

Country Move

The doors of the removal van slammed shut. Goodbye to our old house. I hope it's a good "hello" to our new one. It's not really fair, Mum has already seen the house but I haven't had the pleasure yet. Dad had told us what it was like to live in the country, but now he has died we will have to find out for ourselves. The journey seemed to be forever. Wow! what's that sign say?

"Mum, I've just seen the sign for Oakwood." That's the village where we're going to be living I thought to myself. Thank goodness we're here. Two and a half hours sat bored and fidgety in the car. Nicky my younger sister had been crying most of the way here. She can have her bottle now, that might calm her down, while I get to check out my bedroom.

"I'm sleeping in ..." Mum butted in before I could finish.

"No, you're sleeping in the end room, Nicky is sleeping in the middle room, that leaves me in the other end bedroom."

I opened the door to my room. "It's disgusting, it has flowers all over the walls." Just then out of the corner of my eye, through the window I noticed a strange looking house with a crooked roof and cracks in all the windows. One downstairs was smashed completely, and I thought to myself, when I get to go for a walk I will try and have a look inside. I wondered, is this house haunted? It looks very spooky to me. Just then I heard a noise. It was someone shouting me. I looked down and saw a tall, blonde haired girl calling up to me.

"Hello, my name's Sita. I wondered if you would like to come out to play. It's so nice to see someone about my age, it can get very lonely in a small village in the country."

"Hi, my name is Ashley, I've just moved in. It would be lovely to come out to play. Phew! I'm really pleased to see you, I did worry whether I would find a friend."

We arranged to meet after breakfast, because she delivered newspapers for the village shop.

"Mum, I've made a new friend already.."

"That's good, considering we've only been here two minutes," Mum replied.

When I went to bed, I lay thinking about my new friend, and wondered if Sita knew anything about the old house that I had seen in the distance through my bedroom window.

"Ashley, Ashley!!! Wake up," Mum was shouting.

Crikey, I thought, this is my first whole day living in the countryside. Two minutes later I heard Sita shouting me. I said bye to Mum and off we went.

"Sita, do you know anything about that old house in the distance?"

"It's a long walk, but we can go up there if you like," said Sita. Sita began to tell me about the house. "There's an old man lives there, he's sort of a recluse," Sita told me. "Shall we go and have a look?"

"Yes please," I replied. We trudged up the steep, winding hill. The house kept appearing between the trees. As we rounded the last bend, there it was, the house that had intrigued me since I arrived. I looked up at the top window. I saw the curtains twitch, and so did Sita. We dared each other to try the door, and to our surprise, it opened. We crept inside. It was dark and grimy, and it had a funny smell. A noise made us turn to look up the staircase. There stood an elderly man, quite scruffy, staring down at us with eyes as big as saucers. He was glaring down at us. He started down the stairs but didn't speak...

...to be continued.

Author: Megan, Year 5, Staveley Junior School