

An Especially Special Pancake



One fine morning Andy and Lucy decided that this was the right day to learn how to make pancakes properly.

Mum and Dad had gone shopping so Andy and Lucy had the kitchen all to themselves.

Andy was sitting at the kitchen table and studying a thick cookbook. He had already found out that first you needed to take some flour, mix in eggs and then add sugar and salt. At least this much was clear to Andy by now.

“And I think we need to have three eggs for this bowl,” he tried to calculate.

“Five,” figured Lucy. “At least five! And some milk as well.”

“So,” Andy said for starters and took the pan from the cupboard. “Now let’s heat the stove and get cracking!”

“Hold on, first we have to prepare the batter,” Lucy taught him. She took the bowl and put some flour in it. Andy got five eggs from the fridge and cracked them on the edge of the bowl. Almost half of every egg got on the table but he didn’t let such a small thing disturb him. And these bits of shell that got lost in the flour couldn’t possible hurt anybody.

Madeline secretly hid one egg, together with

its shell, in the batter and felt very pleased with herself.

“Now milk!” Lucy ordered, all business-like, and Andy got a carton of milk from the fridge.

“Salt!” Andy continued and added salt with a table spoon – just as he had seen Mum usually do.



“Sugar!” Lucy said, as it was her time to be practical.

“You know what?” Andy got an idea. “Maybe we could add a little something extra?”

“Like what?” Lucy enquired.

“Well, something that would give a special taste to our pancakes.”



“How do you mean special?” Lucy didn’t quite understand.

“Well, I mean, especially special...” Andy went to the kitchen cupboard and glanced over the condiment shelf like an experienced chef. He found clove, nutmeg, potato seasoning and some other condiments that he’d never seen before but which smelled good.

When he got to the table with the packets, Madeline climbed onto the chair and took some more packets that she liked.

“Let’s add a little bit of each one, so it’ll turn out really tasty,” Andy said.



“Well, I suppose so,” Lucy drawled and sprinkled some red pepper in the batter.

“This is really awesome!” Andy stated and added some nutmeg.

“Alright then,” said Lucy and put some clove in the batter.

“Exactly!” Andy confirmed and sprinkled some garlic salt.

“You bet!” Lucy confirmed and sprinkled some black pepper as well.

Madeline didn’t wait for long before turning her packets upside down.



“Oh my god!” Lucy yelled. “What on earth are you doing?”

“Blla–blla–blla” said Madeline and crawled under the table, just in case.

“No big deal,” Andy figured and took the top

of the pile away with a spoon. Now he felt that there was still something missing.

“In a café pancakes are sometimes served with meat and jam and...” He gave it some thought and went to the fridge to get the meat jelly that Granny had brought.

“You know, let’s put the filling straight inside the batter, so that it won’t fall out from the pancake while eating.”

“So,” Andy wiped his forehead with the sleeve. “Let’s mix it a little bit and then let’s get started!” He mixed the content of the bowl carefully with a big wooden spoon and lit the gas stove.

“Awesome,” Lucy thought. “This is totally awesome!”

They put the frying pan on the hob and Andy put the first spoonful of runny batter on the pan.

It started sizzling pleasantly straight away and Andy added another spoonful.

“Let’s make a huge pancake,” he said, looking all-important, and added some more spoonfuls of batter.

“A properly huge pancake!” and poured the batter on the frying pan straight from the bowl.

“But butter?” Lucy remembered. “Mum puts some butter or oil as well!”



“Never mind about that,” Andy wouldn’t let that disturb him. “The batter should be runny enough, maybe it won’t stick...”

The pan was sizzling on the hob and kitchen was filled with a pleasant smell.

“Hey, Andy,” Lucy tucked her brother from the sleeve. “How about we try flipping it?”



Andy tried to lift the edge of the pancake with a spoon but it was sticking to the pan already. At the same time they could hear rustling, thumping, banging and crackling. Madeline had wiped everything down from the condiment shelf.

But Andy and Lucy had no time to deal with Madeline just now.

“Wait a second,” Andy came up with a new idea. “I will do it another way.”

He took a potholder, wrapped it around the pan handle and tried to flip the cake in the air. He had seen real chefs do that on TV.



But the cake showed no intention of leaving the pan.

Andy tried again and again and on the seventh attempt it worked. The pancake got off the pan with such a swing that got stuck in the ceiling with a loud splash. It stayed there for a while and then

started to peel off slowly from one edge.

What was especially unfair was that the cake didn't fall back on the frying pan but decided to change its direction and landed on the floor with a loud thump.



“No big deal,” Andy figured and helped the pancake back on the frying pan with a spoon.

“At least it’s the right side up again.”

“Awesome,” Lucy said once again but actually she was starting to have second thoughts about it. Because now there was also quite a lot of plaster from the ceiling inside the pancake, and also the thin layer of dirt from the floor.

But then again, Grandpa had said that nobody had died of eating rubbish yet and if they had then it just hadn’t been proper rubbish...



Meanwhile the cake was frying on the pan and the kitchen was already filled with pungent smoke.

“Alright,” Andy finally opened his mouth. “This one seems to be ready.” He got a large plate from the cupboard and scraped it off the pan, onto the plate. At the same time Madeline knocked over the bowl with the leftover batter, so that it was all over the table.

“The other side is a bit burnt but I’ve heard it’s good for digestion,” Andy figured.

Suddenly they heard the clanging of keys behind the front door.

“Mum and Dad are here!” Lucy whispered and all of a sudden Andy and Lucy got very busy.

They tried to clean up what they could in a hurry, but accidentally, the packet of flour fell in the sink and Lucy spilled meat jelly in her lap. Madeline was rolling on the floor in the condiments and Joseph had got hopelessly stuck in the batter.

When Mum and Dad finally stood at the kitchen door, they were totally dumb-struck.

“We made pancakes for the family,” Andy said in a quiet voice. Lucy, Madeline and even Joseph were completely silent.

Mum and Dad looked at each other and in the end Mum said resignedly: “Oh well, let’s sit at the table.” She gave a sad look at the floor and the

kitchen table and added:



“But let’s clean up this pigsty first, right?”

Dad scratched his head for a long time, looking as if all of this seemed strangely familiar to him.

“I will give you a hand,” he said, smiling, got Joseph out of the batter and headed towards the bathroom, carrying the cat.