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Opening extract from

Findus Goes Camping

Written by

Sven Nordqvist

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Findus goes Camping

Sven Nordqvist

HAWTHORN PRESS

Old Pettson was up in the attic one day, looking for a bag of fishing floats. 'I know it was here somewhere,' he said. Findus the cat was trying to help. He'd found a green sausage, a big, green cloth-sausage, and was balancing on it. As he walked forward, it rolled backwards. As he walked backwards, it rolled forward. The faster he walked, the faster it rolled. 'Look, Pettson!' he yelled.

Pettson looked up from his box.

'Well look at that. Watch you don't roll down the... '

'He-elp!'

The sausage flumped down the steep staircase and the cat thudded after.

Pettson hurried down.

'Findus! Are you all right? Did you hurt yourself?'

'Ye-es,' the cat whimpered. 'I think I broke my ears. Why've you got such dangerous sausages lying around the attic,' he scolded.

'It's a tent,' said Pettson.

' "Tent"? What do you mean, "tent"? What's a tent?' said Findus.

'A house of canvas you can sleep in. When you're out hiking in the mountains, for instance.'

The cat looked at him as if he was loony.

'You mean you're supposed to sleep in this thing when you're hiking? Are you meant to walk in your sleep with a sausage on your head?'

'No, no,' said Pettson patiently. 'There's a tent rolled up in the bag. I'll show you.'

Pettson pulled out the tent and unfolded it. Its smell brought back vivid memories, even though it was so long since he'd been camping. They'd had such fun when he was young. Why not go camping again? It would be a good chance to try out his new invention.

Findus found the tent opening and crept in.

'I want to sleep in here,' he said. 'Let's go hiking in the mountains! What are mountains?'

'They're really big hills,' said Pettson.

'There's a really big hill behind the tool shed. We can hike there,' said Findus.

'That's hardly a hike. It's more like a fifteen-minute stroll,' sniffed the old man.

'But Pettson, it doesn't have to be so far. We can hike a teenie bit, then sleep in the tent.'

'But I'd like to try out my invention,' said Pettson. 'What about a longer trip around the lake. We can camp halfway and go fishing, and then we can sit on the shore at sunset and grill perch over an open fire.'

'Yes, let's! Come on then!' Findus cried and bounded out.

'Hang on, I need to pack first.'

Tent, sleeping bag, thermos, the invention that wasn't quite ready yet...

It took ages to think of and find everything he needed.

The cat waited impatiently.