

## The Cinnamon Bun by Marcia Williams

Cora was nine years old. She lived with her mum in a bedsit full of sunshine, music and colour. On every wall there was a rainbow, so that when she woke up, no matter which way she was facing, there was always something cheery to look at.

Cora's mum worked long hours, so after school Cora would walk round to Granny Lottie's. Granny Lottie came from Denmark and would tell Cora wonderful stories about summers spent on a tiny island where she would collect berries, swim in an icy lake and make cinnamon buns. When the buns came out of the oven they smelled so sweet that the whole island would shiver with delight – or so Granny Lottie said!

Cora longed to taste the sweet, soft, spicy buns for herself. Granny Lottie promised Cora that as soon as she was well again, she would take her to the island where they would have soft, spicy cinnamon buns – proper Danish ones. But Granny Lottie had been saying that since forever, and could still only get out of bed to go to the bathroom.

On the morning of her tenth birthday, Cora found a little waxed-paper parcel by her plate, tied with pink ribbon. Her mum smiled as Cora undid the bow and slid her finger into the crease of the paper, and a wonderful aroma began to escape. Cora looked at her mum, and a shiver of delight ran through her. It was a cinnamon bun, but not just any cinnamon bun, for on the wax paper were the words 'Danish Bakery'. It was a proper Danish cinnamon bun.

Cora could feel her mouth watering! She closed her eyes and lifted the bun to her mouth, breathing in the buttery, sugary, cinnamon smell. She imagined Granny Lottie sitting on a rock by a lake about to bite into her own, warm, fragrant cinnamon bun and thought her dreams had come true.

After school, Cora ran all the way to Granny Lottie's.

"I thought you'd never get here," said Granny Lottie. "Make me a mug of tea, would you, and break open the chocolate biscuits to celebrate your birthday."

So Cora made some tea and put the chocolate biscuits on a plate, then carried the tray into Granny Lottie.

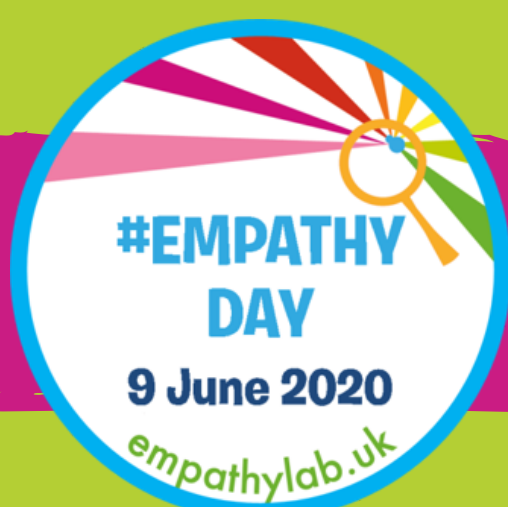
"What's this," said Granny Lottie, picking up the little waxed paper parcel, retied with pink ribbon.

"It's for you," said Cora as she bit into a biscuit.

Cora watched as Granny Lottie fumbled with the ribbon. She smiled at the look of astonishment and delight on her granny's face as a buttery, cinnamon smell wafted around the room. Granny Lottie closed her eyes and two fat tears rolled down her cheeks as she bit into the bun...

A shiver of delight ran through Cora as she shared in her granny's joy – she could almost believe that she was on the little island, eating her own cinnamon bun.

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