



tired – trøtt

decided –

bestemte seg

Tommy



I am going to tell you about a little boy I knew called Tommy. One night at teatime his mother said, "Tommy, Mrs Brown has asked us over to meet her son and his wife on holiday from Canada. We won't be very long, so you can stay here and finish your homework."

"Great," thought Tommy, "I'll be as quick as I can and then I'll play with my computer." But homework wasn't that easy and by the time it was finished, Tommy was tired – and hungry. Well, he was always hungry, so he decided to have something to eat before he went to bed!



He opened the larder door and looked round. There, on the bottom shelf, stood a large bowl of custard – probably tomorrow's lunch. Tommy's eyes grew bigger, his tummy rumbled, he licked his lips – surely one spoonful wouldn't be missed! He opened a drawer, took out a spoon, plunged it into the custard – it was delicious! Och, another spoonful wouldn't be noticed, and just one more but, before he knew it, the bowl was empty!

It was at that moment the cat jumped onto the window sill. Tommy opened the window, lifted her into the larder, shut the door and went upstairs to bed. But he couldn't sleep and tossed and turned until suddenly he saw the man in the moon staring in at him. "I saw you eat the custard! I saw you eat the custard! I saw you ..."

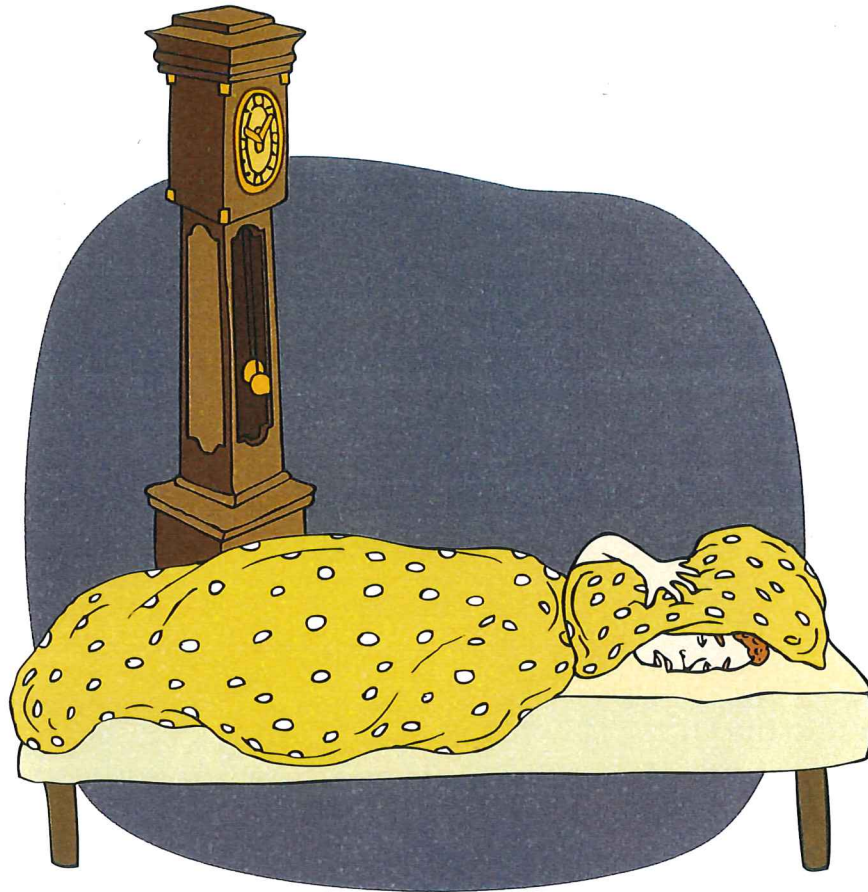
"You didn't, you didn't," Tommy shouted back. "Go away and leave me alone!"



larder door –
døren til
spisskammerset
shelf – hylle
surely – sikkert
plunged – grov
custard –
vaniljepudding
delicious – utsøkt,
deilig
spoonful – en skje
full av
misses – savnet
noticed – lagt
merke til
window sill –
vindusposten



strike – slå
leave me alone –
la meg være
i fred
sail – *her:* seilas,
seiltur
**grandfather
clock** –
gulvur



The moon set off on a sail round the world. Tommy lay awake for a long time and the room became darker. "It must be getting late," he thought. "I wonder what time it is?"

The grandfather clock down in the hall began to strike. "Dong, dong cus – tard, cus – tard ..."



"Stop it, stop it," called Tommy and he pulled the pillow round both ears and, eventually, he must have dozed off to sleep. He was wakened by the sound of the front door closing – his parents were back. He might have drifted off to sleep again, if he hadn't heard a loud "miaouw". His mother had opened the larder, and out ran Kitty, straight up the stairs, feet pounding on every step. "Tommy ate the custard, Tommy ate the custard. Tommy ate ..."

"I didn't, I didn't, I didn't," yelled Tommy, but now his mother was shaking him.

"What's the matter, Tommy? Are you dreaming?" she asked.

"No, no, and I didn't eat the custard. It was Kitty," he replied.

His mother shook her head sadly.

"Tommy," she said, "when a cat eats custard it doesn't leave a spoon!"

*A story from Ulster, contributed by
Audrey Parks*

Activity

Why do you think Tommy is talking in his sleep?

How do you like this story?

Have you ever done something similar to what Tommy did? Did you suffer from a bad conscience?

eventually – til slutt

front door – inngangsdøren

pounding – lett dunkende

suffer from – lide av, få

Workbook
page 127-130