

Ellen Niit Uncle Nightingale *Onu Ööbik*

Translated by Susan Wilson

## HOW MR NIGHTINGALE EATS ICE-CREAM

Mr Nightingale loves clotted cream ice-cream in a waffle cone best of all. He can often be spotted with the others standing near the ice-cream kiosk.

On pay-day, Mr Nightingale he immediately sorts his wages into piles: one pile is for buying sweets, one pile is for buying lemonade, the third (and largest) pile is for buying ice-cream. He sets one small pile aside for buying borage. It goes as well with icecream as salad does with meat.

One spring morning on his way home from work, Mr Nightingale bought twenty-four ice-creams all at once because he had been paid a bonus on top of his normal wages. Mr Nightingale went home, ate all the ice-creams in one go and went to bed happily.

Fortunately an ambulance drove past Mr Nightingale's house that morning. The driver noticed that Mr Nightingale's house was covered in frost even though it was May and the weather was decidedly warm.

The driver pointed Mr Nightingale's house out to the emergency doctors and one of them realised what was happening straight away.

He rushed into the house with the emergency nurses, carried Mr Nightingale, who had been frozen by all the ice-cream, away on a stretcher, and took him to the nearest hospital to thaw out. So everything ended well.

Just think what might have happened if Mr Nightingale had eaten all those ice-creams in January.