

PRETEND BAKERY
BY James Collins

The playhouse was garish. It stood about five foot high with a green roof and blue shutters. It once supported a seven-year-old boy who loved to sit on top but had outgrown the toy. It was about five feet wide on each side and had a miniature Dutch door and windows. It was ideal for a six-year-old child. Colleen, the six-year-old, loved the toy house and lived there most of the time. Any day after school, you would find her playing with her dolls and cooking and baking toys in the **pretend** kitchen.

Her Aunt Allison, in her 20s at the time, loved to play with Colleen. Allison was a child at heart. Together, they came up with all kinds of games and **pretend** uses for the playhouse. Today was one of those days. They mutually agreed that Colleen would now own and run a bakery. Colleen had her own ideas and wanted the bakery to be a drive-in like McDonald's.

Allison insisted it should be a regular bakery that you walked into from the street. Colleen disagreed. These were two very strong personalities. They were women with similar genes though they were a generation apart. Colleen forcefully said, "This is a drive-in! I have put a **bolt** on the front door. No one will walk in from the street."

Eventually a truce arose and they agreed that it would be a drive in bakery owned and operated by Colleen. Therefore, Allison wanted to be the first patron of the new bakery.

The initial visit to the bakery took place in the following manner. Allison pulled up in her car to the order **window**.

Colleen was wearing an apron and she was inside the playhouse while serving out the toy window.

"Good afternoon. Welcome to our new bakery. I hope you enjoy the drive in feature. This is a new business and we hope to get many patrons who are willing to use their car to come and sample our wares.

Colleen asked Alison," What do you want to buy?"

"A vanilla cake with vanilla frosting."

“We don’t have any.”

“What do you have?”

“We have chocolate cake, orange cake, cookies, and pie.”

“But I want vanilla cake with vanilla frosting.”

“We don’t have any.”

Alison then changed her voice, became a second customer, and went through the same routine. ---Same results.

Alison again changed her voice to become a third individual and again requested, “Vanilla cake with vanilla frosting.”

Colleen closed the window, stood up, took off her apron and declared, “Bakery is closed. I sold the business.”

THE END

Colleen about to turn 6 ; 11 -11-2001