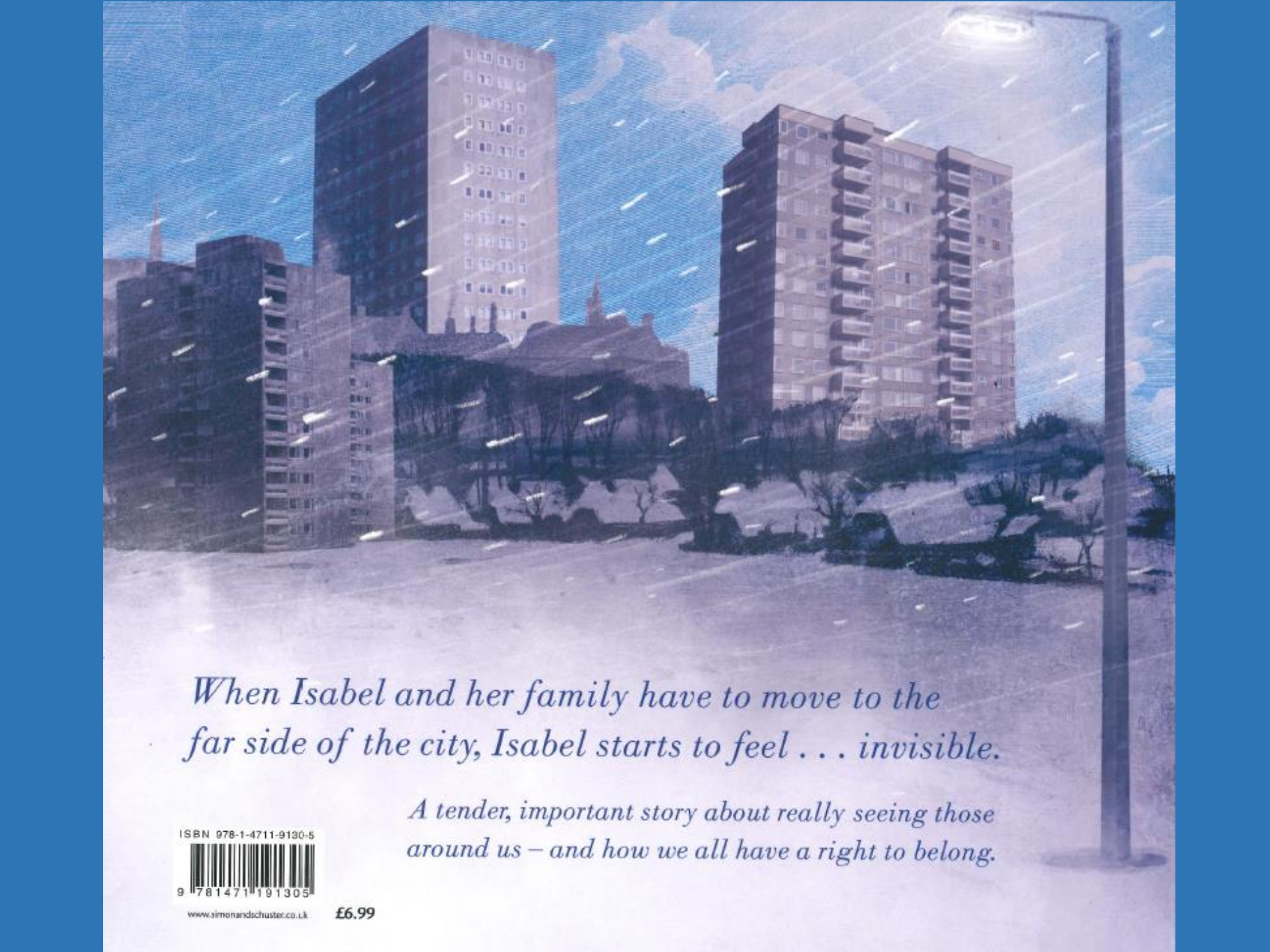


The **INVISIBLE**



TOM PERCIVAL



When Isabel and her family have to move to the far side of the city, Isabel starts to feel . . . invisible.

A tender, important story about really seeing those around us – and how we all have a right to belong.

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Isabel pulled on her
favourite jumper.



Ice curled across the inside of the window
and crept up the corner of her bedpost.

A child wearing a colorful winter hat and scarf looks out from a window of a house. The scene is set in winter with snow falling and a brick chimney on the roof. The background shows a snowy landscape with trees and buildings.

It was very beautiful,
and Isabel *always* noticed
beautiful things.

But there was no escaping
the fact that it was also cold.

Very cold.



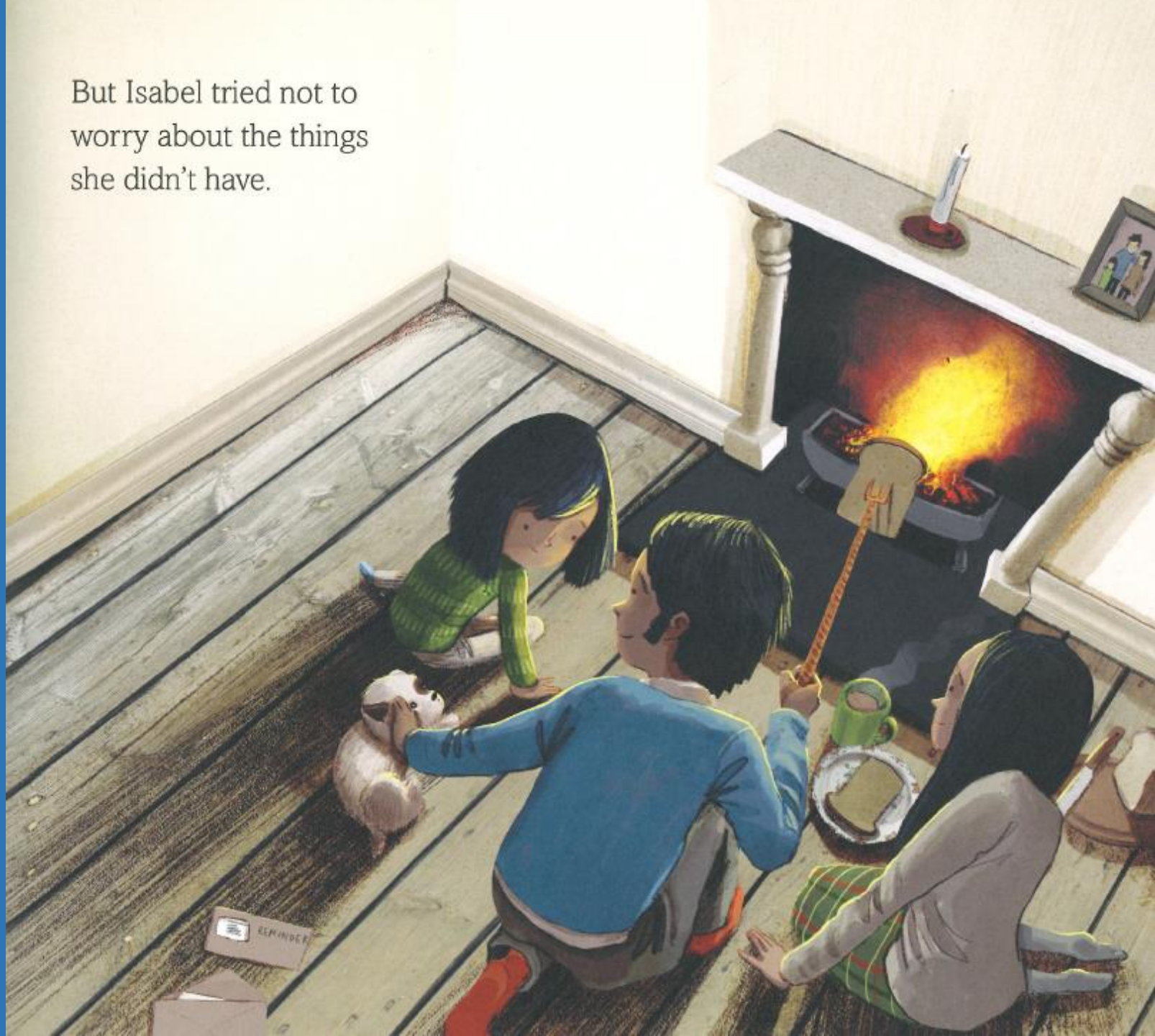
You see, Isabel's family couldn't afford to have the heating on.

Isabel's family couldn't afford a lot of things.



Things that some people take for granted.

But Isabel tried not to worry about the things she didn't have.



After all, she and her family
had everything that they needed . . .



They had each other.

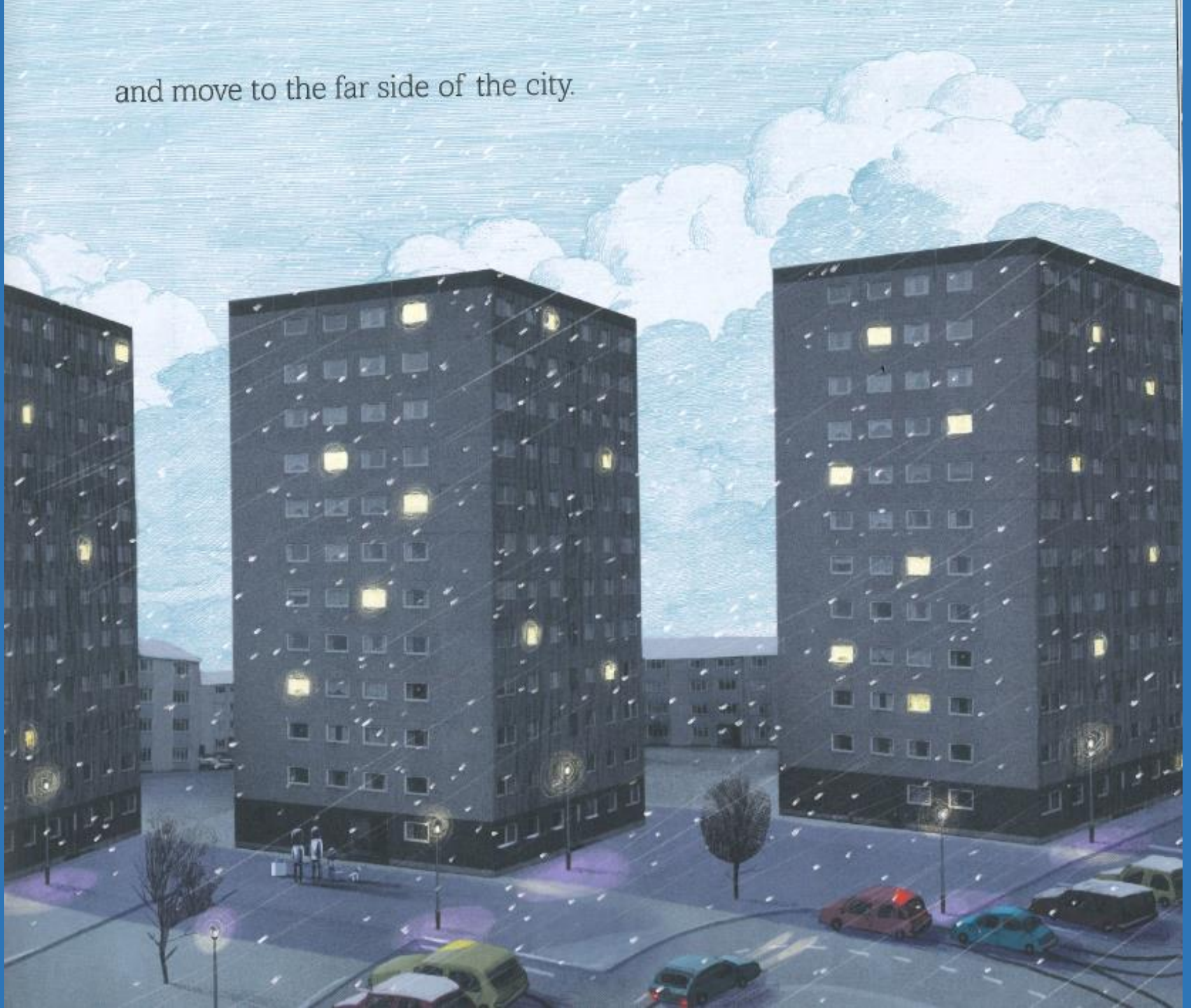


But one day there just wasn't enough money
to pay the rent and all the bills.



Isabel and her family had to leave their home,
the house which held all their happy memories . . .

and move to the far side of the city.



For the first time ever,
Isabel couldn't find anything
beautiful to cheer herself up.



This part of the city looked exactly
how she felt – cold, sad and lonely.



A family drove past in a shiny car,
but they looked straight through Isabel,

as though she wasn't even there.





None of the other smartly dressed people
seemed to see her either.

Isabel looked down and realised
that she could barely see her own hands . . .

or her feet.



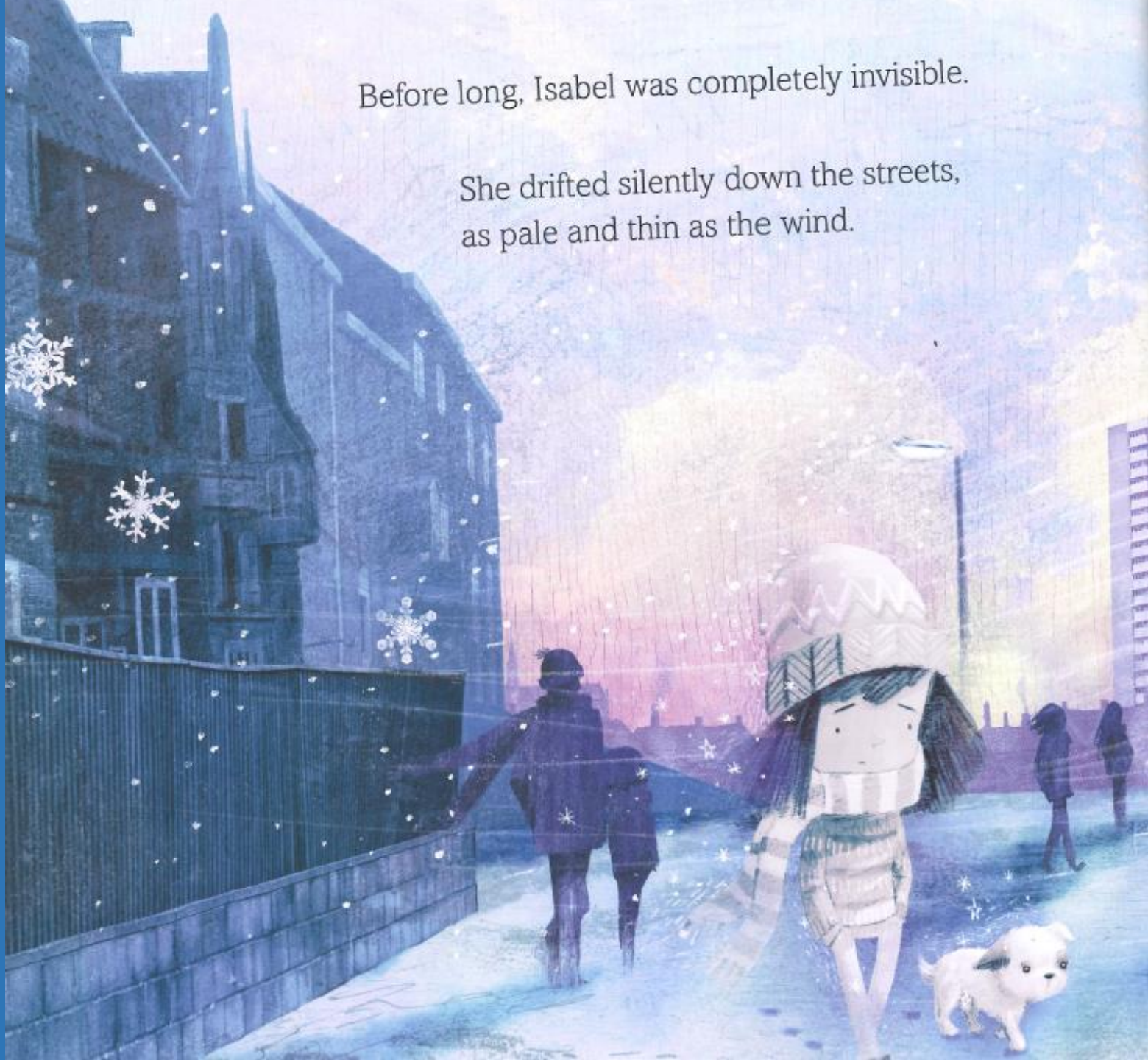


She was fading away.



Before long, Isabel was completely invisible.

She drifted silently down the streets,
as pale and thin as the wind.

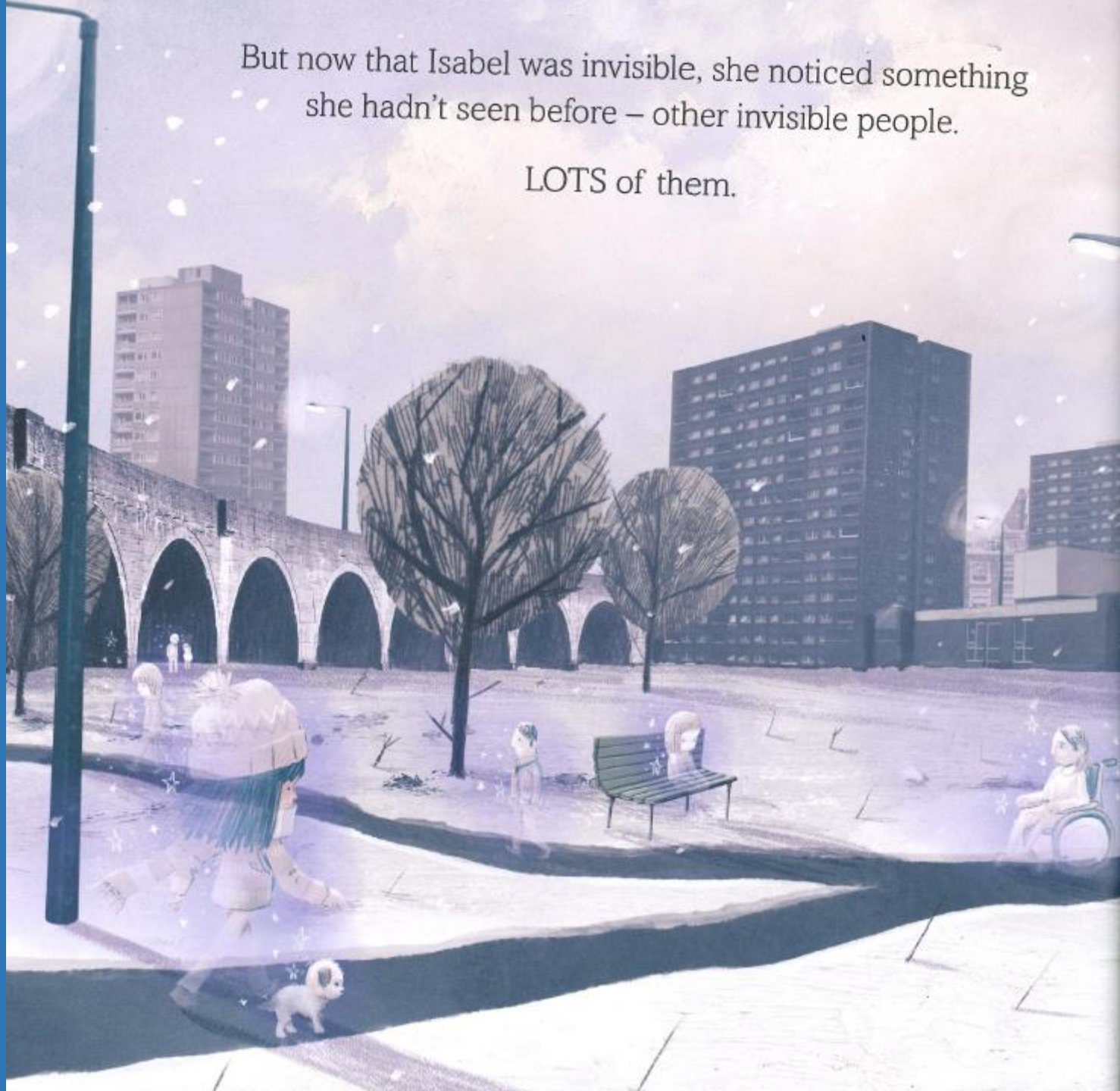




And nobody saw her at all.

But now that Isabel was invisible, she noticed something
she hadn't seen before – other invisible people.

LOTS of them.



There was an old lady planting flowers



in empty paint pots.

There was the man who slept on a bench,
feeding the birds in the park.



And there was the boy who had been forced to leave his home in another country, helping to mend someone's bike.



But they all seemed so alone . . .

Isabel decided to help.
She planted flowers
in the paint pots.



She looked after stray animals.

And she helped to fix things up.

Then, day by day and week by week,
other people joined in, too.





And the more people came together . . .



the more they could all be seen.

Soon, Isabel wasn't just visible –
she was vibrant . . .

and so was her new home!





And that was how Isabel made something very special.
One of the hardest things that anyone can ever make . . .

Isabel had made a difference.



