

Guessing the Present

“I saw an ugly birthday card at a store this morning,” Claude said. “Rosamond was buying it.”

“Aha!” I said. “What else did Rosamond buy?”

“She bought six cartons of milk,” Claude said.

I, Nate the Great, was sorry to hear that. “Six cartons of milk?” I said. I, Nate the Great, did not want a birthday present that was cold and white and wet. I was already colder and whiter and wetter than I had ever been. I said good-bye to Claude. “Enjoy your castle,” I said. “Don’t lose it.”

“How can I lose a castle?” Claude asked.

“Only you know how,” I said.

Sludge and I went to Rosamond’s house. I said, “I do not know where my birthday present is, but I know what it is. Please open your refrigerator.” Rosamond opened her refrigerator. I saw tuna fish, cat food, and a melting snow cat inside.

“Aha!” I said. “No milk! You bought six cartons of milk this morning, but now you have none.”