

# The House Makeover

## Chapter 1: Where Am I?

John McDonald was an ordinary child. He did his homework and brushed his teeth as most other kids do. Yet John often found that he led a slightly boring and predictable life. Nothing strange or unpredictable ever happened to him. That is nothing until 4<sup>th</sup> of October 2012. On that day John couldn't help noticing people laughing at him. Even his best friend Dennis O'Brien couldn't seem to suppress a snigger. He did not know why, but when he got home from school on his own (his parents were at important business meetings) something completely took his mind off it. He was 100% sure it was his house he was in... but it was completely different!!

## Chapter 2:

The walls were purple rather than the ordinary creamy white, the curtains had changed from a lovely smooth indigo to a hideous light green and all the previously dark (and very expensive) red had been switched to a cheap, low quality yellow versions. There were many other changes but I will not recite them all right now to you. I was sitting on the oaken patio saying things like

“Mom's gonna kill me,” and “Where is everything?” to myself

when the (newly orange) door suddenly starts to creak open...

I hid behind the curtains by the patio door/window and watched as a family completely alien to me walks in the door. There were 4 of them (2

parents, a baby girl and a boy of about 8 years). They seemed very excited, as if they have just moved into this house and were only properly seeing it for the first time now. Then it hit me. That must have been what happened, that this family is moving in and mom & dad forgot to tell me (which is extremely unlikely yet slightly possible). I watched them unpack and decide I will reveal myself and explain the mix-up when I see the father putting up dozens of locks on the front and side doors.

“Maybe they don’t take so kindly to intruders,” I whispered to myself.

## Chapter 3:

The family went upstairs, with the boy running ahead (probably to bags his room). The mother took her time, so as not to drop the baby whereas the father jogged up, trailing just behind the boy. If you ask how I know all this my answer is simply that since they were at the bottom of the stairs I had been spying on them from the living room. I was relaxing downstairs when I heard the father’s heavy footsteps. With nowhere else to hide I crawled quickly under the table. He was just on the corner of the stairs and seemed to have just missed seeing me. The boy then followed him to the sitting room to relax. “You know what?” he asked.

“What?” his son replied.

“How about a takeout for dinner tonight to celebrate?” he asked rhetorically.

“Yeah!!” came the obvious answer.

“Then we’ll get a 12 inch pepperoni from Domino’s and large chips on the side,” came the decision.

After 15 minutes under the cold, clammy table the delivery arrived. The father went to pay the €15.99 and I couldn’t resist the pizza’s smell. The pizza was on the table (which I was still under) and the family were dishing out the chips and

getting a slicer. I decided to take one small slice of pizza. It was a bad decision but the pizza was too tempting and I couldn't stop myself take a slice on the whim. The young boy came to get his share of the pizza when he realised a slice was missing.

"Dad, you said I could get the first helping," he moaned. "And you can, go ahead" his father replied. "But there's a slice missing," said the (now quite confused) child.

"Wait just a second now, what's that under the table?!" his dad roared furiously.

"Oh my God, an actual human boy. I've always wanted to see one," said the boy in awe.

"They must be aliens" I muttered to myself. The dad started to walk menacingly towards me and backed me into a corner.

"You will not leave here alive" he said slowly but threateningly. Suddenly, a large neon board appeared behind me.

"You're on the new game show 'Where's My House?' where we make over your house and half scare you to death," said a presenter and we all started laughing...

**Ben McCarthy**

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