

# The House In The Wood

by  
Paul Addy

Copyright © 2019 by Paul Addy

The right of Paul Addy to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988. All rights reserved.

This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher.

ISBN: 9781072294122

## *For Some Strange Reason*

The girl sat at the window watching the rain trickle down the pane and sighed. She turned, abruptly, at the noise from behind.

“Da dah!”

She stared at her brother.

“I am Fireman Sam and I have come to save you!” he declared with a serious face.

“What do you think?”

Chloé looked at him, thoughtfully. “You look more like a tin man than a fireman and the silver wellingtons don’t help any.”

Evan pushed the cooking pot to the back of his head. “Well, I’m Tinman Tom then! Anyway, this is all I could find,” he replied as he adjusted his belt from which hung an assortment of large spoons and a couple of ladles. “I’m going upstairs!”

“There isn’t an upstairs. It’s a bungalow.”

“Then I’m not going upstairs,” he grinned and stuck his tongue out.

He disappeared into the hallway accompanied by various noises. “Karooomph! Bosh! Thwack!” as he fought his way to the living room.

She glared out of the window again.

“Does it ever stop raining here, Francis?” she asked the small, scruffy, grey teddy bear sat next to her.

He looked back at her with his little black beads for eyes and replied, matter of factly, “Oh yes. It’s Monday today. It usually rains on a Monday but tomorrow it’ll be nice and sunny. It shouldn’t have rained yesterday but it did for some strange reason.” He turned to the small grey elephant that was cuddled up next to him. She was his sister and the family

resemblance was all in the eyes. “What do you say, Elle?”

In a quiet almost timorous voice she said, “I think you’re probably right. You usually are. That’s what you tell me anyway.”

“There you go! Tomorrow will definitely be sunny.” He smiled, not that anyone would have noticed because his little sewn on mouth was hidden beneath his fur.

She sighed once more. “Well, we can’t just sit here and watch water dribbling down the glass. It’s about time we did something. What do *you* do on a day like today, Francis?”

“We normally watch the telly. The World War Two channel’s my favourite. There’s lots of tanks and aeroplanes and explosions.” Chloé frowned. “Sounds awful! What do you like to watch, Elle?”

She picked her up and held her to her ear because the rain outside was coming down hard and making an awful racket as it hit the metal gutters and roof.

“I’m not sure, really,” Elle whispered. “It’s not often I manage to get the clicker off Francis, to be honest.”

Chloé scowled down at the bear. “How could you be so thoughtless?”

He scowled back. “If I was thoughtless, I’d leave it lying around for her to get her mits on.”

Chloé huffed. “Right! I’m in charge of the control box,” she declared. “But before we do that, how about you sit nicely on the settee and I’ll show you my new dance routine. It’s very good.” She smiled sweetly.

*Mind The Road*

*And Stay Away From Water*

The following day was indeed bright and sunny.

Moopah and Fabby kindly asked them what they would like for breakfast then equally kindly told them they didn't have any of those things and offered some cornflakes.

After a delicious bowl drenched in runny honey, milk and a blob of cream, they decided to go exploring.

Fabby packed their bags, making sure there were small bottles of water and some provisions in each. Moopah banged yet another nail in the wall and said a rude word. Fabby told him off.

“It's not my fault. The nails keep bending.”

“Then don’t hit them so hard,” she replied with a smile and escorted Evan and Chloé to the front door. “Now, I think you’ve got everything. Who’s got Francis and Elle?”

“That’s me!” Chloé chirped in. “Evan’s got Monkey.”

He spun round to show off the big fat head that protruded from his rucksack.

“Hello, Mum! Have you packed some bananas?” Monkey said. He had a surprisingly deep voice for a cuddly toy. Bananas were always his main concern.

“Good grief! I didn’t see you there before. Gave me quite a turn.” She patted them on their heads. “Don’t forget to be back for tea, if not before, and don’t go too far.”

As they walked down the path she called, “And mind the road and stay away from



water.” They looked at one another and shook their heads.

Once on the paved driveway that led up the hill to the other houses, they discussed their options.

“So! Where’s good to go and explore, Francis?” Evan asked.

Sat in the back of Chloé’s rucksack, arms and head poking out of a small pocket, Francis rested his head on his paw and affected a thoughtful look. “I think it would be nice if we went up the hill and you can meet Shrimpy and Whitey. They used to live down the road but they moved and now they don’t.”

Elle saw the confused look on Evan’s face. “Now they live up the hill just along the dirt track road. We like them.”

“But will they like us?” Chloé pondered.

“Oh, it’s alright” Elle chipped in. “They used to growl and bark a lot at first but Mum started giving them a treat every time we met and they’re very friendly now. They call her the ‘Bicky Lady’ don’t they, Francis?”

“They do. But you’ll have to move me because I’m sat on the dog biscuits.”

So, off up the hill they went. Five chums together. At the top of the road they waved to a lady in her garden then pushed through the long grass, making their way towards the track at the top. Evan bent down in a slight crouch and went ahead as chief scout, imagining he was in the jungle.

Chloé, meanwhile, was discussing wildflowers with Elle. Francis was fighting off a very determined wasp.

The view from the dirt track was quite breathtaking in its simple beauty and they

sauntered along, kicking the occasional stone, chasing the different coloured butterflies and every now and then examining the wild bees that thronged around small bushes filled with little blue flowers.

Suddenly a small, scruffy looking, tan and white dog appeared in front of them. Its long hair was clumped in places and it looked as if it had spent the night in a bush. Beside her slunk a short haired white dog which barked.

Chloé and Evan stopped short in their tracks. Francis called, “Take the rucksack off and show me to them.” She did and the pair began gambolling to and fro in the dust, tails wagging furiously. The scruffy dog, Shrimpy, even threw herself at Chloé’s feet and lay on her back.

As she rubbed the animal's tummy, Chloé asked, "I can understand why you call him Whitey but why is she called Shrimpy?"

"Mum thought she was like a frightened little shrimp when we first used to meet. She would bark but wouldn't come near but then one day she learned how to be friendly. We think Whitey told her about the biscuits and put a good word in for us," Francis replied between licks from Whitey, as Evan dragged the dog's treats from the pocket beneath him.

A couple of biscuits later, the happy pair were left behind, still wagging their tails, as the kids took the narrow path up the hill to the dark wood.

## *Unless You Are A Postman*

When they reached the top of the hill they saw a small ancient sign on the wire fence that surrounded the wood. It said: *‘Don’t come in, unless you are a postman, because this is private land.’*

“Well, this is as far as we can go. That sign makes it quite clear.” Chloé shaded her eyes as she admired the view before turning to peer through the fence. “I wonder what’s in there?”

“Trees,” Evan declared, with authority.

“Yes, I can see that but what’s beyond them?” She scowled at him.

He ignored it. “We could say we’re postmen!”

Francis shook his head. “A good plan but I think we’d need a uniform to fool them, or at least a hat.”

Evan nodded in wise agreement.

Chloé smiled. “C’mon! Let’s walk around the edge and see if we can see anything else.”

Evan picked up a large stick and held it at his waist. “Brrmmmmpphhh!” he called out as he swayed left to right, shaking the stick on his hip slightly. “Yep, this will do. It makes a good machine gun.”

He looked up at Chloé. “We might need some protection,” he offered in explanation. She tutted in a grown-up fashion and they all walked along the pathway that led them around the wood. Evan’s machine gun had now, miraculously, transformed itself into a sword which easily cut down the advancing armoured knights he now imagined were impeding their progress.

On the far side of the wood, they sat down on the grass and delved into their bags. Small

bottles of fizzy water and an assortment of beautifully cut sandwiches were swiftly produced.

“What have you got, Evan?” Chloé asked.

He lifted back the top layer of bread. “Wow! Egg mayonnaise!” He sniffed it. “Smells great!” he continued before taking a big bite. “Whfftewegotnn?” he asked as he munched away.

“You know you shouldn’t talk with your mouth full. If you want to know what I’ve got, it’s chicken and I think, bread sauce.” She took a nibble. “Tastes lovely though.” She paused as she swallowed then inspected the others. “There’s some nice ham sandwiches as well.”

Evan rummaged around in his rucksack. “More egg mayonnaise and a ham sandwich for me, as well.”

They sat and admired the view.

Francis, as the self proclaimed leader, insisted that Elle and Monkey join him in some sunbathing. Elle put on a pair of sunglasses that were almost twice her size. Monkey lay cuddling a banana.

“What do you know about this place, Francis?” Chloé said then took a mouthful of the fizzy, almost sweet, water that had been thoughtfully placed inside a small cooler bag.

Francis, feeling the moment had arrived to show off his superior knowledge, puffed himself up to his full height, in the hope it would add more authority to the words that were to follow. “Not a lot really. We came up here last summer, to this exact spot, and we saw an old man sawing some wood and there was a boy with him who waved back to us.”

“Didn’t you speak to them?”



“No. They were too far away and we weren’t dressed as postmen. Dad said we had to leave because he suddenly felt it getting chilly.” He broke off a piece of grass and, sticking it in his mouth, began to affect the look of a country yokel, relaxing after a day’s work.

Elle nodded confirmation. “Our Mum and Dad said they never saw anyone there but we knew *we* did.”

When they’d had enough to eat, they packed up the wrappers and stowed everything away, tidily, in their bags. Chloé had a good check of the grass to make sure they’d left nothing behind.

Following the little track, Chloé called out. “Look! There’s some smoke, drifting up from the middle. There must be a little house or something in there?”

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

