



Story Time



The Secret Hideaway

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon and Millie and Michael were visiting their grandparents Grandma Moo, and Granddad Moo. Grandma was busy cooking in the kitchen, preparing a delicious roast dinner for the family. The wonderful smells of the food came floating through the kitchen window and dancing out into the garden where the children were playing hide and seek.

"Ah-ha! I can see you!" Squealed Millie as she star-jumped out in front of the bush where Michael was hiding.

"That's not fair, you must have cheated. This is the best hiding place in the whole world!" Testified Michael.

"Not true." Chirped Millie, tagging Michael on the shoulder. "You're it!" And off she ran.

The children bumbled through the garden playing chase, through the bushes, down past the garden shed, out of the garden gate and across the country lane onto wide open fields. Huffing and puffing they both leapt to the ground after running as fast and as far as they could; laying on the luscious green grass they looked up at the fluffy little clouds merrily chuffing their way along the blue sky. Gradually they gathered their breath and sat up to take a look around. They were in the middle of a huge field filled with daises and the birds were the only sound as they tweeted a lovely song. The sun was so bright and warm Millie had to hold her hand over her eyes to shade the glare, and as she looked around she suddenly realised they were lost!

"Michael, I don't know this field." She said worryingly. Michael stood up and peered toward the edge of the field, "I think we came in that way?" He said warily. But all they could see were rows of trees and hedge, they had been too excited when they were chasing each other to take notice of where they were going.

"I'm pretty sure Grandma and Granddad's cottage is this way Millie, look, I'll show you." Michael turned his cap backwards just like a superhero and bravely he led Millie by her hand into the trees.

The trees were so tall and thick that they blocked out the sunlight beneath them, and made the air cold and breezy. Millie wrapped her arms in tightly around her as she shivered. "I don't think I like it here Michael." She sniffled. The children wondered through the trees and bushes, over fallen logs, through wild flowers, and past rabbit holes, until eventually they came to a little wooden house. It was no larger than a garden shed, it had two small square windows with pretty little curtains that had been eaten by moths, a small wooden door which was falling from its hinges, and what seemed to be a sign. "It looks like it says 'Welcome' although it's very faded." Exclaimed Michael.

"Do you think anybody lives here?" Said Millie as she tried to peer through one of the windows.

"I don't know, let's knock on the door and find out."

The children knocked politely on the broken wooden door, but there was no reply. "Helllllo?" They called, but still no answer. They gently pulled back the door and popped their noses around the corner. It was almost empty inside, with just a few small pots, a tiny table in the corner, tree stumps for stools, and what looked like children's drawings on the wall scribbled in chalk and charcoal. "It doesn't look as though anybody has been here for a very long time." Concluded Michael as he looked around as if he were a detective. "I'd say it's a playhouse, maybe for children who had to move away, to another country or even to the moon."

"Don't be silly Michael, children can't live on the moon, their space suits would be too heavy. I think it belongs to a family of foxes, and they hunt all day and then come home to make tea and play board games at the table."

Smiled Millie as she looked dreamily around the little room. Michael rolled his eyes in jest, before jumping up to fetch a piece of cloth that was hanging over a piece of the wall.

"Maybe they have a secret hideaway! Look!" He pulled down the cloth to reveal a hole, but being too short to see out he dragged a wooden stump stool closer so that he could stand up and peer through. "What can you see?!" Chirped Millie as she stood on tippy toes, willing to know what it was.

"I don't know, it's not very wide and it looks quite dark, but boy does it smell amazing!" Said Michael.

"Smell?" Quizzed Millie, "Smells of what?"

"Like delicious hot... Erm... Wonderful tasty... Roast dinner!" And the children both looked at each other. It was Grandma's dinner, she was cooking a roast for the family when the children went out to play. "If we follow the smell of Grandma's cooking we'll be home in no time!" Concluded Michael, "Come on Millie, let's go, I'm starving!"

The children followed the smell like sniffer dogs until they emerged at the bottom of Grandma's garden. "You two took your time, your dinner is on the table, wash your hands and get it to now." Soothed Grandma. The children washed their hands and joined the family at the table, filled with steaming pots of gravy, scrumpy roast potatoes, freshly prepared veggies from the garden and best of all, Grandma's fluffy Yorkshire puddings! "So where have you been all of this time, I hope you weren't causing any mischief." Questioned Granddad as he piled his plate with more turkey.

"Well, we were playing chase and then we got lost, we ended up in a field that we hadn't seen before, and when we tried to find our way back we found this amazing little house, and it had a table and drawings and everything." Said Michael excitedly.

"Ohh you must mean your mothers playhouse, down by Farmer Roger's field. You know she used to play there when she was a little girl, no older than you two. Why, I've not been down there in years." Smiled Grandma. The children grinned as they ate their delicious dinner, surrounded by their loving family, knowing they had found a very special play area that they could visit time and time again. But one thing's for sure, they won't go running so far away next time, because it was an amazing quest to get home on such an empty tummy!