



The Cake Sale

Violet and Tommy were in charge of selling cakes at the school fair. The fair had only been open for ten minutes and nearly all of the cakes had been sold. Their teacher, Miss Bunting, beamed at them. "I've sold loads!" Violet gushed.



"Wait until she sees how much money I have made!" She shook the cash tin happily and grinned at the sound the coins made.

"Don't you mean we've sold loads?" Tommy muttered, under his breath.

Miss Bunting strolled towards them, weaving her way through the small crowd of parents who were all eating slices of cake out of paper napkins.

"Look, Miss," said Violet eagerly. "I've already sold most of the cakes!"

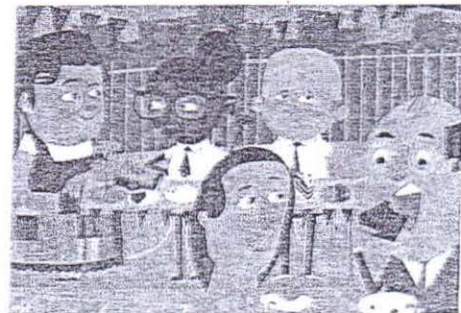
"Oh, well done, dear!" Miss Bunting replied. "How much for a slice of the black forest gateau?"

Tommy ground his teeth and rolled his eyes. Violet seemed not to notice as she dropped the coins Miss Bunting gave her into the cash tin.

"You do know I'm here as well?"

Tommy asked, when Miss Bunting had walked away. "Why are you taking all of the credit?"

"What? I'm not!" said Violet. "It's just that most people have been buying their cakes from me – that's all I meant."



Tommy frowned and was about to say something in reply, when he looked over in Miss Bunting's direction. Tommy turned pale. "I think that might be your mum talking to Miss Bunting," Violet said cheerfully.

Tommy gulped. It certainly was his mother. And there was no doubt that she was talking to Miss Bunting. He wondered what they were talking about. There were so many possibilities – none of them good!

“Don’t worry, Tommy,” he murmured to himself. “There’s no way Mum could have found out ...”

His thoughts were drowned out by a piercing shriek from Violet. Tommy turned to stare at her.

“Where’s all the money?” she squeaked. The tin was completely empty.