

Dad cut the vegetables up. He put them in little heaps around the table. He opened the pasta and tomato paste. He crushed the garlic. He lined up the herbs.

The food smelt wonderful!

Troy and I hung about. We took little bits when Dad wasn't looking.

But he caught us. "*Out! Out! Out!*" he roared in his funny voice.

And he chased us out of the kitchen.



