

Nick,

*My sincerest congratulations on solving this second riddle. No average mind could've put Thing 1 and 2 together in such a delicate manner.*

*I'll admit, things have grown dire on my side. My employer demands that I continue to write these letters, hungering for your replies and your failure. Gleefully, Monsieur DeVries has crafted a riddle so vague, so unyielding, that even our best scholars had no luck solving it. In fact, there are both far too many and not enough solutions to this problem, a problem that has plagued me since my virginal eyes first feasted upon its words and the herculean effort it would take to uncover their meaning.*

*Perhaps, with your advanced intellect and West Coast sensibilities, you may have more luck solving it. I know that I, a humble servant, would be grateful for any support you could offer unto me.*

One day, Nick decides that he's hungry for a snack. He collects the following ingredients:

1. All-purpose flour
2. Baking powder
3. Granulated sugar
4. Salt
5. Unsalted butter
6. Buttermilk

After mixing, cutting and baking at 425 F for 12 minutes, he is left with 6 servings of a wonderful baked good.

What is it?

*Impossible? Nay, nothing is impossible, except for licking your own elbow.*

*I would appreciate any answer you could send my way.*

*My humblest regards,*

*Old School Still Cool*