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Opening extract from

Pancakes for Findus

Written by

Sven Nordqvist

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Pancakes *for* Findus

Sven Nordqvist



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There was once a man called Pettson who had a cat named Findus. They lived in a little red house with a tool shed, a hen house, an outside loo, a woodshed and a garden. Paddocks lay all around, and beyond them was the forest.

The neighbours thought Pettson was odd. He was certainly absentminded. And it wasn't normal, the way he talked to that cat.

But none of this would have mattered, if Gustavsson hadn't told everyone how Pettson made pancakes out of his own trousers. And how he climbed over the roof to get to the shop. And how he had tied a curtain to the cat's tail. Gustavsson had seen it with his very own eyes!

It all happened on Findus' birthday.

Findus had three birthdays a year, because it was more fun that way. And every birthday, Pettson made him a pile of pancakes.

First he went to the hen house to collect a basket of eggs. Then he sat on the bench outside the kitchen and polished them. Pettson was a tidy man and he wanted them all clean and shiny. Findus paced up and down, keen to get started.



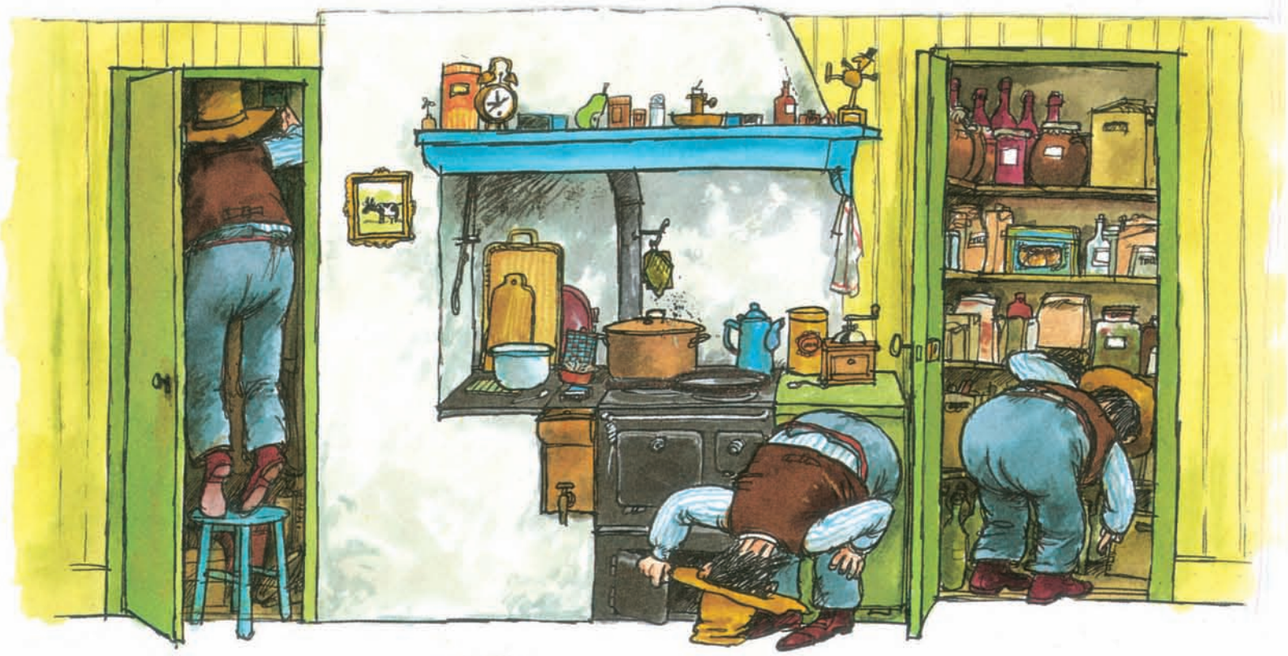


'Do you absolutely have to clean *all* the eggs?' he asked crossly. 'I'll have another birthday before we get our pancakes.'

'Sooo, you're that impatient,' said Pettson. 'Come on, let's get cooking. Three eggs should do. Now we'll see if we can make some pancakes.'

'Of course we can make pancakes,' said Findus. He was already inside looking for the frying pan.

They left the rest of the eggs outside on the bench.





Pettson cracked the eggs into a bowl.

'Now we need milk and sugar …
a little salt, some butter …'
He went to find them in the pantry.

'But where has the flour got to?
Have you eaten the flour, Findus?'

'I have certainly not eaten the flour,'
said Findus indignantly.

'Must have been me, then' muttered
Pettson, scratching his nose.

He looked three times through
the pantry, in the wood stove, the
wardrobe and the seat, but he
couldn't find the flour.

'Bother,' he said. 'I'll have to bike
to the shop. Wait here, Findus.
I'll be right back.'

But Findus was sick of waiting.
He shot out the door before
Pettson.

Pettson's bike had a puncture.

'How did that happen? Have you bitten a hole in my tyre,
Findus?' he grumbled.

'I certainly do not bite holes in tyres,' said Findus indignantly.

'Must have been me, then' muttered Pettson, pulling his ear.
'Never mind. I'll fix it. Wait here, Findus, while I get the tools
from the shed. Then I'll fix the puncture, bike to the shop for
some flour, and we can get on with the pancakes.'

But Findus couldn't wait, so he ran on ahead.

