

CUTHBERT was due in court on Friday, and he met his lawyer, Ruth, on Wednesday. It was to be a *trial* run, she'd told him with a wink. Sometimes he wished he'd been able to spend more money on his defence.

When they met, the first thing she said to him was, "You're not turning up in court like that!"

It was how he always dressed, he protested, but she wasn't having it. Apparently, the crown court would not be sympathetic to the pleas of a cake whose back was adorned with Smarties alone.

Colin looked the same, he pointed out. (Indeed, that was the whole root of the problem.)

"Colin," she said, "is a dickhead. I thought we'd established that. What you need is a couple of glacé cherries; dragees, if we can get them to stick. And you know what would really give you the edge? Gold leaf. Just imagine!"

He suggested, somewhat meekly, that they might compromise with a few sprinkles.

"Hundreds and thousands?" said Ruth. "Well, if you insist. Not so many that they get in your eyes, though. Anyway, Cuthbert, I'm not here to give you fashion advice; we need to get our facts straight."



Friday came. Colin was looking sharp; not that Cuthbert would admit it to anyone but himself. In fact, he realised, Colin looked the same way he always did; that is, extraordinarily similar to Cuthbert. Colin had clearly had the sense not to decorate himself with any additional items, and must therefore have been able to afford a lawyer with some degree of taste. Ruth had insisted on taking Cuthbert to the big Tesco (they steered well clear of the cake aisle; Curly was *not* to hear about this) and festooning him with trimmings as if he were intended for Christmas.



Ruth had been right: Colin *was* a dickhead, who talked in a way that made him sound like the last surviving member of a deeply problematic gentlemen's club. "I am not just a caterpillar cake," he declaimed on more than one occasion, and Cuthbert closed his eyes and tried to recall the sensation of being packed very quickly into a plastic bag so as not to have to listen to the rest of the sentence.

There was a break before Cuthbert had to give his own testimony, and he ran into Colin in the gents'. It was a little like looking at his own reflection: a more refined, more chiselled, and certainly more arrogant version of his own reflection.

"Well, hello," said Colin coolly. Then he frowned. "You've got hundreds and thousands in your eye."

Cuthbert blinked rapidly until the sprinkles fell out, and then turned to glare at Colin, who merely grinned a slow grin back.

“I’ve never seen someone who looked so much like me before,” he continued. “Didn’t realise I was such a looker.”

Cuthbert stammered out a vague response, something about supermarket shelving restrictions that made absolutely no sense, and fortunately managed to stop babbling before he’d gone on long enough to make a total fool of himself.

“Trial doesn’t start again for a while,” said Colin. “Why don’t we stay here a bit longer and get to know each other? Find out how similar we really are?”

“Yeah,” said Cuthbert, his mouth dry. “I’d like that.”

Colin stepped forward and pressed Cuthbert against the sink, meeting Cuthbert’s lips eagerly with his own. Cuthbert tasted the strong flavour of white chocolate; it was clearly a high-quality product.

“Found any differences yet?” Colin murmured.

Cuthbert shook his head; it seemed they would need to extend the investigation.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>I am not especially confident in my grasp of Cakes Having Sex mechanics, so I leave the rest to your imagination!