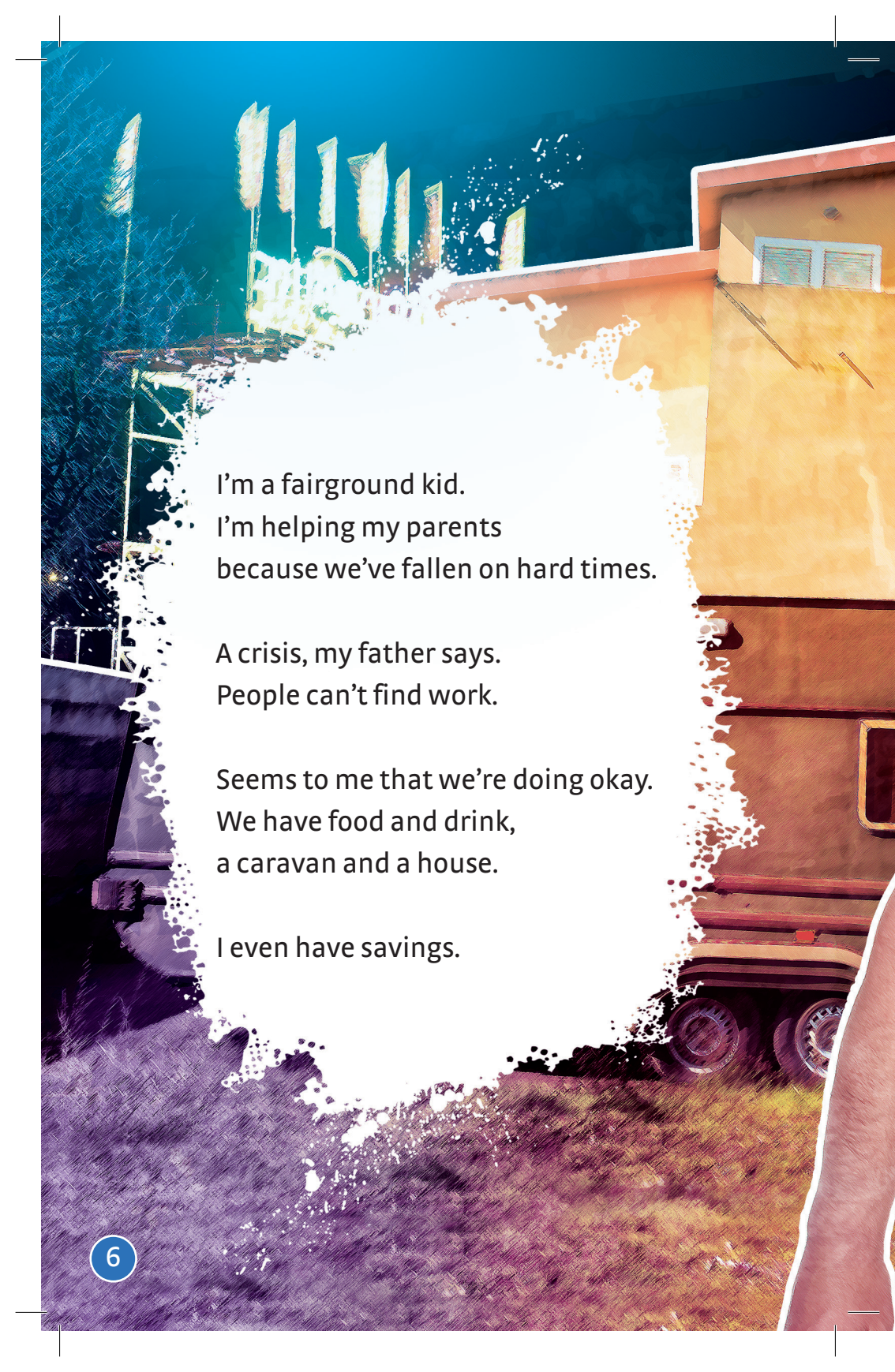


I'm sitting by the haunted house,  
at the till.

I'm dressed as a witch.

I have dark hair, black mascara,  
red lips and a pale face.

It's my father's idea.  
He says it'll draw more people in.

A photograph of a fairground at night. In the background, several tall, illuminated flags stand against a dark sky. In the foreground, a large, multi-story caravan is visible on the right, and a house is partially visible on the left. The scene is lit with warm, yellowish light, creating a festive atmosphere. The text is overlaid on a white, irregularly shaped area that resembles a splash or a cutout.

I'm a fairground kid.  
I'm helping my parents  
because we've fallen on hard times.

A crisis, my father says.  
People can't find work.

Seems to me that we're doing okay.  
We have food and drink,  
a caravan and a house.

I even have savings.








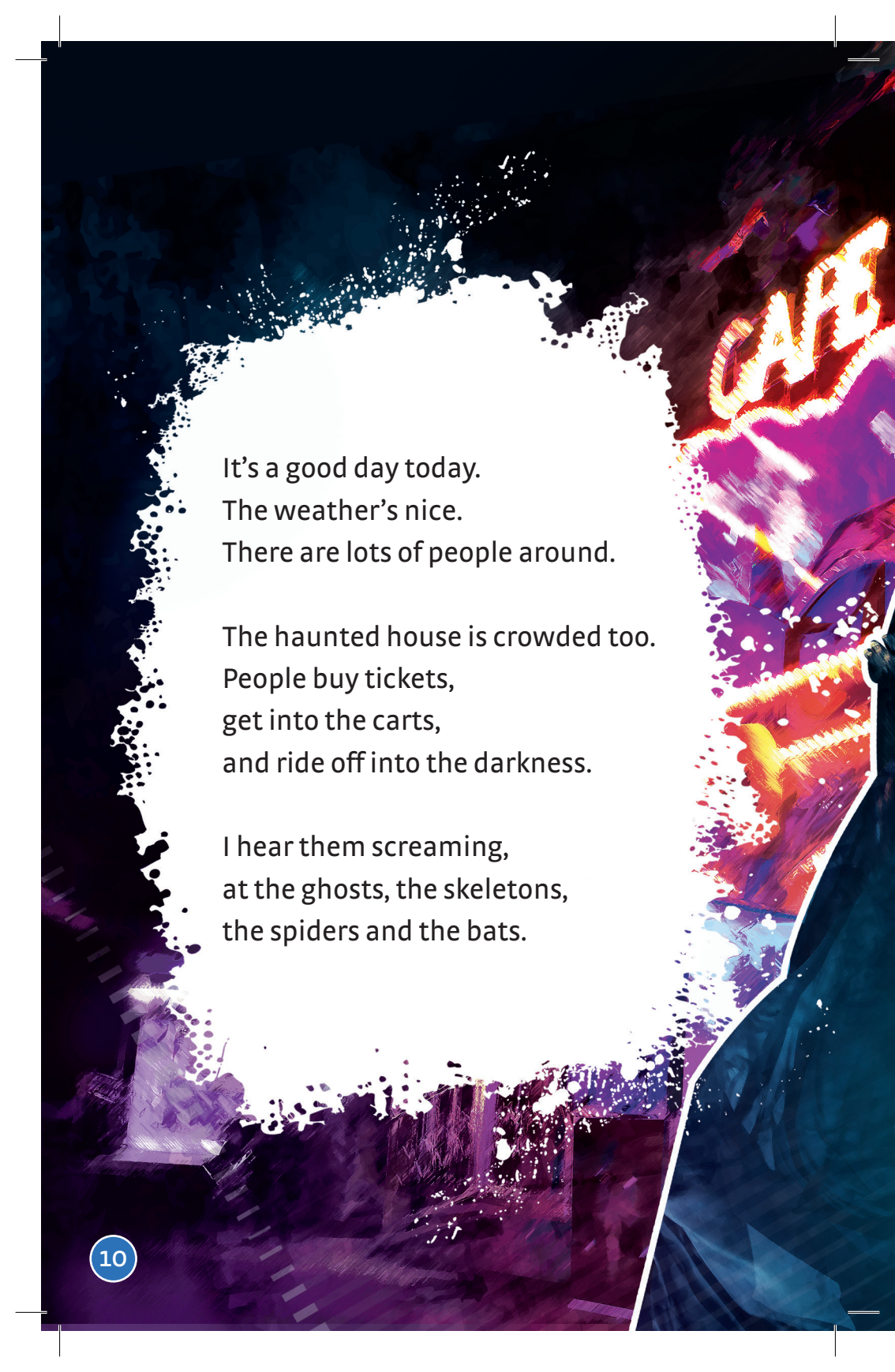






Did I say kid?  
I'm not really a kid any more.  
I'm seventeen.  
I work, for myself and for the business.  
I don't go to school any more.  
Is that a good thing?  
I don't know.  
The fair has always been my world,  
but the real world is so much bigger...





It's a good day today.  
The weather's nice.  
There are lots of people around.

The haunted house is crowded too.  
People buy tickets,  
get into the carts,  
and ride off into the darkness.

I hear them screaming,  
at the ghosts, the skeletons,  
the spiders and the bats.



