

OVER THE FENCE, IN MY GARDEN, I CAN HEAR MY PARENTS SHOUTING...

'ALICE? ALICE!
WHERE ARE YOU?'

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING.
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE PACKING MY STUFF.

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO HELP.

I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE.

I HEARD THE REMOVAL VAN EARLIER WHEN IT RUMBLED UP THE STREET AND PARKED OUTSIDE OUR HOUSE. THAT'S WHEN I CALLED TILLY AND WE CLIMBED IN HERE, WHERE NO ONE CAN SEE US.

TILLY SHIFTS HERSELF TO GET MORE COMFY, SQUASHING ME. HER FUR IS SOFT BUT SITTING RIGHT BESIDE HER IS KIND OF HOT AND, TRUTH BE TOLD, SHE IS A LITTLE SMELLY TODAY. BUT THAT'S OKAY.