

88 — TOM, TIM AND THE CHESTER CHEESE

Once upon a time Tom and Tim were going to treat themselves to a piece of Chester cheese which they had found somewhere about the kitchen.

— Let us go and share it in the garden, said Tom. Somebody might come near us here.

As they had no knife, they broke the cheese into two parts, but Tom was not satisfied with his share and said it was not so big as Tim's.

Tim said the two pieces were quite alike, but yet he was not willing to change. It was a question of self-respect, he said.

So, as everybody knows questions of self-respect can only be settled by blows, after they had been quarrelling with each other for a few minutes, Tim and Tom came to blows. Nobody likes to have the smaller share.

And, while the two boys were fighting, Pussy — who never was very far from the boys — carried off the Chester cheese.

And when victorious Tom had beaten his brother and triumphantly told him he was going to eat the two shares himself, well, the Chester cheese was not to be found anywhere.

They repented their ill temper too late.

And the only happy one was Pussy.

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