
Post No. 20

BUMPING INTO GREAT-AUNT HILDEGARD

I am going to tell you about something that happened last week. I am not proud of it, not proud at all.

It was a crisp January day, and I had decided to go out first thing in the morning and do my shopping whilst the sun was out. I was feeling happy and cheerful, skipping along towards home through the park, when I saw Great-Aunt Hildegard walking slowly towards me.





at [Stories for My Little Sister](http://www.storiesformylittlesister.com)
www.storiesformylittlesister.com
Free Online Books for 21st Century Kids

Now, as any of my loyal readers will know, I am usually a friendly and sociable hamster. However, I have to admit that I find Great-Aunt Hildegard very difficult to like. It should be easy to like her. She is, after all, the sister of Grandpa Hamster, and I absolutely love Grandpa Hamster. The problem is that she is nothing like Grandpa Hamster whatsoever.

So that you will not think too badly of me when I tell you what happened last week, I have made a list of some of the things about Great-Aunt Hildegard that I hope you will bear in mind when you read my story.

1. There is no nice way to put this. Great-Aunt Hildegard smells bad. She smells like boiled cabbage.
2. Great-Aunt Hildegard always gives big hugs. When she hugs you, the smell of boiled cabbage gets up your nose.
3. If Great-Aunt Hildegard invites you for lunch or supper, you can be sure that if you go, you will be having boiled cabbage.
4. Great-Aunt Hildegard always thinks that she knows what is best for you. She thinks that what is best for me is a heaped plate of boiled cabbage.

Now, back to last week. Although I had seen Great-Aunt Hildegard, I did not think that she had seen me. I did not want her to see me. If she saw me she would come up close to me. I would smell the boiled cabbage smell. Then she would give me a big boiled cabbage-smelling hug. Then she would invite me for lunch or supper, and I would have to eat boiled cabbage. While I was eating the boiled cabbage, she would tell me that boiled cabbage was the best thing for me. With all those thoughts of boiled cabbage swimming around in my mind, I thought I could smell boiled cabbage already, and I panicked. I pulled my woolly hat down over my face.



You need to understand that I did not want to hurt *Great-Aunt Hildegard's* feelings. In fact, I am the sort of hamster who would not want to hurt anyone's feelings. In my panic, I thought that with my hat covering my face, even if *Great-Aunt Hildegard* did see me, she would not recognise me. I thought that she would walk right by me, without realising that it was me that she had passed in the street. I thought she would never know that I had not wanted her to come up close to me, and her feelings would not be hurt. I have to admit, I also thought that if she walked right past me, I would not have to smell or eat any boiled cabbage.

It might have been the fact that I was still thinking panicky thoughts of boiled cabbage, or it might have been the fact that I was walking down the street with my hat pulled over my eyes, but I bumped straight into someone.

I felt completely and utterly terrible. I felt so bad, everything seemed to smell bad. In fact, everything suddenly seemed to smell like boiled cabbage.

"I'm so sorry!" I cried.

"You should look where you are going, young hamster!" said a stern voice. I knew that stern voice. It was then that I knew that everything did not just *seem* to smell like boiled cabbage. Everything *actually* smelled like boiled cabbage.

Then I felt someone rolling up the edge of my hat. I blinked as my eyes adjusted to the light. Sure enough, there was *Great-Aunt Hildegard* standing before me.



"Well, if it isn't Harrison Hamster I. Are you okay, my dear? You really should not allow your hat to cover your face. You might bump into someone and hurt yourself." Great-Aunt Hildegard gave me a big boiled cabbage-smelling hug.

"Hello, Great-Aunt Hildegard," I said, looking down at the pavement and feeling rather ashamed of myself.

"My dear Harrison, may I invite you to lunch? You look as if you could use a delicious plate of boiled cabbage."





at [Stories for My Little Sister](http://www.storiesformylittlesister.com)
www.storiesformylittlesister.com
Free Online Books for 21st Century Kids

I could not turn down *Great-Aunt Hildegard's* invitation. She had been so nice to me. I had bumped straight into her, and the only thing she had cared about was whether I had hurt myself.

"That would be lovely, *Great-Aunt Hildegard*," I said.

That was how I ended up having a lunch of smelly boiled cabbage with *Great-Aunt Hildegard* last week.

The moral of this blog post is that if you don't want to bump into someone, the worst thing you can possibly do is pull your hat over your eyes. You might as well just march straight up to them with a polite hello. If the person you are trying to avoid is anything like *Great-Aunt Hildegard*, you will end up eating boiled cabbage whatever you do. So, wake up and smell the boiled cabbage. Mind your manners!

Bye for now!

Harrison Hamster I
24th January 2012