

Once, there was a lonely little house,  
all by itself, without anyone to open its front door.  
The house had a feeling, deep down inside.  
A lonely, stormy kind of feeling.  
And so, it did what any house in its predicament might do.  
It went searching for a friend.



It happened like a kind of magic.

The walls creaked and groaned.

The windows rattled open wide, then closed with a rush.

The roof split in two and began to flap  
like an enormous pair of wings.

With all its might,

the lonely little house launched  
right into the sky.



Off into the clouds the lonely little house flew,  
searching through blustery winds and tempestuous rains.

Over flat yellow deserts that shimmered in the heat.

Through cities with towering towers all round.

Into dense misty jungles teeming with life.

Across clusters of islands far out at sea.

As the little house flew across the big wide world,  
it felt smaller  
and smaller

and smaller

whilst its lonely kind of feelings got bigger

and bigger

and bigger.





Until, floating above a snowy mountain peak,  
the lonely little house sensed something way down on the ground.

A feeling, whispering its way up through the clouds.

A feeling so strong that it flooded in through the little house's windows  
and under the cracks in its door and filled its rooms full.

A feeling that the house recognised — because it felt it, too.  
That lonely, stormy kind of feeling.

