Back on WEIRD STREET

Barrington Stoke

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First published in 2018 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

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A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-788-9

Printed in China by Leo



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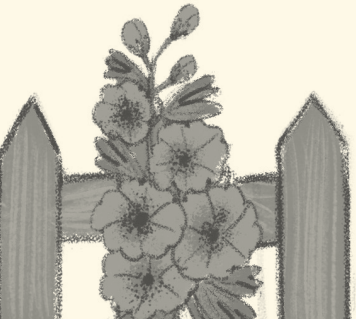
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It was a freezing day, but Asim, Laila and I were sitting on the wall half way down Weir Street. We often meet there. Laila was telling us about a dream she'd had the night before.

"It made me think I'm going to get a letter with good news," she told us.

I said, "Don't get your hopes up, Laila. Dreams are just dreams."

"Not always, Tom," she told me firmly. "And especially not here – not here on Weird Street."

A shiver ran down my spine and I pulled my jacket tight around me. The real name of our road is Weir Street. It's called that because there is a stretch of river at the end that plunges down, fast and deep like a waterfall, over the old weir. But so many strange things happen between the weir and the other end of the road that we three have begun to call it Weird Street.

We share the stories between us. Asim said, "Laila is right. Sometimes dreams can tell you things." He turned to look at his sister. "Tell Tom that new story, Laila."

"What new story?" I asked them.

"I heard it yesterday," Laila said, "from Harper."

I must have looked blank because Laila reminded me.

"You know Harper. She lives in that tiny house next to the river. The one with the red door and the crooked chimney and the back garden full of hollyhocks. She came round to ask if we had any spare boxes."

"Why does she need boxes? Is she moving?" I asked. "I know her great-grandpa left her mum the house when he died. But everyone says that it's nasty and damp all year and floods almost every winter."

Asim said, "They say the cellar walls are always green with slime."

I shivered again, and not just from the cold. "Ee-ew!"

"Then she'll like her new house so much more," said Laila. "They're moving into Tinsley Lodge."

I was astonished. "Tinsley Lodge? But that big house must cost a *fortune*."

"She *has* a fortune," said Laila. "She got it from a dream."

I laughed. "I told you, no one gets anything from dreams – especially not money."

Laila looked at her brother. They both grinned. Then Laila said to me, "Wait till you hear the story that Harper told me."

So we all snuggled close on that cold wall, and Leila told us what Harper had said to her as they were looking for boxes ...

Tale 1

The Voice from Barton's Bridge

