

## CHAPTER 1

# THERE'S A BIRD IN THE HOUSE!

'He's coming!' Alfie Green hopped off the chair and shut the window as he spotted his brother Bobby passing Mrs Butler's gate.

'Has he caught anything?' his dad asked.

'If you saw the look on his face, you wouldn't ask,' Alfie replied.





Every Sunday, Bobby Green set off for the river with his fishing rod and a tub of maggots. Every Sunday he came back without a fish.

Alfie gave his dad a thumbs-up as he heard Bobby turn the key in the door.

'A one, a two, a three,' said his dad, and Alfie and Lucy joined in as he sang:



'Oh, very funny, ha ha,' Bobby said, and he walked into the kitchen.

‘Don’t leave that tub of maggots on the fridge.’ Alfie’s mother warned. ‘They’re disgusting.’

‘ I’ll move them in a minute, Mam,’ Bobby said. ‘Let me bring my fishing gear out back first.’



Just then there was a flapping noise. A magpie had seen the maggots through the open window.

‘THERE’S A BIRD IN THE HOUSE,’  
Alfie’s mother screamed.



The poor bird got such a fright that he knocked the tub of maggots down the back of the fridge.

Then he flew round and round the kitchen, trying to find a way out.

Alfie, Lucy and Bobby chased the bird towards the window.

‘Mind the clock! Watch out for the trifle ...’ Alfie’s mother yelled.

**CRASH!** The glass bowl with Granny’s special Sunday trifle smashed onto the tiled floor. The trifle went EVERYWHERE.

