

Marnie and the Muffins



Complete the story by writing in the empty boxes below.

Marnie stood at the kitchen table, flour covering her arms and hands. She had spilled the flour, spilled the milk, and dropped the mixing spoon on the floor. Baking muffins was not as easy as she thought it was going to be.

“It’s okay,” said Marnie’s mom. “Sometimes, baking can be messy. Here, use this one,” she said, handing Marnie a new mixing spoon.



Marnie tried to mix the lumps out of the batter, but no matter how hard she tried, the lumps wouldn’t go away.

“I could stir for a year, and this batter still wouldn’t be smooth!” Marnie wailed. “I can’t do this.” She stomped off to her bedroom, closed the door, and began to cry.



[Empty box for writing]



[Empty box for writing]



[Empty box for writing]



Marnie’s mom pulled on her oven mitts and carefully lifted the muffin tins out of the oven. The scent of cinnamon filled the air. Marnie’s mom set the tins on top of the stove, and the two surveyed their work.

“They look delicious!” Marnie exclaimed. “Next time, let’s bake a cake!”