cake!” I said with a satisfied smile on my face. “Thank God our aunts won’t get sick!” I kept on saying.



“We only eat one side,” Lela spoke with cream around her mouth, “what if other sides are getting sour now?”

“That’s too bad!” I worried. So we ate every side of the cake to make sure that the cake was not spoiled. After we had our last bite, Lela started to worry again.

“What if the middle of the cake is going bad? We check every side of the cake to make sure that the cream is fine, but maybe the center of the cake start to spoil now!” Lela whispered to me just like we were doing a very holy job. In order to make sure the cake was fine enough to keep our aunts healthy as usual, we took the knife from the kitchen and cut the cake into half. Then, we did a very brave thing—we ate the center of the cake.

“What are you two doing?” Mom shouted while we were doing our job (I mean, to protect the cake and kept our aunts away from stomachache.)

“If you are so hungry, eat ALL of it!” Mom pointed at the cake and growled. Mom then stepped out of the door, and we stared at each other without a word. Lela broke the silence first and suggested that we should do whatever Mom told us to. Therefore, we ate up the whole big cake. Our hands, mouths, clothes, and the floor were in a mess now. Cream and cake bits were everywhere around us. Finally, I felt something was happening in my stomach. I could feel my gastric juices tossed from side to side in my stomach and it made my face twisted together from the pain. I saw Lela, who lay beside me on the floor, had the same twisting face and her hands were holding her stomach. When she found me looking at her suffering, she forced herself to varnished over her pain which made her eyebrows frowned all together.

“See, I told you the cake was going bad!” Lela cried out. “I think we both get stomachache!!!”

