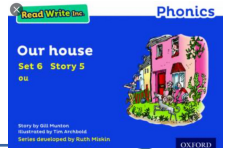


Our house



Our house isn't much to look at. I doubt if you'd bother to stop next to it if you went along Mount Street (that's our street). Not that anyone much goes along Mount Street. (It's not that kind of street.)

Our house is sort of pink, with a red door and a little garden all around it. I can't begin to count the weeds in that garden. And Boulder (Grandad's greyhound) is always digging up the ground, looking for his bouncy ball.

We've got three bedrooms - one for me, one for Grandad (and Boulder) and one for me and Carl. Carl plays his CDs for hours, so loud that ouch! - my head starts to pound. Then mum shouts up the stairs and says, "Stop that!" (She can get a bit grouchy, our Mum.)

1) **Circle** two characters in the story.

Dad	Mum	Grandma	Carly
Grandad	Boulder	Carl	Mount

2) Write **two** things about the house.

1. _____

2. _____

3) Finish the sentence.

Boulder digs up the ground because _____

4) Write **Yes** or **No**.

Grandad shares a room with Carl. _____

Grandad shares a room Boulder. _____