

They started with breaking a cup. That was the first thing they did. They did that just to show you what they *could* do, and to get you interested. Then Harris packed the strawberry jam on top of a tomato and squashed it, and they had to pick out the tomato with a teaspoon.

Then it was George's turn, and he trod on the butter. I didn't say anything, but I came over and sat on the edge of the table and watched them. It irritated them more than anything I could have said. I felt that. It made them nervous and excited... They upset salt over everything, and as for the butter! I never saw two men do more with one-and-twopence worth of butter in my whole life than they did. After George had got it off his slipper, they tried to put it in the kettle. It wouldn't go in, and what *was* in wouldn't come out. They put it down on a chair, and Harris sat on it, and it stuck to him, and they went looking for it all over the room.

"I put it down on that chair", said George, staring at the empty seat.

"I saw you do it myself, not a minute ago", said Harris.

Jerome K. Jerome