

Last Saturday I made some cookies with mum. We needed eggs, milk, flour and sugar. I grabbed things on the 3rd shelf and the milk in the fridge and the sugar on the 2nd shelf. Mum grabbed the flour on the 1st shelf because it was so heavy like an elephants head bone. So mum put it on the dirty bench and dropped 1 quarter in a blue measuring cup. SPLAT! Went the flour. Now we poured the cold milk in the smooth wooden ginger bowl and cracked the eggs one by one in the smooth bowl. Mum said "don't crack them too hard or they will ruin your dress". I said "ok", but Ocean grabbed a huge handful of flour and spilt it on the floor. I said "you have to clean that up". So she grabbed the brush and in three sweeps it was gone. She quickly ran and hid. Mum said "Don't worry, let's carry on with the cooking". So we put the bowl on the tray and carried on.

By Jada