

**Mia** was walking home one day with her mother, back to the house she had just moved into, when she saw a dolls' house sitting in the street.

It looked worn, as though nobody had cared for it in a very long time, but Mia could see worlds behind each of its windows.

It was the **most beautiful** thing that she had ever seen.



‘Why is it out here, Mummy?’  
she asked.

‘It’s looking for somewhere  
new to live,’ replied  
her mother.



But the house  
didn’t need to  
look much  
longer, because  
Mia was  
**in love,**  
and she was  
bringing it home.

Sitting on the steps of her house,  
her new house, Mia took out her  
two dolls, Joey and Leah.

Then, with a leftover pot of yellow,  
she re-painted the shutters  
the **colour of the sun.**



To Mia, it felt like the house was smiling.  
'Shall we bring it inside, Mummy?' she asked.  
'Let it dry overnight,' replied her mother.



So, that night, the dolls' house slept on the porch . . .

and Mia slept in her bed,  
dreaming of tiny toys and tiny books,  
and tiny cutlery sleeping in tiny drawers.

