Barden's Book

I'm Barden, I'm a man with no job. Not homeless – that's for sure! Unlike you, I don't live life out in the open. In fact, I cook it. Life wasn't made for me to enjoy, it's just not satisfying. I'd rather be in the depths of lava or the majestic paradise. The only thing that keeps me happy is cooking. Not my family, not my friends – just cooking.

Firstly, I would start with the eggs. The eggs resembled the messy (or bad) part of my life like this... The rain poured down thrashing against the pine trees. My wife lay there with a meandering river of gruesome blood that trailed into the gutter as hubbubs surrounded the haunting landscape. The thick tree had clasped her leg leaving its thorny branches to sink into it. The deafening sirens sounded as I stared at the scene. Why was life such a horrible place to be in? I wish...I wish life was filled with happiness and harmony – not chaos and death.

Secondly, I would sprinkle the flour in the bowl. This meant I was throwing the past away. The next day, I had to tell my two dearest children the dreadful news. Aria (my daughter) burst into tears, I couldn't cry – at least not in front of my children. Ralph (my son) ran into his room and started sobbing. That could have been my chance to die and finally get what I wanted but once again, I didn't.

Thirdly, I would stir in the butter. This meant I was starting to be more considerate and give life a go. My children were at school. Since we had no house worker I had to apply for a job. Somewhere where my children didn't need to be babysat. I was going to be a teacher. My knowledge for maths was quite good. I finally found something that was perfect!

Penultimately, I would finish putting the ingredients in the cake and put it in the oven. This meant life wasn't that bad after all. Aria and Ralph had earned good grades and I got promoted and became Deputy Head. I was as proud as a peacock. I was not the showing off type, but inside I did feel a chink of light gleaming out of my coal heart.

Finally, I would decorate the cake and make it intricate and ornate. This meant I felt optimistic about life and started to make progress. Life wasn't a place full of hatred but a wonderful adventure to discover. Life would be no more but a precious stone worth more than your life. Every person has a dream, a dream they want to become true but sometimes it's better to let that dream go and believe in themselves. Don't have a dream that you'll be waiting for. Work for that dream and it will award you. I lived with my children and started to love more things than just life. Having a chance to live is lucky so enjoy it!

Written by Zahra Chaumoo 10 years old

6C