**The Hay Barn**

Sam woke up the next morning startled by loud bells ringing nearby. The sun’s yellow rays were gleaming on the heap of hay, turning it to gold underneath him. He felt as rich as a king! He looked around in surprise and could not imagine where he was. Outside the window he could hear his grandfather’s deep voice talking to a girl, asking for a drink and some bread and jam. Slowly his memory returned. They had climbed high up into the mountains to reach their summer cottage. They were only halfway when tiredness had overtaken Sam and luckily Grandpa had found the perfect stop, the hay barn. Reluctantly sliding down the bale of hay, Sam stretched his arms and went to find his grandfather.

“Good morning sleepy head,” said his grandfather. “Suzie has gone to get us some food. Come and sit with me while we wait.”

He looked up at an old stone building, which Sam realised was the reason he had been woken. It was an old church.

















