



## Stories of Stuff

Gwen  
by P. T. McAllister  
As a tale told by Kate



We moved into the Crow's Nest on Halloween, when Mummy and Daddy took over the license.

Gwen, the old landlady, stayed living in the dusty attic room and babysat me most nights. Whenever my parents were working the two of us would sing, dance and laugh so hard our tummies hurt. Sometimes, if regulars were lingering after closing, Gwen would tread slowly down the stairs, ringing a bell to scare them off. But nobody ever seemed to move or even notice her.

One day, Mummy asked me what Gwen looked like.

'Silly Mummy,' I laughed. 'She's sitting right beside you.'