Helping your children choose books they will love

I reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

When Findus was Little and Disappeared

Written by

Sven Nordqvist

Published by

Hawthorn Press Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

First published in Sweden in 2001 by Bokförlaget Opal AB, Stockholm, Sweden,
under the title *När Findus var liten och försvann* © Sven Nordqvist, 2001

Sven Nordqvist is hereby identified as author of this work in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patent Act, 1988. He asserts and gives notice of his moral right under this Act.

Published by Hawthorn Press, Hawthorn House,
1 Lansdown Lane, Stroud, Gloucestershire, GL5 1BJ, UK.
Tel: (01453) 757040 Fax: (01453) 751138 E-mail: info@hawthornpress.com
www.hawthornpress.com

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form by any means (electronic or mechanical, through reprography, digital transmission, recording or otherwise) without the prior written permission of the publisher.

English edition *When Findus Was Little and Disappeared* © Hawthorn Press 2008
Text and illustrations © Sven Nordqvist
Translated by Nathan Large and edited by Matthew Barton
Printed in Belgium, 2008

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data applied for

ISBN 978-1-903458-83-9

When Findus Was Little and Disappeared

Sven Nordqvist



HAWTHORN PRESS

Old Pettson sat doing the crossword, with Findus the cat on his knee.
'Tell me about me disappearing,' said Findus.
'You haven't disappeared, you're sitting right here,' said Pettson.
'But I mean when I was little.'
'Oh *then*. But you know that story already, I've told you so many times.'
'But tell me anyway.'
'Well, why not?' said Pettson, putting aside his crossword. 'Do you want the whole story, or just when you disappear?'
'The *whole* story,' said the cat and snuggled up happily.
'The whole story it is then. Here we go:

There was once an old man called Pettson. He lived in his little house in the country and was as content as could be – well almost. The trouble was that now and then he got lonely. If he really had to, he could talk with his neighbours, but they were busy with their own lives of course.
He had his hens too for company. But they were so scatterbrained. The moment he started talking they'd skedaddle off after a worm or something. Not ones for long conversations, chickens.
After dark, when the hens went to roost, it often felt very empty and quiet in the little house. Not much fun really, all on your own.





One day, Betty Andersson from the neighbouring farm dropped by to say hello. She brought buns with her, and Pettson served coffee under the lilac bush. But he wasn't very talkative, and Betty Andersson could see he was a bit down in the dumps.

'You need a wife to cheer you up,' she said.

'Oh,' said Pettson, and: 'No I don't think so. Anyway, it's too late for all that. I'm too old. I'm used to being on my own. I don't think I could manage a whole wife....'

'You don't even have a cat.'

'Nope,' said Pettson and thought a while. 'Actually, cats aren't that much bother. Maybe I should get one...'

The next week Betty Andersson returned with a cardboard box.

'This will keep you company,' she said, giving the box to Pettson.

'What's this?' the old man wondered, and read the label: 'It says 'Findus Green Peas'. These peas are squeaking.' He opened the box, and there, on a piece of green stripy cloth, was a kitten. It eyed Pettson and peep-squeaked.

'Hello Findus Green Peas,' said Pettson. He felt the way you do when you draw open the curtains on a summer morning and the warm sunshine pours in.

'I'm Pettson and this is my kitchen. You can live here if you like. Do you want some coffee?'

‘He doesn’t drink coffee,’ said Betty Andersson, ‘he needs milk. And he could probably eat something too.’
‘Eat something…’ repeated Pettson vaguely, wholly absorbed with the cat. He picked it up: it was small enough to fit in his hand. He poked the fluffy fur, and Findus clamped his claws around his finger and bit him.
‘Well, well, he bites,’ Pettson smiled, and let him go on biting.
Then anxiously he turned to old Mrs Andersson.
‘Won’t he miss his mother?’
‘For a few days, maybe, but he’ll soon forget. You’ll have to look after him and be his new mother.’
‘Mother…’ murmured Pettson, happily watching the kitten bite him. Ouch!



From then on life was much easier for Pettson. The house was empty no longer. Findus stayed in the kitchen, and the old man shut the door behind him whenever he went outside to chop wood or potter about in the garden.
‘He’ll manage by himself for a little while,’ he thought. ‘Cats get by on their own, everyone knows that. But maybe I should go in and have a cup of coffee, just to make sure.’
He drank lots more coffee these days.

