

**Pippi Still Lives in Villa Villekulla**

Chapter One



The pharmacist's face went even redder.

'Hop it!' he shouted. 'Immediately! Otherwise ...!'

He slammed the hatch shut.

She rang the bell once more and it wasn't many seconds before the pharmacist's face appeared in the hatch again. He really was tremendously red in the face.

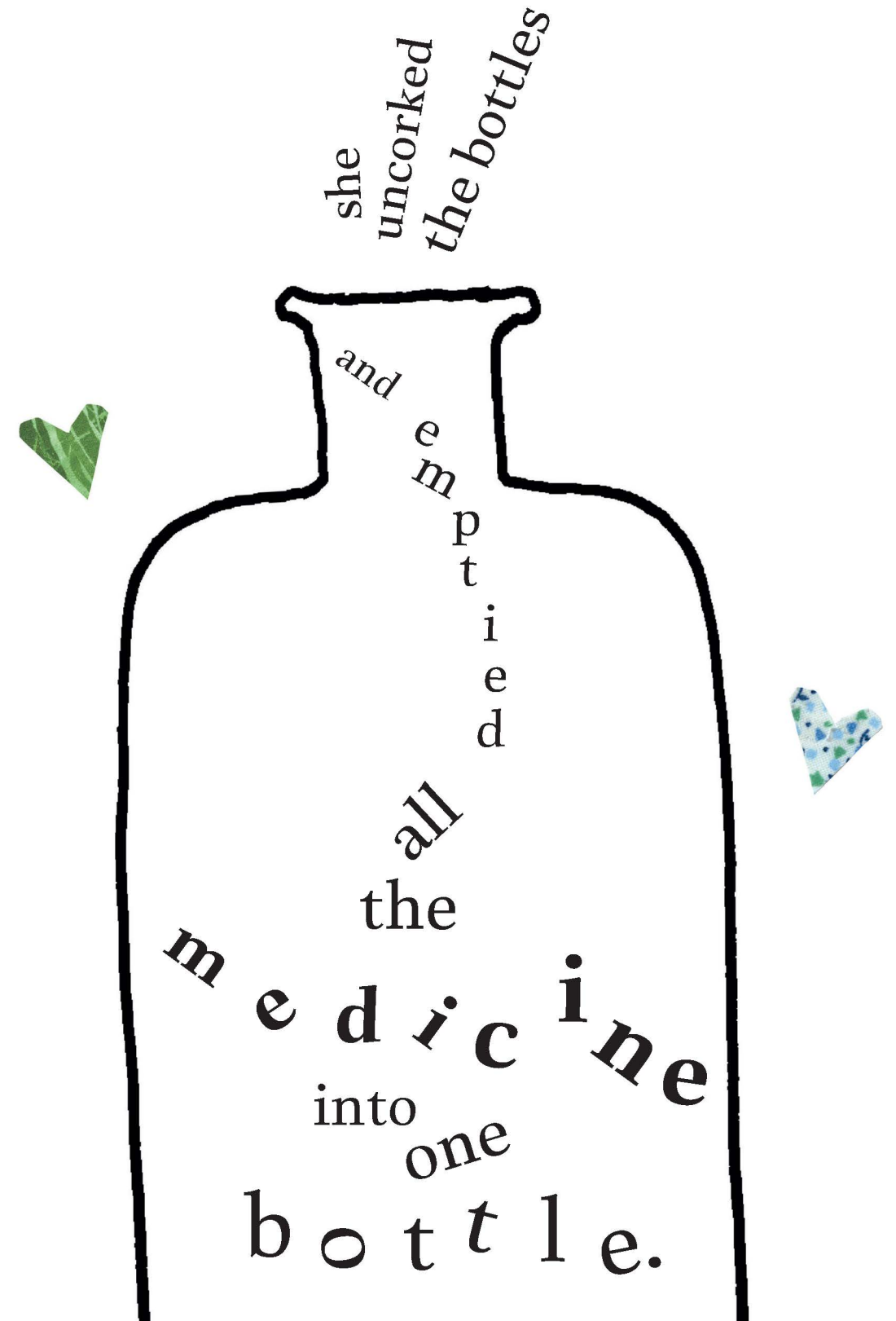
'Hot potato dumplings might be a bit hard to digest,' Pippi suggested, peering up at him with her friendly eyes. The pharmacist didn't say anything. All he did was shut the hatch with a bang.

'Suit yourself,' said Pippi, shrugging her shoulders. 'Perhaps I'll try a hot potato dumpling anyway. He can blame himself if something goes horribly wrong.'

She sat down calmly on the step outside the pharmacy and lined up all her bottles.

'Grown-ups can be so impractical,' she said. 'Here I have, let me see, eight bottles, and it could all very easily fit into one. Lucky I've got a bit of common sense, I say.'

And with those words



The old crew was still aboard and now the *Hoppetossa* is moored in the harbour, so you can go and say hello to all your old friends, Pippi.'

That made Pippi so happy she stood on her head on the kitchen table and wagged her legs. But Tommy and Annika couldn't help feeling a little sad. It was



exactly as if someone was taking Pippi away from them, they thought.

'Time for a celebration!' shouted Pippi, when she was back on her feet again. 'We'll celebrate until Villa Villekulla's roof flies off!'

Then she covered the kitchen table with piles of food and everyone sat down and ate. Pippi gobbled down three hard-boiled eggs, shell and all. From time to time she bit her dad's ear, just because she was so pleased to see him. Mr Nilsson, who had been sleeping, bounded up and rubbed his eyes in astonishment when he saw Captain Longstocking.

'Shiver me timbers, you haven't still got Mr Nilsson?' said Captain Longstocking.

'Yes indeedy, and I've got another pet, believe it or not,' Pippi said, and she went and fetched the horse. He was given a hard-boiled egg to nibble, too.

Captain Longstocking was very pleased that Pippi had made everything so nice for herself in Villa Villekulla, and he was delighted that she'd had her travel bag full of golden coins, which meant she hadn't gone without anything while he was away.

Chapter Eight

**Pippi**

**Has**

**a**

**Leaving**

**Party**



When Tommy and Annika walked through Villa Villekulla's kitchen door next morning, the whole house was echoing with the most horrendous snoring. Captain Longstocking hadn't woken up yet. But Pippi was there. She had been busy with her morning exercises in the middle of the kitchen floor when Tommy and Annika arrived and interrupted her.

'Well, that's my future settled,' she said. 'I'm going to be a Koratutt princess as well as sail the oceans of the world for six months aboard the *Hoppetossa*. Dad thinks if he rules the Koratutts properly for one half of the year, they'll be able to do without a king for the other half. Because you see, an old seadog needs to feel the deck under his feet now and again. And he has my upbringing to think about as well. If I'm going to be a first-rate pirate then living the life of royalty won't be enough. It turns you into a softy, Dad says.'

'Won't you be coming to Villa Villekulla at all?' asked Tommy in a low voice.

'Yep, when we retire,' said Pippi. 'In about fifty or sixty years' time, give or take. And then we'll play together and have a nice time.'



Her eyes were shining in her freckly face.

‘Welcome to my humble abode,’ she said,  
and held out her arms.

Annika studied her carefully  
so that she would be able to

**remember**

the way Pippi looked.

Never, ever, would she forget the way  
she stood there with her red plaits  
and her freckles and her beaming smile

and her big, black shoes.

came  
out  
through  
a window,



stood on the ledge and by stretching her legs really, really wide reached

a ladder that was propped outside.