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That made us feel as if everything was quite real, for papa used to talk just in that way whenever he was kept waiting a very long time for his dinner. We bustled about, pretended to put on our aprons, turned the pudding out of the tin pan into a little plate which served as a dish, carried it in triumph to the parlour, and there we both of us stayed, for we could not bear to have that pudding out of our sight, even for a moment.

‘You must go away,’ said Montem. ‘I don’t want any one to wait upon me but a footman. Gentlemen don’t eat their dinner whilst the cooks are looking at them.’

That was only too true. Rather disappointed, we turned away and came back to our kitchen end of the oriel, there to wait until Montem’s bell rang for us to clear away and enjoy our share of the feast.

It did seem such a long time. Lucy said she thought we ought to have made the pudding into two, and kept one part for ourselves, and then we could have been going on with it whilst the master was eating his. I did not much care, though, for having our pudding settled upon us in that way. I thought it was much better to leave our share of it