

Our New House

This scene was originally the first chapter in the book. I wanted to show how excited Peter was to be moving to a new house. I finally decided to cut it because it slowed down the plot too much.

“Come on, Sparky,” I said as I leapt out of the car.

Sparky, my Labrador puppy scampered after me as I raced along the path to our new house. The house had a bright red front door with a shining golden letterbox and big sparkling windows that seemed to smile at me.

“This is fantastic!” I cried to Sparky as I looked around at the other houses on the estate. “We’re really going to live here, by the sea. Just think of all the adventures we’ll have!”

“You can open the door if you like, Peter,” my mother said, holding out the key to me as we reached the front door.

This was the big moment! I opened the door. Sparky rushed into the hall and ran around playfully. I stepped inside.

The hallway was enormous! It seemed bigger than the living room of our old flat!

“Where’s my room?” I asked excitedly.

“Come on, I’ll show you,” my father said, leading the way.

I bounded up the stairs, two steps at a time, and burst into my new bedroom. It was huge! It had a pale green carpet and cream coloured walls and smelt so fresh and clean.

I picked up Sparky and we went over to the window.

PROFESSOR P DELETED SCENES

“Look at the garden, Sparky, it’s enormous! Plenty of space for you to play in. You can bury a lot of bones in there!”

“Not in my flower beds!” my father laughed as he came over to the window.

We stood together looking out over the rest of the gardens. A small wooden fence separated ours from the ones on either side. At the bottom of the garden on the right I could see a badminton net strung up between two poles. A rusty old bike rested against the house and there was a blue plastic sandpit, half filled with sand and littered with a collection of brightly coloured buckets and spades.

Our garden sloped downward quite steeply. At the bottom was a tall wooden fence and beyond it, a wood. I could just make out a small stream flowing through the trees down towards the cliffs.

“I can see the sea!” I cried happily. “Look, mum!”

She came over to the window and we looked out to the grey cliffs in the distance. Through a gap in the cliffs I could see the sea speckled with white foaming waves.

“It’s less than half a mile away,” my father said. “It will only take ten minutes to walk to the beach from here.”

“Can I go now?” I asked excitedly.

“All right, Peter,” my mother said. “We’ll stay here – we’ve got to wait in for the removal men, but you go with Sparky. Let me give you some money so you can buy yourself a sandwich and drink for lunch.”

“And Peter,” my dad called after me as I ran out of the house, “make sure you’re back by six.”

“OK,” I replied. “Bye.”

Sparky and I raced out of the estate and sprinted down the hill towards the sea.