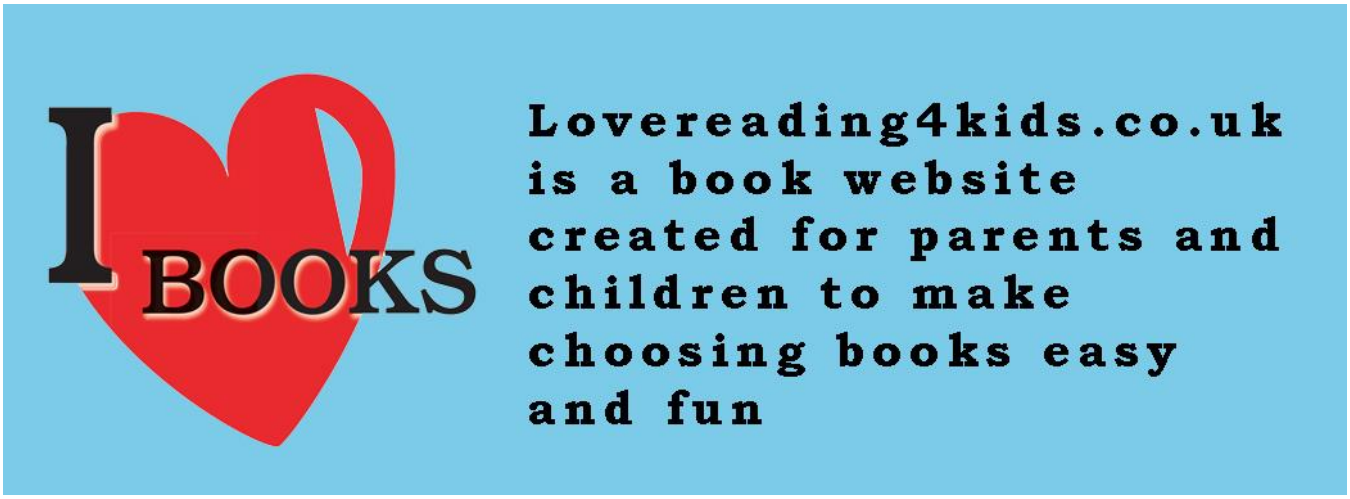


extracts from

Findus Goes Fishing

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Findus stared. He had never seen the old man so angry.

Pettson sighed and collapsed like a punctured tyre on the corner of the bench. He looked miserable.

'I'm sorry Findus,' he said tiredly. 'It's wrong to shout at a cat like that. But today is one of those days I wish would just go away.' Then he stared out of the window again.

He's truly sad today, thought Findus. I must find a way to cheer him up.



Quiet as a cat, Findus crept up onto the kitchen table. He sidled up to Pettson and raised a claw, which meant, 'Just one more thing'.

'Yes, what is it?' mumbled Pettson.

'Let's go fishing. Then you'll be happy,' whispered Findus.

'No, ugh, I don't want to go outside,' said Pettson. 'It's cold and wet and we won't catch anything. Nope, I'm staying put until evening, then I'm going to bed.'

He's hopeless, thought Findus and sighed nearly as deeply as Pettson. I know that fishing cheers him up. It always does. But maybe I can change his mind if I'm quiet about it.

For a whole fifteen minutes they sat in silence. The only sound was the soft ripple of water against the boat. The lake was grey, the sky was grey, the forest stood dark around them. Autumn's golden leaves had fallen. Nature's bright colours had retreated before winter. All that was left were shades of brown-green-grey. But the damp air gave the colours depth and clarity and made them glow. Right now Pettson thought it was more beautiful than all the greens of summer.

'Going fishing wasn't such a bad idea,' he said.

'That's what I thought,' said Findus.

