


Wow!

said Twig. "Would you look at that!"

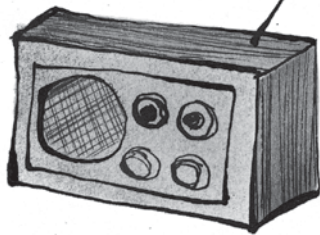
Hooey stared through the shop window at the gigantic chocolate egg and his mouth made an  shape. He felt like an explorer who has spent his whole life searching for the Holy Grail, only to find it in the window of his local newsagent's.

"Twig," he whispered, "that is stupendous."

The doorbell dinged as they entered the shop and Hooley stopped to gaze at the window display. If anything, the egg looked even more beautiful from this angle. There was a red ribbon around it, tied up in a bow, and without the glass in the way, you could actually smell the chocolate.

“Oh,” said Twig, closing his eyes and clasping his hands together, “I think I can hear angels.”

“That,” said Mr Danson, pointing to a radio on the counter, “is Classic FM. Helps the customers relax.”



He took a couple of Crunchies from the stand and placed them on the counter.

“The usual, is it, boys?”

“Thanks, Mr Danson.”

Hooey watched as the shopkeeper spaced out the Snickers bars. “That’s some egg you’ve got there.”

Mr Danson stopped moving the sweets around and turned to look at the window display. “Ah yes, my *œuf en chocolat*, as the French would say. She’s quite something, isn’t she? I’m hoping to drum up some more business so I can afford a new shop window.”

“Why do you need a new shop window?” asked Twig. “You can see through that one like anything.”

“Oh, you can see through it all right,” agreed Mr Danson. “But what I want is my name etched across the glass, like a true *chocolatier*.”

His eyes glazed over as his fingers moved through the air in front of him.

DEREK DANSON'S
DELICIOUS DELICACIES

he said in a hushed voice. "Imagine how that would look."

Imagine,
said Twig.

There was silence for a few moments; then Hooey coughed politely. "Um, Mr Danson, how much would an egg like that cost?" he asked, picking up his Crunchie bar and putting a handful of change on the counter. He thought of the birthday money he still had on his shelf at home. "Would it be more than five pounds?"

Mr Danson smiled. "I'm afraid so," he said. "Quite a lot more, in fact."

"How much more?" asked Twig.

"About another sixty," said Mr Danson.

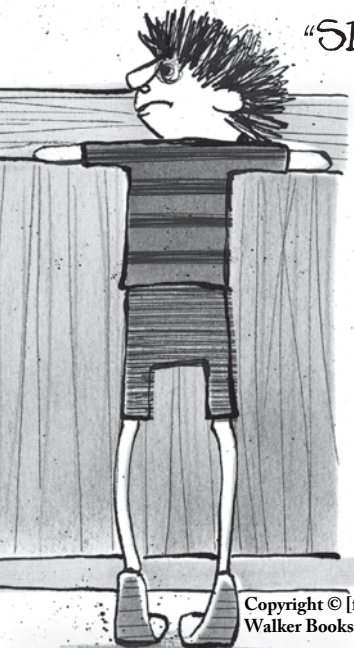
"SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS?"

said Twig incredulously.

"That's an awful lot of money."

"It's an awful lot of œuf," said Mr Danson.

* * *



“He’s right, you know,” said Hooey as they walked along the beach. “It is an awful lot of œυʟ.” The tide was out and he could see the grey April sky reflected in the rock pools. “How long do you think it would last?”

“About a day,” said Twig, “and then they’d have to carry me to the ambulance with chocolate poisoning.”

Hooey frowned. “Can you get chocolate poisoning?”

“Dunno,” said Twig, “but I’m willing to risk it.”

They climbed the steps by the sea wall and made their way through the narrow streets towards home.

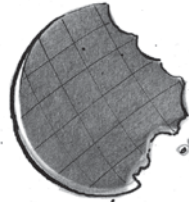
“Twig,” said Hooey when they reached the end of his road, “I can’t stop thinking about that egg.”

“Me neither,” said Twig.

“How much money have you got?” asked Hooey.

Twig dug deep into his pockets and pulled out

a half-eaten chocolate digestive biscuit,



a green plastic grasshopper



and a few coins.



He held out his hand for Hooey to count.

“Thirteen pence,” said Hooey. “Is that it?”

“I’ve got another ninety-six at home.”

“Ninety-six *pence*?” echoed Hooey.

“Don’t say it like that. It’s very nearly a pound.”

“But we need sixty-five of them, Twig.”

“Well, how much have you got?”

"I've got five pounds left over from my birthday."

"So not really enough then," said Twig.

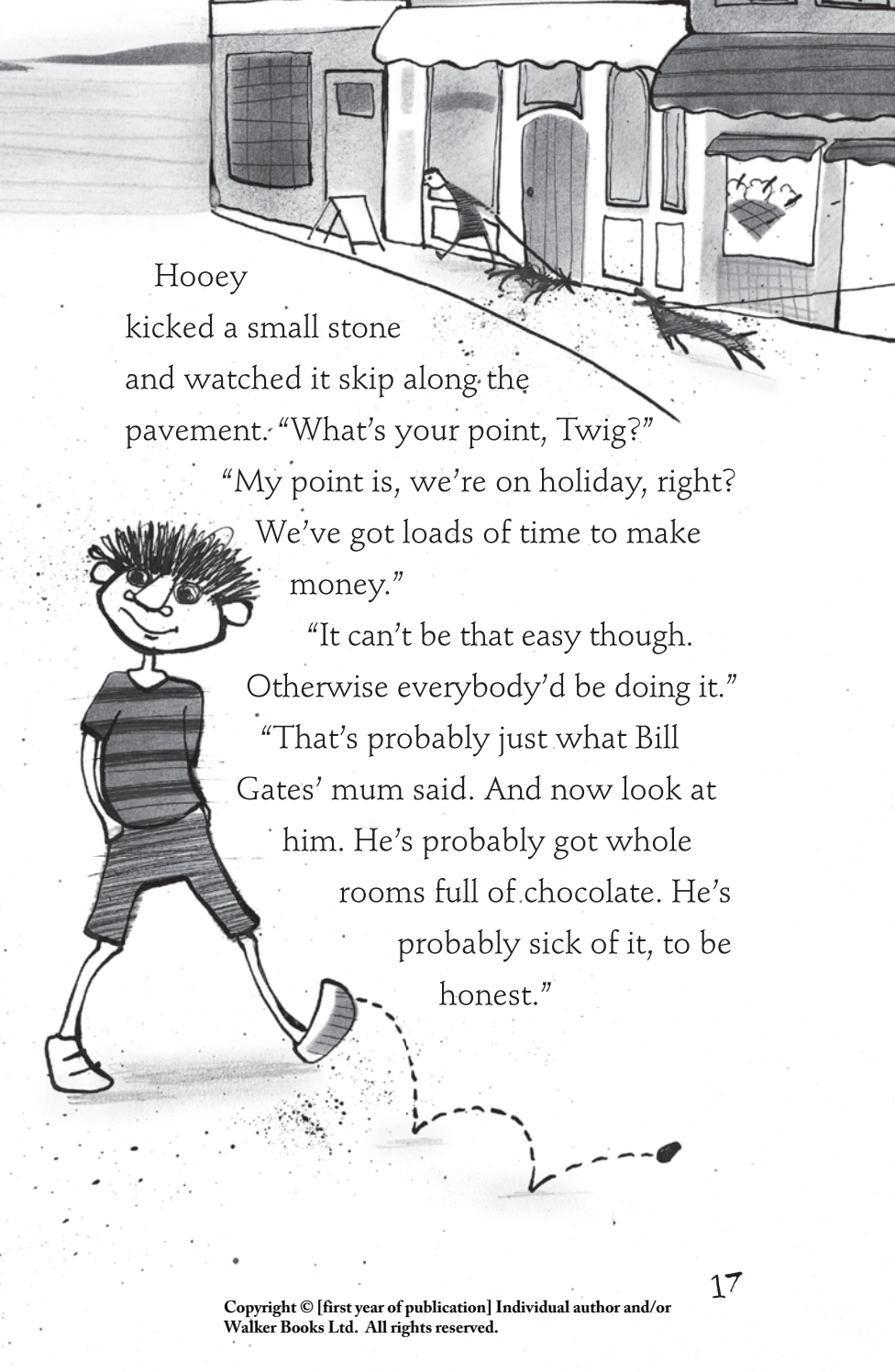
"There must be a way of making that kind of money," said Hooey. "We just have to find out what it is."

Twig thought for a moment. "I saw a programme about Bill Gates once. He made **GAZILLIONS** of pounds."

"Not when he was eight years old, Twig."

"Ah, but that's probably just 'cos he never got round to it. Probably had to go shopping with his mum and that."

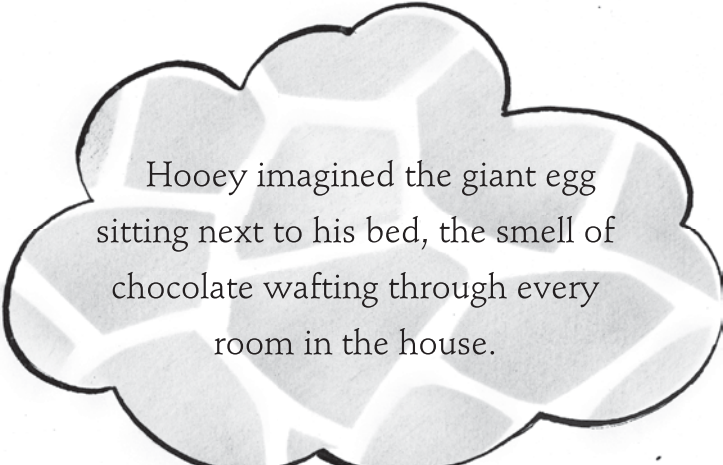




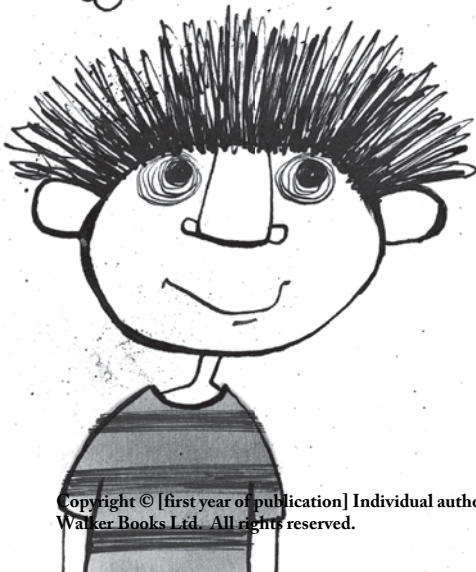
Hooey
kicked a small stone
and watched it skip along the
pavement. “What’s your point, Twig?”

“My point is, we’re on holiday, right?
We’ve got loads of time to make
money.”

“It can’t be that easy though.
Otherwise everybody’d be doing it.”
“That’s probably just what Bill
Gates’ mum said. And now look at
him. He’s probably got whole
rooms full of chocolate. He’s
probably sick of it, to be
honest.”



Hooey imagined the giant egg
sitting next to his bed, the smell of
chocolate wafting through every
room in the house.



“You’re right, Twig,” he said. “Soon as we think of something, we have to phone each other, OK?”

“OK,” said Twig.

