## **Bread**

Alex Day

Her name was Flora Spread and she lived on Hovis Hill Overlooking baker town from the window of her flour mill The bright lights of the city fueled her longing to create With the innovative bakers with whom she knew she could relate

She saw the cakes they cooked and the muffins that they made But she kept on beating her bread all the while, feeling betrayed That her mother left her in this mess of yeast, flour and dough She must taste inspiration and stop chewing the bread of woe

Down in baker town lived Victoria Sponge But her cakes weren't selling so she knew that it was time to take a plunge Into the new, and see things from a brand new view And yes young miss Flora I am talking to you

Will you come down that hill of yours and work here in my shop We might have to bake until the ovens pop But I need your creative eye With my wisdom and your innovation Together we can bake the perfect success pie

Success pie Success pie Bread Bread

After just one week in that shop, Flora's business was booming Her creativity blooming and her customers consuming But looming, on the horizon, lay a rising problem People couldn't stop eating, and there was nothing that could stop them

What was once a people of pretty balanced diets Baker town without it's bread was revolution without riots Flora closed her shop down, but she knew it was too late And soon enough the population of the town was overweight

Overweight Overweight Bread Bread

And so, the very next day Flora went back to her mill and opened up her bread shop But it seemed, to Flora's dismay that no one wanted her bread And she was left alone up on the hill top

Victoria sponge kept on baking With recipes she stole from floras notes And Flora's heart kept on breaking As the cakes continued rising, and the bread became toast

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