

Willoughby picked Willa up in his arms and padded softly downstairs to the kitchen. He opened the larder door.

"What do you see on the shelves?" asked Willoughby.

"I see bread and honey and oats and milk and apples," said Willa.

"That's right," said Willoughby, "all waiting to be made into breakfast, for you and me to share."

"Oh good," said Willa.

"That's happy. What else?"

