

Noah picked it up and stared at it, a chill running through him. He looked at the long grass.

Noah took a few steps towards the cottage, then ran.

His uncle held the cottage door open. “Woah!” he said as Noah skidded to a stop in front of him. “Hungry?”

Noah nodded and slipped his shoes off, eager to get inside.

“Bring your shoes inside,” his uncle said. “Don’t want another pair to go missing.”

Noah gulped. *Did animals really take them... or something else?* he wondered. He took off his shoes and carried them inside. He could smell stew cooking as he stepped into the warm cottage.

Noah followed his uncle through to the kitchen. Three places were set. Noah took his usual seat while his aunt spooned stew into his bowl before

