

The Parkers finished their meal. It was dark outside now and there was a loud noise on the roof of the pub. "It's raining heavily," said Mr Parker. "We can't walk home in this!" The musicians started to play quieter music. The Parkers were very tired after their long journey and it was warm and comfortable in the pub. Soon, they were all asleep!

"Wake up! You should go home and sleep in your beds," said the pub owner, some time later. The Parkers opened their eyes. It was the middle of the night and they saw that the pub was empty. They could hear the sound of the sea outside.

"Sorry we stayed so long," Clive said to the pub owner. "We had a long journey here and we were very tired."

"That's OK," said the pub owner. "Our pub is open all hours. People often fall asleep here! Here's a **torch** to help you find your way in the darkness."

"Thank you," said Clive as they walked out into the cold night air. "Now, which way is Aunt Sarah's house?"

CHAPTER 6

THE WRITING ON THE MIRROR

The next morning, a builder arrived from Killorglin to look at the damage to the house. He shook his head and looked very serious. "The house is dangerous," he said. "You must **demolish** the back of the house and rebuild it. If you don't, the roof will fall down."

"How much will that cost?" asked Clive.

"About £40,000," said the builder.

Aunt Sarah was very upset.



*"The house is dangerous,"
the builder said.*

"Oh, what am I going to do?" she cried. "I haven't got enough money."

"Don't worry, Aunt Sarah," Mary said. "We'll think of a **solution**."

After the builder left, Clive and Mary sat with Aunt Sarah. "You can't live here anymore, Aunt Sarah," said Mary. "The house is too dangerous."

"I suppose you're right," said Sarah. "But where can I go? I'm so frightened! What will happen to me?"

"You can live with us in London," said Mary.

Sarah's face became white. "Oh, no! London is a big, frightening place!" she said. "I'd miss my home and Kilmarny Island."

"Don't worry," said Mary. "You'll be OK. We'll help you."

"What will I do with the house?" asked Sarah.

"We can try to sell it if you want," said Clive.

Sarah put her head in her hands. "Oh, I can't decide anything," she said. "Sell the house if you think that's best!" Then she walked to the door.

Mary was worried about her. "Are you OK, Aunt Sarah?" she asked. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to talk to Finikin," said Sarah. "He'll help me."

"Who's Finikin?" asked Clive.

"He's the leprechaun," said Aunt Sarah, and she went upstairs without another word.

"Poor Sarah is *really* crazy," said Clive. His mobile phone was ringing in the kitchen. He went to answer it, but it stopped ringing. He couldn't find it anywhere.

"Where is my phone?" he asked his wife.

"It was on the kitchen table a few minutes ago," answered Mary.

"Well, it isn't there now," said Clive. "Did Aunt Sarah take it?"

"I don't think so," answered Mary. "She doesn't need a mobile phone!"