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Opening extract from

Findus and the Fox

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Findus and the Fox



Sven Nordqvist

HAWTHORN PRESS

Pettson lived on a little farm with his cat Findus. They had a few hens in the hen house and a lot of wood in the woodshed. Everything else they needed was in the tool shed. They didn't often get visitors, and that was how Pettson liked it.

One day, their neighbour Gustavsson arrived with his dog on a lead and a shotgun on his shoulder. His face was grim.
"Hello Pettson," he said. "Have you had a visit from the fox?"
"No, not that I've noticed," said Pettson.
"I think you'd have noticed if you had," Gustavsson growled. "He stole one of my hens last night but he won't be doing it again. Next time I see him, I'll shoot him. You should get your gun out too, Pettson. He might come here tonight, when he finds my hens are locked away."
And off he went.

“So you think the fox will come here tonight,” muttered Pettson.
“That means we should lock our hens up now, eh Findus?”
“You should lock up Gustavsson,” said the cat. “I don’t trust men with guns.”
“Don’t you think he should shoot the fox?” asked Pettson. “Otherwise it will come and eat our hens.”
“Foxes shouldn’t be shot,” said Findus. “They should be tricked. That’s what I do.”
“Mm, I bet you do,” Pettson chuckled. “But I agree, Findus. It’s a shame to shoot foxes. We’ll work out how to frighten it off, so it won’t want to eat a hen ever again.”

Pettson began to puzzle and ponder. When he had a clever thought, he gave a grunt, and he gave another when he realised it wasn’t clever after all.
Finally he asked, “Have we got any pepper?”
“Just the usual few kilos,” said Findus.
“Then we’ll build a hen,” said Pettson. “I think you should come into the shed with me so the fox doesn’t get you.”
“Sss, he wouldn’t dare,” said Findus, but he went in anyway.

