



Chapter Five

Mr Montague stopped the car, and the caravan creaked to a halt behind them. They had come to the end of a narrow country lane with thick hedges on either side. In front of them was a rusty iron gate. It was buckling outwards, as if something had tried to escape and failed. Beyond, Maud could see a clump of leafless black trees growing from boggy ground. A crow cawed, somewhere in the distance.

Maud tried to look on the bright side. At least the journey was over. That meant no more ‘Born to be Wild’ and no more stories about

pink ponies having parties. Whatever horror lay beyond those gates, it couldn’t be worse than that.

“This can’t be our campsite,” said Milly. “There’s no spa. There’s no heated pool. I can’t even see any shops.”

“It does look a bit run-down,” said Mrs Montague. “Are you sure we’re in the right place?”

“I hardly think my Sat Nav would lie to me,” said Mr Montague.

He pressed a button on the black box, and a robotic female voice said, “You have reached your destination. Please watch out for potholes, fallen trees, marshland, swamps, flash flooding, insect attack ...”

Mr Montague switched the machine off quickly.

“Yep,” he said. “We’re in the right place. Could one of you girls get the gate?”

“I’ll do it,” said Maud. She hopped out,