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Opening extract from

Tumtum & Nutmeg: The Pirates Treasure

(including exclusive Tumtum recipes)

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Cinnamon Toast

"I do like a little bit of cinnamon on my butter," said Tumtum, tucking into a second round of cinnamon toast.

Serves 6

Ingredients:

- *6 slices of white bread*
- *soft butter or margarine for spreading*
- *1 level tablespoon of ground cinnamon*
- *3 level tablespoons of brown sugar*

You will also need:

- *a mixing bowl*
- *a tablespoon*
- *a knife*

Ask a grown-up to help you with this recipe.

Cooking Instructions:

1. Toast the bread on both sides under a medium grill.
2. Spread the slices on one side with butter while the toast is hot.
3. Mix the cinnamon and the sugar together in a bowl.
4. Sprinkle the cinnamon and sugar over the buttered toast.
5. Put the toast back under the grill and heat for a moment until the sugar has melted.

N.B. For every extra slice of toast, you should allow an extra level teaspoon of cinnamon and an extra heaped teaspoon of sugar.

Nutmeg's Tip: *If you do not use all the cinnamon and sugar mixture, store it in a jar labelled "cinnamon sugar" and use it the next time you make cinnamon toast.*

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THE MAIN COURSE

Nutmeg's Nut Roast

"What's that noise?" said Tumtum, who was standing in the kitchen watching Nutmeg baste the nut roast. "Why, fancy that," he exclaimed, hearing it once again. "It's the sound of my tumtum growling!"

Ingredients:

- *2 tablespoons of olive oil*
- *6 medium sized mushrooms, chopped*
- *7 oz (200 g) finely chopped nuts*
- *salt and pepper to taste*
- *1 large onion, chopped*
- *1 tbsp of plain flour*
- *7 oz (200 g) breadcrumbs*
- *dash of Worcester sauce*
- *12 fl oz (350 ml) vegetable stock (if you do not have vegetable stock, dissolve a stock cube in 12 fl oz of boiling water)*

You will also need:

- *a saucepan*
- *a wooden spoon*
- *a floured work surface*
- *one roasting tray, well oiled*
- *oven gloves*



Ask a grown-up to help you with this recipe.

Cooking Instructions:

1. Preheat the oven to 375 F (190 C or Gas Mark 5)
2. Fry the onion and mushrooms in oil for about five minutes until they have turned soft.
3. Sprinkle the tbsp of flour on top. Stir, then slowly add the vegetable stock, stirring all the time. Bring the mixture to the boil, then simmer for five minutes.
4. Stir in the nuts, breadcrumbs, Worcester sauce and salt and pepper.
5. Turn the mixture on to a floured surface and form it into a loaf shape with your hands.
6. Place the loaf in the roasting tray and place in the preheated oven for 35 – 45 minutes. At ten minute intervals, use the oven gloves to baste the roast, by spooning the juices from the roasting tray over it. You may need a grown-up to help you do this.
7. Remove from the oven using oven gloves, and serve immediately.

Nutmeg's Tip: *This is very filling, so serve it with a simple salad of lettuce and cucumber - and a dandelion leaf or two.*

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Tumtum & Nutmeg

THE PIRATES' TREASURE



by Emily Bearn

Illustrated by Nick Price

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It was a fine May morning, with not a scent of trouble in the air. The sort of morning, as Tumtum noted happily, that bore the promise of a very uneventful day. He rose from his bed, and set off for the kitchen – and the kitchen was a long way from the bedroom, for Nutmouse Hall was a big house, with long corridors and lots of stairs.

As he went, he remembered all the things he had to do. There was breakfast, elevenses, lunch, tea and supper to eat, and a newspaper to read, and a nap to fit in. And that is a lot of events in a day which promises to be uneventful.

Tumtum pressed on, keen to get started. But when he reached the kitchen he found Nutmeg in a terrible fuss.

'Something dreadful's happened!' she cried.

'What, dear?' Tumtum asked, sitting down at the table. Nutmeg often fussed, and usually about the silliest things – such as an upset vase, or a broken mug. Even so, it struck Tumtum that this morning she looked more flustered than usual.

'It's the children,' she said miserably.

'Why? Is one of them ill?' Tumtum replied.

'Oh, no. Nothing like that. Something much worse.'

'Gracious. Have they died?' Tumtum said, looking shocked.

'Oh, no, no. Not that. But something almost – well, something terrible, all the same.' She sat down and looked at him very solemnly. 'Arthur and Lucy are going to spend the night outdoors. *In a tent*.'

Tumtum looked relieved. Dear Nutmeg! It was just like her to make a fuss and bother about nothing. He took the lid off the serving dish, and helped himself to some scrambled eggs. 'Why are you so concerned? I'm sure they'll have a lovely time,' he said.

'But think about all the things that could go



wrong,' Nutmeg wailed. 'I heard them planning everything just now, when I went to borrow some butter from the kitchen, and I'm sure it will end in disaster. They're using an old tent which Arthur found in the garden shed. Well I wouldn't be surprised if it leaks –'

'If it rains they can come back inside,' Tumtum interrupted. 'Their father is sure to leave the kitchen door unlocked for them. Now don't look so anxious, dear. I don't see how they could come to any harm camping out in the garden on a warm summer's night. Besides, we'll be able to creep outside and check on them.'

'No we won't,' Nutmeg groaned. 'That's the whole point. Oh, don't you see, Tumtum? The children have no intention of sleeping in the garden.

They're going to camp by the stream!'

'Are you sure?' Tumtum asked. Now he looked anxious too. The stream ran along the bottom of the meadow behind Rose Cottage. It was at least a quarter of a mile from the house, and quarter of a mile would seem a very long way if you were a mouse.

'I am quite sure,' Nutmeg said. 'I heard the whole conversation. At first they were going to pitch the tent in the garden, then Arthur suggested they go down to the stream. And of course Lucy went along with it, because she thinks it will be more of an adventure. And now they seem to think they're going on a real safari. They want to light a campfire, and fry sausages on it, and boil a kettle to make tea!'

'Don't they have to be at school tomorrow?' Tumtum asked.

'No. They're on half-term. They don't have to be back at school until Monday.'

'Hmmm,' said Tumtum. 'What does their father say about it?'

'Oh, you know what Mr Mildew's like. He wouldn't notice if they stayed away for a month.'

Tumtum looked thoughtful. It was true that Mr Mildew was very absent-minded. He was an inventor by trade, and he spent all day long shut away in his study, inventing silly things such as grape-peelers and singing key rings. He had little interest in anything other than his work. As often as not he wouldn't even notice what time of day it was, and then he would get all his meals muddled

up, and give Arthur and Lucy tinned spaghetti for breakfast, and porridge for tea.

Nutmeg was right. He would be too absorbed in his latest invention to worry about what his children were up to.

'When do they plan to set off?' Tumtum asked.

'This afternoon, about teatime,' Nutmeg replied. 'They're going to spend the morning packing.'

'Well, if they've made up their minds, then I can't think how we can stop them,' Tumtum said. 'We shall just have to hope for the best. I can't see that much will go wrong. Lucy's very responsible and –'

'*Hope for the best?*' Nutmeg cried. 'I will have

you know, Mr Nutmouse, that I am not going to watch those children set off all alone across that vast meadow, and then just sit here as though nothing has happened, *hoping for the best*.'

Tumtum was taken aback. Nutmeg only called him 'Mr Nutmouse' when she was very, very cross. 'Then what do you propose we do?' he asked feebly.

'Nutmeg started picking at the tea-cosy, avoiding Tumtum's eyes. He could sense she was about to say something he wouldn't like. When she looked up, her expression was very fierce. 'There's only one thing for it,' she said. 'If Arthur and Lucy are going camping, then we're going too.'



'But, my dear. You don't propose we sleep *outdoors*?' Tumtum asked nervously. He had lived all his life in Nutmouse Hall, which was an unusually grand house, with tapestries, and paintings, and a ballroom, and a billiards room, and a banqueting room – and just about every other sort of room a mouse might want. So the thought of sleeping outdoors was very strange to him. At

home he always slept in a four-poster bed.

'That is exactly what I propose,' Nutmeg replied. 'We'll follow the children to the stream and set up camp alongside them. Then at the very least we shall be on hand should any trouble arise.'

'But we haven't got a tent,' Tumtum protested.

'Yes we have. General Marchmouse gave us one as a wedding present – don't you remember, dear? And it comes with two inflatable mattresses, so we shall be quite comfortable.'

Tumtum groaned. He had forgotten all about the General's present, for their wedding had been a long while ago. He had thought it a silly present at the time, for why would he want a tent when he had a house with seventeen bedrooms? He had

never been camping before, and he felt sure he wouldn't like it.

'Now,' Nutmeg said impatiently, 'hurry up and finish your eggs, we've a lot to do.'

As soon as the breakfast had been cleared away, the Nutmouses sat down at the kitchen table and made a list of all the things they would need for their expedition.

'Let's see,' Nutmeg said, nibbling the end of her pencil thoughtfully. 'I shall make sausage rolls and centipede pasties, and a pâté and a soup – dandelion, I think – and a walnut loaf and a ginger cake, and an apple tart and a strawberry trifle. And we shall need a bottle of wine and a frying pan, and a kettle and the picnic china, and two forks and four knives and six spoons . . . . oh, and bless me if I'm

not forgetting the napkins, and the salt cellar, and the pepper grinder, and the folding chairs and –'

'Steady on, dear. We shall only be away one night,' Tumtum said.

'Yes, but we shall be gone for tea and supper and breakfast – and as likely as not for elevenses as well,' Nutmeg replied, adding a further item to her list.

'Tea and supper and breakfast – and as likely as not elevenses as well,' Tumtum said thoughtfully. 'That's a lot of food. And there's the camping equipment too. How will we carry everything across the meadow?'

Nutmeg frowned. Tumtum was right, they would never manage it all. But then she had an idea. 'The children will have to carry us,' she said. 'We

can hide inside one of their rucksacks before they set off, and hitch a lift. I shouldn't think they'll notice a few extra ounces.'

'It will be more than a few ounces,' Tumtum grumbled. But he had nothing better to suggest.

So when Nutmeg's list was completed, they started to get everything ready. Tumtum busied himself in the butler's pantry, filling a wicker basket with crockery, while Nutmeg bustled about in the kitchen, making delicious things to eat.

'If we must go camping, then we might as well do it properly,' Tumtum muttered as he polished the wine glasses.

It was gone lunchtime before the Nutmouses were ready.

'We had better get aboard the rucksacks, or the children might leave without us,' Nutmeg said.

'But it's only two o'clock,' Tumtum replied. 'You said they weren't going to leave until teatime.'

'Yes, but you know what humans are like. Teatime could mean anything. Now come on. We can't risk being left behind.'

Tumtum could see there was no point arguing. So he helped Nutmeg drag everything through to the hall, then they staggered out of their front door. Tumtum was bent double, hauling the tent, the picnic table, the two folding chairs and a mass of plates and silverware. Nutmeg followed behind, heaving the hamper and the cooking pots.

Tumtum locked the door behind him, then

they trudged across the broom cupboard floor, and through the little iron gates covering their mouse-hole. On the other side of the gates lay the Mildews' kitchen.

None of the Mildews knew they had a broom cupboard behind their kitchen wall, because there had always been a big Welsh dresser hiding the cupboard door from view. The Nutmouses' front gates were behind the dresser, and they always came and went very quietly, so as not to give their hiding place away. It would be a terrible thing if the Mildews were to discover the broom cupboard door.

So that afternoon the mice closed the gates very quietly, and did not make so much as a squeak as they crept out into the dark, dusty

patch beneath the dresser.

'Wait here. I'll check there's no one about,' Tumtum whispered. Then he went to the edge of the dresser and poked his nose into the kitchen.

The room was empty, but he could hear the children talking outside in the hallway. And he could see their rucksacks lying beside the garden door. They were already packed very full. One rucksack even had a frying pan poking out at the top.

On the floor beside them was Arthur's wooden boat – a pretty blue yacht, about the size of a man's shoe, with white sails and the name *Bluebottle* written on the stern. Tumtum had seen the boat before. It lived in the attic of Rose Cottage. And now he supposed Arthur intended to sail it on the stream.

He suddenly imagined the boat racing through the icy water, crashing over the pebbles, and he felt himself shiver. Tumtum had never been sailing before, and the very thought of it filled him with fear. He was glad that he and Nutmeg would be staying on dry land.

He took one more look round the kitchen, standing very still and listening to the silence. He felt uneasy. He and Nutmeg usually visited Rose Cottage at night, when the Mildews were asleep. It felt reckless to venture out in daylight, when there was such a risk of being seen.

'Come on,' he whispered to Nutmeg. 'The rucksacks are by the door. We can get in now, while there's no one here.'

The Nutmouses lugged their things across the

kitchen, beneath the towering table and chairs. But just as they were reaching the far side of the room, the floor gave a sudden tremor, and Arthur and Lucy walked in.

The mice froze. They were standing at the base of the first rucksack, which rose above them like a hill. In order to wriggle inside they would have to climb to the very top – and if they did that, Arthur and Lucy would be sure to see them.

The children were standing by the table. They might look round at any moment.

'What shall we do?' Nutmeg trembled. She was so frightened she could feel her heart going thump.

They stood there helplessly, wishing the kitchen tiles would swallow them. Then Tumtum

noticed a bulging pocket on the side of the rucksack, just a few centimetres above their heads.

'Look, we can hide in there!' he said. 'You go first, and I'll hand everything up to you.'

He hoisted Nutmeg on to the base of the rucksack, then she pulled herself up by a buckle, and crawled into the pocket under the flap.

A moment later her head peeked out, her face full of anxiety. 'Hurry, dear!' she urged, as Tumtum started passing her all their clobber. There seemed no end to it. First came the picnic hamper, then the table, then the two folding chairs . . . Nutmeg snatched each item hurriedly, terrified that the children might look their way.

'That's everything,' Tumtum panted, as he handed her the basket of crockery. Then he



scrambled up the buckle and wriggled into the pocket beside her.

There followed a long wait. The Nutmouses could hear the children coming and going in the kitchen, but they seemed in no hurry to set off. The pocket was pitch black, and very stuffy. But the mice dared not lift the flap for fear of being seen.

They sat side by side on the hamper, nervously nibbling a sausage roll. An hour or more slipped by. They started to wonder if the children had decided not to go camping after all.

'Surely there couldn't be any harm in poking my nose out, just for a second?' Nutmeg suggested restlessly.

'No, dear. It's too dangerous,' Tumtum replied – and even as he spoke, the children's

voices got nearer. Next thing, the Nutmouses felt themselves soaring into the air as Arthur hoisted the rucksack on to his shoulder.

They could not see out, and yet there were some clues as to where they were going. They heard the back door being slammed behind them, as the children went outside. And then they heard the garden gate opening and shutting, and they knew they had entered the meadow.

'Let's go this way,' Lucy said. Then she and Arthur started walking downhill, towards the stream.

It was horribly bumpy in the rucksack pocket, and Nutmeg soon began to feel sick. But the children hadn't far to go – at least, not by human standards.

And in what seemed like no time Lucy said, 'Let's camp here'; and suddenly the rucksack fell to the ground with a crash.

'I think we've landed,' Tumtum said, feeling very bruised. He slowly picked himself up, and peeked outside. 'We're beside the stream, next to the old oak tree,' he reported. 'Come on, let's get out of here before the children find us.'

While Arthur and Lucy were unpacking their tent, the mice threw all their things out of the pocket, then clambered down to the ground. They felt safer now, for the grass was much taller than they were. They would be well hidden.

'Where shall we set up camp?' Nutmeg said.

'How about just over there, under that clump of nettles?' Tumtum suggested. 'So long as we're

under stinging nettles, the children won't trample on us. But we'll still be close enough to keep an eye on them.'

'Good idea,' Nutmeg agreed. 'And we can light our campfire behind that pebble. We shall be completely hidden.'

So the Nutmouses carried everything through the long grass, and started setting up camp.

Although Tumtum hesitated to admit it, everything was very luxurious. The General's tent was well proportioned – bigger than the butler's pantry at Nutmouse Hall, and tall enough to stand up in -- so the Nutmouses did not have to squeeze together, as some campers do.

Tumtum blew up the inflatable mattresses, and Nutmeg made up their beds with feather



sleeping bags and soft pillows. Then they unfolded the picnic table, and laid it with plates and glasses and silver candlesticks, and damask table-napkins embroidered with the Nutmouse family crest. And after that, Tumtum made a big fire out of twigs, while Nutmeg marinated some earwigs for dinner.

It was the most magnificent display of camping you have ever seen. But the children's campsite was another story.