



Where Are My Biscuits?



GOOD MORNING MRS. DUNG BEETLE, what a delicious smell is coming out of your kitchen!" said Weedy the head gardener when he passed Mrs. Dung Beetle's house.

"Hello Weedy," replied Mrs. Dung Beetle. "Yes, you're right, I've just baked a tray full of hazelnut biscuits. When you come back from your vegetable garden they will have cooled down. If you want, you can have half of the biscuits. I always bake far too many, so you are most welcome to them."

"Oh, I'm very partial to your baking, Mrs. Dung Beetle, and I'd love to take some hazelnut biscuits home," replied Weedy. Mrs. Dung Beetle put the tray with its hot biscuits on the window sill, so the soft breeze would cool them down.

But it wasn't only Weedy who was very partial to freshly baked hazelnut biscuits. Even as far as Witch Hotsiposh's garden you could smell the freshly baked biscuits.

"Oh, what a delicious smell of freshly baked biscuits! That can only come from Elf Forest," said Witch Hotsiposh crabblily. "Hey you!" – and she pointed her long ugly finger at Raffi Raf the crow – "Fly to Elf Forest and see if you can find out where that delicious smell comes from!" (Witch Hotsiposh never ever said the polite friendly word 'please'. She was an unfriendly, selfish witch.)

"On my way," replied Raffie Raf. He jumped up, spread his black wings and flew in the direction of Elf Forest. The closer he came to Elf Forest the better he could smell the biscuits. "It must be coming from Mrs. Dung Beetle's kitchen," he thought.

And right he was! A tray full of freshly baked cookies was standing on the window sill of Mrs. Dung Beetle's kitchen. Quickly he flew back to Witch Hotsiposh and told her what he'd discovered.

"So it comes from Mrs. Dung Beetle's kitchen. Good to know that," said Witch Hotsiposh to herself. Then she grabbed her cape with extra deep pockets, jumped on her magic broom, and without even saying "thank you" or "goodbye" to Raffie Raf, she disappeared.

"I know where she's going," thought Raffie Raf – "straight to Mrs. Dung Beetle's kitchen. She'll take the lot and eat them all by herself. She won't offer me one single cookie, or even a crumb, I bet you!"

And right he was! Quickly Witch Hotsiposh flew to Mrs. Dung Beetle's house. Carefully she put her magic broom under a lemon tree. Then after looking around to check that no one





was around to see her, she crawled slowly to the kitchen on her knees. She came closer and closer until she could see the tray with the biscuits.

“There they are, my favourites, hazelnut biscuits! It must be my lucky day,” she whispered. Without any delay she quickly took the biscuits one by one from the tray and put them in the deep pockets of her cape. When all the biscuits had disappeared into her pockets she quickly crawled back to her magic broom, and off she went.

When Weedy had finished his work in the vegetable garden he put all the tools in his wheelbarrow. “Oh, I nearly forgot my spade,” he said, and put the spade with the green handle carefully between the other tools in the wheelbarrow. Weedy knew that he had to take good care of his tools, otherwise they would rust and fall to pieces. “Now I’m on my way to Mrs. Dung Beetle to pick up the hazelnut biscuits she promised me this morning,” he said to himself.

“Hello Weedy, good to see you. The biscuits are still on the window sill, I had nearly forgotten them,” Mrs. Dung Beetle said.

“Good day Mrs. Dung Beetle. But I haven’t forgotten your yummy hazelnut biscuits! All day long I’ve been waiting for this moment to pick them up. Your biscuits are so delicious!” Weedy replied.

But oh! what a terrible disappointment when they saw the empty tray on the window sill. Not a crumb was left.

“Well I never! Who could have done such a naughty thing?” cried Mrs. Dung Beetle. “There’s not even one biscuit left!” Weedy couldn’t believe his eyes either: the tray was completely empty.

“The only ones who come close to my house are old Mr. Centipede and the Worm family,” said Mrs. Dung Beetle. “Mrs. Worm cooks and bakes nearly every day, and always brings a plate with delicious things to her neighbour, Mr. Centipede. She thinks that Mr. Centipede doesn’t look after himself very well, and now she treats him as one of her own family. Mrs. Worm is a real gem to do such a kind thing.”

“Well, that is indeed very kind of her,” replied Weedy. “And I am sure that no-one in this compost heap would ever steal.”

“Never – I’m sure of that!” replied Mrs. Dung Beetle.

“Now Mrs. Dung Beetle, don’t you worry about the biscuits too much. They are only biscuits and perhaps you can bake some new ones,” said Weedy.

“That’s not the point!” replied Mrs. Dung Beetle in an angry voice. “Someone took them without asking first, and I want to know who has done that.”

“I have an idea how we can find that out, Mrs. Dung Beetle,” said Weedy. “Your hazelnut biscuits are so yummy that for sure the thief will come back when he smells the baking again.”

“And what do you have in mind, my friend?” replied Mrs. Dung Beetle.

“Why don’t you bake a new batch of hazelnut biscuits and instead of putting sugar in the dough, put in a handful of salt and a spoonful of pepper. Whoever steals them will get a nasty surprise, I bet you!” said Weedy.

“What an excellent idea, Weedy! That’s what I will do,” replied Mrs. Dung Beetle. As it was already late in the afternoon, she decided to do the ‘special yucky baking’ tomorrow morning.

The next morning Mrs. Dung Beetle put on her apron and started to select all the ingredients she would need for the





dough: butter, flour, hazelnuts, two eggs and a cup of lukewarm milk. “And now the two most important ingredients,” she laughed, while walking to the cupboard. “Salt – lots of salt and heaps of pepper. That’s what I need.”

Mrs. Dung Beetle washed her hands, put her cap on her head, and then carefully put all the ingredients in a clean bowl. Then she started to knead the dough thoroughly. After a while she thought that it was ready.

As Mrs. Dung Beetle was a very curious lady, she put one of her fingers into the dough. Then she put her finger in her mouth. The next moment she thought she was on fire. “Water, water! I need water!” she cried, and ran to the tap. Mrs. Dung Beetle had never drunk so much water in such a short time! Soon she had to laugh at what had happened, and finished the biscuits with some hazelnut pieces on top of each one.

Again the smell of the freshly baked biscuits wafted through Elf Forest and all the way to Witch Hotsiposh’s house. Witch Hotsiposh couldn’t believe her ugly long nose when she smelt the biscuits. “Well I never! It’s hard to believe, but Mrs. Dung Beetle must have baked another lot of biscuits. This will be my lucky day!”

She grabbed her cape with the big pockets, put her black pointed hat on, and jumped on her magic broom. Then she flew straight to Mrs. Dung Beetle’s house, put her magic broom under the lemon tree, and crawled on her knees to the kitchen window. “Yummy,” she gloated. “I’m just in time again. All these delicious hazelnut biscuits will be mine.”

Quickly she put the biscuits in her deep pockets one by one. On her knees she crawled back to the lemon tree and grabbed her magic broom. In no time she landed her broom in the

middle of the mushroom patch. She jumped off her broom, put it against a large mushroom and ran quickly to her house.

What the naughty witch didn't know was that Mrs. Dung Beetle and Weedy had been hiding behind the kitchen sink and had seen it all. Now they were waiting for what would happen next.

And they didn't have to wait very long. All of a sudden they could hear the screams of Witch Hotsiposh. "Help, help, my mouth is on fire, help! Raffie Raf, quickly fetch me a glass of water!" she shouted. But Raffie Raf was in no hurry. He started to laugh and laugh.

"Now for once you get a cookie of your own dough," he cried. "Well, not your own dough, but the dough that Mrs. Dung Beetle made" – and he couldn't stop laughing.

"Fetch the water, you horrible bird," cried Witch Hotsiposh, "or I'll put a knot in your neck!"

Now Raffie Raf felt a little worried. He filled a whole bucket with water. "Put your head in it, Hotsiposh, that'll do the trick," he said.

And so, after a few minutes, Witch Hotsiposh's mouth cooled down. She dried her long black hair and looked with her big black angry eyes at Raffie Raf. "It's good you are sitting so high in that tree, my boy, otherwise I would have ruffled a few of your feathers," she said.

But Witch Hotsiposh had learned a very good lesson. Don't you think so too?

Stealing is never ever good. Just ask politely when you want something.

