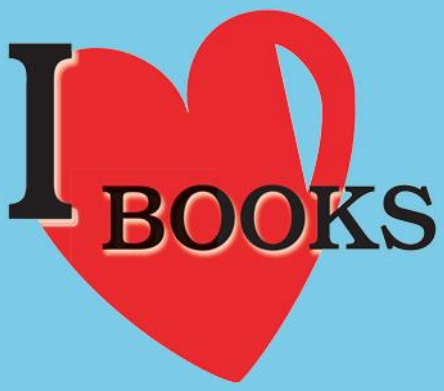


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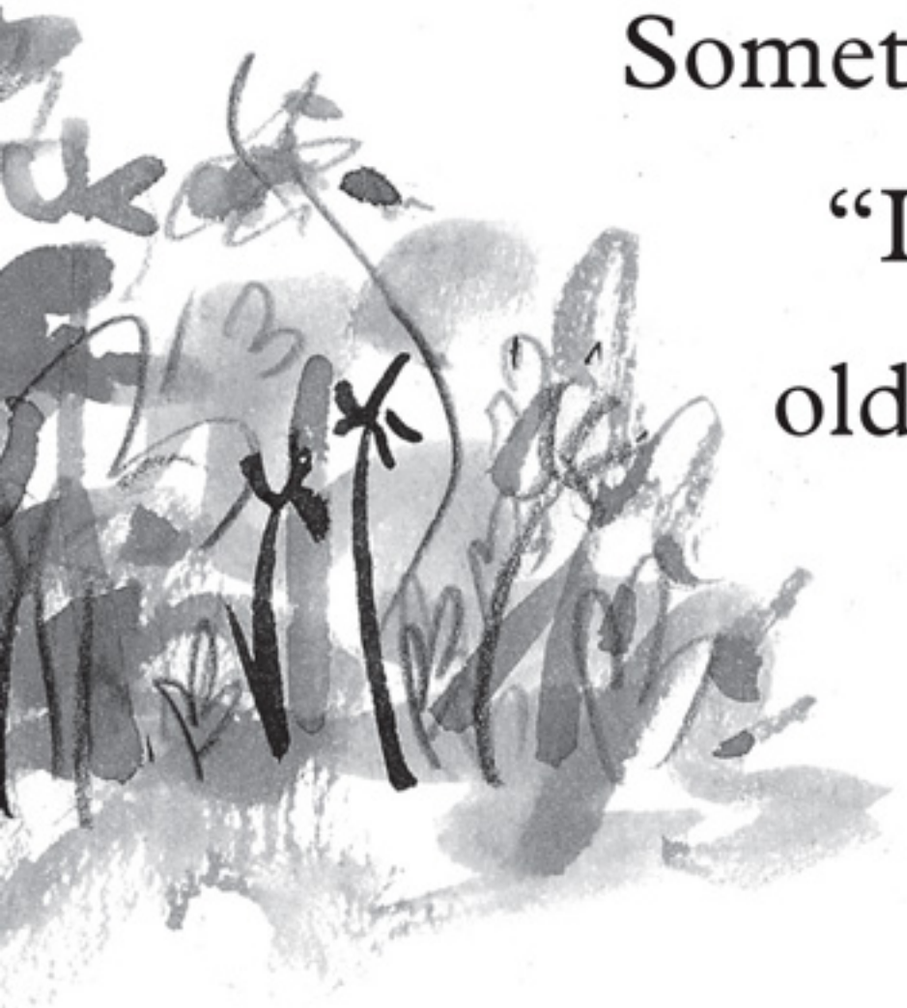


MOVING HOUSE

Bella thought the new house looked strange. She stood in the overgrown garden with scratchy grass up to her knees and stared at it with Sid.

Something was wrong.

"It's not a new house, it's an old house," she said.



"Yes," said Mum. "It's a very old cottage. It was built hundreds of years ago."

"But you said we were moving to a new house!"

"Oh dear!" Mum looked sorry. "I meant it was new to us."

"It's got a face," said Sid.

Her little brother was right. The house did have a face.

Its roof was a hat with a crooked chimney poking up from it like a feather, and its gutters, covered in moss, were untidy eyebrows. Beneath them two dark bedroom windows peeped out at them sleepily.

"It's pleased to see us," said Sid.

"Yes," smiled Mum. "It's glad a family's come to live in it again. It's been empty for a long time."

Sid liked the house but Bella wasn't sure. She'd thought she was moving to a nice new house in the countryside, by the sea.

This house looked like it was about to fall down.

And the countryside smelt of poo. Cow poo. The field in front of the house stank of it.

And there was no sign of the sea.

"Let's go inside and take a look," said Dad.

He took a key out of his pocket and turned the lock.

Slowly, the door opened with a loud creaking noise.

