The background of the page is a dramatic, atmospheric landscape. The upper two-thirds of the image are dominated by a heavy, dark sky filled with large, billowing clouds in shades of deep blue, grey, and black, suggesting an approaching storm. The lower third of the image shows a dark, hazy horizon line over a landscape of rolling hills or a plain, rendered in muted, dark tones. The overall mood is somber and mysterious.

Once, there was a lonely little house,
all by itself, without anyone to open its front door.
The house had a feeling, deep down inside.
A lonely, stormy kind of feeling.
And so, it did what any house in its predicament might do.
It went searching for a friend.





Off into the clouds the lonely little house flew,
searching through blustery winds and tempestuous rains.

Over flat yellow deserts that shimmered in the heat.

Through cities with towering towers all round.

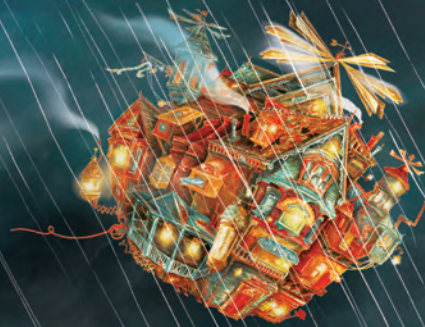
Into dense misty jungles teeming with life.

Across clusters of islands far out at sea.



As the little house flew across the big wide world,
it felt smaller
and smaller

and smaller



whilst its lonely kind of feelings got bigger

and bigger

and bigger.