

# A Child's World



## THE DOLL'S HOUSE

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*(approximate reading time 18 minutes)*

Dear old Mrs Hay came to stay with the Burnell family in the country. When she got home, she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that the driver and Pat carried it into the courtyard; and there it stayed, propped up on two wooden boxes beside the stable door. No harm could come of it as it was summer, and perhaps the smell of paint would wear off by the time it had to be taken in. 'Sweet of old Mrs Hay, of course; most sweet and generous!', said Aunt Beryl. But, really, the smell of paint coming from the doll's house was quite enough, in Aunt Beryl's opinion, to make anyone seriously ill – even before the sacking was taken off; and when it was . . .

There stood the doll's house, painted a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two solid little chimneys, which were glued on to the roof, were red and white, and the door, which gleamed with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, too, which was painted yellow, with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge.