Mr Jimmy was getting tired of teaching because the primary six group was so naughty. Even in the holidays he got no rest. One day his patience snapped!

Mr Jimmy declared, “I will not write nor teach any more because it is making my blood pressure go up. I can hardly take a break. I want to follow my dream of becoming a baker!”

So he went off and baked a delicious lava cake to soothe his feelings.

Mr Jimmy was determined to open a shop to sell his cakes. So he gathered all his savings and rented a space which he named “Jimmy’s Baked Treats”. He searched Google for the best cake and biscuit recipes, but he was unable to attract enough customers for his desserts. He was becoming desperate.

So Mr Jimmy made name cards, listing his cakes and his contact number. He spent days dropping his cards into the letter-boxes of all the houses and flats near his shop, and wherever he went. One week of silence, two quiet weeks, then on Monday… Brrrrring! Brrrrring! He got a call.

“Er, Jimmy’s Baked Treats, how may I help you?”

“Can I order three strawberry cakes, two peach cakes, six hazelnut sprinkle cakes and a fudge chocolate cake,” the caller said.

What a huge order! Mr Jimmy was overjoyed. “Of course! That’s twelve cakes, so the total, including delivery, is eight hundred dollars.”

The caller grunted, then said, “Okay, I want them in seven days,” and he gave an address that was about one kilometre away.

“I’m made! I’m riiiiich,” Mr Jimmy sang as he began working on the cakes.

A week later, Mr Jimmy used a trolley to trundle the cakes to the house. When the customer (a big beefy man) saw the cakes, he was surprised that the strawberry cake was actually a sponge cake with jam on it. He got annoyed that the peach was another sponge cake with peach jam, and that the hazelnut was a pound cake with a Nutella spread. He hollered at Mr Jimmy, “These are cheap cakes! Take them back! I will not pay you!” He picked up a strawberry cake and smashed it in Mr Jimmy’s face.

Poor Mr Jimmy felt so humiliated that he did not leave his home for a week. He did a lot of thinking, and decided that he was not cut out to be a baker. “I think I should stick to teaching. Even if the students are frightful, cheeky monkeys, at least they will not rub my face in cake.”
And that is how Mr Jimmy ended up in Intellicat Tuition School.