

It Shouldn't Happen to an Overworked Single Mum

8am on Friday morning. Luckily I'd booked a day off from my regular job, I needed to try and get some rest after delivering the cakes. I'd only had 12 hours of sleep all week. My cake business was so busy, I was baking into the night, every night after finishing work. The Friday before I'd worked all day then baked and decorated right the way round to Saturday afternoon. The only time I saw my children was when they come in to the bakery to help me. I'd have thought they would have been sick of cakes by then, I know I was. I couldn't keep it up. Something had got to give before I did.

My day job, had commissioned me to make an extra-large, celebration cake, announcing record breaking sales. I bought a large enough box to transport the cake but hadn't given any thought to how heavy it would be. I wish I'd asked my girls to help me load the car before they left. I had two deliveries to make before the big one at 9.30, then a 70th birthday cake to deliver on the way back and a zebra print guitar was being collected at lunchtime. It was time to load the big one. Using my arms like a fork lift, I placed them under the cake and lifted. Damn, should have turned the light off before I picked it up. I decided I'd try and turn the light off with my chin, this cake was too heavy to put down and pick up again. If I angled my body away from the wall and turned my head. ... that's it, almost there, just a little bit further, click. Yes. Did it!

They say time slows down in these moments but in this instance it didn't. I must have lifted my right arm slightly higher than my left, as I moved my head back round. The metre wide cake board slid in the 1.2 metre cake box. I tried to shift my centre of gravity to counter balance the moving weight in the box but my arms were too close together. In a split second the side of the cake box hit the floor. By some miracle only one side of the cake was damaged, the entire cake had stayed within the box - this was salvageable. An extra thick ribbon, some sugar craft flowers and a quick word with photographer to make sure he stood over the other side to take the publicity shots of the announcement and I might just get away with this.

God only knows how, but I managed to get the cake there in time. As I lifted the cake out I noticed my mistake. In my haste to fix the damaged side I didn't check the numbers on top of the cake. Instead of reading £132 million it now read £32 million, with a pink smudge where the missing 1 should be. I frantically searched the box but it wasn't there. There was nothing else for it, I had to confess.

Luckily the MD thought it was hilarious and even joked in his speech that I was the worse employee, losing him £100 million in one morning - I was mortified!