

## **Crumbs: Erica Griffiths**

She was going to be famous! Hazel's smile spread across her face, her pride ballooning inside her. She had finally beat that pretentious Beverly Taylor at her own game. Now everyone would see Hazel's picture in the Agriculture Gazette.

But it couldn't be an ordinary photo, not one of those selfies with somebody's Iphone. No, Hazel Buford needed a proper professional photo. Hazel carefully stepped through the mud, avoiding puddles and horse poo until she reached her Pajero in the corner of the paddock. Those Country Women's Association biddies had mocked her for being too organised. Now who was laughing? She flung open the boot and cheered her 'essentials tub', offering up all those things you might just need - gumboots, hat, umbrella and her beloved Canon camera.

She retrieved her prize and briefly considered wearing her hat. No, a faded sun hat wouldn't do, she needed something else, something that bragged about her '*je ne sais quoi*.' Miss Amy ran the hand sewn goods stall, with those beautiful paisley aprons. That would be just the thing.

Hazel strode across the Showground and was soon admiring herself in the tall mirror. The apron definitely screamed 'Best in Show' from Robertson's Annual Spring Fair. Hazel had worked hard at her recipe, working and re-working it, balancing the basic ingredients to achieve that perfect sponge cake. '*Moist, yet light, with a heavenly texture that melted in your mouth*' according to the judges.

As she neared the judging tent, Hazel contemplated her pose. Should she be seated? One hand holding up her glossy Blue Ribbon and the other cradling her winning sponge? Or perhaps she should be standing to get the full effect of her new apron. She tucked stray wisps back into her tightly wound bun and looked about for someone to take her photo.

She saw the groundsman loitering at the entrance, their mugs of tea steaming in the cool air. No, they wouldn't do at all. One of them swilled his remnants onto the grass, calling back over his shoulder 'great cake Mrs T.' Great cake thought Hazel, don't tell me that sore loser Beverly was giving her cake away to commoners, just like a regular dessert.

Hazel ducked inside the tent catching sight of Beverly next to the prize table. Beverly looked up, 'oh crumbs' she said, 'you caught me,' a flash of guilt fleetingly crossing her face before she slyly smiled, greedily licking her fingers and pressing the last of Hazel's cake into her mouth.