

THE DECIMAL THAT WENT



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By Millie Packard

Not too long ago, there was a very cheeky decimal point. Not only was it cheeky, but it was the cheekiest decimal point ever known to man - they just didn't know it yet. The creator of all mischief was going to strike, but when and how was the question...



It's secret hide-out (which won't be so secret after I tell you) was an old baking recipe book stacked up on one of the shelves of an antique shop, round the corner from Barry, who was about to get the biggest shock of his life.



Barry decided to make a cake for his grandfather's 100th birthday and realised that he didn't have any baking books. So, he decided to set off for the shops to see what he could find. He walked along the pavement, occasionally stopping at any shop that he thought might sell cook books, until out of the corner of his eye he spotted a dusty old recipe book for sale on the top of one of the shelves in the said antique shop. There it was, in all of its cakey glory waiting to find a home.



Relief was drawn upon Barry's face as he triumphantly strode out of the antique shop with his recipe book tucked under his arm, but little did he know that within the depths of the pages of his recipe book was something - something that could wreck his grandfather's once in a lifetime birthday.

Muhahahahahaha



Barry started to gather the ingredients that he needed to make an epic 100th birthday chocolate cake, when a little demon awoke.... it was It! It yawned and stretched and did a little wriggle before noticing It's surroundings. IT WASN'T IN THE ANTIQUE SHOP ANY MORE. There It was, printed on the page defining a digits worth on whether Barry would add 22560 grams of flour or 225.60 grams of flour - with or without It.



Now It was a bit bored. It had been sitting on one of the shelves of the old antique shop for about 20 years. With a new liberating feeling It felt rather mischievous now that It was back in someone's kitchen. Luckily Barry had all of the ingredients in his larder and started to measure them out one by one. This was when It decided to make it's move. It was as follows:

Choccie cake

225.60 grams S.R flour but IT jumped to the 10s column and it read 22.56g

225.60 grams Caster sugar- IT then jumped twice to the 10ths column and read 22.56g

225.60 grams Butter - IT jumped two spaced left to the 10s column and it read 2.256g

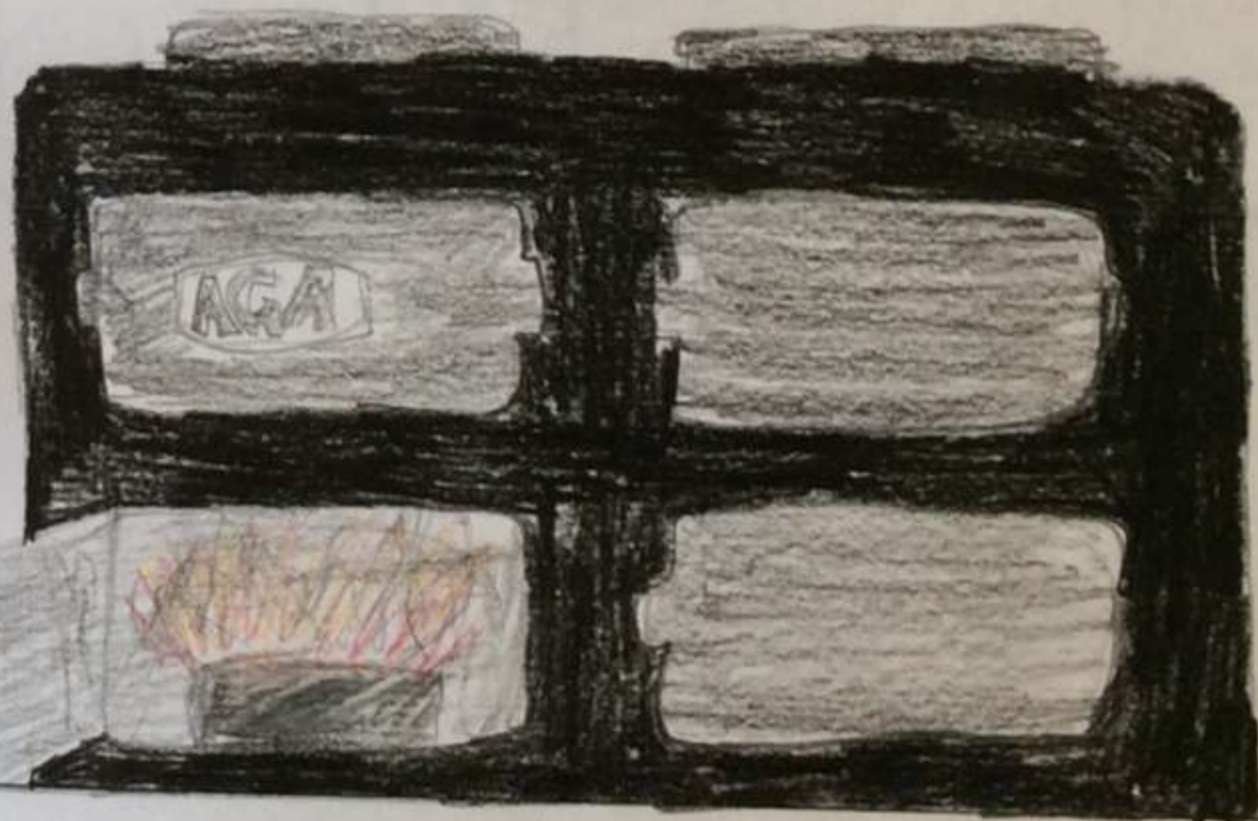
3.5 Eggs - IT jumped to the 10ths, so Barry read 3.5 eggs

2.5 tsp Baking powder-IT then jumped twice to the 100ths, it read 2.50 tsp

2.5 tbsp Cocoa powder-IT decided IT was really going to confuse Barry and, so jumped three times to the 1000s column and it read 0.0025 tbsp

0.5 tsp Vanilla extract- and finally, the final leap, to the... 100ths column to read 50 tsp

No matter how random some of the amounts seemed to Barry, they all went in but with an unusual amount of uncertainty. He poured the mixture into the greased baking tin and, whacked the timer on for half an hour. Whilst Barry was washing up his gloriously chocolaty mixing bowl, the oven made a strange noise. It sounded like a bomb, just not as powerful. He opened the AGA door, just to check how it was cooking, when a puff of smoke came flooding out... Grandpa's 100th birthday cake had exploded in the oven.



Barry sighed with great disappointment, as he murmured to himself "I should have just bought one from the shops, no-one would have known I didn't make it!"



The moral of this story is 1- be as accurate as you can with everything and 2- why make a cake when you can buy one from the shops!

