## No More Cakes

## a story from India



retold by Barbara Beveridge illustrated by Vasanti Unka



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One day, a parrot made a lot of cakes. He asked his friend, the cat, to tea.

The cat ate all the cakes, but he was still hungry. "I want some more," said the cat.

The parrot said, "There are no more cakes." So the cat ate the parrot.





The cat went along the road until he met an old man with a donkey.

The old man said, "Get out of the way, Cat, or my donkey will kick you."

The cat said, "I've eaten a hundred cakes. I've eaten my friend, the parrot, and I'm still hungry."

So, gobble gobble slip slop, the cat ate the old man and his donkey.

The cat went on until he met a king and a queen with their elephants and their soldiers.

The king said, "Get out of the way, Cat, or my elephants will walk on you."

The cat said, "I've eaten a hundred cakes. I've eaten my friend, the parrot. I've eaten an old man and his donkey, and I'm still hungry."

So, gobble gobble slip slop, the cat ate the king and the queen and their elephants and their soldiers.

The cat went on until he met some landcrabs.

The landcrabs said, "Get out of the way, Cat, or we will nip you."

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The cat said, "I've eaten a hundred cakes. I've eaten my friend, the parrot. I've eaten an old man and his donkey. I've eaten a king and a queen and their elephants and their soldiers, and I'm *still* hungry."

So, gobble gobble slip slop, the cat ate the landcrabs.





There was a big crowd inside the cat. It was dark, and the crabs couldn't see, but they could feel. Nip, nip! The landcrabs began to cut a hole in the cat. Nip, nip! They went on cutting.

When the hole was big enough, the landcrabs climbed out and ran away. Then out climbed the king and the queen and their elephants and their soldiers. Out climbed the old man and his donkey. And last of all, out climbed the parrot.

They all went home, but the cat had to stop and sew up the hole in his coat.







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