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### **The Chocolate Cake My Brother Baked**

My little brother of eight years old eagerly wanted to bake,  
So he asked our mom if she would help him make a chocolate cake.  
I watched as he gathered ingredients and fiercely stirred the batter,  
Then carefully poured it into a pan with very little splatter.  
He opened the oven and put on a pair of bright green oven mitts,  
Then slid the cake inside the oven and waited for a bit.  
Minute by minute as the cake began to rise,  
I watched the pure excitement in my little brother's eyes.  
When the cake had finally cooled, he topped it with home-made icing.  
He breathed in the smell of chocolate and the frosting so enticing.  
My mother smiled and said it looked great, but asked what it was for.  
My little brother humbly replied, "the nice lady that lives next door."  
He scurried to put his boots on, and walked across the street  
To generously deliver the unexpected treat.  
He rang the doorbell and waited, but the lady looked quite suspicious.  
To her surprise, she was greeted by a boy holding something that looked delicious.  
"Oh let me get some change," she said, as she saw him standing in the cold.  
"No, this is free, I just baked it" he replied, with a smile uncontrolled.  
She looked at him curiously, when suddenly something changed.  
My brother's smile from ear-to-ear had quickly been exchanged.

The lady thanked him earnestly, with bright eyes and rose cheeks,

"You've absolutely made my day. Thank you, you're so sweet."

He gave away his chocolate cake without any sadness at all.

My brother has taught me how enormous the heart can be from a child so small.