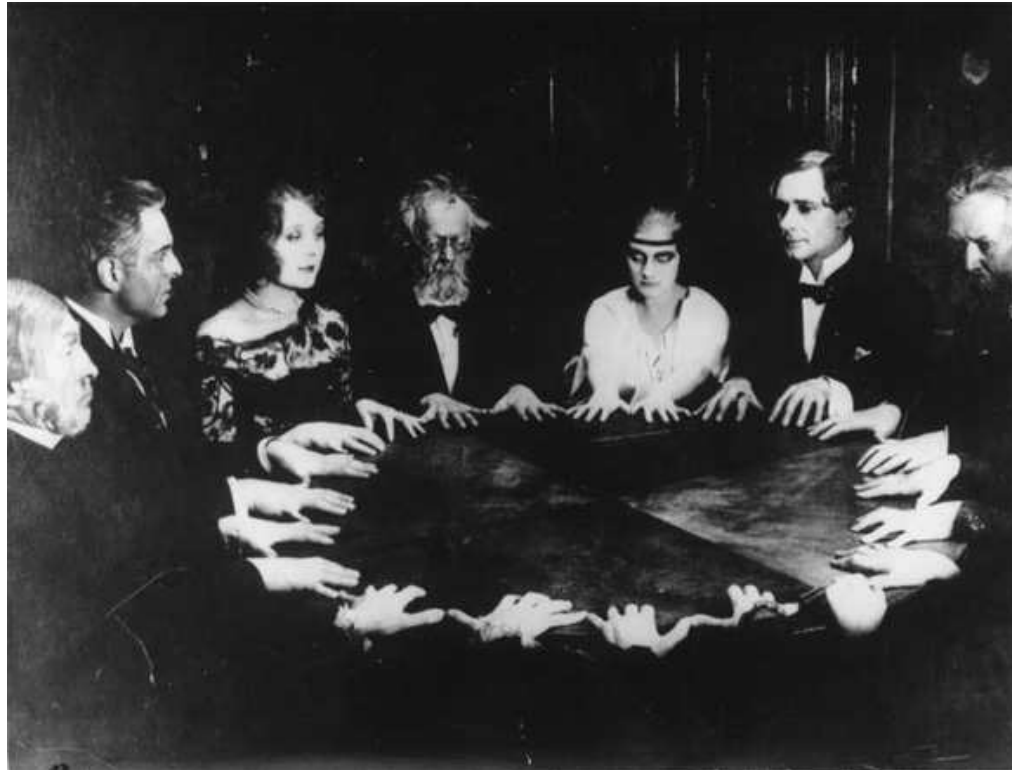


Baker's Man



“Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker’s man. Bake me a cake as fast as you ... ’ Hey, c’mon you guys! Let’s show a little *enthusiasm!*” Enid sighed. She enjoyed her job as Activities Director at Camp Lugubrium, but at times it could be awfully challenging. Like now. She’d cajoled a handful of her charges into sitting down and engaging in a simple lighthearted clapping game. Except that Ron, Betsy, Charo, Suzie and all the rest didn’t know *how* to be lighthearted. After a single “pat-a-cake,” that wasn’t even clapped together, they all just sat staring vacantly off into space. Then some wisenheimer began to rap on the table, make eerie “woo-woo” sounds, and turn the thermostat in the room way down. Enid naturally suspected Ralph, though he hadn’t moved a muscle for nearly ten minutes. Suddenly, the table itself began to rise up off the floor. Enid had the good sense to let go and dive onto the sofa, but the others calmly remained seated and accompanied the table as it rose through the ceiling and then disappeared from view. Ohh, how she dreaded bed check tonight, because how on earth would she explain the absence of everyone in Cabin 5 to the persnickety Camp Counselor Tribunal?!