

# Findus Plants Meatballs

Sven Nordqvist



Hawthorn Press



It was a beautiful spring morning. The birds were singing, the grass was growing. Insects were busy everywhere, flying and crawling and filling the air with the gentle buzzing, rustling song of life returning after winter.

Farmer Pettson stood in the vegetable patch and inspected the ground.

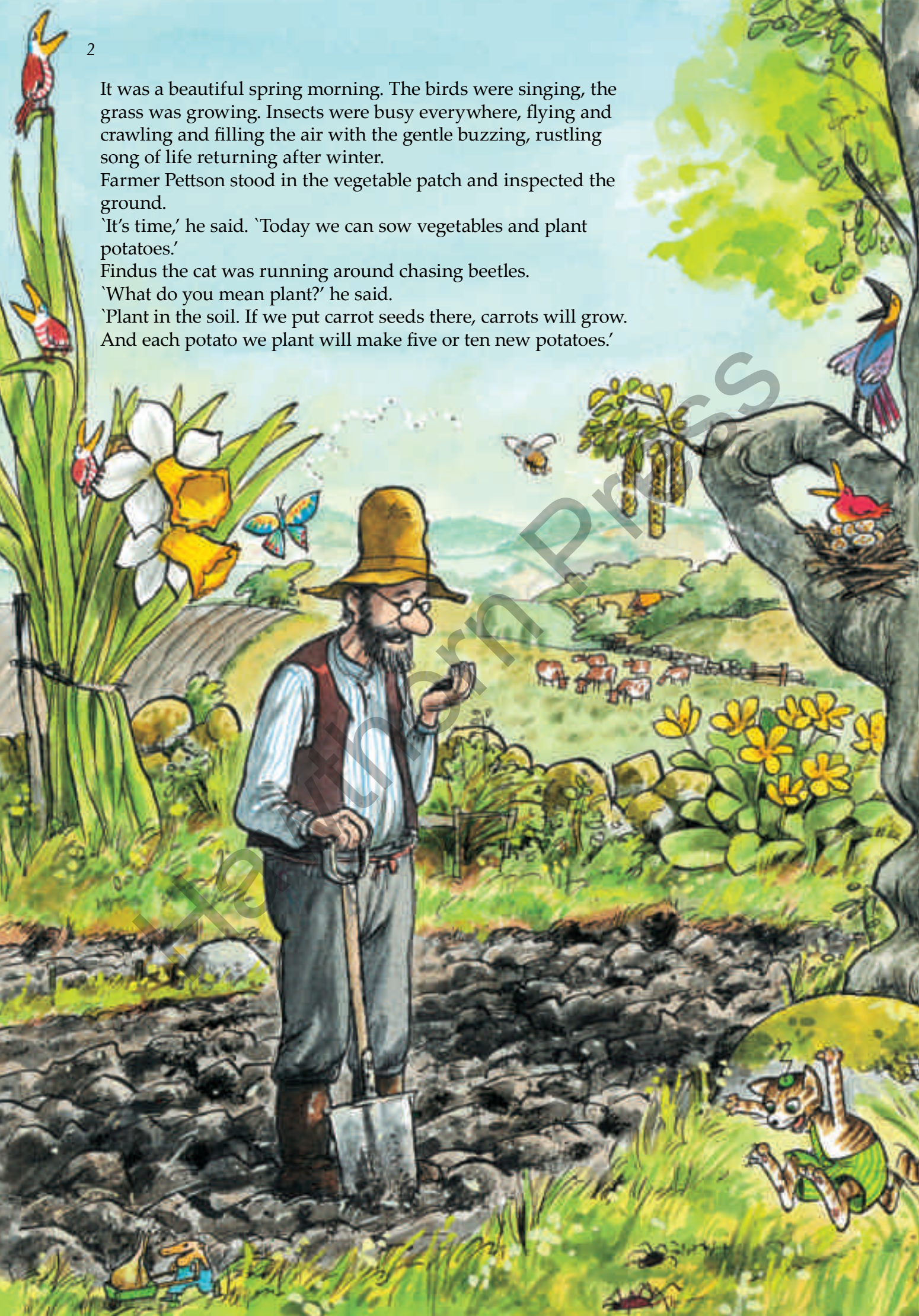
'It's time,' he said. 'Today we can sow vegetables and plant potatoes.'

Findus the cat was running around chasing beetles.

'What do you mean plant?' he said.

'Plant in the soil. If we put carrot seeds there, carrots will grow.

And each potato we plant will make five or ten new potatoes.'





The cat looked at the old man with a determined expression.

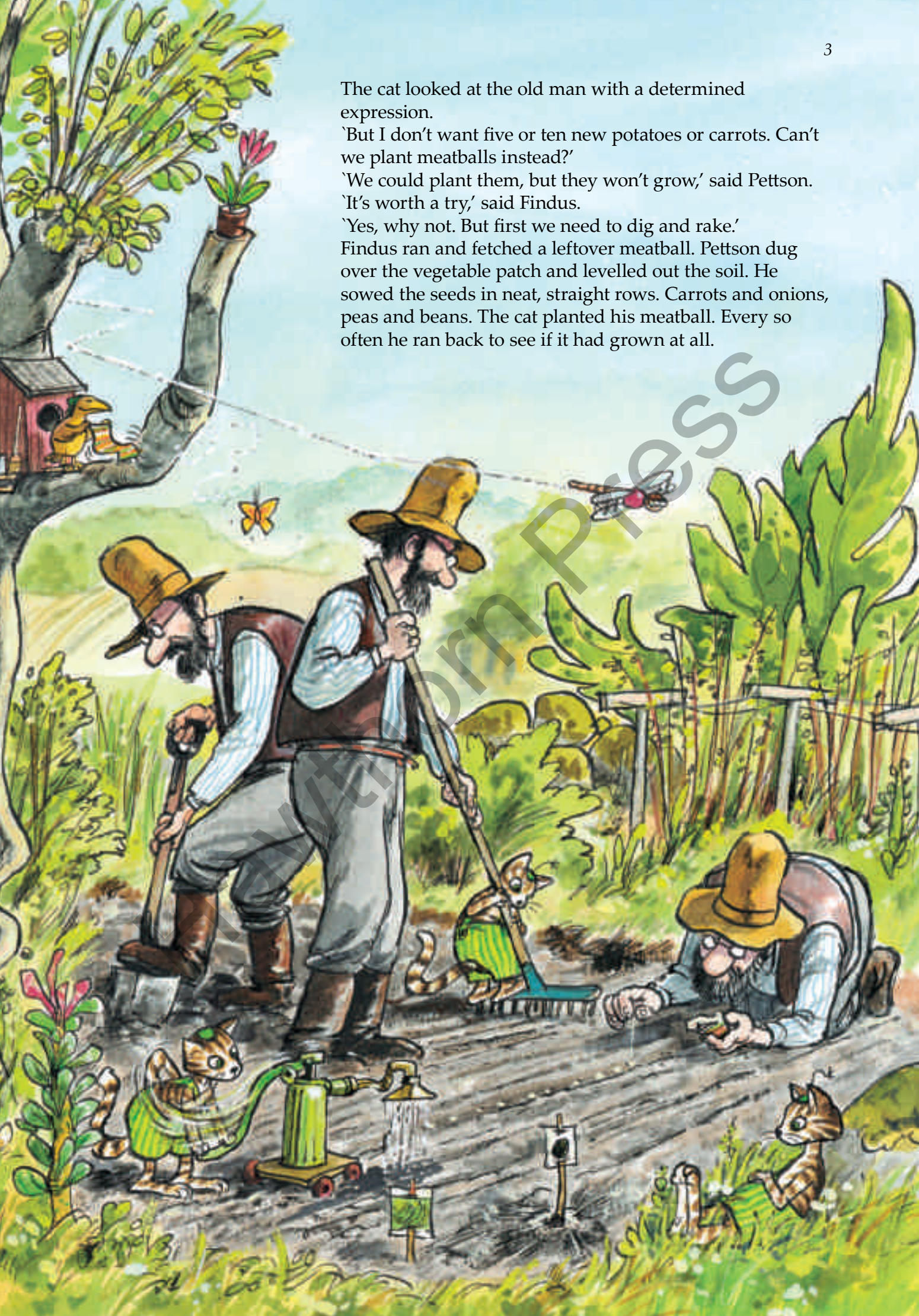
'But I don't want five or ten new potatoes or carrots. Can't we plant meatballs instead?'

'We could plant them, but they won't grow,' said Pettson.

'It's worth a try,' said Findus.

'Yes, why not. But first we need to dig and rake.'

Findus ran and fetched a leftover meatball. Pettson dug over the vegetable patch and levelled out the soil. He sowed the seeds in neat, straight rows. Carrots and onions, peas and beans. The cat planted his meatball. Every so often he ran back to see if it had grown at all.





When just one row was left a shrill cackling sounded from the house: 'Co-co-co-come on, he's digging!' And in a flash the hens were there, scratching around for worms. 'Oh, no!' moaned Pettson, 'I forgot to shut them in. You're not supposed to be here! You'll ruin everything. You're scratching up my seeds.'

