

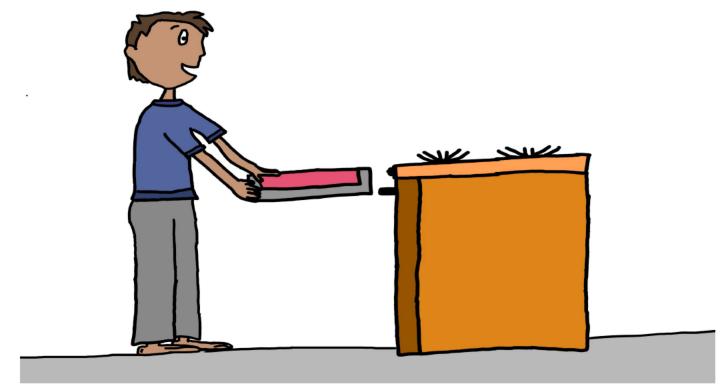
It was the eighth of May.



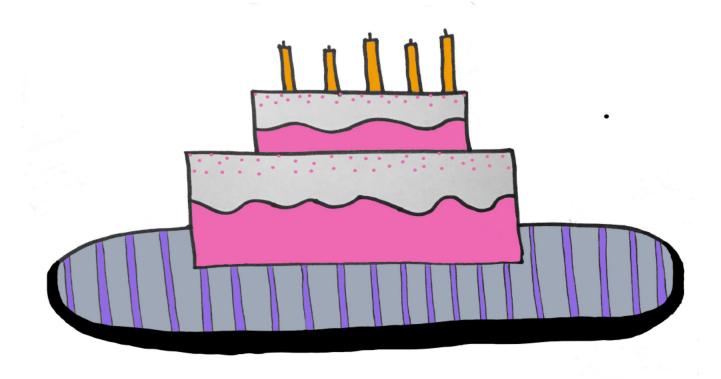
The date Joe had waited for.



He worked hard and made a great plan for the day.



First, Joe made a cake from scratch. He baked the cake on a tray.



Next he placed the cake on a plate to frost.



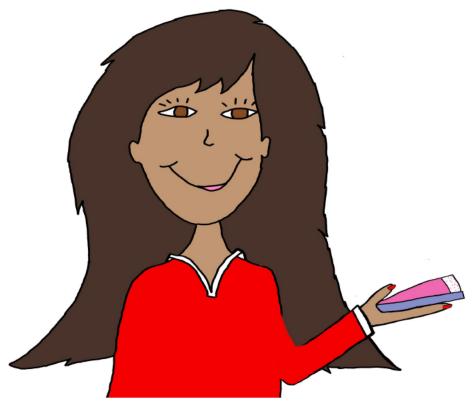
Then he lay on the couch to wait for his mom.



"Hip, Hip, Hoo-RAY! Happy Birthday!" he sang.



With a grin on her face, Joe's mom gave him a big hug.



She tasted the cake. "It is great!" she said.

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