

# The solution!



**So, now you know who stole the cake and where it was found, but how did Paige work it out?**



As she ran her eye down the list of room bookings, Paige noticed that someone had booked Seminar Room 6, for today—the NHS’s 75th birthday, but there were no details other than the person who had booked the room, and a note to say “HS & around 20 guests”. Paige was intrigued. Why no details? All the other bookings had information on the event being held, and the department contact. She didn’t recognise the name of the person who had booked the room, which wasn’t unusual since there were so many employees. A quick search on the 8x8 system revealed the person to be Sir Jerry’s PA. None of the other bookings linked to anyone who had been present at the previous evening’s meeting. Paige began to feel quite excited and had a flash of inspiration.

She searched to see if Sir Jerry had a LinkedIn or Twitter account—he did! From the Twitter account, Paige navigated to Sir Jerry’s wife, who was on his Following list. On there, she discovered that they had ordered a cake the day before, but it had gone horribly wrong—there was a picture of a once beautiful cake, but it hadn’t travelled well. It was lopsided and bits had broken off. Paige could see the blue and white NHS logo. The message underneath just said CAN YOU BELIEVE IT???? followed by an angry face emoji. Another post revealed that the bakery had apologised, but said that there was not enough time to organise a replacement. “Curiouser and curiouser”, thought Paige, as she scrolled through more posts from Lady Lizst. The more she scrolled, the more she learnt—Lady Liszt was clearly very unhappy, and so was her husband. The posts mentioned an important “do” the following day.

Paige began to put things together, and another look at Sir Jerry’s LinkedIn page showed that he was very well connected. He had also posted an interview he had done the previous year, which revealed that he had attended the same school as the current Health Secretary, and still enjoyed a round or two of golf with him. The penny dropped—Paige now knew that HS stood for Health Secretary, and why the meeting was under the radar. “A-HA!” She said, and did the fist-pumping thing, before hurrying off down the corridor.

She arrived at Seminar Room 6 and peeped through the glass and immediately spotted the cake on a side table—thank goodness no-one had eaten it! She pushed open the door and saw someone putting out cups and saucers. Paige went over to her and, glancing at her badge, recognised the name of Sir Jerry’s PA. She quickly explained the situation, finishing just as Sir Jerry and the Health Secretary walked in. “Er, Sir Jerry, I’m so sorry, but there’s been a bit of a mix up with your cake delivery”, said Paige. “You’ve ended up with our cake rather than yours.” She held his gaze (there was cake at stake!).

“And you are...?” Sir Jerry looked down at her, frowning. “I’m Paige Turner, from the Library”, said Paige. “Library? I didn’t know we had a Library!” said Sir Jerry. Paige rolled her eyes. If only she had a pound for every time she’d heard that.

“Well, you do have one! We’re the gateway to all sorts of brilliant resources, including [literature searches](#) and article supply,” she said, rather archly. “Today we’re having a bit of a party in the Atrium, to celebrate the NHS’s 75th birthday, and this cake belongs to us....you can see my name on the lid”, she said, retrieving it from under the table and showing him. “You and your guests are very welcome to join us —there’s plenty of cake...yours seems to have gone missing.”

Sir Jerry looked completely taken aback, and realised he’d been found out. He was at a loss for words, but the Health Secretary stepped in and said, “That sounds like a plan...we can talk later, and your guests will be none the wiser.” So they set off for the Atrium, with the cake, leaving Linda, the PA, to redirect the guests.

The party went very well—everyone was delighted to see the Library’s exhibition, and soon the cake was gone. The Health Secretary was kept busy with people wanting to take him to task over Government policy or asking for a selfie, until he left with his entourage to go to his next appointment.

Paige and her colleagues were clearing up at the end of the afternoon when Sir Jerry came to find her. “I’m really sorry about the cake,” he said. “I suppose I just panicked and grabbed it last night, after Sarah rang to tell me what had happened to ours. I couldn’t believe it when I saw it in the kitchen.” He looked so crestfallen that Paige felt sorry for him. “You really saved the day”, he said. “How can I thank you?”

“Just one thing, Sir Jerry”, said Paige with a smile. She took one of the iPads used to demonstrate Library resources and quickly typed in a few things before handing it over. “Just [register with the Library](#). Now.”



### Moral of the story:

1. Librarians can find pretty much anything, and can [save you time and money](#) - register with us if you haven’t already
2. NEVER come between a Librarian and their cake.....they *will* hunt you down 🚫