

You've very probably already heard about how to make a cake.

The recipe I got has only made me mad.

One day I resolved to make a cake, a nice one with chocolate on top,
for my boy, whose name is Pepperl, because Pepperl loves Chocolate so much.

So I went to make a cake

It was going to be a beauty, one with chocolate up on top,
for my boy, my Pepperl, who loves chocolate very much.

So I bought the necessary items: eggs, butter, flour and cinnamon.

But the instruction: "a cup of this, a cup of that" unfortunately did not work as such.

Ladies or gentlemen, if anyone, in retrospect, were to ask me how,
how it went to make this cake, I would have to detail the affair as follows:

First of all I take the pan, grease it diligently full with fat.

Then I take both hands of Pepperl out of the pen and out of the fat.

Then I smear another pan and smoothen grease into it again

And then I open the front door because the doorbell had just rung.

Then I want to hear some music, hastily I turn the radio receiver on.

There someone sings "The trout" which doesn't go with cake at all.

Then I quickly quench the radio, irritated by applause.

Then I pull both hands of Pepperl from the pen and from the fat.

Then I take the third pan slather it with grease again

Then the canary dives directly into the fat.

Then I take the greasy bird, lock it back into his cage,

Then I pull both hands of Pepperl from the pen and from the fat.

Then I take the fourth pan, by then I'm boiling on the inside, ready to explode.

Then I head into the next room 'cause there rings the telephone,

My mother asks the number of the dentist's practice who's next door to me

Then I'll take my reader glasses seek the the number, tells it her.

Then at length mama apologizes, I assure her not to fret,
Then I pull both hands of Pepperl from the pen and from the fat.
Then I'll take the fifth pan, expecting finally success,
Then I find I'm looking for the golden pin I already had in hand today,
and then I search for it under the armoire and then under the bed,
then I seek my reader-glasses until I see they're in my bed.
Then I'll take the sixth pan, tell my Pepperl: "You sit down and stay!"
Because Pepperl had since logged himself right down into the fat.
Then I take the seventh pan, swiftly adding flour, butter,
then I angrily lock Pepperl in the adjacent room.
Then, I'll take some eggs down from my rack in any case
then I add the sugar and find when tasting it is salt.
Then I grab my dog, my "Schipsel", who had bolted from the room
And then he bites me and the pan falls from my hand,
then all around the floor is greasy, then I rub out all the stains,
then I pluck my black dog "Schipsel" out of the white dough in the pan.
Then I take the eighth pan, grease it well with grease again
Then at that time my Pepperl comes climbing in over the balcony
And then he falls over "Schipsel" and then both dog and child start whaling
And then I bump the stove so that the dough runs into the fire
And then it's high noon twelve o'clock and then my husband soon comes home,
and the cake is far from ready and the meat is not yet tender,
and then I frantically run from the kitchen to grab and use the telephone
and I tell the pastry chef to quickly send one of his cakes.

How one makes a cake

Cissy Kraner, at the piano: Hugo Wiener (translated by Herb Ranharter)