



Farmer Pettson had a little house with a garden, a woodshed, a workshop and a hen house with ten hens.

Findus the cat teased the hens sometimes when he had nothing else to do. And then they chased each other. The hens were his best friends, next to Pettson.



One day Pettson came home with a cardboard box. He went into the chicken run and closed the fence behind him.

'It's best you stay outside, Findus.'

He opened the box and out flapped something big and feathery.

'Help, an owl!' yelled Findus.

'It's a rooster, silly,' said Pettson. 'He's going to live with us now.'

The rooster landed in a corner of the run and looked around suspiciously.

'Is he? What's the good of that? Haven't we enough hens already?' said Findus.

'I thought it a pity to let Gustavsson make him into a stew, so I took him instead,' said Pettson. 'The hens will be pleased, you'll see.'

Now the hens came running to see what was happening.

'Look. We've got a rooster! How handsome he is,' they clucked. 'It's about time, Pettson. He's just what we needed.'

Findus glared at the hens.

'What do you mean, "need"? Probably no one needs a rooster. Never in my life have I needed a rooster even for a single second.'

'Not you, no,' said Pettson. 'But these scatter-brained hens need someone to look after them.'

'No, you fuddy-duddy,' said Prillan. 'If anyone's scatter-brained, it's you. It's not like that at all.'

