



... everything made sense.

“Did you know it was my birthday?” he asked.
I said yes, of course I did, and yes,
I had made him a cake.

I hoped he'd forget about it
on the journey home.

But once we were home, the questions kept on coming.

“Can we have a party?

Can we make it fancy dress?

Is there going to be a bouncy castle?”

I didn't see why not.

Gideon was already dressed

in a fancy outfit.



And the bouncy castle was still in the back garden

from Grandma's birthday party.



“Yes, yes, yes,” I said.

But when the guests arrived I started to panic.

“Is this the right house?” one of them asked.

“Is Gideon here?”



Well, what could I say?!