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| **Genre: Realistic Fiction** |
| **Subject: Food and Drink** |
| **The Wonderful World of The Jollys** |
| **Pound Cake** |
| **By Jep Nohland**  **Illustrated by PPAT** |

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CHAPTER 1

Dessert

“Mom! Mom!” Alan and Tom shouted as they ran around the house looking for Wendy Jolly. It was the weekend and after a day of running around playing with each other, the boys were starting to get hungry.

“She’s in the kitchen,” Grandpa Henry said as he passed the boys walking to the home office, holding a book in his hand.

“Thanks Grandpa!” The boys replied as they raced each other downstairs.

When the boys got to the kitchen, Wendy turned to them with a frown on her face. “How many times do I have to ask you boys not to run around inside the house?” She asked, wishing that she didn’t have to remind them all the time to walk instead.

“But mom!” Tom said, “we’re starving!”

“Then you would have no energy to be running, and therefore you should walk,” she replied turning back to the stove where lunch was cooking.

“Could we have a snack?” Alan asked cautiously, not wanting to annoy his mother anymore.

“Please?” He added with a sweet smile.

“I’ll be done with lunch in about half an hour. I think you could both wait until then. I don’t want you spoiling your appetite,” she said, as she tasted the spaghetti sauce in the pot.

The boys groaned.

“But I don’t think I’ll make it that long!” Tom said, holding his stomach. “What are we going to do until then? I’ll die of hunger!”

“Nobody is going to die of hunger,” Wendy replied while rolling her eyes. “If you’re going to keep bothering me, it will take me longer to get dinner ready.”

“OK, fine, but then can we have dessert?” Tom asked. “Half an hour is too long to wait.”

Just then, Anne walked into the kitchen. Having heard the word ‘dessert,’ she got excited. “What are we having for dessert? Mmmm… can we have chocolate cake?”

“No, can we have apple pie?” Tom chimed in, licking his lips.

“How about cheesecake?” Alan suggested, remembering how surprisingly delicious it was.

Unsurprisingly, this started an argument over dessert.

“Kids!” Wendy said, loud enough that they all heard her. “We’re all out of chocolate, we don’t have the right kind of cheese, and apple pie is too much work right now. Besides, we don’t have enough apples.” She looked a little thoughtful and continued, “Grab the recipe books on the bookshelf. If you can all decide on one thing, I’ll see about making it.”

“Yes!” The kids shouted in unison. They pumped their fists in the air while Anne clapped.

“We've always got enough flour and sugar, but I’m not sure about other ingredients,” Mom said. Realizing they may be short on some ingredients; she opened the fridge and did a quick check on what they had.

“Well, we haven't got enough milk, but we've got enough eggs and butter. We’ve got some veggies as well, but I don’t suppose you’ll be expecting me to make onion or spinach cake,” she chuckled at her little joke.

“Eww…” the kids crinkled their noses as they imagined briefly what that would taste like.

“Come on guys,” Alan gestured to his other siblings. “Let’s go find something in the cookbooks!”

As mom returned her attention to the pots on the stove, she heard the kids scrambling over each other, each wanting to be the first to find the right recipe.

CHAPTER 2

Selecting a Recipe

It took them longer than expected to decide on a dessert for Mom to make. At first, they couldn’t all agree on what they wanted, and when they found something they could agree on, the recipe would call for ingredients they didn’t have. A lot of time was also wasted by just staring at the beautiful photographs of cakes and pies in the books.

“What are you kids up to?” Grandma Helen asked as she walked over to the dining room. It’s not often she saw the kids focused on something together.

“Oh, hi Grandma,” Anne said, pulling away from the cookbook for a moment. “We’re trying to decide on a dessert for mom to make after lunch.”

“Is that so?” Grandma asked with a twinkle in her eye. “How about apple pie? I do love myself an apple pie.”

“We don’t have enough apples,” Tom said, looking up at her. “And mom said it’s too much work anyway.”

“That’s true,” Grandma agreed, stroking her chin. “But cakes are not too troublesome. How about chocolate cake?”

“We’re fresh out of chocolate, and no cheese either, because I know that’s what you’re thinking,” Alan added with slight disappointment.

"Well that leaves us in a bit of a pickle,” Grandma replied.

“Eww… no pickles, and no onions please," Anne said, with a look of disgust on her face.

“No, no," Grandma said, chuckling to herself. "If you say, ‘you are in a pickle,’ that means that you been put in a difficult position.”

“Oh, yeah, we're in a bit of a pickle.” Tom nodded his head. “Also, we don't have a lot of ingredients.”

“Yeah, we've only got butter, eggs, flour, and sugar,” Anne said in dismay. “Every recipe in the book calls for more ingredients."

“I got it!” Grandma said suddenly with a snap of her fingers. “We've got enough to make a pound cake.”

“A pound cake?” The kids asked in unison.

Just then the telephone rang, and before Grandma could answer them, she held up her hand.

“First, let me get that,” she said and hobbled over to pick up the phone.

Confused, the kids turned to look at one another.

“Pound, like, as in how much you weigh?” Anne asked.

“Can’t be,’ Tom said. ‘You put chocolate in chocolate cake, apples in apple pie, and cheese in cheesecake. That means you put pounds in pound cake.”

That made perfect sense to them.

“I'll go ask Grandpa. When Grandma is on the phone, you never know when she's going to finish talking,” Tom said.

“Okay, but Grandpa doesn't always know everything. I'll go ask Dad,” Alan agreed. “In case neither of them knows, Anne, you could go ask Mom. She doesn't get as annoyed with you.”

With their new set of tasks, the kids jumped off their seats and split up to find the adults.

CHAPTER 3

Grandpa, What’s a Pound?

“Grandpa, Grandpa!” Alan shouted as he ran into the office. “What's a pound?”

“A pound?” asked a slightly distracted Grandpa Henry, and looked up from his book. After a few seconds of thinking, he said, “It’s a currency that the United Kingdom uses.”

Seeing the slightly confused face of Alan, he continued, “In America, we use American ‘dollars’, but in other countries, they don't necessarily use American Dollars. Most countries have their own currency. Like in China, they use the Chinese ‘yuan’ and in Europe, they use the ‘euro’. In the UK, it’s the ‘pound.’ I could show you my collection if you’d like,” Grandpa added with a chuckle.

“Um, no thanks. We don’t have time. So, just to make sure I got it right, it’s money?” Alan stated questioningly.

“Yes, you could say so. It’s kind of like a type of money,” Grandpa replied, picking his book up again.

“OK, thanks, Grandpa!” Alan said as he jumped up from the couch. “I'll go let the others know!”

“You're welcome,” chuckled Grandpa to himself as he continued reading.

CHAPTER 4

Dad, What’s Pound?

At the same time that Alan was questioning Grandpa Henry, Tom found his dad, John Jolly, taking a nap in his bedroom.

“Dad! What’s pound?” Tom asked, shaking his father from his sleep.

“Huh…” John murmured in confusion. He was still half asleep and slightly disoriented from being woken up so suddenly.

Seeming unaware of his father’s situation, Tom continued to shake him.

“What’s a pound? It’s urgent, I need to know right away!” Tom said in a very serious tone.

“It’s another word to say, ‘to hit something hard,’ usually with your fist,” John muttered. Then he rolled over facing away from Tom, hoping to nap a little more before dinnertime.

“Thanks, Dad!” Tom shouted. He pumped his fist in the air and ran back to tell the others.

CHAPTER 5

Mom, What’s a Pound?

Meanwhile, Anne was in the kitchen asking her mom, Wendy Jolly, the exact same thing.

“What’s a pound?” Wendy repeated the question while draining the pasta in the sink. She was in the middle of cooking and wasn’t paying too much attention to Anne.

“Yup, a pound,” Anne confirmed, taking care not to stand too close to the sink. Just then, Casper ran across the room with Spike chasing him from behind. Mom and Anne looked at the animals and Wendy remembered.

“Oh right, it’s another word for animal shelter. It’s a place where stray, lost, or abandoned pets are taken care of before they are adopted or found,” Wendy replied.

“Oh NO!” Anne yelled and threw her hands over her mouth. That’s a terrible idea for a cake! She had to go tell her brothers immediately. Anne ran out of the kitchen before Wendy had a chance to react.

“No running!” Wendy yelled after Anne, but she knew it was useless.

CHAPTER 6

The Crash

Anne ran upstairs to find her brothers. There was no way they were going to be eating cats and dogs! She ran up the stairs as fast as she could.

What Anne hadn’t realized was that at the same time, Tom was running towards the stairs from the bedroom. Before either could prevent it from happening, they crashed hard into each other.

As they both started wailing, Grandpa Henry, Grandma Helen and Alan rushed to see what the commotion was all about.

“Grandma! Please don’t cook Spike and Casper,” Anne begged between her tears. In truth, she wasn’t really crying about bumping into Tom. Of course, it hurt, but she was more upset about finding out that Grandma suggested they should make a cake out of their beloved pets.

“What are you babbling about?” Grandma Helen asked in shock.

“Mom told me that a pound is an animal shelter, and we have a cat and a dog in the house along with the butter, eggs, flour, and sugar. So that’s what you wanted to bake,” Anne sobbed.

Everybody burst out laughing. Even Tom, who was crying from the bump, thought that was the funniest thing he’s heard all week.

“That’s not right,” Tom said. “I just asked Dad what pound is, and he told me it’s hitting something really hard with your fists. Obviously, we have to pound all the ingredients together.”

Tom made a motion of pounding his fist into the palm of his other hand. That just made Grandma Helen and Grandpa Henry laugh even harder.

“I guess the information I gave you about currency makes even less sense now that I see what’s going on,” Grandpa Henry winked at Alan.

“Come on kids, let’s get you all settled down and I’ll explain what a pound cake really is,” Grandma Helen said as she wiped the tears from Anne’s eyes. On that note, the grandparents both led the kids down to the living room.

CHAPTER 7

The Right Pound

As the kids and their grandparents settled down into the living room, Grandma Helen explained to them, “You all know what a pound is. It’s the unit of measurement for weight which we use in America. Of course, not every country uses pounds. Some use grams, or stones, or some other units I’m not familiar with.”

“But I knew that,” Alan muttered to himself sheepishly. He was embarrassed to not have thought of this earlier. He looked over at Tom who slapped his hands on his forehead, having thought the same thing.

“So, the cake weighs one pound?” Anne asked.

“Good guess, but no,” continued Grandma Helen. “It means that you need one pound of each ingredient.”

“Ohhh!” the kids uttered in unison. Now, *that* made perfect sense. Without wasting any more time, the kids ran to tell their mom what they have decided to bake.

“A pound cake? Good choice,” Wendy agreed.

So, on this evening, for dessert the Jollys had pound cake accompanied with a funny story.

**Comprehension Questions**

1. What was Wendy’s reason for not making the dessert that the kids suggested?
2. Wendy would consider making dessert for the kids only if they could;
   1. Buy the ingredients they needed.
   2. Stop running around the house.
   3. All agree on the same dessert.
   4. Prepare all the ingredients for her.
3. John Jolly was in a bit of a pickle when Tom woke him up.
   1. True
   2. False
4. What is the correct definition of ‘pound’?
   1. To beat against something with your fist
   2. A unit of measurement for weight
   3. A place where stray animals are kept temporarily
   4. A currency/monetary unit used in the UK
   5. All of the above
5. The key ingredients in a pound cake requires equal weights of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.
6. Wendy doesn’t like to eat pound cake, but she made it anyway.
   1. True
   2. False

**Answer Key**

**1. Because the Jollys were out of apples, chocolate, and the right kind of cheese.**

**2. C**

**3. B**

**4. E**

**5. Flour/butter/sugar/eggs**

**6. B**

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**Proofreading Checklist**

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