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a master. I'm sure I won't have one any more, will you?'

I could not quite agree to that, for I felt it was more like real housekeeping to have a master, but I did wish that, having had him, he had left us a little pudding at the bottom of the dish.

'I wish we hadn't had him at all,' sobbed Lucy. 'We'll never make a pudding for him again, or if we do, we'll keep ever such a lot of the things out of it for ourselves. We won't make it half so nice.'

I told her I didn't think that would be any use. All the good of having a master was that we should give him the best we had. It would only be like playing at having one, if we kept all the best things out for ourselves. However, we both of us agreed that the next time we wanted to choose a master, we would look at him very carefully first, and find out whether he would be likely to eat all the pudding.

Of course we could not play any longer after that, for there was nothing to play with; so we gave up housekeeping, drew the curtains back, put our chairs away, made the oriel tidy again, and ran to aunt Mary to ask her for a story. But we did not say anything to her about what had happened.