

## **Chocolate – By Michael Rosen**

I love chocolate cake.  
And when I was a boy  
I loved it even more.  
Sometimes we used to have it for tea  
and Mum used to say,  
'If there's any left over  
you can have it to take to school  
tomorrow to have at playtime.'  
And the next day I would take it to school  
wrapped up in tin foil  
open it up at playtime  
and sit in the corner of the playground  
eating it,  
you know how the icing on top  
is all shiny and it cracks as you  
bite into it,  
and there's that other kind of icing in  
the middle  
and it sticks to your hands and you  
can lick your fingers  
and lick your lips  
oh it's lovely.  
yeah.

Anyway,  
once we had this chocolate cake for tea  
and later I went to bed  
but while I was in bed  
I found myself waking up  
licking my lips  
and smiling.  
I woke up proper.  
'The chocolate cake.'  
It was the first thing

1 thought of.

I could almost see it  
so I thought,  
what if I go downstairs  
and have a little nibble, yeah?

It was all dark  
everyone was in bed  
so it must have been really late  
but I got out of bed,  
crept out of the door

there's always a creaky floorboard, isn't there?

Past Mum and Dad's room,  
careful not to tread on bits of broken toys  
or bits of Lego  
you know what it's like treading on Lego  
with your bare feet,

yowwww  
shhhhhhh

downstairs  
into the kitchen  
open the cupboard  
and there it is  
all shining.

So I take it out of the cupboard  
put it on the table  
and I see that  
there's a few crumbs lying about on the plate,  
so I lick my finger and run my finger all over the crumbs  
scooping them up

and put them into my mouth.

ooooooooommmmmmmmm

nice.

Then

I look again

and on one side where it's been cut,  
it's all crumbly.

So I take a knife

I think I'll just tidy that up a bit,  
cut off the crumbly bits  
scoop them all up  
and into the mouth

ooooooooommm mmmm

nice.

Look at the cake again.

That looks a bit funny now,  
one side doesn't match the other  
I'll just even it up a bit, eh?

Take the knife

and slice.

This time the knife makes a little cracky noise  
as it goes through that hard icing on top.

A whole slice this time,

into the mouth.

Oh the icing on top

and the icing in the middle  
ohhhhhh oooo mmmmmm.

But now

I can't stop myself

Knife -

I just take any old slice at it  
and I've got this great big chunk  
and I'm cramming it in  
what a greedy pig  
but it's so nice,

and there's another  
and another and I'm squealing and I'm smacking my lips  
and I'm stuffing myself with it  
and  
before I know  
I've eaten the lot.  
The whole lot.

I look at the plate.  
It's all gone.

Oh no  
they're bound to notice, aren't they,  
a whole chocolate cake doesn't just disappear  
does it?

What shall I do?

I know. I'll wash the plate up,  
and the knife

and put them away and maybe no one  
will notice, eh?

So I do that  
and creep creep creep  
back to bed  
into bed  
doze off  
licking my lips  
with a lovely feeling in my belly.  
Mmmmrnmmmm.

In the morning I get up,  
downstairs,  
have breakfast,  
Mum's saying,  
'Have you got your dinner money?'  
and I say,  
'Yes.'  
'And don't forget to take some chocolate cake with you.'  
I stopped breathing.

'What's the matter,' she says,  
'you normally jump at chocolate cake?'

I'm still not breathing,  
and she's looking at me very closely now.

She's looking at me just below my mouth.  
'What's that?' she says.  
'What's what?' I say.

'What's that there?'  
'Where?'  
'There,' she says, pointing at my chin.  
'I don't know,' I say.  
'It looks like chocolate,' she says.  
'It's not chocolate is it?'  
No answer.

'Is it?'

'I don't know.'

She goes to the cupboard  
looks in, up, top, middle, bottom,  
turns back to me.

'It's gone.'

It's gone.

You haven't eaten it, have you?'

'I don't know.'

'You don't know. You don't know if you've eaten a whole  
chocolate cake or not?

When? When did you eat it?'

So I told her,

and she said

well what could she say?

'That's the last time I give you any cake to take  
to school.

Now go. Get out

no wait

not before you've washed your dirty sticky face.'

I went upstairs

looked in the mirror

and there it was,

just below my mouth,

a chocolate smudge.

The give-away.

Maybe she'll forget about it by next week.