

## January

Everything was changing, all the things Lucy had thought would always be the same. Granny Annie decided that she didn't want to stay at Clunny Cottage by herself.

‘I’d be lonely without Will, all by myself. And the garden’s too big to manage.’

Instead, she moved to a smaller cottage in the village, with friendly neighbours on each side, and a shop across the street. Early in the new year, Mum and Dad and Lucy helped her to pack up and move.

Lucy hated seeing Clunny Cottage bare and empty. All her Grandpa Will thoughts had nowhere to be.

‘*We* could come and live here!’ she told her parents. ‘Couldn’t we? It’d be nice and close to Granny.’



Mum gave her a cuddle. ‘Sweetheart, you know we can’t. Yes, it’d be lovely, but Dad and I have to be in London. We couldn’t get jobs here, miles from anywhere.’

But what about Lob?

Lucy needed to know, but there was no one to ask – no one who understood. There’s only Grandpa, she thought. So Grandpa was the person she asked, silently, standing outside the back door.

The weather had turned so cold and wintry that summer seemed impossible. The dug beds were frozen into hard clumps. Every leaf, every

blade of grass, had a rim of frost, like icing sugar.

*Grandpa Will*, Lucy said, in her thoughts, *what will Lob do when spring comes and you're not here?*

*He'll walk*, said Grandpa's voice in her head. *He'll walk the roads. He'll look for his special person. When he finds that person, he'll stay.*

It was a comfort, the way she could bring Grandpa back. Hear his voice so clearly, and the things he'd said. But she hated to think of Lob finding someone else.

*But I want to be Lob's special person! I don't want him to find someone*

*new!*

And this time Grandpa didn't answer.

'Lob,' she whispered, and her breath plumed up in a cloud. 'Are you there? Are you listening? Come to London. I'll be your person.'

But what if Lob was hibernating? Not there to listen? When he woke up, he might think she'd gone away without even saying goodbye.

In her rucksack she had a little notebook with a pen attached. She sat on the bench to write a letter. Her fingers were almost too cold to grip the pen, but she wrote as neatly as she could.

