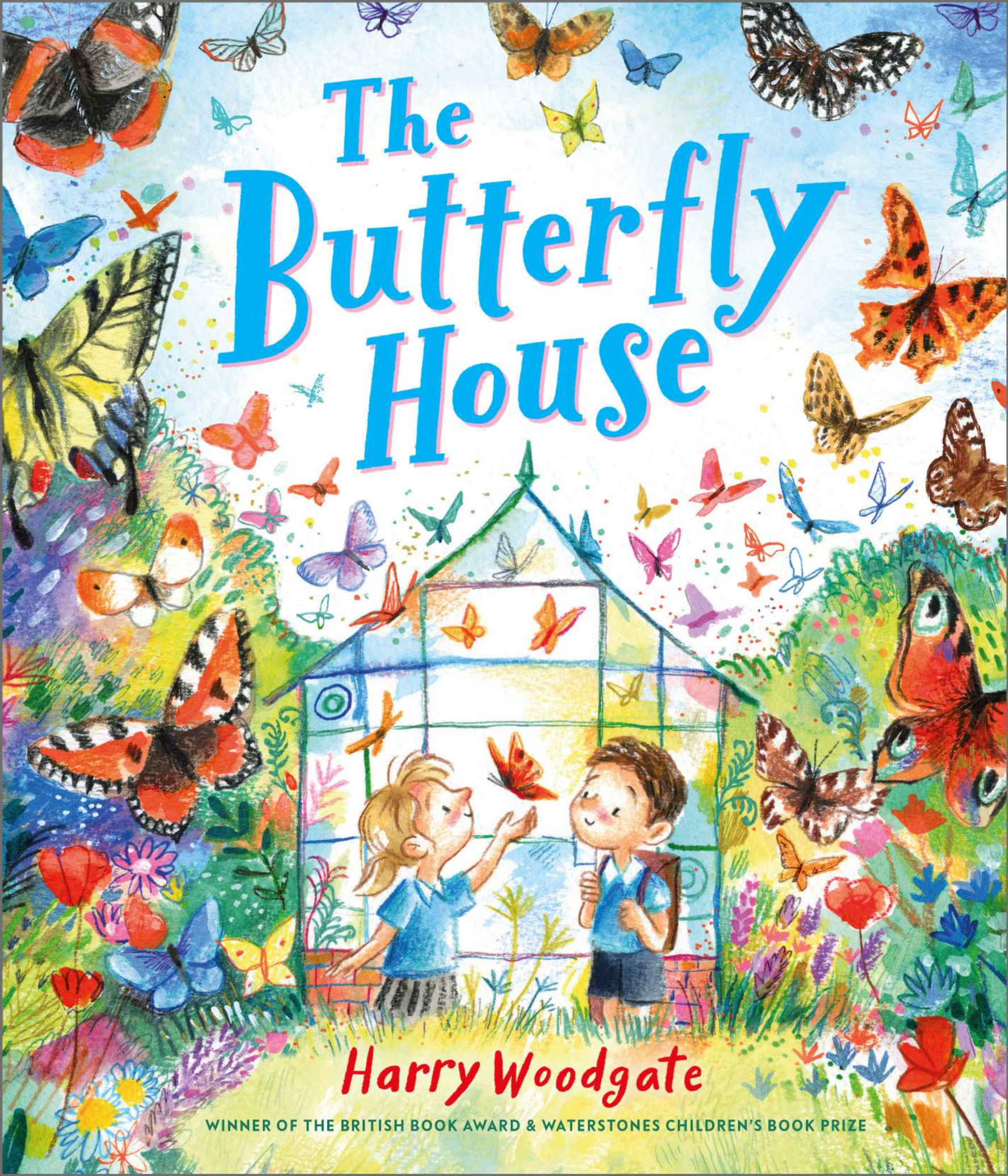
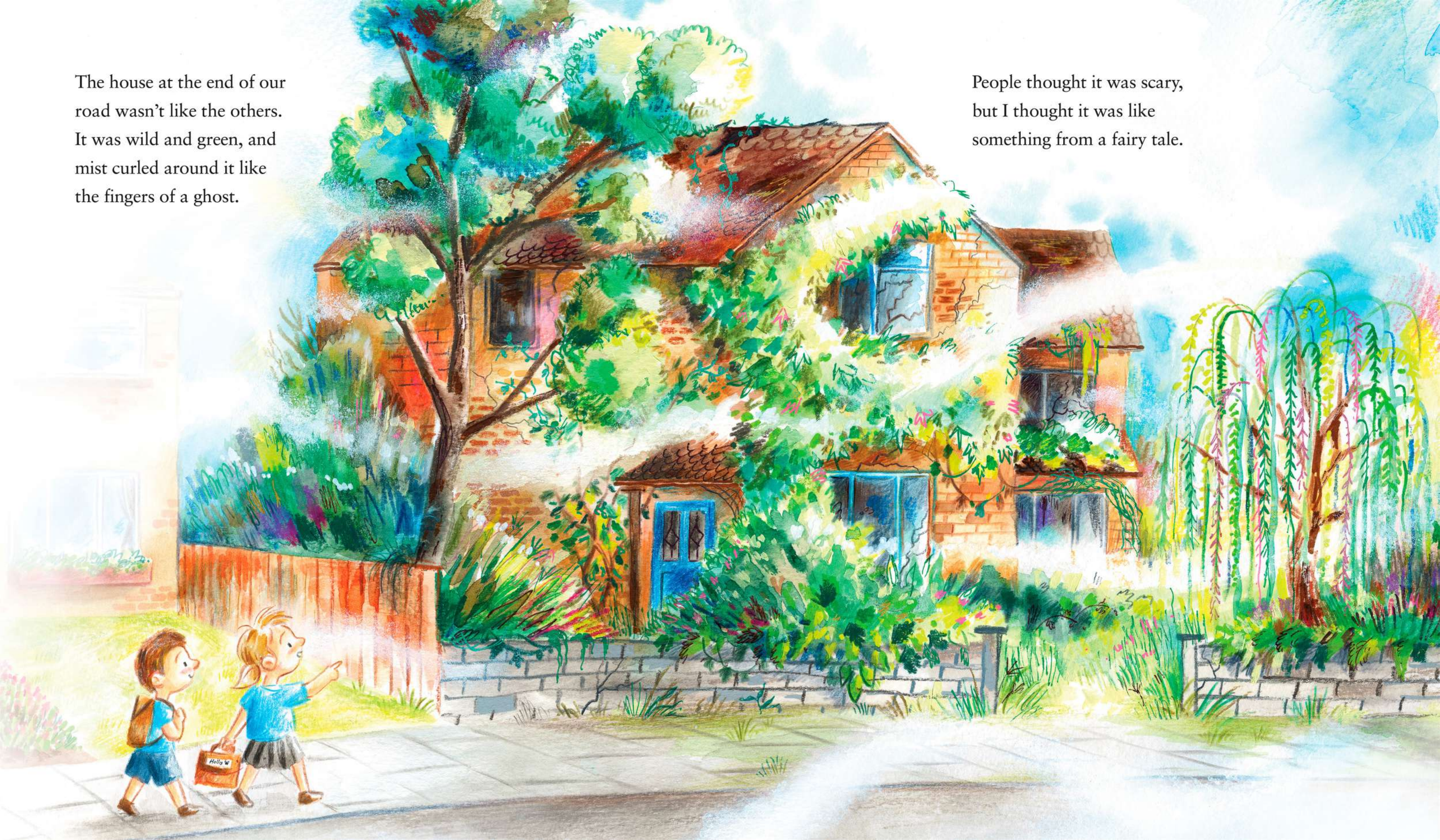

The Butterfly House
Harry Woodgate
WINNER OF THE BRITISH BOOK AWARD & WATERSTONES CHILDREN'S BOOK PRIZE

The house at the end of our road wasn't like the others. It was wild and green, and mist curled around it like the fingers of a ghost.

People thought it was scary, but I thought it was like something from a fairy tale.

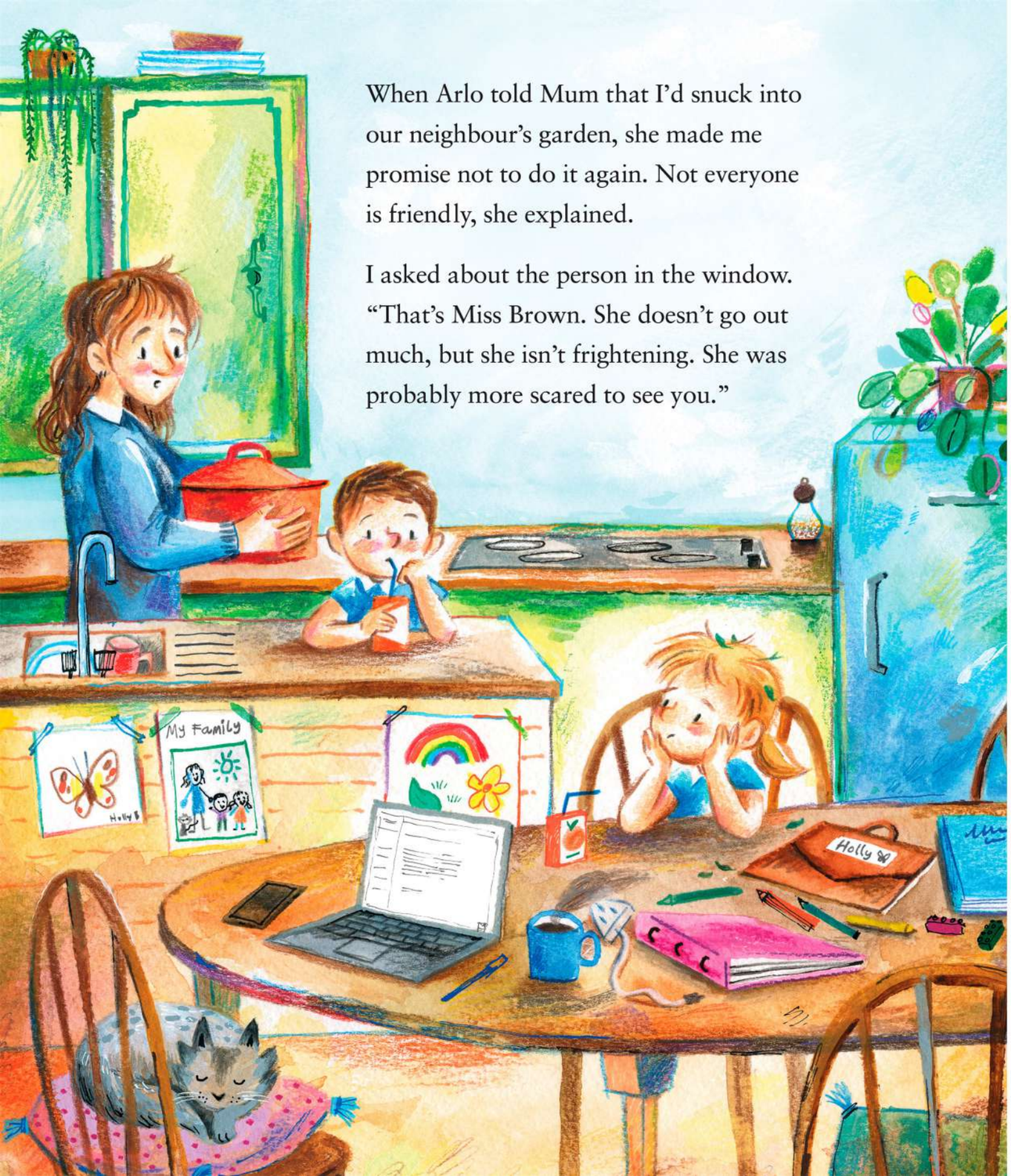


It looked empty, so one day
I decided to explore.
"Holly, come back. You can't
creep into other people's
gardens," said Arlo, my
brother. But I just wanted
a closer look.

Maybe it was
scary after all.

When Arlo told Mum that I'd snuck into our neighbour's garden, she made me promise not to do it again. Not everyone is friendly, she explained.

I asked about the person in the window. "That's Miss Brown. She doesn't go out much, but she isn't frightening. She was probably more scared to see you."





I couldn't sleep that night. I thought about Miss Brown in her big house, out in the dark and rain like a slumbering giant. I didn't mean to frighten her.