

# Chapter 1

There is something in the attic. There are sounds up there - creaks and bumps and sometimes I think I can hear foot steps.

I get the creeps in this spooky house. I don't like the house, I don't like the town and I don't like the run-down, tin-pot school I will have to go to.

I wish I was back in my old house, in my old town, with my old mates. I wish I had not agreed to come here, and I wish I did not have to wait till next school holidays to see my sister and my dad.

There they are again, creepy scrapes and bumps in the attic - the attic that the owner of the house said did not exist.

The owner of this house is a bag of slime. When we came here, he showed us the kitchen, the shower room and the living room. He showed me my bedroom, and then he showed mum her bedroom and winked at her. Mum looked away.

‘How much is the rent?’ she asked

‘It should be three hundred dollars a week,’ said Mister Slime, ‘but maybe we could do a little deal, Sally.’

‘I will pay the three hundred,’ said Mum quickly.

‘Can we see the rest of the house?’ I asked Mister Slime.

‘This is all the rooms there are,’ he said.

‘What’s on the top floor, then?’

Mister Slime frowned. ‘There is no top floor,’ he told me.

‘Yes, there is – the attic.’

‘There is no attic in this house.’

‘But I can see the windows up there.’

Mister Slime was starting to get angry. ‘I told you, there is no attic up there. If I tell you there is no attic, then there is no attic. Don’t go sticking your pimply beak into things that don’t exist. Do you understand?’