

Oxford Discover Level 2, Unit 13, Read

My grandmother is a baker. She makes delicious breads and beautiful cakes with delicate icing to sell in her little shop. I want to work as a baker, too. I think it's a great job. Last weekend, my grandmother showed me how to make bread. We mixed all the ingredients together to make a soft dough. Then my grandmother told me to fold, stretch, and press the dough with my hands. It was hard work, and the muscles in my arms were aching by the time the dough was ready to go in the oven.

As the bread started to cook, it smelled mouth-watering, and my stomach started to growl. It was tempting to open the oven door to sniff the delicious, hot bread. But my grandmother told me that it isn't wise to open the oven door while the bread is cooking, because the bread might go flat. My little brother ran into the kitchen to see what was cooking. He stood in front of the oven, staring at my bread with a greedy look on his face.

"Give me some!" he said, rudely.

"Only if you ask politely," said my grandmother calmly.

"Sorry," said my brother. "I'd like to try some of that bread, please," he tried again, shyly.

The bread looked ready, so I nervously opened the oven door. I didn't want my bread to go flat! But it was perfect.

"You've done a wonderful job," said my grandmother proudly. "You can help in my shop to earn some pocket money if you like."