

STD 3 NATIONAL LEARNING ASSESSMENT
MENTOR TEXT – BOOKLET 7

MAKING BAKE

My grandma makes the best roast bake in the whole world. They're always so soft and round, and they taste amazing with cheese. I always watch her in the kitchen, and it looks so easy. Just mix some flour and water, roll it out, and cook it on the tawa. Simple, right? Wrong!

One Saturday, Grandma was busy helping my mom in the garden, and I thought it would be a nice surprise to make bake for breakfast. I found the flour and the water, just like Grandma uses. I poured some flour into a bowl and slowly added water, mixing it with my hands. It started out okay, but then it got all sticky and gooey. It wasn't a nice smooth ball of dough like Grandma's. Mine looked like a lumpy monster!

Afterwards, I tried to add more flour, but then it got too dry and crumbly. I added more water, and it went back to being sticky. I just couldn't get it right! It was stuck all over my hands, and the bowl looked like it had a bad case of the flu. Finally, after a lot of poking and prodding, I managed to get something that sort of resembled dough. It was a weird, uneven shape, but I figured it would taste the same.

Next came the rolling part. Grandma makes it look so easy, her rolling pin just glides over the dough. When I tried, my dough stuck to the counter. I added more flour to the counter, but then the rolling pin got all covered in flour. The bake I was trying to roll ended up looking like a map of a strange, bumpy island. It was definitely not round.

Then came the cooking. Grandma's bake puffs up on the tawa like a little balloon. Mine just stayed flat and hard. One part got all burnt and black, while the other part was still doughy and pale. It smelled kind of weird too, not like the yummy smell of Grandma's bake.

When Grandma came into the kitchen, she just looked at the mess and then at me, trying not to laugh. My hands were covered in sticky dough, the counter was a flour explosion, and the bake looked like something you could use to play fetch with Max. I felt really disappointed. I wanted to make something nice for Grandma, but it turned out to be a complete disaster. Grandma hugged me and said, "Don't worry, my dear. Making bake takes practice. We can make it together next time, and I'll show you all my secrets." Even though my first try was a total failure, Grandma's kind words made me feel a bit better. I learned that some things are harder than they look, and it's okay to ask for help.

