

Findus goes Fishing

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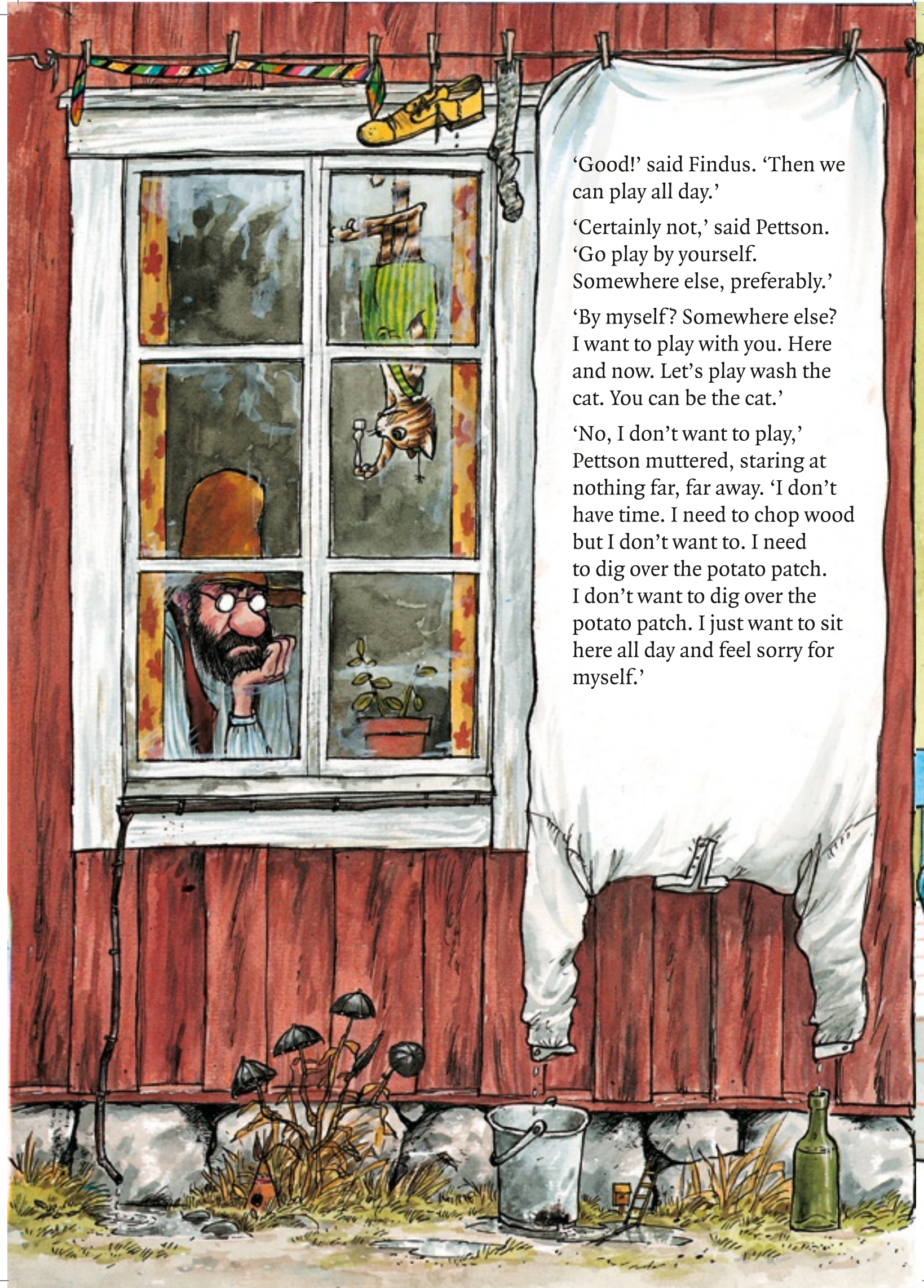
It was autumn. Farmer Pettson sat at the kitchen table drinking his morning coffee. He sat very still and looked out at the grey day and was not a bit happy.



As for Findus the cat, he was cheerier than ever. He could not and would not sit still for a second. Circling his chair, chasing his tail. Up on the table for a slurp of coffee. Then off with a sugar cube, chasing it down to the floor, up onto the bench, back to the table again—

‘SIT STILL!’ Pettson hissed. Then he heaved a deep sigh. ‘Oh, what a day. I don’t feel like doing anything.’





‘Good!’ said Findus. ‘Then we can play all day.’

‘Certainly not,’ said Pettson. ‘Go play by yourself. Somewhere else, preferably.’

‘By myself? Somewhere else? I want to play with you. Here and now. Let’s play wash the cat. You can be the cat.’

‘No, I don’t want to play,’ Pettson muttered, staring at nothing far, far away. ‘I don’t have time. I need to chop wood but I don’t want to. I need to dig over the potato patch. I don’t want to dig over the potato patch. I just want to sit here all day and feel sorry for myself.’