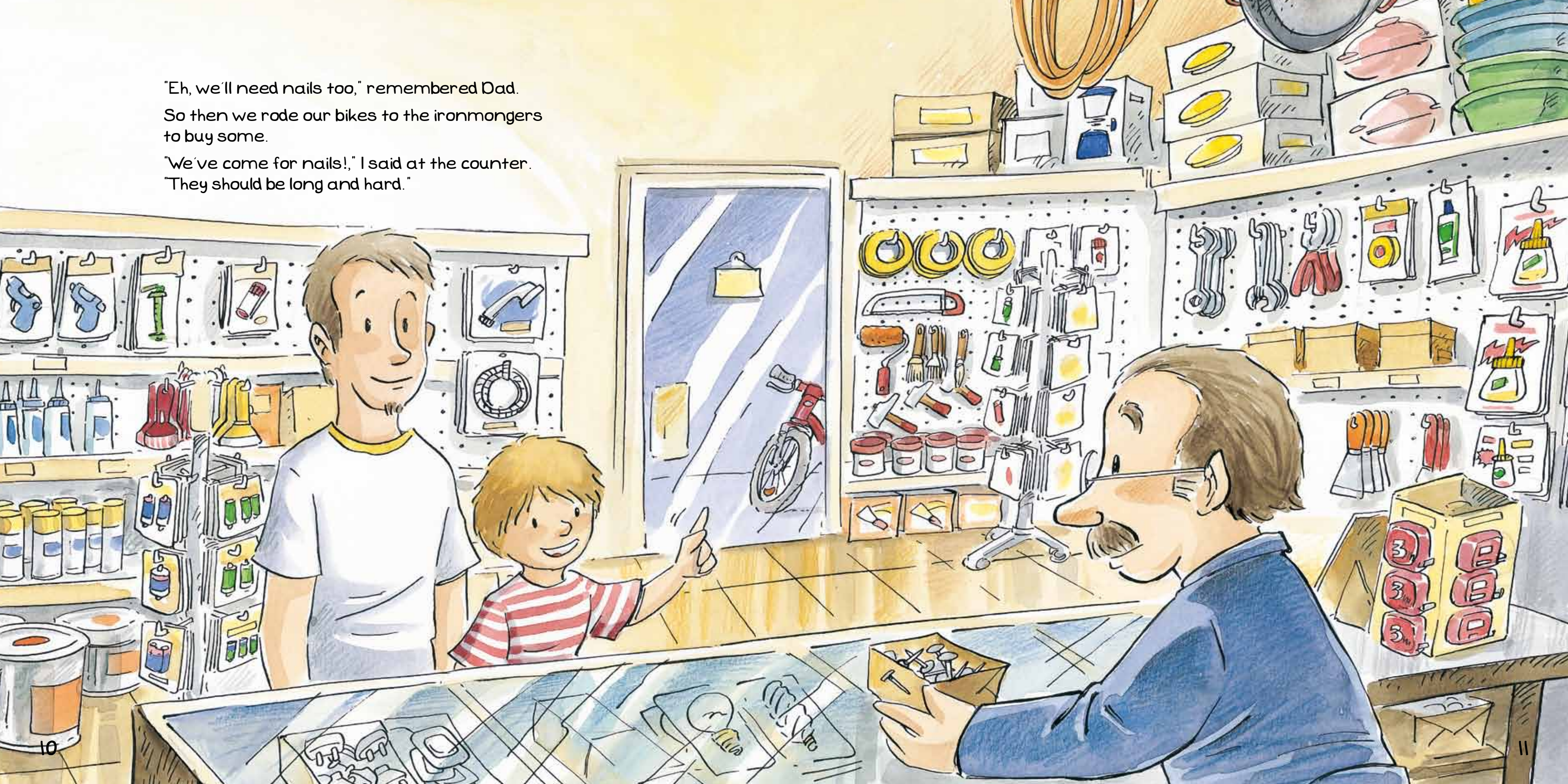


"Eh, we'll need nails too," remembered Dad.

So then we rode our bikes to the ironmongers to buy some.

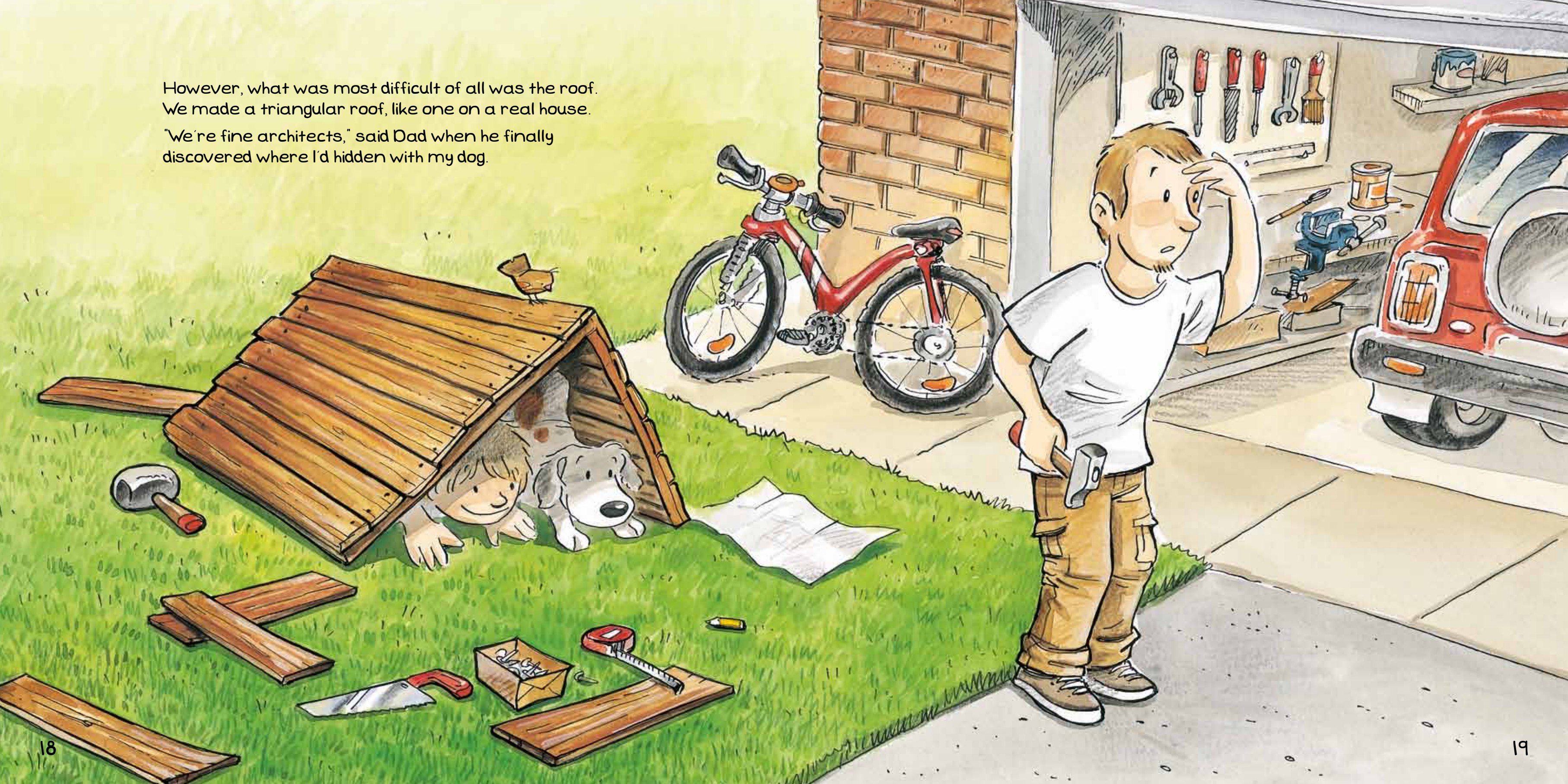
"We've come for nails!," I said at the counter.

"They should be long and hard."



However, what was most difficult of all was the roof.
We made a triangular roof, like one on a real house.

"We're fine architects," said Dad when he finally
discovered where I'd hidden with my dog.



On another occasion the hut
became a haunted house.
There were ghosts, witches,
wizards and monsters all over
the place and strange mysterious
voices could be heard all the time:
"Oooooohh!" "Aaaaahh!"

