

Giant's Cake



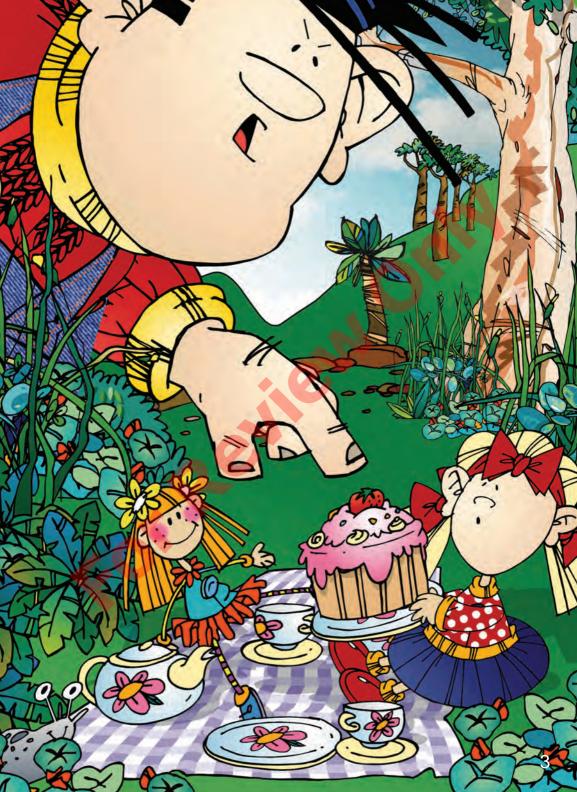
words by Jill McDougall illustrated by Grant Wilson

A giant stomped over the hill and saw Hedda.

"What have you got there?" roared the giant.

"It's a cake for my doll," said Hedda.

"I want that cake for me," said the giant. And he gulped it down – late and all.

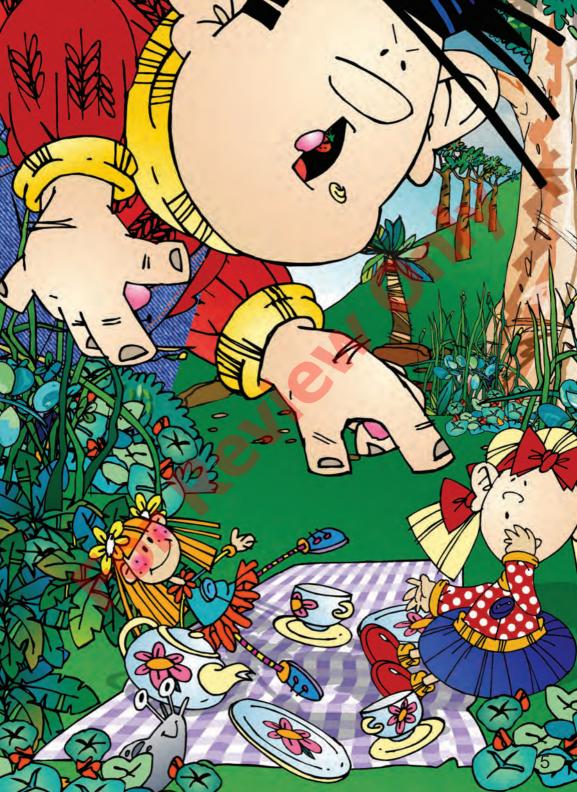


"I want more cake," roared the giant.

"I want lots and lots of cake."

"I'll make a cake just for you," said Hedda. "Come back tomorrow."

So the giant stomped back over the hill.



Hedda put five scoops of wet sand in her bucket. Then she put ten big scoops of mud in her bucket. She mixed the sand and the mud together. She sang,

"Hold the cake,
Fold the cake,
Stir it round and round.
Mix the cake,
Fix the cake,
Roll it on the ground."

