

Wait a second, these are all yellow...  
This yellow seems yellower than that yellow.

*He opens the nearest cabinet; it is piled high with  
tin cans.*

Perhaps the sugar is behind this can?

*He pulls out the bottom can, the entire  
stack comes crashing down, and the tins roll all  
around the floor.*

Oops.

W oooooooooahhhhhhhhh.

*He takes a step to the left and stumbles over a can.*

W oooooooooaaahhhhhhhhh.

*He slips from right to left.  
He flails his arms around, trying to catch his bal-  
ance.  
He slips around for a few beats longer,  
and heads to the cake, it looks like he is going to  
fall over and collapse into the cake.  
He catches his balance just in the nick of time.  
He freezes, his face mere inches from the top of the  
cake.*

That was a close call.

*He steadies himself up, wobbles, grabs hold of the  
tablecloth which pulls the cake off the counter -  
and it splatters on the floor.*

Oh dear.

*Paddington picks up the spoiled cake and tries to  
piece it back together.*

**Start here:**

**Mr. Curry is not going to be pleased about that.**

I know what I'll do!

I'll bake a new cake, that way Great Aunt  
Matilda will have no reason to get upset. Here's  
a recipe book.

*He spots a recipe book in the opposite corner of the kitchen. He crosses to it.*

What's Mrs. Bird always saying? Follow a recipe *word for word*. Do *exactly* what it says.

*He picks up the recipe book upside down.*

*He tries to decipher it but has trouble figuring it out.*

*He flips it around so it's right side up.  
He tries to decipher it but has trouble figuring it out.*

*He flips it around so it's upside down again.*

What am I doing? I can't bake a cake like this!  
I look nothing like a chef! Oh look an apron!

*He grabs an apron off a hook, ~~and places a chef's hat on his head.~~*

Much better.  
In order to do a good job, you first have to look the part. Now let's see here...

*He moves back to the recipe book.*

'First, add three eggs into the mixing bowl.'

*Paddington adds three whole eggs.*

One. Two. Three.

Done.

'Next, add two cups of oil.'

*Paddington adds two cups to the bowl.*

One. Two.

Done.

'Add one scoop of sugar.'

Sugar?

Well if I knew where the sugar was I wouldn't be in this mess to begin with.

*He reads the recipe again.*