
Bread for the New Family

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About This Book

At a Glance

- **Reading level:** English level A1- (CEFR)
- **Age:** 7+
- **Length:** 8 chapters · ±5,200 words

Edition

This is the **first edition** — version 1.3, published September 2026.

Version	Date	Notes
1.0	July 2026	First edition
1.1	August 2026	Language corrections
1.2	September 2026	Reading level relabelled A1- (text unchanged)
1.3	September 2026	Illustration and cover corrections.

About the Story

The Series

Rosie's Bakery sits on Main Street in the little American town of Maple Falls, where Evie and her mom bake fresh bread every morning and cakes to order. Evie loves to bake — and most of all to decorate, with a ring of red cherries on top. In each book she takes on one baking job, from the first mixing bowl to the last cherry, while her little brother Billy tastes everything and Crumble the shop dog waits for a crumb. Warm, gentle stories for children just starting to read English.

This Book

A new family moves into the empty house on Main Street. They carry box after box, and they look so tired. Evie knows just what to do. Fresh bread says welcome — that is the bakery way!

But bread is new for Evie. First she needs flour from the mill. Then dough, and yeast, and a long, slow wait. The dough grows and grows! And there is one thing Evie must not forget…

It is a warm, sweet story about baking, small mistakes, and making new friends — with a red cherry on top.

Can Evie make the bread in time to welcome the new family to Maple Falls?

Chapter 1: The big truck



It is morning in Maple Falls. The sun is up. Rosie's Bakery is open.

The bakery smells good. It smells like fresh bread. Warm bread. Fresh bread.

Mom is in the kitchen. Evie is at the counter. Sara is here too. Sara bakes with Evie now. Two friends. Two bakers.

Ding! The bell on the door rings. A man comes in.

"Morning!" says Evie.

"Morning!" says the man. "Two loaves of bread, please."

Evie gives him the bread. The man is happy. He goes home.

Ding! The bell rings again. Old Mrs. Green comes in.

"Morning, Mrs. Green!" says Sara.

"Morning, girls!" says Mrs. Green. "Fresh bread, please."

Sara gives her the bread. Mrs. Green smiles. She goes home too.

Crumble the dog sits by the door. He wags his tail. He wants a cookie.

"Not now, Crumble," says Evie. "Later. Later you get a cookie."

Billy runs in. Billy is Evie's little brother. He wants to taste the bread.

"Can I have a bite?" says Billy.

"Okay, Billy," says Evie. "One bite."

Billy takes a big bite. "Mmm!" says Billy. "So good!"

Then Billy looks out the window. He sees something big.

"Look!" says Billy. "A truck! A big truck!"

Evie looks. Sara looks. A big truck comes down Main Street. It is slow. It is big.

"A big truck," says Sara. "Is it the new family?"

The truck goes slow. Then it stops. It stops across the street. It stops at the empty house.

The empty house is old. No one lives there. The house is empty. No one is home.

"The truck stops at the empty house," says Evie. "Look, look!"

Billy presses his nose to the window. "What is in the truck?" says Billy. "I want to see!"

The truck doors open. Evie sees boxes. Big boxes. Small boxes. Boxes, boxes, boxes.

Two men carry the boxes. They carry the boxes to the house. In and out. In and out.

"So many boxes!" says Billy. "One, two, three… so many!"

"The truck is full," says Sara. "It is full of boxes."

"Boxes and boxes," says Sara. "The boxes go into the empty house."

Evie looks and looks. "The house is not empty now," says Evie. "Someone is moving in!"

Then Evie sees them. A man. A woman. A girl. A little boy. They walk to the house.

"Look!" says Evie. "The new family! The new family is moving in!"

"The new family?" says Billy. "In the empty house?"

"Yes," says Evie. "The house is not empty. The new family lives there now."

Billy jumps up and down. "They are here! They are here!" says Billy.

Mom comes from the kitchen. She has flour on her hands.

"What is it?" says Mom. "Why are you jumping, Billy?"

"Mom!" says Billy. "A truck! A big truck! The new family is moving in!"

Mom looks out the window. She sees the truck. She sees the boxes. She sees the new family.

"Oh!" says Mom. "The new family is here. How nice."

"The empty house is not empty now," says Evie. "The new family lives there."

"Yes," says Mom. "New neighbors. New neighbors on Main Street."

Evie looks at the new family. The man carries a box. The woman carries a box. The girl carries a small box. The little boy runs and runs.

"Who are they?" says Evie. "I want to know."

"Me too," says Sara. "Look, a new girl! A new girl in the family."

Billy waves out the window. "Hello, new family!" says Billy. But they do not see him.

Crumble barks. He looks out the window too. He wags his tail.

"Even Crumble wants to see," says Evie. Everyone laughs.

Evie looks and looks at the new family. So many boxes. So many new things. A new mom, a new dad, a new girl, a new little boy.

"A new family in Maple Falls," says Evie. "Who are they? I want to know."

Chapter 2: Fresh bread says welcome



Evie stands at the window. Sara stands next to her. They watch the new family.

The man carries a big box. The woman carries a box too. The girl carries a small box. The little boy runs and runs.

“Look at them,” says Evie. “So many boxes.”

“Yes,” says Sara. “In and out. In and out.”

The new family works and works. Box after box. The man is hot. The woman sits down. She is tired.

“They are tired,” says Evie. “Look. The woman is tired.”

“The man is tired too,” says Sara. “Moving is a lot of work.”

Billy looks out the window. “The little boy is not tired,” says Billy. “He runs and runs!”

Everyone laughs.

"The girl carries box after box," says Sara. "She helps her mom."

"Yes," says Evie. "The whole family helps. But they all look tired."

Evie watches the new neighbors. They carry boxes all morning. They do not stop. They look hot. They look tired.

Then Evie has an idea. A big idea.

"Sara!" says Evie. "I have an idea!"

"What idea?" says Sara.

"Bread!" says Evie. "We bake bread for the new family. Fresh bread!"

Sara smiles. "Fresh bread! That is a good idea."

Billy jumps up. "Bread! I like bread!" says Billy.

"Not for you, Billy," says Evie. "For the new family. For our new neighbors."

Evie runs to the kitchen. "Mom! Mom!" says Evie. "I have an idea!"

Mom is at the table. She has flour on her hands. "What is your idea?" says Mom.

"The new family is tired," says Evie. "They work all morning. Can we bake bread for them? Fresh bread!"

Mom smiles a big smile. "Yes," says Mom. "That is a very good idea."

"Fresh bread for the new neighbors," says Evie. "To say welcome."

"Fresh bread says welcome," says Mom. "It is the bakery way."

Sara comes in. Billy comes in. Crumble comes in too.

"I want to help," says Sara. "I bake with Evie now."

"Me too!" says Billy. "I taste!"

Mom laughs. "Okay. We all help."

"Why bread?" says Billy. "Why not a cake?"

"A new house is empty," says Mom. "Their pots are in boxes. Their plates are in boxes. They have no dinner yet."

"But bread is easy," says Evie. "Warm bread. They can eat it now."

"Yes," says Mom. "Fresh bread for a tired family. That is a good welcome."

Evie is happy. She has a plan now.

"First we make bread," says Evie. "Then we take it across the street. We say, 'Welcome to Maple Falls!'"

"That is a good plan," says Sara.

"A good plan!" says Billy.

Then Mom stops. She looks at the big flour bin.

"Wait," says Mom. "Bread needs flour. A lot of flour."

Mom opens the flour bin. She looks inside. The bin is almost empty.

"Oh no," says Mom. "Look. The flour bin is almost empty."

Evie looks inside. Sara looks inside. Only a little flour is left.

"Only a little flour," says Evie. "That is not enough."

"Bread needs a lot of flour," says Mom. "Two loaves. Little rolls. We need a big bag of flour."

Billy looks in the bin. "Where is all the flour?" says Billy.

Evie's face falls. No flour, no bread. No bread, no welcome.

"What do we do?" says Sara. "Where do we get flour?"

Evie thinks and thinks. Then she smiles.

"I know!" says Evie. "The mill! Flour comes from the mill!"

"The mill?" says Billy.

"Yes," says Evie. "Dad works at the mill. The mill makes flour!"

"Dad!" says Billy. "Dad can help!"

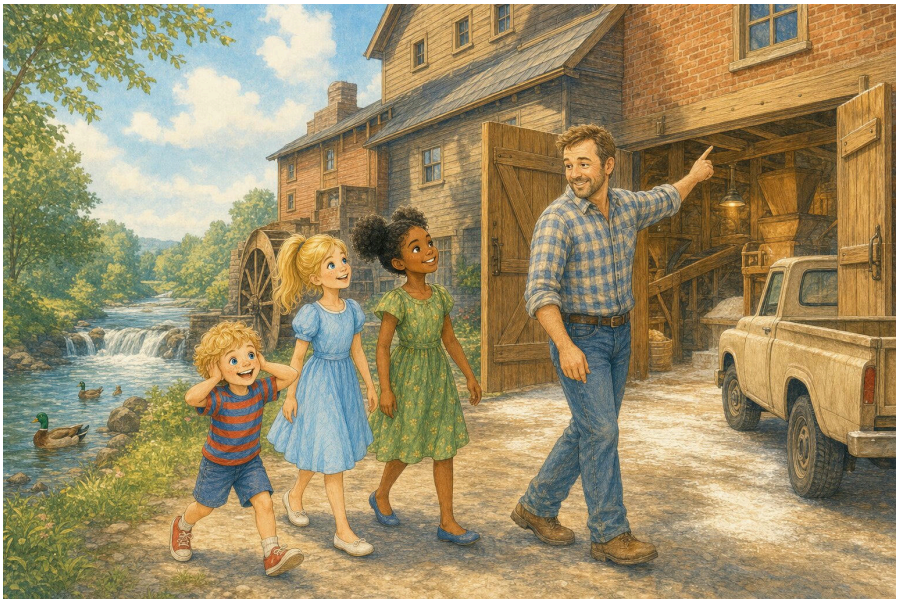
Sara claps her hands. "First the flour," says Sara. "Then the bread. It is a good plan!"

Mom smiles. “Yes. We go to the mill. We get a big bag of flour.”

Evie claps her hands. The plan is good. First the mill. Then the bread. Then the welcome.

“Come on!” says Evie. “To the mill!”

Chapter 3: To the mill



Mom stays at the bakery. Dad takes the children to the mill.

Dad has a truck. Everyone gets in.

“To the mill!” says Evie.

“To the mill!” says Billy.

Dad drives down Main Street. Evie sits in front. Sara and Billy sit in back.

“Where is the mill?” says Sara.

“By the river,” says Dad. “The mill is by the river.”

Soon they see it. The mill is big. Very big.

“Look!” says Billy. “The mill is so big!”

They get out of the truck. The mill is loud. Very loud. Something goes round and round.

“It is so loud!” says Sara.

"Yes," says Dad. "The mill is loud. But the mill makes flour."

Billy puts his hands over his ears. "Loud, loud, loud!" says Billy.

Dad works here. Dad knows the mill.

"Come," says Dad. "I will show you the flour."

They go in. Inside, the mill is loud. And white. White flour is everywhere. On the floor, on the walls.

"First I will show you the wheat," says Dad.

Dad shows them the wheat. The wheat is in a big pile. Little seeds. Gold and brown.

"This is wheat," says Dad. He takes some wheat in his hand. "Little seeds. See?"

Evie looks. "So little," says Evie.

"The wheat is little," says Sara.

Billy takes some wheat too. "Little seeds!" says Billy. "Fun!"

"Now watch," says Dad. "The mill grinds the wheat."

The mill grinds and grinds. Round and round. Two big stones go round.

"It grinds the wheat," says Dad. "Round and round. Grind, grind, grind."

Evie watches. Sara watches. Billy watches.

"And now — look here!" says Dad.

Out comes flour. Soft, white flour.

"Flour!" says Evie. "The wheat is flour now!"

"Wow," says Sara. "The mill grinds the wheat. And out comes flour."

"The mill makes flour!" says Billy.

Evie is happy. "So this is where flour comes from," says Evie. "The mill!"

"Yes," says Dad. "The wheat goes in. The mill grinds it. Flour comes out."

Billy claps his hands. “Round and round!” says Billy. “Grind, grind, grind!”

Everyone laughs.

“Now we need flour for the bread,” says Evie. “A lot of flour.”

“Yes,” says Dad. “You need a big bag.”

Dad gets a big bag of flour. A very big bag.

“Here,” says Dad. “One big bag of flour. Is this enough?”

“Yes!” says Evie. “That is a lot of flour. That is enough for the bread.”

Dad puts the bag by the door. Evie tries to lift the bag.

“Oof,” says Evie. “The bag is heavy!”

Sara tries too. She lifts and lifts. “Yes,” says Sara. “The bag is very heavy.”

“I can carry it!” says Billy. “I am big and strong!”

“Careful, Billy,” says Dad. “The bag is heavy.”

Billy takes the big bag. He lifts and lifts.

“Oof!” says Billy. “So heavy!”

The bag is too heavy for Billy. It slips. Puff! Flour goes everywhere.

Flour on Billy’s nose. Flour on Billy’s hair. Flour on Billy’s shirt. Billy is all white!

“Billy!” says Evie. “You are white!”

“You are white all over!” says Sara.

Billy laughs. Everyone laughs. Billy is white with flour.

“I am a flour boy!” says Billy.

Dad laughs. “Okay, flour boy,” says Dad. He picks up the big bag. “I will carry the bag. It is too heavy for you.”

“Thank you, Dad,” says Evie. “It is very heavy.”

Dad carries the big bag to the truck. Now they have flour. A big bag of flour.

“Thank you, Dad!” says Evie.

“Thank you, Dad!” say Sara and Billy.

They all get in the truck. The big bag of flour goes in too.

“Now we have flour,” says Evie. “A lot of flour.”

Dad drives home. Evie is happy. Sara is happy. Billy is white and happy.

Evie looks at the big bag. She thinks about the new family. Fresh bread for the tired neighbors.

“Now we make the bread!” says Evie.

Chapter 4: Knead, knead, knead



Now they are home. The big bag of flour is on the table. Mom is here too.

“Time to make the bread!” says Evie.

“Aprons on,” says Mom.

Evie puts on her apron. Sara puts on her apron. Billy puts on his apron too.

“I am ready!” says Billy.

“First, clean hands,” says Mom. “Clean hands for the bread.”

Evie washes her hands. Sara washes her hands. Billy washes his hands too.

Crumble sits by the table. Crumble wants to help too. Or maybe Crumble wants a cookie.

“What do we need?” says Sara.

Mom smiles. “Bread is easy,” says Mom. “Bread needs flour. And water. And yeast. And salt.”

“Flour, water, yeast, salt,” says Evie. “That is all?”

"That is all," says Mom.

"What is yeast?" says Billy.

Mom shows them the yeast. The yeast is in a little cup. Little brown bits.

"This is yeast," says Mom. "Just a little bit. We need the yeast for the bread."

"So little!" says Billy.

"Yes," says Mom. "Little, but we need it."

Now they start. Evie puts flour in the big bowl. A lot of flour.

"Now the water," says Mom.

Sara puts in the water.

"Now the yeast," says Mom. "All the yeast."

Sara puts in the yeast.

"Flour, water, yeast," says Evie. "It is all in the bowl."

"Now mix," says Mom. "Mix, mix, mix."

Evie mixes. Sara stirs. The flour and the water go round and round.

"Mix, mix," says Evie. "It is not easy!"

Sara stirs and stirs. "Mix, mix, mix," says Sara.

Something happens in the bowl. The flour and the water come together. It is not flour now. It is dough!

"Look!" says Evie. "It is dough now!"

"Dough!" says Billy. "We made dough!"

Billy looks at the dough. "Can I taste it?" says Billy.

"No, no," says Mom. "Not now, Billy. First we bake the bread. Then you taste."

"Okay," says Billy. "I will wait."

Evie puts her hands in the dough. Oh! The dough is sticky. So sticky.

"Ick!" says Evie. "The dough is sticky!"

Sara puts her hands in too. "Yes!" says Sara. "So sticky! It is on my hands."

The dough sticks to Evie. The dough sticks to Sara. Sticky, sticky dough.

"Now we knead," says Mom.

"Knead?" says Evie. "What is knead?"

"I will show you," says Mom.

Mom puts her hands in the dough. She pushes. She folds. She turns.

"See," says Mom. "Push. Fold. Turn. That is knead. Push, fold, turn."

"Push, fold, turn," says Evie.

Evie kneads the dough. Push, fold, turn. Sara kneads too. Push, fold, turn.

"This is fun!" says Sara.

"Knead, knead, knead!" says Billy.

Billy kneads the dough too. Push, fold, turn. But Billy has flour on his hands. Flour on his nose. Flour on his shirt.

"Billy!" says Evie. "Flour on your nose!"

Billy laughs. He puts his hand on Crumble. Now there is flour on Crumble too!

"Crumble is white!" says Billy. "A flour dog!"

Crumble shakes and shakes. Everyone laughs.

"Knead the dough, Billy," says Mom. "Not the dog."

They knead and knead. Push, fold, turn. Push, fold, turn. Evie kneads. Sara kneads. Billy kneads.

Knead, knead, knead. It is work. Evie is hot now.

"Knead the dough," says Mom. "The dough is good now."

The dough is not so sticky now. It is soft. Nice and soft.

"Feel the dough," says Mom.

Evie feels it. "Oh!" says Evie. "It is soft now. Not sticky."

"Good," says Mom. "Now the dough is ready."

Evie looks at the dough. It is a nice ball of dough. Round and soft.

"Is the bread ready now?" says Billy.

"No, no," says Mom. "Not yet. Now the dough must grow."

Evie stops. Sara stops. Billy stops.

"Grow?!" says Billy. "The dough must GROW?"

Chapter 5: The dough grows



“Grow?” says Evie. “The dough grows?”

“Yes,” says Mom. “The dough grows. It gets big.”

“How?” says Billy. “How does it grow?”

“The yeast,” says Mom. “The yeast makes the dough grow. The dough rises. It rises and grows big.”

“Rise?” says Evie. “What is rise?”

“The dough goes up,” says Mom. “Up and big. That is rise. The dough rises.”

“Rise,” says Evie. “The dough rises.”

“Rise and grow,” says Sara. “The little ball gets big.”

Billy looks at the dough. The dough is small. It is a small ball.

“This little ball?” says Billy. “It grows big?”

“Yes,” says Mom. “Wait and see.”

Now Mom gets a towel. A clean, white towel.

“What is the towel for?” says Evie.

“The towel keeps the dough warm,” says Mom. “Warm dough rises.”

Mom puts the towel over the bowl. Now the dough is under the towel.

“Now we wait,” says Mom. “Wait, wait, wait.”

“Wait?” says Billy. “For how long?”

“Not long,” says Mom. “Wait a little. The dough needs time.”

Billy sits. Billy waits. But Billy cannot wait. He wants to see the dough.

“Can I look?” says Billy. “Just one look?”

“One peek,” says Evie. “Just one little peek.”

Billy lifts the towel. He peeks at the dough.

The dough is small. It is the same. It does not grow.

“The dough is small,” says Billy. “It does not grow!”

“Wait, Billy,” says Mom. “The dough needs time. Put the towel back.”

Billy puts the towel back. He waits.

They all wait. Evie cleans the table. Sara washes a bowl. Crumble sits and waits too. Maybe Crumble waits for a cookie.

Billy looks at the towel. “Is it big now?” says Billy.

“Wait,” says Evie. “Not yet.”

Billy waits and waits. It is hard to wait.

“Now?” says Billy. “Is it big now?”

“Wait a little more,” says Mom. “The dough is slow. It rises slow.”

Billy sits by the bowl. He looks at the towel. He wants to peek. But he waits.

Then Billy peeks again. He lifts the towel and looks.

“Oh!” says Billy. “Oh! Oh! Look! Look!”

Evie runs to the bowl. Sara runs to the bowl.

The dough is big now. So big! It is not a small ball now. It is a big, round ball. It grows and grows.

“It grows!” says Evie. “The dough grows!”

“It is so big!” say Sara and Billy.

The dough rises up. It is over the top of the bowl. Big and round and soft.

“See?” says Mom. “The dough rises. Now it is ready.”

“You are right, Billy,” says Evie. “The little ball is big now!”

Billy is happy. “I see it grow!” says Billy.

“Now what?” says Sara.

“Now we make the loaves,” says Mom. “Round loaves. Nice and round.”

Evie takes the dough. She makes a round loaf. Round and soft.

Sara makes a round loaf too. Round, round, round.

“Round loaves!” says Billy. “Can I make one?”

“Yes,” says Mom. “Make a little round one.”

Billy makes a little loaf. It is not so round. But it is good.

“Good work, Billy,” says Evie.

Now the loaves are ready for the oven. Three round loaves.

Mom opens the oven. The oven is hot. So hot!

“Careful,” says Mom. “The oven is hot. Hot, hot, hot.”

Mom slides the loaves into the oven. One, two, three round loaves.

“In they go,” says Mom. “Now the bread bakes.”

Mom shuts the oven. Now they wait again.

Soon the bakery smells good. It smells so good. Warm bread. Fresh bread.

Evie smells it. Sara smells it. Billy smells it too.

“Mmm!” says Evie. “It smells so good!”

“Fresh bread!” says Billy. “I want to taste it!”

“Soon,” says Mom. “First it bakes. Then we taste.”

Billy sits by the oven. He waits for the bread.

“Is it good bread?” says Billy. “Is it good?”

Everyone looks at the oven. The bread bakes. Is it good?

Chapter 6: Something is not right



The bread is done. Mom opens the oven.

Out come three loaves. Three round loaves. Warm and brown.

“Look!” says Evie. “Brown bread! So brown!”

“Nice and round,” says Sara.

The bread smells good. Warm and fresh.

Evie looks at the three loaves. She is happy.

“Bread for the new family,” says Evie. “Warm and fresh. They will like this bread.”

“Can I taste it?” says Billy. “Can I? Can I?”

“Yes, Billy,” says Mom. “You taste first. That is your job.”

Billy is happy. He tastes first.

Mom gives Billy a piece. A warm brown piece.

Billy takes a bite. Then Billy makes a face.

“Hmm,” says Billy. “Hmm.”

“Is it good?” says Evie. “Billy, is it good?”

Billy takes one more bite. He makes a funny face.

“It tastes funny,” says Billy.

“Funny?” says Evie. “Bread is not funny.”

“This bread is funny,” says Billy. “Taste it.”

Evie takes a piece. She takes a bite.

Evie makes a face too.

“Oh,” says Evie. “It tastes funny. It is not right.”

“Let me taste too,” says Sara.

Sara takes a piece. Sara takes a bite. Sara makes a face.

“Yes,” says Sara. “It tastes funny. It is not right.”

“Let me taste,” says Mom.

Mom takes a little piece. Mom tastes the bread.

Then Mom knows.

“Ah,” says Mom. “No salt.”

“No salt?” says Sara.

“No salt,” says Mom. “The salt is not in the bread. Good bread needs salt.”

Evie looks at the bowl. She thinks.

“Flour,” says Evie. “Water. Yeast.”

Evie stops.

“It is all in the bowl,” says Evie. “But no salt. The salt is not in the bowl. I did not put it in.”

Evie is sad. Very sad.

"I remember now," says Evie. "Flour, water, yeast. But no salt. No salt in the bread!"

"It is okay," says Mom.

"No, it is not okay," says Evie. "The bread is no good. All that work. All that flour."

Mom puts her arm around Evie.

"That is okay, Evie," says Mom. "It is okay. We all forget."

"But the salt," says Evie. "I did not put it in."

"We all forget," says Mom. "I forget things too. Everyone forgets."

Evie looks at Mom.

"We fix it," says Mom. "We bake again. New bread. Good bread. With salt."

"Again?" says Billy. "We make bread again?"

"Yes," says Mom. "We make the bread again. This time, with salt."

"Bread again!" says Billy. "I help again. I knead again!"

Sara has an idea.

"This time, I check the list," says Sara. "The list has salt. I check it. Then we remember."

Evie thinks of the list. The list from Grandpa's cake.

"Yes," says Evie. "The list helps. We check the list. Then we remember the salt."

Evie feels a little better.

Now Billy looks at the three loaves.

"But this bread," says Billy. "Three loaves. No salt. Do we throw it away?"

"No," says Mom. "We do not throw it away. It is good bread. Just no salt. We do not throw good bread away."

"We eat it?" says Billy.

"Yes," says Mom. "We eat this bread ourselves. Bread and soup. With soup, it is good."

Billy is happy again.

"I like soup!" says Billy. "Bread and soup! Yum!"

Everyone smiles. No bread goes in the trash.

Crumble sits by the table. Crumble wants a piece too.

"No bread for you, Crumble," says Evie. "Later you get a cookie."

Then Evie thinks of the new family.

"Mom," says Evie. "The new family. We take the bread in the morning."

"Yes," says Mom. "In the morning. Warm bread for the new family."

Evie looks at the window. It is dark now. It is late.

"But it is late," says Evie. "We bake again. Is there time? Can the new bread be ready for the morning?"

Mom smiles.

"Aprons on," says Mom. "We start again. Right now."

Everyone gets ready. Can the bread be ready for the morning?

Chapter 7: Loaves and little rolls



Aprons on. Hands clean. They start again.

“Round two,” says Mom. “Now we know every step.”

“We know it all,” says Evie. “Mix. Knead. Wait. Grow.”

“Fast this time,” says Sara. “We know the way.”

Evie gets the big bowl. Billy gets the flour. Sara gets the list.

“First the flour,” says Evie.

Flour in the bowl. Then water. Then yeast.

Sara looks at the list. She points.

“Salt,” says Sara. “The list says salt. Salt — yes!”

Sara puts the salt in the bowl.

“Good,” says Evie. “This time we have salt. Thank you, Sara.”

“I check the list,” says Sara. “Every time. Then we remember.”

They mix. They mix and mix. The dough is sticky.

“Now we knead,” says Evie.

Push. Fold. Turn. Push. Fold. Turn.

Evie kneads. Sara kneads. Billy kneads.

“Push, fold, turn,” says Billy. “I know it now!”

The dough is soft. The dough is ready.

“Now the dough grows,” says Evie.

“I know! I know!” says Billy. “The towel!”

Billy gets the white towel. Mom puts it on the bowl.

“Now we wait,” says Mom. “The dough grows.”

They wait. And the dough grows. It grows big and round.

“Look!” says Billy. “It is big! It grows again!”

“Yes,” says Evie. “Now we make the bread.”

Mom takes the dough out. It is soft and ready.

“Two big loaves,” says Evie. “For the new mom and dad.”

Evie makes two big loaves. Two big round loaves.

“And little rolls,” says Sara. “For the children.”

“Little rolls?” says Billy.

“Yes,” says Evie. “Little round rolls. For the girl and the little boy.”

Evie makes little rolls. Small and round.

“One, two, three, four,” says Billy. “Four little rolls!”

“Four little rolls,” says Sara. “Little rolls for little hands.”

Now Evie gets the cherries. Red cherries.

“Cherries!” says Billy. “I like cherries!”

“One cherry on top,” says Evie. “One red cherry on each roll.”

Evie puts one cherry on each little roll. One, two, three, four.

"Cherries on top," says Sara. "That is you, Evie."

Evie smiles. Cherries on top. That is Evie's way.

"Cherry rolls," says Evie. "The children will like cherry rolls."

"Now the oven," says Mom.

The two loaves go in. The four cherry rolls go in. The oven is hot.

They wait. The bakery smells good. Warm and fresh.

"It smells so good," says Billy. "I want to taste it!"

"First it bakes," says Evie. "Then you taste."

They wait and wait. Then Mom opens the oven.

Out come the two loaves. Out come the four rolls.

"Oh!" says Evie. "Look! So brown! So golden!"

The bread is golden brown. The crust is golden.

"Look at the crust," says Evie. "A brown crust. A golden crust."

"Golden brown," says Sara. "And the cherries are red!"

Four golden rolls. One red cherry on top of each roll.

"Can I taste?" says Billy. "Can I? Can I?"

"Yes, Billy," says Mom. "You taste first. That is your job."

Mom gives Billy a little roll. A warm golden roll.

Billy takes a bite. Then Billy smiles a big smile.

"So good!" says Billy. "This bread is so good!"

"Salt?" says Evie. "Is the salt right?"

"Salt — yes!" says Billy. "This time it is right! So good!"

Everyone tastes. Good bread. Warm and fresh. With salt.

"We fixed it," says Evie. "We baked again. And now it is good."

Crumble sits by the table. Crumble wants a piece too.

“Not now, Crumble,” says Evie. “Later you get a cookie.”

Now it is very late. Time for bed.

The bread is on the table. Two big loaves. Four little cherry rolls.

“Good bread,” says Evie. “Warm and fresh. For the new family.”

“In the morning,” says Mom. “In the morning, we take the bread.”

Billy is sleepy. Evie is sleepy too.

“Bed now,” says Mom.

Evie looks at the bread. She is happy.

“In the morning,” says Evie. “We take the bread to the new family. Warm bread and cherry rolls.”

Evie cannot wait for the morning.

Chapter 8: Welcome to Maple Falls



It is morning. Evie is up early.

The bread is on the table. Two big loaves. Four little cherry rolls. Mom warms the bread in the oven. Now it is warm and fresh.

“Morning!” says Evie. “Time for the bread!”

Mom smiles. Billy runs in. Sara comes too.

“Today we take the bread,” says Evie. “To the new family.”

“I want to meet them,” says Billy. “The new family!”

“Me too,” says Evie. “Come on. Let us go.”

Evie gets a big basket. She puts the bread in the basket.

“Two loaves,” says Evie. “In the basket.”

“And the rolls,” says Sara. “The four cherry rolls.”

The cherry rolls go in the basket. The basket is full. Warm bread in a big basket.

"Careful," says Mom. "Carry the basket. Carry it slow."

Evie holds the basket. It is warm. It smells so good.

"Come on, Crumble," says Billy. "You come too."

Crumble comes too. Crumble wants to come.

They go out the door. Ding! Out to Main Street.

The new house is across the street. It is not empty now.

Everyone walks across the street. Evie, Mom, Billy, and Sara. And Crumble too.

"Here we are," says Evie. "The new house."

"Now we knock," says Evie.

Evie knocks on the door. Knock, knock, knock.

They wait. Then the door opens.

A man. A woman. A girl. A little boy.

The girl has glasses. The little boy is small.

"Hello," says the man. "I am Mr. Lee."

"I am Mrs. Lee," says the woman.

"I am Tess," says the girl.

"I am Sam!" says the little boy. "I am five!"

Everyone smiles.

"Hello!" says Evie. "I am Evie. We have a present for you."

Evie holds up the basket. "Warm bread. Fresh from the oven."

"A present for you," says Evie. "Welcome to Maple Falls!"

Mrs. Lee looks in the basket. She smells the warm bread.

"Oh!" says Mrs. Lee. "Warm bread! What a present! Thank you!"

"Come in," says Mr. Lee. "Come in, come in!"

They go in. The house is full of boxes. Boxes and boxes.

"No plates yet," says Mrs. Lee. "The plates are in a box."

"That is okay," says Evie. "We eat the bread now. Warm bread is best now."

No table yet. So they sit on a big box.

Mr. Lee cuts a loaf. Warm bread for everyone.

"This bread is so good," says Mr. Lee. "Fresh and warm."

"Thank you," says Sara. "We made it at the bakery."

Evie gives the rolls to Tess and Sam.

"Cherry rolls," says Evie. "For you and Sam."

Tess looks at the rolls. Tess counts.

"Four rolls," says Tess. "Two for me. Two for Sam. That is right."

"Yes," says Evie. "Two and two. Four rolls."

Tess is quiet. She eats her roll. She smiles a little.

Sam takes a big bite. Sam smiles too.

"Cherry rolls are so good!" says Sam.

Billy looks at the rolls. Billy likes cherry rolls too.

Sam sees Billy. Sam has two rolls.

"Here," says Sam. "You want one? We share!"

Sam gives Billy a roll. They share the cherry rolls.

"Thank you!" says Billy. "I like cherries too!"

Billy and Sam eat cherry rolls. They share and share. Now they are friends.

Crumble sits by the box. Crumble looks at the bread.

"A dog!" says Sam. "Does the dog want bread?"

"No," says Billy. "Crumble does not want bread."

"Crumble wants a cookie," says Evie.

Everyone laughs.

Everyone eats warm bread. The bread is good. Everyone is happy now.

Mrs. Lee looks at Evie. “You bake so well,” says Mrs. Lee.

“We bake at Rosie’s Bakery,” says Evie. “Bread and cake and cookies.”

“Cake?” says Mrs. Lee. “Do you make cakes too?”

“Yes,” says Evie. “We make cakes too.”

“Sam has a birthday soon,” says Mrs. Lee. “Sam is six soon.”

“A cake!” says Sam. “I want a birthday cake!”

Evie smiles. “We make the best cakes in Maple Falls.”

Everyone smiles. Warm bread. New friends.

“Welcome,” says Evie. “Welcome to Maple Falls!”

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