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## GRANNIE FOR GRANTED

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‘Well, are you going to tuck me up like you promised?’

‘Of course I am, and perhaps, Putts, I shall dance at your wedding.’

‘*Me?*’ said Putts scornfully, ‘catch *me* marrying.’

There was a pause; Putts was thinking.

‘Grannie Patts, Bounce says people *can* have a wedding cake without being married. They can’t, *can* they?’

‘They can eat a wedding cake, but not have it.’

‘Not a whole one, can they? But what’s the diffrence?’

‘Ask Bounce.’

‘She’s in bed.’

‘Wait till morning.’

‘It is,’ he said triumphantly, pointing to the east.

‘Well, what’s to be done, Putts?’

‘*You* say . . . I would *rather* you,’ and he laid his little face against mine and straightway all wounds were healed.

‘You want me then, Putts?’ I said, putting my arms round him.