

**The Old Lady And Her Cakes**  
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### **Once upon a time...**

There was an old lady that lived all by herself in a crooked house down in the valley. She had long grey hair that looked like it could do with a good wash. Her clothes were dirty and her shoes had holes in them. This old lady was a happy old lady. Her face always wore a smile.

For as long as anyone could remember, all the people living in the valley woke up each morning to the smell of freshly baked cakes, and everyone knew it was the old lady's cakes. Everyday the old lady would bake cakes. She would bake, plain cakes, chocolate cakes, fairy cakes, apple cakes, jam cakes, plum cakes, cherry cakes, blueberry cakes, blackberry cakes, she would bake all kinds of cakes. She would bake, birthday cakes, wedding cakes, Christmas cakes, she would bake cakes for all occasions. She was known as 'The old lady that baked cakes.'

The old lady would always remember the little children's birthdays. She would be on their doorstep on the morning of their birthday with their favourite cakes. It made the children very happy, and in return it put a smile on the old lady's face.

It was the start of a new day down in the valley. The sun was rising, the birds were singing, it was a beautiful day, but something was amiss.

"I can't smell any cakes," shouted one man. "Is there something wrong with my nose?"

"It looks just fine to me," Replied another man. "But I can't smell any cakes either and I have a big nose that can smell everything."

A little bit later all the children started to wake up and they could not smell any cakes. The dogs were sniffing the air. They couldn't smell any cakes. The cats also couldn't smell any cakes. Everybody began to talk, they were all asking the same question.

"Why can't we smell any cakes? I can't smell any cakes. You can't smell any cakes. Nobody can smell any cakes. Why can't we smell any cakes?"

The people in the valley did not know what to do.

"Maybe something has happened to the old lady," said one little boy, who seemed

quite concerned. He began to feel very sad because his birthday was going to be the following day, which meant that he might not get any cake.

“We will have to go and see the old lady,” shouted one man. “To find out why we can’t smell any cakes.”

Well, everybody in the valley set off to the old lady’s house. All the men and women, all the boys and girls and all the cats and dogs, everybody, even all the birds went. It wasn’t long before they reached the old crooked house where the old lady lived.

“You all wait here,” shouted one man. “And I will go inside to see the old lady to find out why we can’t smell any cakes.”

When the man went inside the old crooked house he got a bit of a shock when he saw, what he saw. The house was in a mess. Things were everywhere. There were pots and pans, cups and plates, there were knives and forks in cakes. There were jars and jugs on the floor. There were tea towels and table-cloths hanging over the door. Where was the old lady? She could not be found.

“Oh look,” said the man, “There she is, she is wearing her night gown.”

The old lady was fast asleep in her rocking chair and she did not hear the man when he came into her house. She suddenly opened her eyes and saw him.

“What are you doing in my house?” asked the old lady.

“I have come to see you to find out why we can’t smell any cakes,” said the man.

“Oh,” said the old lady. “I must have fallen asleep. I am so tired, my house is in a mess and I have lots of cakes to make. I just want to sleep.” And the old lady’s face began to lose her smile.

“Don’t worry,” said the man. “You go and have a nice little sleep and I will clean up your house for you.”

“You will be cleaning this house for weeks,” said the old lady. “There is just too much to do.” “Yes, but I have some helpers with me.” And the man opened the old crooked door to the old crooked house and the old lady was very surprised to see everybody from the valley standing there.

And so they did just that, they cleaned the old lady’s house from top to bottom. They swept and they moped, they scrubbed and they washed, they mended her shoes and while the old lady slept, they even washed her hair. Her hair was no longer grey, it was a beautiful shiny silver colour. What would have taken weeks to clean took no time at all because everybody from the valley had helped.

Bright and early the following day the old lady was on the doorstep of the sad little boy’s house.

“Happy birthday,” said the old lady. “Here is your birthday cake.” It was a big iced cake with a cherry on top. It was the little boy’s favourite.

“Golly Gosh!” said the little boy. And his face was a picture, which put the smile back on the face of the old lady.

Once more the smell of cakes whiffed and wafted down the valley to the delight of everybody, all the men and women, all the boys and girls and all the cats and dogs

and even the birds were happy... And the man with the big nose... he was over the moon.

Everyday people from the valley took it in turns to go and help the old lady clean her house, so that she was able to continue to bake her cakes. Her house was clean, her hair was clean and her clothes and shoes were clean. Everyone took care of the old lady. **She was the old lady that baked cakes.**

And they all lived happily ever-after.

THE END

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**This story was written by - Mike Jones**

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