

Peanut Butter Love

Maisie Chan

The first time I saw Rory was at my new school. A group of girls told me not to sit next to him, so I didn't.

The next time I saw him was from my bedroom window. He was in next door's garden, crying. I realised he was the same boy from school; the one everyone avoided. I watched as he frantically flung pieces of wood and flowerpots around the garden. Thank goodness I hadn't sat next to him; he was so odd!

Just then, I heard a scream from downstairs.

"A rat! A fat dirty rat!" Mum cried out. I sprinted downstairs. Mum was on a stool holding a broom. "It was nibbling on a cracker. I shoved it off the counter but now it's disappeared!" She pointed at the dishwasher.

I knelt down. There was a gap in the skirting.

"I'll fill that gap," I told her. In the shed I found a piece of wood I could tape over the hole. Walking up the path I heard sobbing. I stood on the small wall and peered over the fence. It was Rory. He was crossed-legged on the grass.

"You okay?" I said.

"No...go away!" he rubbed the tears away. I was about to leave when something told me not to.

"Hey, my mum just saw a rat!"

Rory stood up wiping his wet face on his sleeve. He came to the fence.

"A rat?...Not a...hamster?"

"Mmm, I don't know, it could be." I told him.

"My hamster's been missing for two days. Maybe it's her?" Rory said, running off. Where had he rushed off to? I shook my head and went inside.

The next thing I knew he was ringing the bell. I opened the door. Rory had a jar of peanut butter and a bucket. He grinned when I let him in.

"Nora loves peanut butter!" he said. I watched as he set up the bucket using the little piece of wood from my shed as a ramp. He put a blob of peanut butter on horizontal can aluminium can and threaded a wooden spoon through the middle, laying it on top. His device was all set up.



Readers aged 6-12

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We waited and watched for ages. To pass the time we talked. He said Nora was his only friend. We realized we both loved crunchy peanut butter on white toast.

Suddenly, a black fluffy creature ran up the bucket's ramp; then we heard a thud! We ran over. A dirty hamster covered in cobwebs and dust looked up at us. Rory's eyes lit up. It most definitely not a rat.

"Lifting her out of the bucket. Rory said: "Nora meet our new neighbour," I smiled at them both.

"You can stroke her if you like," he said. So I did.

"Nice to meet you, Nora. And nice to meet you too," I said to Rory.

That was ages ago, now Rory and I are best friends. Well, him, me and Nora!

