



BAKED

WITH LOVE

About the editor!

Jordyn Beldman lives in Brantford, Ontario. She is 13 years old and in grade 8. She has two sisters and one brother and a mom and dad. She loves things such as baking, crocheting, crafting, drawing, writing and soccer. Jordyn is the girl in the green shirt and long brown hair.



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How to Make a Cupcake Stand

Supplies:

2 empty toilet paper rolls

3 cardboard boxes

white or any colour you want acrylic paint

hot glue sticks and hot glue gun

any decorations

paint brush

glue stick/white glue

scrapbooking paper



Step 1. Cut out a large circle out of cardboard and trace it onto the back of your scrapbooking paper. Do the same thing two more times except with smaller and smaller cardboard circles.



Step 2. Cut the circles out and glue them onto the cardboard, trim any excess cardboard/paper

Step 3. Paint the toilet paper rolls, (may need two or more coats), let dry

Step 4. Hot glue the top of the toilet paper roll and place it in the middle of the biggest circle, (design face up)

Step 5. Glue the part of the toilet paper roll that's facing up and put the middle sized cardboard circle onto it.



Step 6. Repeat step 4 & 5 until your cupcake stand is complete.

Step 7. Decorate how you want.



Don't eat too much

A Senryu

By Jordyn Queen

BAKING EVERY DAY

ALSO TASTING EVERY DAY

SOON YOU WILL GET FAT

**Are you tired of forcing the food down your
child's throat?**

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To the Theme Park of Baker's Blog

By Jordyn White

While I was looking at the Brilliant Baker's Blog, I found an article saying that they went to an amazing theme park where you can make food and enter it in a contest. I printed off the directions and packed my bags. I looked at the directions and sighed. "Oh no," I said. "Not through the Deserted Woods!" The Deserted Woods was a place that all the scum lived. Oh well, if it means that I can go to the theme park then it's worth it.

I put on the bravest face I had, and entered the woods. At once, the air seemed thicker and then came the acrid smell of burning rubber. I gagged as the smell drifted up my nose and into my lungs. In the distance I heard laughter and jeering and I saw smoke rising above the big oak trees.

I passed the smoky area and breathed a fresh-ish breath of air. It was then when I realized that someone was following me. I was leaning against a tree when I heard a twig snap and someone say, "Whoops!"

I sprinted as fast as I could deeper into the forest, always looking behind me. SPLASH! I had run into swamp. I looked into it and a bunch of yellow eyes looked back up at me. "AHHHHH!!!" I screamed as I jumped out of the water. The alligators started after me racing faster than a dog after meat. I jumped onto the bridge - the wood slats fell as I ran across them.

Finally, safe at the other side, I looked at the map again. "When you pass Alligator Swamp travel left past the rock that has a picture of a cake on it." I found the rock and turned left. The journey after that was easy until I reached the Swaying Bridge of Death. Now, I wonder why it's called that? I



took one step and the rope started to fray. I took three deep breaths and ran as fast as I could across the bridge. I got about to the middle when the rope on the side that I came from snapped. After that all the wood slats started to fall including the one I was standing on. The bridge was now a ladder. All I had were two ropes attached to the top of the mountain. If I fell, it would be certain death. Good thing I'm a good gymnast. I made it to the top of the mountain and sat on a rock.

The directions said to enter the hut of the tree monkeys. The tree monkeys aren't actually monkeys, they just call themselves that because they have a home in the trees. I

knocked on the door of the hut and the chief “monkey” greeted me and told me to pay the fees for traveling with the way of the monkeys. I paid him all the money I had except for the entry fee for the theme park. He put me on a ski lift and I traveled for about half an hour on it. I stepped off of the ski lift onto damp ground.

The air smelled cleaner here, but I didn’t let that fool me. Here was a little house with a thick billow of smoke climbing out of the chimney. I knocked and a friendly looking woman answered the door. She asked me inside and gave me some cookies and coffee. I fell asleep then and there. When I woke up the woman was gone and so was my money! “Shucks,” I said, “hopefully they’ll let me in for free.”

I finally reached the entrance of the theme park and a security guard came up to me, his badge gleaming in the sun. “Excuse me,” he said, “are you here for the theme park?” I said yes, and he told me that they had closed down years ago. The article from the blog was ten years old. I slumped on a rock and cried. That was the worst day of my life.

Sue

A Limerick

By Jordin Hormin

There once was a bunny named Sue
Who needed something to do
She was boiling hot
Until she was shot
And made into bunny stew



The True Story of Hansel and Gretel

By Jordyn Froggs

The monster of a child looked into the fiery coals of the wood stove. “Nothing,” said she. “Nothing except ashes.” She smiled and walked out of the room. It was in that moment that I knew I was in trouble. Those little brats had it in for me.

Hello! My name is Magnolia P. Which, this is the *true* story of Hansel and Gretel. It was a day like any other; I was out picking berries for my famous berry pie, when I saw something strange: two young children all alone in the woods and they were as thin as sticks! I stepped cautiously but a twig snapped and the children ran away. I went back home and made my pie. Soon a delicious aroma filled my cottage. I love baking, it’s my favourite pastime. My grandmother gave me a precious box full of super old recipes handed down from generation to generation. When the pie was done cooking, I set it out on the windowsill to cool. I was doing my own thing when I heard something between a dog yelp and a child’s scream. I whipped around. My pie was gone! I looked below the sill and saw one of the two children from that morning. His hands were burnt badly and the pie was spilled on the ground. ‘So much for all that work’ I thought.

“What is you doing here?” I asked him suspiciously.

“I just wanted something to eat,” said the boy.

“Well then, come on inside,” says I gruffly. The little boy and his companion went around front and came through the door. First, let me get a few things straight: first, I don’t have a house made out of gingerbread, second; I’m not a witch, just because my last name is Which doesn’t mean I’m a witch, and lastly; I don’t lure children in to kill them for food! (Who does that when you can just make your own pie and eat it?) So anyways, I had set out a week’s supply of food on the table in front of them and waited for them to eat it. They wolfed down that food like a pack of dogs that hadn’t eaten for days. As soon as they finished, I started asking questions, “So, who are you? Where do you come from? Why are you out here? How long have you been alone? And what do you want?”

The little boy answered, “I’m Hansel, and this is Gretel. We come from a wood-cutter’s cottage; we are out here because our step-mother didn’t have enough money to keep us! We’ve been out here since the day before yesterday and we would please like a roof over our head and food in our bellies!”

“Well,” I said, “you could maybe stay here for a while.”

“Could we?” says Gretel, “You are wonderful!” I showed them to their room and they got settled down for the night.

Everyday I would check their fingers to make sure they were eating enough. “Okay Hansel, give me your finger,” I said. Hansel picked up a chicken bone from in the dirty garbage and held it out to me.

“This is a chicken bone!” yelled I, “Wacha want me to do with that!?” Hansel grimaced and held out his finger.

“Good boy,” I says. “You’re fattening up.”

A few days went by and everything was fine, I would send them into the woods to pick berries for me and they would come back and I would bake for them. But one day when it was too cold for them to go out I heard them talking, “So, what should we do about the witch?”

“I don’t know,” said Gretel. “She’s been so nice!”

“Yeah, but that’s what happens,” said the boy. “They’re nice to you and then they roast you and eat you!” At this, little Gretel jumped, her brown eyes bulged and she moved her golden hair over one shoulder.

“All right,” she says. “We’ll wait for her to leave for the woods and then we can do it.” Now naturally I pretended to leave but waited secretly under the windowsill. Hansel stood up on a chair and reached for my special box that perched neatly on the top of the shelf which was above the stove.

“What should we do with it?” says Hansel.

“I don’t know,” Gretel said, her eyes darted around the room and rested on the wood stove. “Throw it into the stove.” Before I could stop them, they had thrown all of my precious recipes into the fire along with the box that went with it. I could barely stifle a scream! All of those recipes, what was I going to do! Hansel had been looking out the door for any sign of me coming back.

“Done?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Is there anything left?”

The monster of a child looked into the fiery coals of the wood stove. “Nothing,” said she. “Nothing, except for ashes.” She smiled and walked out of the room. It was in that moment that

I knew what I was in for. Those little brats had it in for me. I thought about kicking them out, but no, I had something better in mind.

Weeks passed and no more pranks, but I never had left them at home alone after that. I soon became fond of them, their pretty little faces and bright eyes, full of light. Maybe they were having a bad day the day that they burned my recipes. One day I made a special treat for them: a sugar cake! I hadn't made one of those for years, never any need. But this cake was spectacular! Three tiers with white icing and pink roses, and on top it had the letters H and G stencilled in gold edible glitter. Those children stared in awe at the beauty, the magnificence! I started cutting it and the children gobbled it down. I took one bite of the cake and it was as sweet as Gretel's little smile. I took slow careful bites; I wanted to enjoy this as long as I could. Gretel flashed me a smile when she was done and then she and her brother went to their room. A single envelope was sitting on the wooden table; I picked it up and opened it. It was an invitation to the **Royal Baking Competition** held at the palace! I was thrilled! At once I started preparing.

In three days the cake was ready. It was even more spectacular than the last one I made. Complete with a marbled fondant and fondant letters on the side that read **RBC** for Royal Baking Competition. It had a row of flowers on the stand at the bottom, freshly picked from the woods and candied flowers covering the top of the highest tier. I was all set to go. I carefully placed the cake in the back of my wagon and then went inside to get my coat. I noticed that Hansel and Gretel weren't in their room! I quickly ran outside! OH NO! They had slapped the horse which went riding up the hill into the mountain taking the wagon with it. The cake fell over and toppled to the ground, flowers spilled everywhere. I was furious! I ran to those children who were cowering in the corner; I took them by the ear and marched them inside. They were petrified; Gretel's green eyes were nearly popping out of her sockets. I scolded them until their faces were pale. Then I put them down. It was a workout (considering that I'm 58 years old and a little overweight). The children scrambled to their room and hid there until I called them out.



"Come on lil' kids," I called. "Time for you to pick some berries." The children carefully crept along the hallway into the kitchen. I gave them two baskets and sent them off. 'Now I have to figure out what to do with them!' I think, 'they's too smart to not come back 'ere again,' I start to pace around the kitchen, the kettle's whistle is getting louder and louder. POP! The kettle is finished. "I'VE GOT IT!" I actually yell. "I'll lead them into the mountains and give them no food so that they'll starve and die!" Then I start to laugh evilly. Okay, I know this wasn't very nice but they did do some pretty nasty things to me, so it's only fair. When the children came back I told them that we were going to go to the mountains. I think they

suspected something bad because they looked at me kinda funny. They left the room and in ten minutes they came back holding something. A frying pan.

“Watcha going to do with that?” I ask.

“Nothing,” remarked Gretel. Then WHAM! Hansel threw the frying pan at me. They stuffed me in the oven and turned it on. Now I wouldn’t be writing this if I was dead so I survived. The little children ran and ran and ran through the woods and out of my sight. I pulled myself out of the oven, teeth bared, my hair singed, (I probably looked like a witch there), and I screamed at the top of my lungs, “I’LL GET YOU YET, HANSEL AND GRETEL!”

Baking

An Acrostic

Jordan Moon

Baked goods

After you eat them, they

Kill your diet, but

It doesn’t matter. They are

Not nourishing

Goodies





Dear Alice,
My best friend asked me over to try her homemade cookies. They always are burnt and rock hard. I feel bad for not wanting to go. What should I do?
From Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

To answer your question, I would go over to her house. Since she is your best friend you can be honest with her and she will appreciate it. If you try her cookies and they're good tell her! If they're bad tell her compassionately. For all you know she could have improved. Also, if she hasn't made them yet you could go over and help her with them.

From Alice

Blending

A Cinquain

By Jorden Jones

Blending

Top comes

Off and sprays

Mushy and yummy gets

Everywhere

Restaurant Beldman

Review by Jordyn B. E. Celdman

Review: Swedish meat balls, egg noodles & Romaine salad

The waiter showed me to my seat which was supposed to be a window seat for one, but instead I was seated in between two fighting children, (the parents were across from me not caring what I was going through). The table was set with a sticky ketchup bottle, salt and pepper. The cutlery was wrapped in toilet paper with the words, Restaurant Beldman written in red Sharpie. The waiter served me the wrong meal that I ordered but I took it anyways.

The meatballs tasted like mouldy bananas and had the consistency of oblek from the black lagoon.

The egg noodles were still hard and tasted like stale corn chips. The noodles gave off a stench like blue cheese. After I took a bite of the noodles, I noticed that there was hair in it!

I was about to take a drink of water to wash down the horrible tastes but then I noticed that the water was green and had algae growing on top of it, and I could of sworn that there was backwash in it.

When I called over the waiter to pay my bill, one of the fighting kids spilled the water all over me! I paid for the crazily over priced bill, (\$94.82), and left the building.

Cupcakes

A Senryu

By Jordun Gail

Baking some cupcakes
Now it's time to decorate
Now to eat it, yum



Lose weight in less than two months!

All you have to do is put your food in the de-sugarizer!

Only three left in stock! Get yours today!



Try, try again

A Ballad

By Jordhon Wish

We walked in the streets of a very small town,
We looked at a billboard and then saw an add.
It said, "Come and make your very own cookies!"
We said to ourselves, "How could it be bad?"

We went to the store and we got the things needed
We hopped in a taxi and rode our way home
We ran in our house and we unpacked our things
Down in the basement which was like a catacomb

We started to mix it and whisk it and fix it,
Now for the oven, in go those cookies
The hardest part is to wait for the timer
We stood it out not wanting to look like rookies

The timer ended and we got cookies out
Oh no! They were burnt, we are going to cry
Into the garbage those cookies did go
To the store we go, for supplies we need to buy



A Baking Disaster

Jordyn Cumin

Crystal goes to Prim'n'Proper Academy in California. She has a dog named Brownie and a cat named Cupcake. She has long brown hair and chocolate coloured eyes.

As she walks down the hallway of Prim'n'Proper Academy a brightly coloured poster catches her eye;

BAKING COMPETITION

FEBRUARY 15 2020

See Janelle Browncow for more details

'A baking competition?' wonders Crystal as she rushes to Janelle's office.

"Come in," says Janelle as Crystal knocks on the door.

"Hello, I am here for more details about the competition held in February," says Crystal.

"Oh yes, are you thinking of entering?" Janelle hands Crystal a sheet of paper with the contest information on it. Crystal scans the paper and takes it with her to her next class: baking.

As she walks through the door her teacher, Mrs. Firefox, says loudly, "You're late Crystal."

"I was talking with Janelle Browncow for details about the baking competition," says Crystal.

"That's no excuse for being late."

"Sorry."

"Well, let's get started. Next time you will be punished."

Crystal pulls out her recipe book and reads the directions "OK: three eggs, flour, sugar and salt," Crystal mutters. On the other side of the room, Sylvia Soxy (a fellow student) is beating the wits out of her eggs, also muttering under her breath.

"Beat the eggs for 3 minutes then add to the mixture, OK," As Sylvia puts her delicious looking cake into the oven, Crystal looks with envy as her on cake is thick and bubbly in the pan. Crystal shoves her pan into the oven and sets the timer for 45 minutes. As the cake is baking

she starts to wash the cake batter-covered dishes. She looks over at Sylvia, who is laughing and talking with her friends, and walks over.

“Hi *Sylvia*,” sneers Crystal.

“Oh hi Crystal,” says Sylvia.

“Are you entering the contest?”

“Yes, and you?”

“Yeah.”

“Good luck,” says Sylvia as she bends down to take out her golden cake.

“Yes,” says Crystal. She walks back to her station and sits on the counter, ‘OH NO’ she thinks ‘Sylvia Soxy is the best baker in school!’ Crystal’s timer goes but she is still pondering what to do.

“OH NO!” screams Crystal as she pulls the burnt cake out of the oven.

Mrs. Firefox rushes over, “What happened?”

“I burnt my cake! What does it look like happened?” sobs Crystal.

“Crystal,” says Mrs. Firefox, “don’t cry; you can always make a new one. It’s not a big deal,”

For the rest of the day Crystal sulks during all of her classes.

When she gets home, her big sister greets her at the door, “Crystal, what’s the matter?”

“None of your business.”

“You’re my sister, so of course it’s my business. Come up to my room and we can talk about it,” says Diamond as she prances up the spiralling staircase.

“So, what’s up?” asks Diamond.

“Sylvia is up,” says Crystal as she flops on to Diamond’s bed.

“Sylvia, Sylvia Soxy? Isn’t that, that nice little girl from your baking class?”

“Nice? I wouldn’t say nice. I am entering a baking competition and so is she. I suck at baking and she’s amazing at it. She’s all like, ‘Good luck Crystal, ha, ha, ha’.”

“Well,” says Diamond, “there’s only one solution.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know, I know. Practise.”

“No. Just ask mom to bake it for you,” says Diamond. Crystal and Diamond’s mom is a famous baker from California and she bakes everything you can imagine. So Crystal says yes.

Crystal wakes up to the smell of pancakes and bacon. She gets dressed into her mini skirt and tee shirt (school uniform). “Crystal!” calls her mom. “Time to wake up!” Crystal runs down the stairs and into the kitchen.

As she gulps down her breakfast she asks her mother, “Mom, can you bake a cake for me?”

“Sure honey,” says her mother. “Anything for you, Shnukums,”

“Thanks. It needs to be ready by February 15.”

“Alright. Describe it to me,” says her mother, hand poised over a sheet of drawing paper.

“It has to be a three tiered cake with blue, purple and green geo-crystals with a large one through the middle, and it has to have white icing!” says Crystal.

“Sure thing, Darling,” croons her mother as she finishes up her drawing.

During the days leading up to the contest, Crystal is always pacing around and watching her mother bake and decorate the geo-cake. Diamond and Crystal are watching a movie the night before the competition called *Fashion Fiasco*. In the movie, the main character cheats for the fashion show and ends up winning. She lives with a guilty conscience forever after. Crystal presses the off button and goes upstairs; Diamond is calling her name asking what the matter is. Crystal runs back down the stairs and into the kitchen where she finds one of her mother’s recipe books.

Crystal looks at her finished work, "There," she says. Her carrot cake is a little bit burnt on the bottom but she slathered it in icing to cover it up. She takes a little lick out of the bowl. "YUCK!" The icing is way too salty. She runs to the store and picks up some cream cheese icing and replaces it for the salty icing. Finally, she goes to the contest. Sylvia Soxy gets first place and Crystal gets sixth.

"Nice try, honey bunny," says her mother.

"Thanks," Crystal hugs her mother.

In baking class the next day there is a mini contest where you have to make up your own recipe. Crystal jogs over to her station and pulls out a recipe book, she puts it down (closed) and makes her own. She gets third place and Mrs. Firefox says, "This is pretty good Crystal, what's the secret?"

Crystal smiles, "I made it with love."

Dear Editor,

Hi! I'm Claire I live in Alberta, Canada, and I love the magazines that you do! I really enjoy your series of magazines called, "Baked with Love." It was very creative, I'm so glad that you decided to make it. I have all of your magazines and read them all the time.

Your admirer, Claire Ridey.

The Best Chocolate Chip Chewy Bars!

Ingredients:

½ c margarine

2 c brown sugar

1 tsp vanilla

2 eggs



1 ½ c flour

2 tsp baking powder

1 tsp salt

1 c chocolate chips (opt add 1 c chopped nuts)



Instructions:

Melt margarine in large saucepan. Remove from heat and add sugar and vanilla



and stir well until

blended. Add eggs one at a time-beating well. Stir together flour, baking powder and salt. Add to saucepan and mix well. Spread into greased 9"x 13" pan. Sprinkle chocolate chips over surface. Press lightly. Bake at 350° C for 20-22 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

