

The house on a hill

On a hill, stood a big decrepit house but it was falling. The old man and his majestic cat were now homeless or so they thought. What were they going to do? The majestic cat had a brilliant idea. If they took the ten mile walk to the mad witch's house, she could make a splendid spell to help them rebuild their home. So, they set off on their mysterious dangerous journey, and it wasn't long until they met a giant brownie red snail who carried his house on his back. The old man couldn't believe just how strong the giant snail was. I say Mr snail that's an incredible clever idea to carry your house on your back, but you must be frightfully strong said the old man. The giant snail laughed and said I love my house I can move anywhere I want to and sleep along the way. If I get tired while carrying my house I just slide inside and take a little nap. This was an incredible way to live thought the old man and it gave him a new idea on how he would like his new home to be. The cat of course was not impressed he didn't want to have to carry a great big house on his back, he wanted to be able to chase birds and mice he wouldn't be able to do any of that. They said goodbye to the giant brownie red snail and carried on down the very rocky road towards the mad witch's house. After a few more miles the cat became distracted by movement in the field thinking it was a mouse scurrying about he shot across the road but came to an abrupt halt. He was standing in front of a beautiful red and white fox who had the most magnificent white and fluffy as the clouds bushy tail. Where do you live asked the cat, in a den under the ground its lovely and cosy replied the fox. The old man couldn't believe his ears. Under the ground he said that's amazing what an incredible idea to live under ground. This gave the old man an idea, but the cat wasn't happy sleeping in the dark and mud underneath the ground, so they said their goodbyes and carried on with their journey. It wasn't long before the clouds started to turn black and the thunder roared in the sky. We must be getting close said the old man just as some lightning struck the tree they were sheltering under; crack sizzle bangs the tree went as it burst in to flames, the old man and the cat ran as fast as they could to get to the mad witch's house. When they arrived at the mad witch's home, they soon realised it was just as their home looked decrepit and falling. What was they going to do now? The old man began to cry he didn't want to be homeless, that's when the mad witch appeared and invited them inside, the look on their faces was one of amazement as the decrepit house wasn't so decrepit inside it was magical and beautiful. The witch explained she would build them a new house using a fantastic spell but they must realise its not about how grand or beautiful something is, the true beauty lies in how we look at the things around us, just because something is decrepit doesn't mean it isn't beautiful on the inside.

THE END