

Duke Tim and Edward-Ed



Two and a half year old William was standing, hands on his hips, and stamping his foot on the ground:

“I am Tim! I’m no William!”

As soon as William had stopped pooping at an angle and learned to walk, he started to call himself Tim. His name was Tim and that was it.

Madeline thought that Tim would become a duke one day. Back in the old times, dukes used to be really important and rich men.

“But why a duke?” Granny asked Madeline.

“Because a friend of Dad’s gave William this name, and this friend is a real duke, honestly! Dad himself went to the duke to get a name for William.”



“Is William going to inherit all of duke’s fortune once the duke dies?” Granny asked.

“No,” Madeline said. “Only a half of it, because Dad forgot about the surname.”

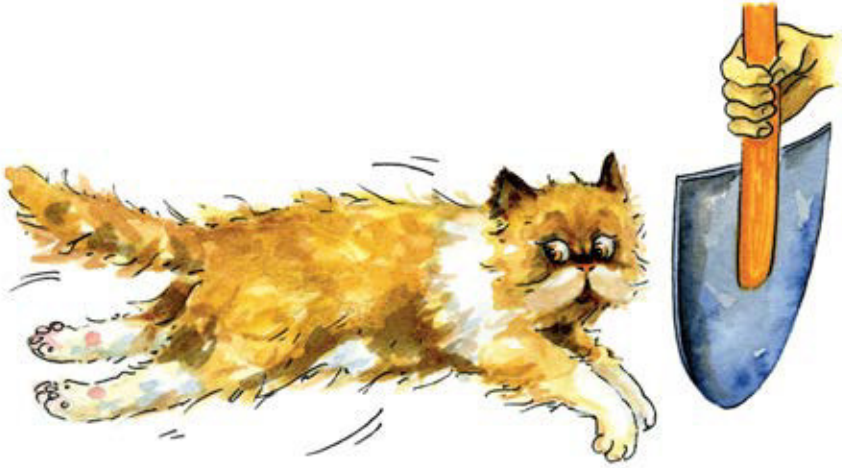
There was a yellow cat with a very fluffy coat listening in to their conversation. The cat was called Edward Norton and he was a very important cat. He came from Persia and his face was completely flat.

“In Persia, they used to put a shovel in front of a running cat’s face,” her brother Andy had told.



“And when they had been running against the shovel for a hundred years, they started to have kittens with flat faces.”

Of course, Andy’s tales had to be taken with a grain of salt, as they were usually just cock-and-bull stories.



Once it happened that Edward Norton fell into the bathtub. Lucy and Madeline were floating ducks in the bath when Edward Norton climbed on the edge of the bathtub to see what they were up to. The edge of the tub was slippery and the poor kitty splashed into the water. Lucy knew that cats didn't like water very much and helped the cat out of the bathtub. Wet Edward Norton looked like a crooked tree branch and the children decided that such a posh name as Edward Norton was no longer fit for such a scrawny thing.

"Let's just call him Edward then," Madeline suggested.

"No," said Lucy. "Edward is the name of a wise man. There was a writer called Edward."

“Mum said that this cat had boiled cauliflower instead of brains,” Madeline remembered. Mum had said this when Edward Norton had slipped while taking curve on the slippery parquet floor and hit the wall really hard.

“Let’s just call him Eddie then,” the girls decided in the end.



So this is how Edward Norton became Eddie and soon enough, everyone got used to the new name.

But William, or Tim, called him by an even shorter name – Ed.

