

Helping your children choose books they will love



Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website
created for parents and children to make
choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from
**Mr Birdsnest and the House Next
Door**

Written by
Julia Donaldson

Published by
Barrington Stoke Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.



First published in 2012 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker St, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

Adapted from *The Jungle House*, Barrington Stoke, 2005

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Copyright © 2012 Julia Donaldson
Illustrations © Hannah Shaw

The moral right of the author has been asserted in
accordance with the Copyright, Designs and
Patents Act 1988

ISBN: 978-1-78112-005-7

Printed in China by Leo

This book has dyslexia-friendly features

*To everyone at
Miltonbank Primary School*

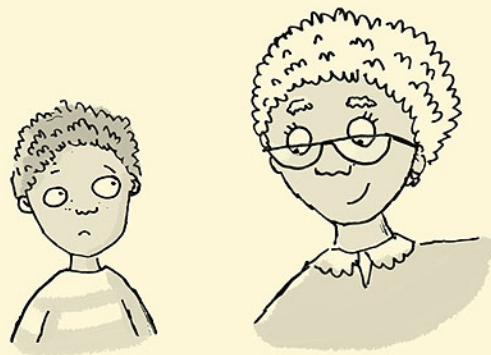
Chapter 1

Mr Crocodile



When Dad told us Granny was going to come and live with us, my little brother Elmo said, "There's no room. Is she going to sleep in the bath?"

"No, she'll need her own bedroom," said Dad. "We're going to have to look for a new house."



Granny couldn't live on her own any more because she kept getting into muddles. She had a black cat called Panther, and sometimes she put dry cat food instead of cat litter into the tray where he did his poos.



Panther didn't mind – he just ate the food. But he did mind the day Granny put cat litter in his bowl instead of cat food.

Mum and Dad were worried that Granny might feed herself the wrong things, or leave the oven on, or forget to turn the tap off.

We went to look at a lot of houses. The man who showed us the houses was called Mr Mills, but Elmo called him Mr Crocodile. When I asked why he said it was “because of his big false toothy smile”.



“Do you mean he has false teeth or a false smile?” I asked.

“Both,” Elmo said.

Most of the houses we looked at had something wrong with them. But Mr Crocodile just smiled and said they were “charming”.

Then one day Mr Crocodile took us to see an empty house. The path up to the door had thick bushes growing over it. Butterflies were fluttering about.

"This will be charming once the garden's all cut back," said Mr Crocodile. But Elmo and I liked it the way it was.



The front door of the house had a lovely knocker in the shape of a lion's head.