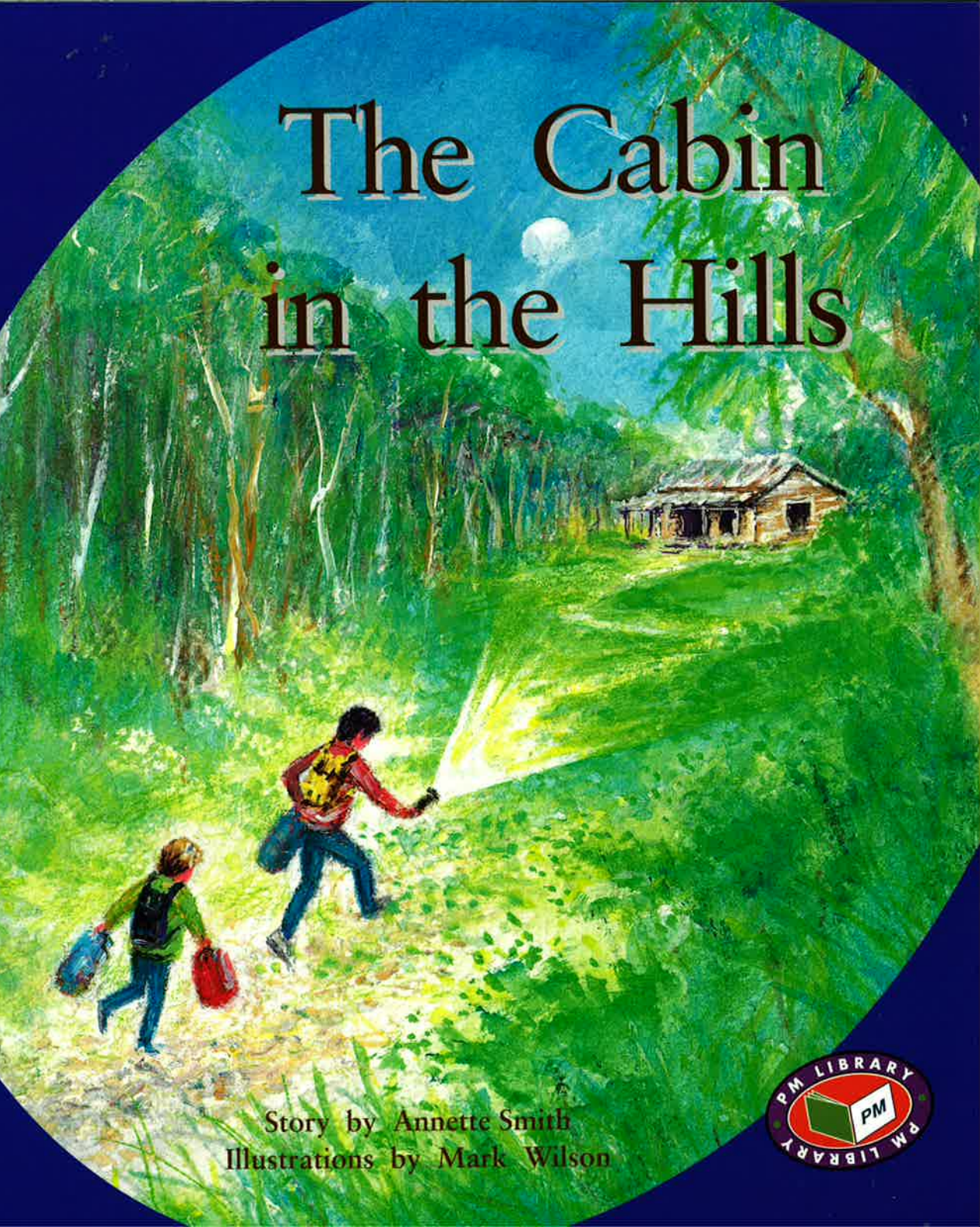
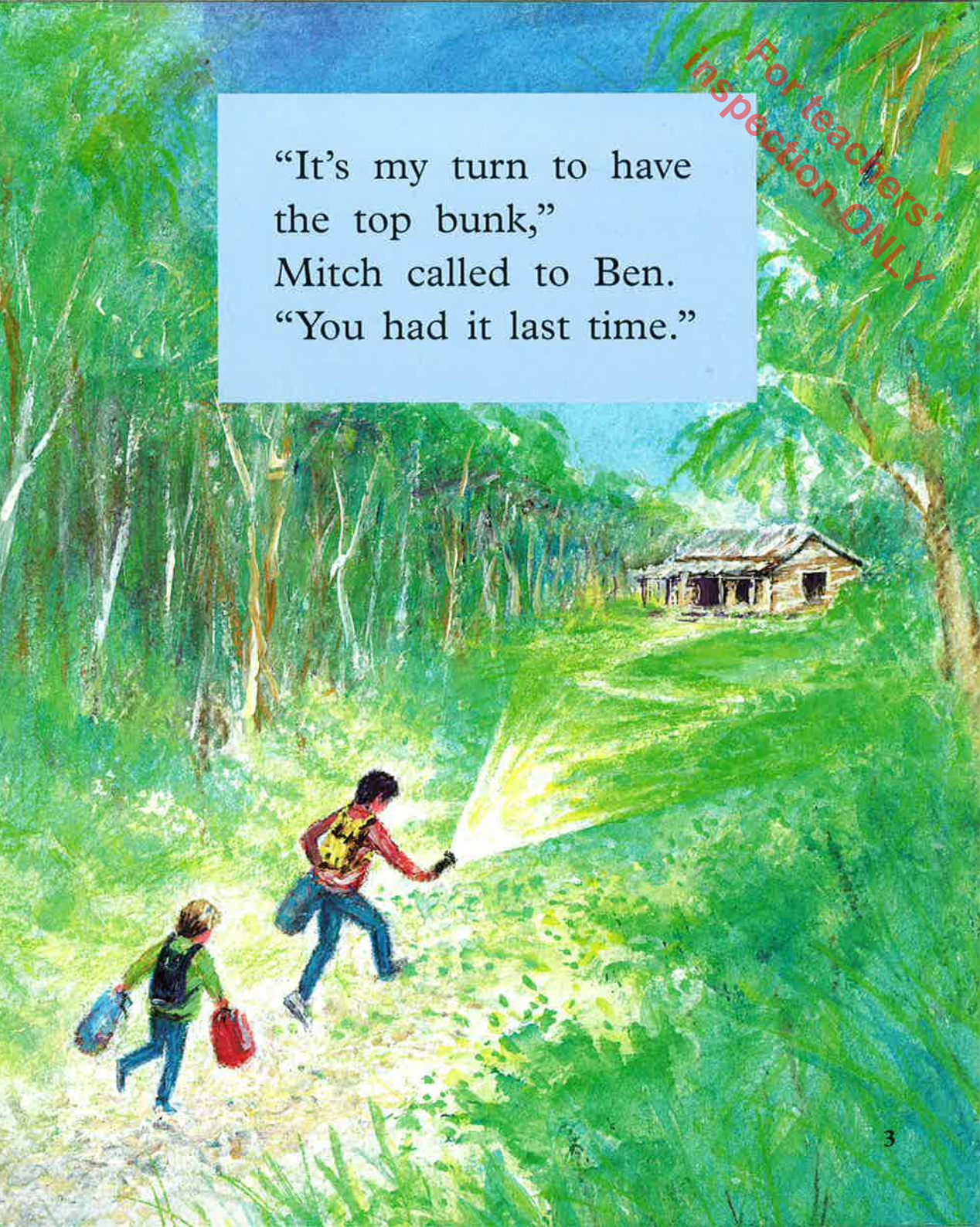

The Cabin in the Hills
Story by Annette Smith
Illustrations by Mark Wilson
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Dad stopped the car
at the end of the road.
"There's the track," he said.
"We will have to hurry.
It's getting dark,
and we have to get
to the cabin."

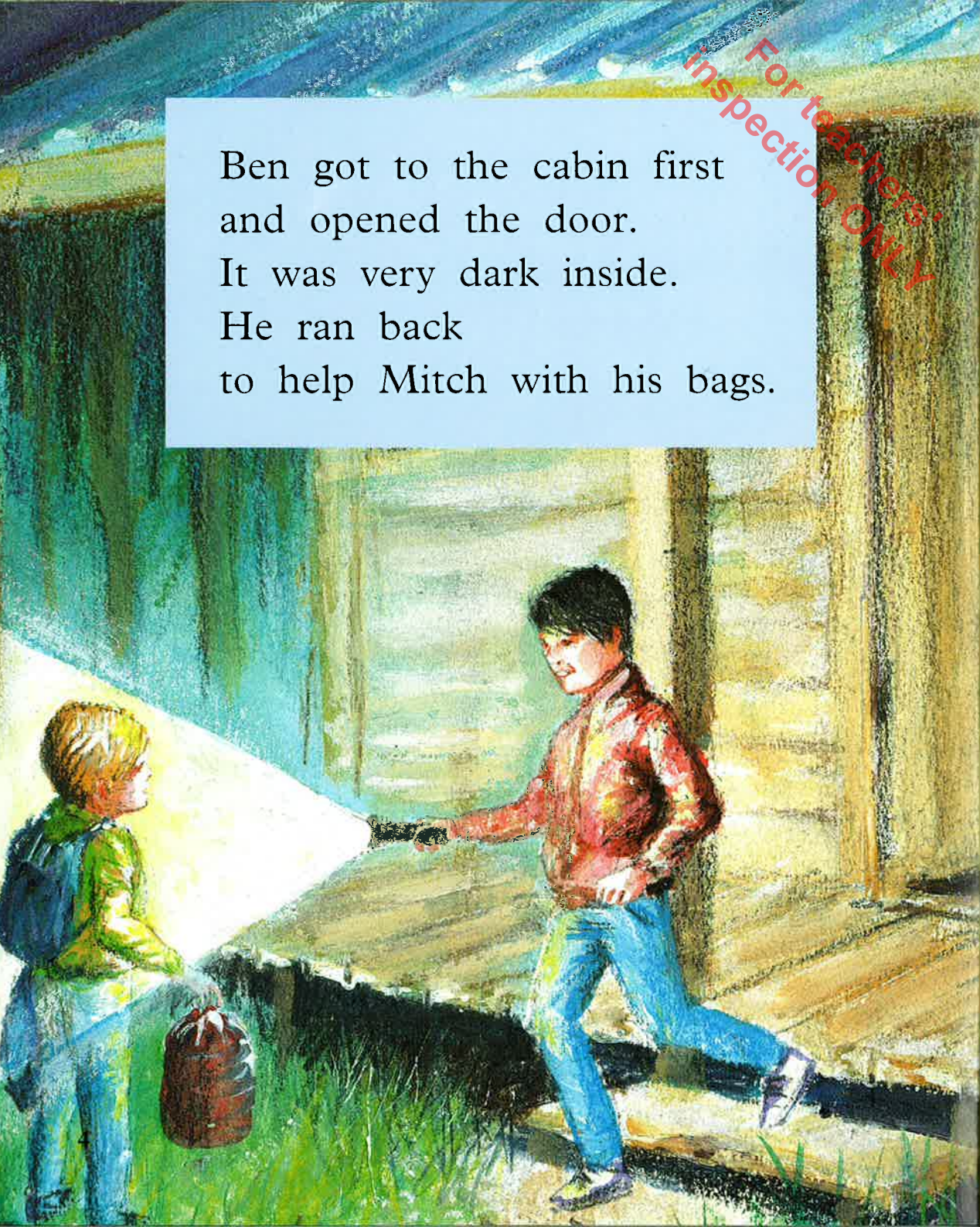
Ben and Mitch
took their bags and the torch
and raced on ahead,
up the track.





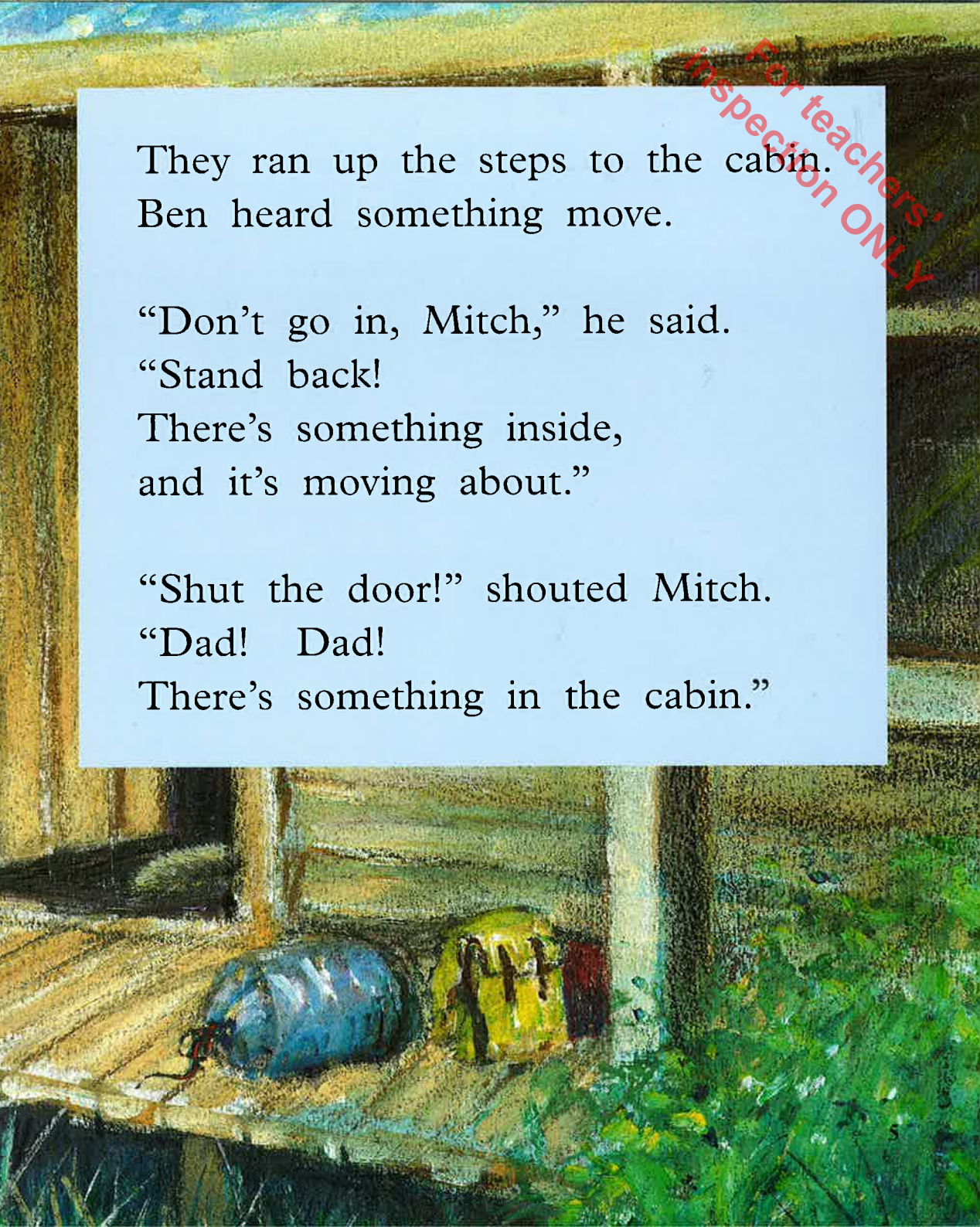
"It's my turn to have
the top bunk,"
Mitch called to Ben.
"You had it last time."

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Ben got to the cabin first
and opened the door.
It was very dark inside.
He ran back
to help Mitch with his bags.

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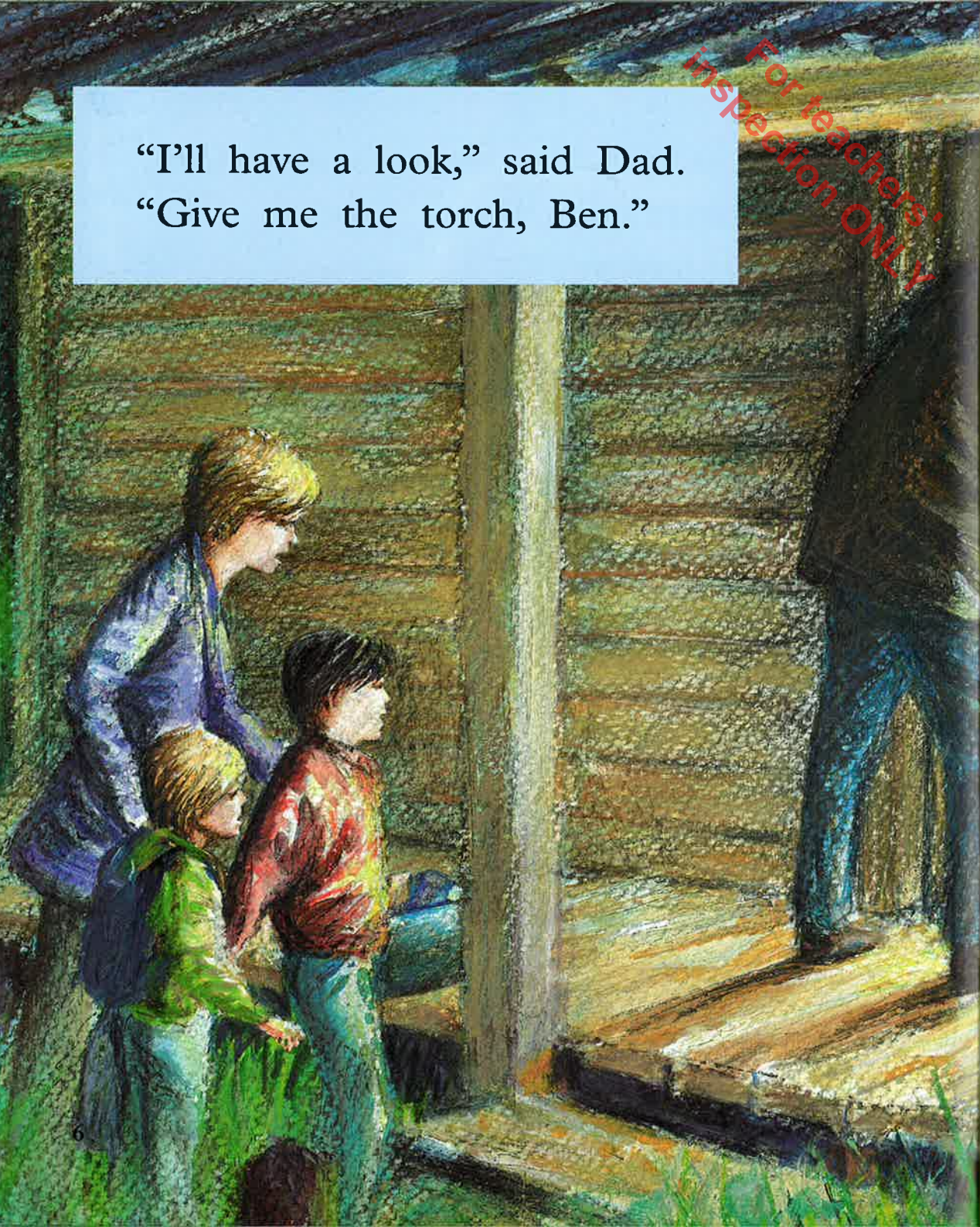


They ran up the steps to the cabin.
Ben heard something move.

"Don't go in, Mitch," he said.
"Stand back!
There's something inside,
and it's moving about."

"Shut the door!" shouted Mitch.
"Dad! Dad!
There's something in the cabin."

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"I'll have a look," said Dad.
"Give me the torch, Ben."

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