

Years 3 & 4
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Cooking Lesson Crisis

Here I am walking down to the kitchen for my cooking lesson as I do every week. I hate cooking though I used to love it when I was a little girl. When I was five years old, I burnt my finger on a flame whilst frying eggs. Since then, I've hated cooking.

Unfortunately, my Grandma doesn't know that, and still gives me these silly cooking lessons, but I'm afraid to tell her. What if she gets disappointed and doesn't speak to me ever again? You see, cooking has been in my family for generations, and I'm the oldest child. I wonder why my little sister Bella, my brother Daniel or my cousin Scarlet couldn't take on the cooking. If I don't tell Grandma before the month ends, I might burst. I'll have to tell her soon, but first I have to survive this lesson.

Today Grandma was teaching me how to make lasagne. I like eating lasagne, but I don't like making it. I'd rather do a tricky maths sum, although I hate that too. Before we began, I put a timer on my watch; I liked to see if my cooking lessons were getting shorter or longer. So far, they were only getting longer.

I started grating the cheese, but Grandma stops me.

"No, no and no, you need to grate it slowly and finely, like this."

She shows me.

"But Grandma I –" I started.

"No buts Daisy," she gave me a stern look.

By the time we finished, it was midday. I checked my watch to see how long Grandma and I had taken to make the lasagne. Two hours and a half, it was ten minutes longer than last week. Even though I hated cooking, I loved eating the food, and the longer the cooking time, the food always gets tastier. The lasagne was brilliant, but Grandma says it still has a lot of room for improvement, which is hard to believe as it tastes so delicious. That night I went to bed early because the big meal made me sleepy. Big meals always make me sleepy and as soon as I hit the bed, I drifted off to sleep.

I suddenly woke up, I had just emerged from a terrible dream; I was in the kitchen frying donuts, and before I knew it, my finger was in the giant pot of hot oil, and it hurt so much that I could almost feel my finger fry. It reminded me of what had happened to me when I was five. I gulped. What if I hurt myself again? I had to tell Grandma how I feel about the cooking lessons soon.

The next week passed quickly but I couldn't stop thinking about my dream. Today was my cooking lesson, so I went to the kitchen. When I came in, Grandma wasn't there. That was weird, she was always there. Then I found a note on the kitchen bench amongst a salt and pepper bottle, and read it eagerly:

Dear Daisy,

I know this is disappointing for you, but I must go and visit Scarlet, as she has sprained her ankle and unfortunately your cooking lesson will be cancelled today. We will have it next week.

*Yours loving,
Grandma*

“YES!” I squealed. As I stared at the kitchen in happiness, I noticed a spoon lying on the table. I was about to pick it up and put it in the utensil drawer when suddenly I saw a little face on the spoon look up at me. I jumped in fright and started throwing the salt bottle at it. Fortunately for the spoon I have bad aim.

“Huh, no it can’t be,” I thought aloud.

But then the spoon began to speak in a squeaky voice;

“Excuse me, can you please help me? I ate some of the lasagne you made last week, and I gave some to my family of utensils. But I accidently dropped some on the ground and it got dirty. They still ate it for they didn’t know that, and it has made them sick. The only way to cure them is to cook a medicine pizza, but I’m not big enough to cook, although I have the recipe. Please can you help me make it?”

“I am sorry to hear that and please forgive me for my absurd behaviour. I’ll try my best to help but I’m not sure . . . my name is Daisy by the way, what’s your name?” I asked, not thinking about my hate for cooking nor my terrible dream. All I wanted was to help the little spoon.

“The name’s Trixie and I’m the smallest spoon in my family. Can you also help me to apologise to my family for what I did?” Trixie answered looking hopeful.

Just like me telling grandma I thought. “Sure.”

I took the recipe from Trixie. I got the ingredients out and gulped, I wouldn’t burn my finger again, would I? I knew that helping Trixie was more important than worrying about cooking, but Grandma wasn’t here, so how could I do it without her directing me? But I had to try.

I stirred, rolled, and sprinkled until finally I was peeping through the oven door to check if the medicine pizza was cooked. It was cooked perfectly hence I slipped on the oven gloves and took it out of the oven. The smell filled the house as I lifted it onto the kitchen bench.

I quickly showed Trixie the pizza and slipped both into the utensil drawer where all the other spoons, forks, knives, and utensils were moaning in pain. As fast as she could, Trixie fed her family the medicine pizza, carefully putting it in their mouths without spilling so she didn’t waste any. It took a few minutes but soon they recovered and were as happy and chirpy as could be, thanking Trixie and me for the pizza.

Then I nudged Trixie with my finger and whispered,

“Trixie, don’t forget to apologise for what you did”.

“But how?” She looked at me with eyes as big as saucers.

“It’s okay, just tell them you’re sorry and it was an accident, I’m sure they’ll forgive you,” I replied.

“Okay,” she murmured. Then she poured out the whole story and asked for forgiveness.

“Of course, we’ll forgive you, after all you did save us,” her family chorused back.

Trixie hugged her family. “Oh, thank you.”

I closed the drawer and cleaned the kitchen. Then I headed up to my room in deep thought;

Did I just make a real medicine pizza, meet an alive spoon that spoke and all the utensils too? If Trixie can tell her family what she did and her family are okay with it, can I tell my Grandma how I feel about cooking? How did I cook something without Grandma? I sort of enjoyed it.

I woke up with a smile. It was all a dream; Trixie and the utensils, the medicine pizza, Scarlet spraining her ankle, the note, everything. I scrambled out of bed and checked

the calendar. *Today* was my cooking lesson. I was just about to make my way to the kitchen when I stopped. The thought of Trixie being able to tell her family something she thought she couldn't and me feeling the same, pierced my mind. I processed the thought and made up my mind; I was going to tell Grandma. Today would be the day.

"Hey Grandma-" I began to say.

"Hey Daisy, ready to get cooking?" she asked, enthusiastically.

"Actually Grandma," I began and told her everything about how I didn't like cooking.

Grandma chuckled when I finished.

"Oh, Daisy you don't *have* to do the cooking lessons. It wouldn't be nice if you didn't enjoy it."

I felt relieved, but also confused.

"But why aren't you angry?" I asked.

"I would never get angry for something like this, I shouldn't be forcing you to cook, even if it's been in the family. I can always ask your younger siblings or your cousin, Scarlet," Grandma replied.

"Thanks Grandma, but I think I'll still cook once in a while, just not every week," I grinned, and that was how it was.

I still haven't forgotten the dream that inspired me to tell Grandma how I felt about cooking, and I never will.