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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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## Pat-A-Cake

Once upon a time, in a bustling town filled with the sweet scent of pastries, there lived two best friends, Tommy and a teddy bear named T. Their favorite place was Mr. Bakerman's shop, where they would watch him knead the dough and bake it into a golden brown delight. But they were not mere spectators; they had a special role to play.



One sunny afternoon, as the birds chirped and the scent of freshly baked bread filled the air, Mr. Bakerman called out, "Tommy, T! Time for pat-a-cake!" They scurried over, aprons tied and sleeves rolled up, eager to help.

"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Baker's man!" said Mr. Bakerman, demonstrating how to pat the dough into the perfect shape. "So I do, master, as fast as I can," Tommy replied, imitating

the Bakerman's moves with all his might. T, the teddy bear, watched them keenly, making sure they got it right.

Next came the fun part, or so Tommy thought. Mr. Bakerman showed them how to prick the dough lightly

with a fork. "Pat it, and prick it," he guided, his eyes twinkling. With a giggle, Tommy followed the instruction, and T nodded in approval.

"And mark it with 'T'," Mr. Bakerman added, handing Tommy a small knife. With utmost care, Tommy carved a small 'T' on the dough for his best friend, Teddy. The teddy bear blushed a warm, cottony pink. His letter on their masterpiece!

Finally, it was time for their creation to become a delicious cake. "Put it in the oven, for Tommy and me," Mr. Bakerman said. So, Tommy carefully placed the dough into the oven and set the timer, feeling a sense of accomplishment.

As they waited, they sat near the oven, feeling the warmth it radiated. They talked about their day, about the birds and the beautiful weather. Meanwhile, the aroma of the baking cake filled the air, making them hungrier and more excited.

When the timer finally rang, they rushed to the oven. With Mr. Bakerman's help, they pulled out the perfectly golden-brown cake, with the 'T' still prominent. Their hearts filled with joy, and their mouths watered at the sight.

As they each enjoyed a slice, the moon started to shine brightly outside. The day of baking fun had come to an end, and it was time for bed. They bid Mr. Bakerman goodnight, promising to come back the next day for another pat-a-cake adventure.