



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1 .	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	. 1
Chapter 2 .												•	12
Chapter 3 .												•	27
Chapter 4 .												•	39
Chapter 5 .												•	51
Chapter 6 .												•	64
Chapter 7 .		•	•									•	76
Chapter 8 .											•	•	87
Chapter 9 .												•	98
Chapter 10													111
Chapter 11													123
Chapter 12													134
Chapter 13													140

IMOTHY AND ZOEY EACH LAY ON A separate couch by the fireplace. The dying flames cast dim flickers of light against the walls of the dark room.

As he pulled the blanket up to his chin, Timothy sighed. He was grateful for the warmth of the fire to chase away the chill after he and his family had gotten lost out in the rain.

Listening carefully, Timothy heard no more creaking of floorboards above him. Finally,

the house seemed to be completely still, so he dared to whisper to Zoey. "Did you hear the man who owns this house say he was Simon Roach?"

"Of course," Zoey yawned. "I'm sure we all did, but we were too shocked and exhausted to ask him any questions."

"But he said he was Simon Roach! How come no one said anything?" Timothy whispered, louder than he had intended.

Zoey closed her eyes and snuggled deeper into her blanket. "So much was going on. We were all so exhausted from being lost in the woods that we weren't thinking clearly. We all just wanted to get dry and rest."

"That was nice of them to give us dry clothes," Timothy commented.

"Yes, and it was so kind of them to let us stay the night here. I don't blame Simon for not wanting to drive us to our car; it's so dark and rainy out there, and there are no streetlights." Zoey paused and yawned again. "I'm so tired that I can hardly think, so I'm going to get some sleep. You should too."

"But . . . Simon Roach. At first I thought I misheard him," Timothy whispered as he stared into the last flickers of the fire. "Mr. Roach gave Badger Hills Farm to me because he thought there were no more living Roach family members. I mean, could it be coincidence that the painting in the hidden room showed this house, and then we find someone named Simon Roach living here? I don't think so, but if there are no Roach relatives left, then who could he be?"

When there was no answer, Timothy looked over and saw that Zoey was fast asleep.

I don't know how she can sleep, he thought. *I don't think I'll sleep a wink*. He closed his eyes and listened to the wind moaning softly outside. It was a little scary to be in this unfamiliar house on a stormy night with a strange man named Simon Roach. Timothy's thoughts raced for a long time until sleep finally overcame him.

Early the next morning, Timothy stirred as little whispers drifted to his ears. His eyes fluttered open, and he found three pairs of wide eyes peeking over the back of the couch. The eyes belonged to the three little children who lived in the home.

Timothy smiled and sat up. "Hello! How are you?"

"I'm Nora. I'm eight. We don't speak English," said the girl whose brown hair was braided into a crown around her head. She was also wearing a princess dress.

"But you just spoke in English," Timothy said with a laugh.

"Only little bit," Nora said, pinching her



fingers with a tiny space between them.

"Tobias," said a little boy with bundles of curly brown hair. "I am six."

"Theo!" burst out the youngest, a little boy with blond hair, as he pointed to himself. Then he held up four fingers.

"Oh, you're four." Timothy grinned. "I'm Timothy. I'm thirteen. It's nice to meet you all."

Glancing around, Timothy noticed that Zoey wasn't in the room, and her blankets were folded up neatly on the couch. The scent of freshly baked bread filled the air.

Zoey popped her head around the corner of the kitchen doorway and motioned to Timothy. "Come have breakfast!"

Timothy didn't have to be told twice. He

jumped off the couch, quickly folded his blankets, and rushed to the kitchen. The three Roach children watched Timothy's every move and followed him as he left the room.

Timothy found Zoey and the adults sitting at a very large, old wooden table in the kitchen.

"It's zopf," Lily said, pointing to the bread on the table as Timothy took a seat. "It's the most delicious, buttery bread I've ever had."

Laura Roach smiled. "I can't take credit for it, as I picked it up yesterday at a bakery, but I love it too. We have it every Sunday, as many Swiss people do."

Timothy buttered a thick slice of the bread, and Laura handed him a jar of jam. "This I did make. We grow strawberries in our garden."

"Thank you!" Timothy said.

"You and Simon speak English very well," Nanna Bell commented. "Where did you learn the language?"

"In school, long ago," Simon explained. "We also have friends from England who live close by. We often practice our English with them, and we listen to a lot of audiobooks in English."

"So, is Roach a common last name in

Switzerland?" asked Lily.



Timothy was glad Lily had asked the question, and he tried to keep chewing his bread calmly instead of staring at Simon.

"No," Simon said. "My name came from the United States. I was named after my greatgreat-uncle."

"Your great-great-uncle! From the United States!" Timothy said so loudly that everyone looked at him in surprise. Sheepishly, Timothy



took a drink of his milk and tried not to look so interested.

"Yes, his name was Simon Roach too. He never knew about me, though."

"How did your great-great-uncle not know about you?" asked Lily.

Laura laughed. "Oh, that is quite a story– quite a long one too. It involves a storm, a sinking ship, and so much more. But I'm afraid we don't have time right now. We need to get ready for church. Would you like to come with us?"

"We'd love to," John and Lily both replied. "Can I drive you over to get your car and luggage?" Simon asked John.

"That would be great," John responded. Timothy watched as Simon Roach left

the room. His heart sank as a thought came thudding into his mind. *If this man's greatgreat-uncle was the Simon Roach who owned Badger Hills Farm, then* . . . *there actually is an heir to Badger Hills Farm from the Roach family. Maybe we will end up losing Badger Hills Farm.*

sm The Hills of Hirzel

BOOK 6

The final clue for Timothy and his family to solve lies in the beautiful Swiss countryside. But when answers only lead to more questions, and some important things go missing, Timothy worries that they might end up losing Badger Hills Farm altogether. It becomes clear that finding the greatest treasure of all will require the help of some wonderful new friends.



