had never heard of 'side salad' before, but he'd certainly enjoyed it!

But Harry couldn't talk the Smiths' language because he was a guinea pig. So instead he had a nibble on the carrot he was offered and fell fast asleep in Billy's arms. Back where he belonged and Billy could only agree. Wherever Harry Stevenson was, that was home.

It felt good to be home.



looked painful. So he ran and ran.

Poor Harry was so scared that his little legs moved in a blur as he scurried this way and that to escape the footballers.

Steered by Harry, the ball sped across the pitch in crazy loops and patterns, with the players chasing close behind. They went up and down the field and round and round in circles – but the teams were too focused





Then the doorbell rang. It was the first time they'd heard it – it played a silly tune. Suddenly, everyone thought of how much they missed the old flat, with its plain *ding-dongy* doorbell, and with Harry fast asleep in his cage.

The doorbell rang again.

'That'll be the takeaway,' said Mrs Smith. 'Come on, Billy!'

'I don't feel hungry, Mum,' he replied.

Mr Smith went to the door, paid the driver and came back carrying a huge cardboard box. He always liked to 'go large' when it came to pizzas. A delicious smell wafted from the box. It was so good that even Billy perked up. There was a bit of a delay while

they all tried to find the plates, which finally showed up at the bottom of a very deep packing case. Then the family sat down on the floor again and prepared to eat.

