

CHAPTER 1

The Humansons were lost. Well and truly, don't-have-a-clue-where-you-are, lost. Now as you can imagine, when you're as stupid as the Humansons you get lost a *lot*. But they weren't lost in the shopping centre, they weren't lost on their way to school, they weren't even lost trying to find a friend's house in a neighbouring street. They were lost in their very own living room!



'There's no way out! The door has vanished!' wailed Mrs Humanson. 'Where are we? Quick, call the dentist!'

'I think you mean the fire brigade,' said Harriet, who, although stupid by most people's standards, was actually considered the family 'brain box'. 'And anyway, there's no phone in here.'

You see, Mr Humanson's attempt at home renovation had gone seriously wrong. He'd wallpapered over everything, even the windows!



'Good thing I've got my latest invention with me,' said Harriet. 'Behold the *Chocolate Metal Detector*! This will find us the door handle in no time.' You won't be surprised to hear that Harriet's inventions were usually pretty silly contraptions. 'Hey!' she cried, lifting up the detector. 'Half of it's gone!'



'Sorry, I got a bit peckish,' confessed Mr Humanson. 'Renovating makes you hungry, you know!'



'There's no need to panic. We've got the rest of the *Chocolate Metal Detector* to eat,' said Mr Humanson. 'And we can drink the wallpaper paste. We could last for months. It could almost be like living in a hotel.'

'Yeah, a hotel without windows that you can never leave,' grumbled Harriet.

Just as the Humansons were preparing for their first night stuck in the living room, they were interrupted by a loud tearing noise.

'Hi guys!' said Harry Humanson, bursting through the door. 'What are you still doing in here?'

'Thank goodness you found us!' cried Mrs Humanson. 'We've been trapped in here for days!'

'But I only popped out a few minutes ago,' reminded Harry. 'Remember? To make us sandwiches?'



Harriet scooped up her lunch and took a nibble. 'This tastes a bit strange. I can't help but feel like you've forgotten something.'

'There's lettuce, mayo, ham . . . what else do you need on a sandwich? Oh, yes, the bread!' nodded Harry. 'Oops!'

'I know what we *all* really need,' said Mrs Humanson as she struggled to eat a big sloppy dollop of mayonnaise. 'We need a holiday!'

'Yippee!' cheered Harry and Harriet.

'Great idea!' said Mr Humanson. 'Let's have a family conference after breakfast tonight to decide where we should go!'



Save some for me!

