



# The House Next Door

*By Elena Momirski, 11 years old, Tuart Hill Primary School*

I heard a noise outside, I peeped through the white curtains and saw that there were new people moving in next door. I could only see boxes being carried but I couldn't see the new neighbours. It was like they were invisible. The house had been empty for a while, it was always dark and a bit gloomy. So it was great that there was going to be a family living there. I hoped they would be nice people so we could become friends. The people who lived there before were very secretive, they never seemed to go anywhere, just stayed in their house. I tiptoed outside, eager to see them. As I tried to spy on the new neighbours, I tripped over a huge rock and flew head first into a bush. My long hair got stuck in its branches. I pulled at my hair, trying to release myself, when I got free, leaves were stuck in my hair. I think it must have looked like I had been electrocuted! My house is new, and full of light, it looks like it is full of happiness, because it is painted a beautiful bright yellow. It is very different from the rundown old house next door, I have a tree house in my backyard, it has a great view into all the neighbours' yards, especially the one next door. That day I was wearing black shorts, sneakers and a plain white T-shirt. I had binoculars hanging around my neck. I was dressed in jungle style clothing, and I was ready for anything. My friend Ruby came over, she is a smart, adventurous and funny girl. I have known her for about ten years. She wanted to unravel what was going on next door. I told Ruby that we could get a better view if we went outside and climbed up into my tree house. What we saw was their dog, not a normal dog like mine, it looked like it was metal, and it had a weird collar. The collar was gold with a little black box fixed on the side. We thought the box might encase a microchip, and wondered what it did? It seemed like the dog was controlled by someone!

My dog was fluffy, cute and really lazy, his name is Fluffy. No comparison to the weird dog next door. As well as my binoculars, I also had a bag around my neck, it contained my diary which I always carry with me. I was writing down all the mysterious things that were happening next door, and when I finished I went to put my diary in my bag, it slipped out of my hands, through the branches, bounced on the fence, and fell down to the ground next door. I jumped down from the tree house, and shouted out to Ruby to keep watch. I had to get my diary back, because it contained every adventure that I had experienced with my best friend, Ruby.

I couldn't see my diary anywhere, I went into a panic. What if the neighbours found it and read it? Then I saw the dog near the house with my pink diary in his mouth. Lucky for me the dog's battery went dead, and he couldn't move. The diary dropped to the ground, and I rushed over and grabbed it. I climbed back over the fence, and up into the tree house. Ruby couldn't speak, she looked like she had seen a ghost. I waited a while until she was not shocked. Then she said that I was climbing over the fence and she saw a person in black clothes taking the dog inside. Who was this person in black? Where did they come from? I wanted to know, but I was too frightened to go back down. The next day I woke up to sunshine, and I was determined to find out about next door. Ruby came over in the morning and we had breakfast in the treehouse. While we ate I saw a robot dog walking up the path. Suddenly Fluffy ran under the fence into the neighbour's place. Ruby and I jumped over the fence and we rushed after him, we ran as fast as we could, we needed to save him. Fluffy and the robot dog started to play. Then a man, dressed in black, appeared. As he came through the door, we saw his face. He was an older man and he spoke to us. "Hi, you have a beautiful dog. I always wanted a real dog like that to keep me company. I could only have this robot dog because I lived in an apartment. What is your dog's name? I have been living on my own for a long time, and it is so nice to talk to someone. I am sorry, I haven't let you talk. So what is your dog's name? Sorry, I forget things quickly." I told him about my dog, how long we had him, and of course his name. After only a couple of days, we all became friends.

The man came over for afternoon tea, and he always bought a tasty treat for Fluffy. Since our neighbour had never had a real dog, my parents and Ruby and I thought it would be nice to get him a little dog similar to Fluffy for Christmas. Fluffy and his dog could play together and we would all be happy neighbours forever.