



## Cake for a Bandit

By JessicaRae95

“But William please!”

“I said no, what about *No* do you not understand? Move over, I need to get that bowl over there.”

“William, that is not very nice. I asked you a simple question.”

“Maybe it isn’t *nice*, Jamie, but I cannot do what you ask. Its sacrilege, its *treason!*”

“William, that’s excessive. It’s really just a cake!”

“It is more than a cake! It’s an invitation to permanently live in the larder!”

“William, you really are overreacting. I am just asking you to make a cake.”

“Jamie, I am not making one for that furry faced bandit.”

“*He* has a name, William, and it’s Arthur.”

“I don’t care if his name is Saint Peter, I am not baking a cake for no foolhardy varmint that steals my cookies as fast as I can get them off the cooling pan.”

“Aw, William, he just likes your cooking as much as we do, that’s all.”

“Flattery will not work with me, young lady. Mind yourself there, that kettle is hot.”

“William, come on, please! You know it will make Mouse happy.”

“Making him happy is not my job. Keeping our food safe from robbers *is* my job.”

“William, really.”

“I mean it Jamie! I do not have time to encourage that creature to steal more food from me. Or us.”

“But he won't steal it if you give it to him.”

“*Give* it to him, you aren’t suggesting that I start feeding him like a pet, are you? Next thing I know, you will want him to have his own place at the dinner table.”

“Now that’s not a bad idea.”

“Absolutely not! That’s a bit of tomfoolery right there, if I may say so.”

“You may not say so. William, please just bake the cake for Arthur.”

“I done told you-”

“Please.”

“No.”

“Please?”

“No, I already said no.”

“But you didn’t mean no.”

“I did mean no. Move, you are leaning over the pies.”

“William, it would mean the world to him.”

“Who? Arthur? It won’t mean anything to him other than ‘oh look, food’.”

“Okay, then think what it will mean to Mouse.”

“Girl you just don’t take *no* as an answer, do you?”

“No.”

“Fine. I’ll do it.”

“You will?!”

“I said I would, didn’t I?”

“Oh, thank you, William! You are the best! That’s the nicest thing you have ever done!”

“Yeah, well, don’t thank me. I am doing this for Mouse. Not for that blasted varmint.”

“Sure, William, whatever you think is best.”

“Hmph, don’t mention it. Now get going, I have to figure out a recipe for this darn cake.”

“I am sure it will be lovely, William, as is everything you make.”

“Don’t know about that. Quit your flattery girl and get out of here. Close the door when you leave. Alright, let’s see. How does one make a cake for a racoon?”

Dedicated to Skippy

Who loves Arthur most of all