

This evening I am going to bake
The most fantastic, scrumptious cake.



A wondrous cake of sheer delight
A cake too good to even bite.

You probably think I have in mind,
A cake of the splendiferous kind,
A cake with icing dripping down
From massive fudge and
toffee mounds.

But you're wrong!





The sort of cake I want to bake
Will make you tremble, shiver and shake.



A scary cake with massive scales,
A monstrous nose and great long tail.

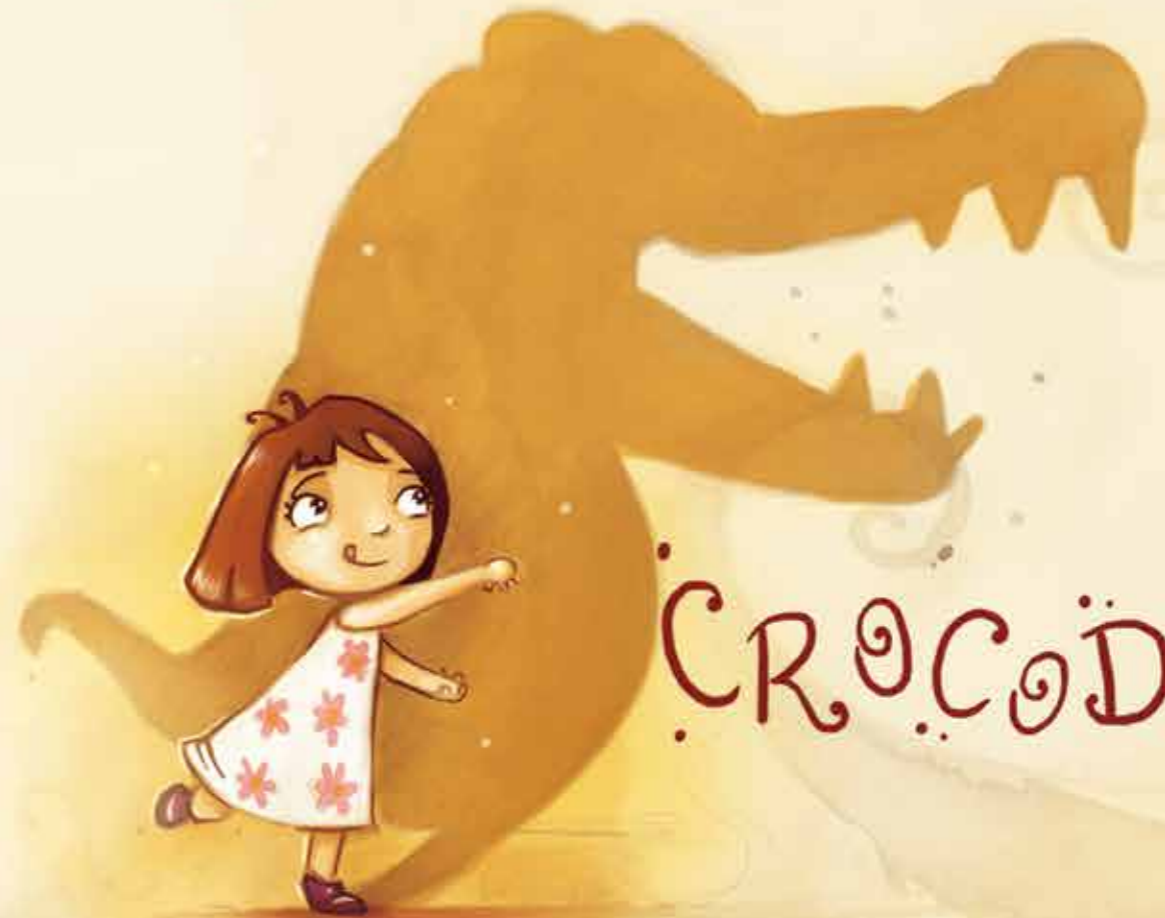


Big fat belly, humungous hips,
Bright beady eyes and slurping lips.

With nasty claws on all its toes
And jagged teeth in shiny rows
All stretched into a cunning smile.



My cake will be a



CROCODILE!



But Mum can't help me cook today,
She's gone to practise her ballet.

My Dad's as busy as can be,
He's watching football on TV.


And George and Dan don't have a clue,
Besides, they're watching footy too.



Anne and Gran won't help me bake,
They just can't stand the mess I make.

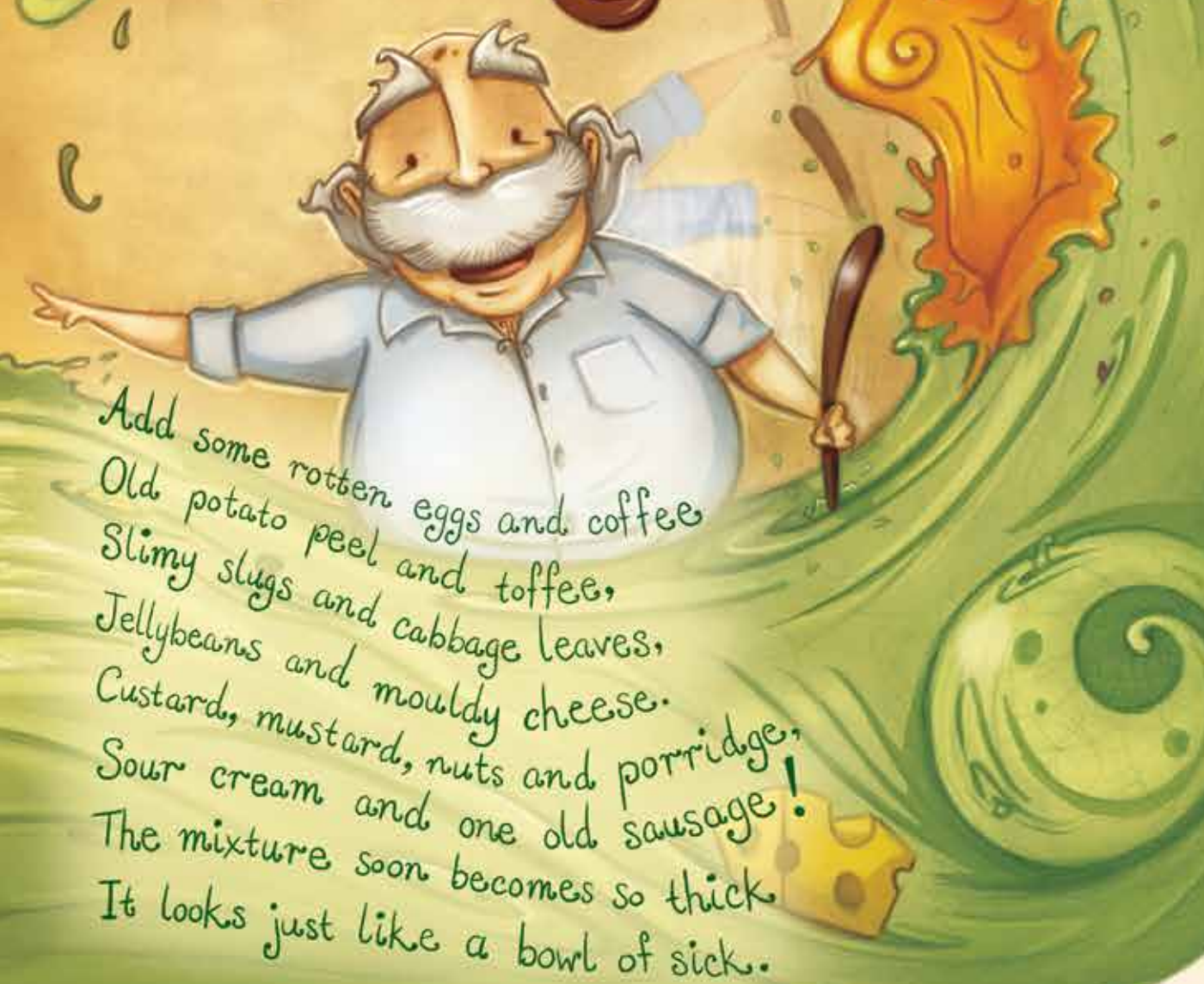


No one wants to cook with me
And I'm as mad as
mad can be.




But wait a bit,
There is someone,
There's crazy,
Funny Grandpa John!


'Of course,'
Says Grandpa with a grin.
'Get out the stuff
And let's begin.'




Add some rotten eggs and coffee
Old potato peel and toffee,
Slimy slugs and cabbage leaves,
Jellybeans and mouldy cheese.
Custard, mustard, nuts and porridge,
Sour cream and one old sausage!
The mixture soon becomes so thick
It looks just like a bowl of sick.



Into the mixing bowl goes salt,
Water, flour, butter, malt.
Grandpa starts to mix and stir,
Soon his arm becomes a blur.



Taking up the guggy mess
I start to knead and squeeze and press.
Soon legs and tail and head take shape
As carefully I mould and scrape.
I make a big long pointy nose
With great sharp teeth in long white rows.



(I make the teeth by cutting round
Some orange peel turned upside down.)

And then,
to make it mean and sly,
I press a raisin in each eye.

