

Early one morning ... (18) (written by a Year 6 student)

Write a story beginning with the words:

Early one morning the phone rang. It was my neighbour. She sounded very excited and gasped, 'Come over quick!' before hanging up. Still half asleep, I ...

Early one morning the phone rang. It was my neighbour. She sounded very excited and gasped, "Come over quick!" before hanging up. Still half asleep I pulled on my clothes and clambered down the stairs onto my front garden. I walked up to my neighbour's house and stopped behind the door. I rung the door bell but no one answered. I knocked loudly but still there was no response. I sensed that something fishy was going on. Then something hit me from behind and I fell to the floor, unconscious.

I came back to my senses a few minutes later, in what I recognised as my neighbour's living room. I was gagged and my hands and feet were tied. Next to me was my neighbour, who was tied and gagged as well. She looked at me with tears in her eyes. At that moment, three men barged in through the door. They were masked and carried snipers. One of them was giving orders to the other two, to take away the cloths that covered our mouths. You could tell that he was the boss, because he had an air of superiority and strutted around like he owned the place. As soon as my gag was removed, I yelled for help. My neighbour murmured that the room

was sound proof, and consequently it was no use shouting. I now knew that we were hostages.

I became as white as paper, when the man phoned the President, and told him that he would not think twice about killing us, if they weren't paid ransom money. While they had there back turned to us, I looked around for something sharp. I could find nothing but remembered that I had my pen knife in my pocket. I told my neighbour and she leaned forward, got it out of my pocket and gave it to me. As quiet as a mouse I cut my ropes and those of my neighbour's.

We stood up and each grabbed a bottle of wine from a table close to us and crept behind the men. With a swift movement, I broke the bottle on the head of the boss. He fell unconscious and before the other two could react my neighbour hit them with the other bottle. We then tied them together with the rope that had bound us. Then we phoned the police and they took them off to jail.

Afterwards, my neighbour explained how she had seen the men enter the house, and had had just enough time to phone me. Till this day, my neighbour and I are still close friends. Isn't it strange that being ambushed with your neighbour, can strengthen your friendship?
