

Mr and Mrs Twit's House

Here is a picture of Mr and Mrs Twit's house and garden. Some house! Unfortunately, it looks quite like a prison: there is not a window in sight. We have been informed Mr Twit was heard saying "Who wants windows?" when they were building it. "Who wants every Tom, Dick and Harry peeping in to see what you're doing?" Obviously, didn't occur to Mr Twit that windows were meant mainly for looking out of, not for looking into. They also have a ghastly garden that is overgrown and chaotic. Mrs Twit was the gardener and she was very good at growing thistles and stinging-nettles. "I always grow plenty of spiky thistles and plenty of stinging-nettles," she used to say. "They keep out nasty nosy little children." Near the house you can see Mr Twit's workshop which is tiny but currently still standing with a sensible looking roof but again not windows just a door. To one side there is The Big Dead Tree. It never has any leaves on it because it's dead. If you look carefully you will also spot an animal cage with monkeys trapped inside and a humongous ladder that for some unknown reason lives leaning up on the dead tree. The life in and around the garden is sparse, the air is cold and musty. Oddly, there is a eerie silence around the place- almost warning you not to go near the house or the garden.

