

Findus Moves Out

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The morning sun shone on Pettson's little farm. The birds chirruped and sang. Bumblebees were already awake and buzzing among the apple blossoms, and from the hen house came a faint clucking.

But there was another noise. One you don't normally hear in the countryside.

It went thump-squeak-thump-squeak-thump-squeak. It came from Pettson's house.



Ordinary people sleep at four o'clock in the morning. But in Pettson's bedroom there was someone quite out of the ordinary, and that was Findus the cat. Findus had got a bed of his own, you see. A real little bed with a nice springiness to it, which he really liked to bounce on. As soon as he woke up, he began to bounce. Thump-squeak-thump-squeak-thump-squeak. Pettson twisted and turned and tried to hide under his pillow. 'What a horrible racket!' He sputtered and sat up. 'FINDUS! If you must make that noise, then do it quietly! Remember what you promised yesterday!'



Findus stopped bouncing. He thought carefully.

'Not to sit on the chimney?' he said.

'No, that's not what I meant, said Pettson. I mean the same thing you promised the day before yesterday and the day before that.'

'Not to ... tease the chickens?'

'No!'

'Not ... to ...' As he thought he bounced a bit. Carefully.

'You promised to stop jumping on the bed at four o'clock in the morning!'

'Is it only four o'clock? I thought it was only half past.'

'It makes no difference,' said Pettson. 'It's too early for bouncing on beds.'

You woke me up just like you've done every morning since you got that bed.

Either you stop jumping or ... we move the bed out somewhere else.'

'Either stop jumping ... or move?' said Findus.

'Either or,' said Pettson.

Findus thought for a moment. Then he said:

'Then I'll move.'

