MBB PEPPERPOT’S OUTInS

Mr Pepperpot grumbled when she brought the loaded basket out to the car. ‘What do we want with all that stuff? Much better to buy ice-cream as we go along and there are plenty of cafes where we can have a hot-dog and ketchup.’ He liked to show that he knew what tourists did when they went motoring.

NOTICE - SEEING EAR ‘And I don’t trust cafes.’With that she dumped the basket in the back seat and got in.

# Mr Pepperpot got in the driving seat. But just before he started the engine he had a sudden thought: ‘You won’t *shrink* while we’re out, will you?’

‘Oh, stop fussing!’ said Mrs Pepperpot, as she settled herself comfortably. ‘You know I never have any idea when it’s going to happen. If it does, it does, and I usually manage, don’t I? Start up, Mr P, I’m quite looking forward to this outing!’

So off they went. At first Mr Pepperpot drove very carefully down the little country road from the house. But once they were on the main road, with its smooth asphalt surface, he put his foot on the pedal and they hummed along at quite a good pace. He started to whistle; Mr Pepperpot always did that when he was happy.

‘This is the life! ’ he sang. ‘All these years I’ve\_

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‘But I *like* looking after animals; they’re fun,’ she answered. ‘Besides, quite often one doesn’t really *want* to go away, and then it’s very useful to be able to say you have to look after the animals.’ She wiped away another tear:‘Oh, those onions!’

‘Well, I think you’re behind the times,’ said Mr Pepperpot.‘It’s good for everyone to get about and not be stuck in one place all your life.’

This made Mrs Pepperpot laugh. ‘Did you say get about? How far do we get in your old wreck of a car? The person who’s stuck in one place is *you* with your head under the bonnet every night for weeks on end!’

‘It’s my hobby,’ said Mr Pepperpot. ‘Everyone should have a hobby nowadays. It says in the paper you should make good use of your free time.’

You see, Mr Pepperpot had bought an old car cheaply, and ever since he had been tinkering with it, putting in new parts and cleaning and polishing it.

‘You still haven’t guessed my news,so I’ll tell you,’ he said.‘We’re going for an outing in the car!’

‘You mean you’ve really got it working?’ Mrs Pepperpot could hardly believe it. ‘Where are we going?’ ‘There’s a car rally over the other side of Blocksberg: it’s for old cars, so I thought I might\_

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PEPPERPOT’S OUTlNg

enter mine. I might even win a cup.’

This was a sore point with Mr Pepperpot. His wife knew he had always wanted to win a cup or a trophy. They did have one in the house, but she kept it hidden at the back of a cupboard, because it was one *she* had won when she was a young girl, and worked on a farm. She had got it for being so good at looking after the livestock. Now she would really like Mr Pepperpot to have one too, so she said:

‘Yes, let’s go. An outing would be fun, and we can take a picnic.’

‘I’ll just go and check'the engine once more; be ready in half an hour.’

Mrs Pepperpot bustled about; she was quite looking forward to seeing some new places after

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the long winter at home. She got out the picnic basket, hard- NOTE TITLE TESTING cold ham and some pancakes left over from last night. As she worked she made up a little song to sing in the car. This is how it went, to the tune of ‘Nuts in May’:\_

‘My hubby is mad about motoring. Motoring, motoring,

He spends his evenings tinkering On his rickety automobile.

So now we’ll be bouncing up and down Up and down, up and down.

Everything in the back seat is thrown Off the rickety automobile!

I may be crazy to go with him,

Go with him, go with him,

## But oh, he’s made it look so trim,

His rickety automobile!

At least we’ll have a fine picnic,

A fine picnic, a fine picnic,

With sausages, bread and ham and chick In his rickety automobile!

And then of course we’ll see the sights,

See the sights, see the sights,

Of valleys and forests and mountain heights From his rickety automobile!

Hooray! ’\_

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