

My Favourite Neighbour

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—As difficult it may seem, there is always a way out. I always knew that you could solve this trouble sweetheart. —Said my mother with her lovely voice. But all our story begins the 20th of July, 2011. It was a quiet day in my house when suddenly something happened. Policemen came into our neighbour's house. No one knew what was taking place inside that house. I heard someone who was crying. It was a mystery, a difficult and interesting one. The perfect thing for that boring and horrible summer that I was living before Ramadan time.

I investigated all I could but I didn't find any clue to solve that mystery. One day the daughter of my neighbours came to their house, her uncle that lived near us asked her "What's happening María José?" She didn't answer the question because she had seen that all the people living there was listening. María José run quickly up the stairs. I spent a lot of time waiting for her to come out, but she didn't. When I thought everything was lost she came out, but with her mother.

Her mother had red eyes, she probably had been crying for a long time. The mystery continued and I didn't have any idea. I was feeling anxious. A day I decided to stop looking for clues, ideas and so on. Suddenly I heard the same cries as the first day and a week later was the same but sometimes with shouting too. I thought on many crazy ideas but they couldn't be such as if she was screaming because she saw a cockroach...

It lasted some more days. A day there was no more crying. I felt glad and no stressed. Then I got the solution It was her son, her son aged 29, came late home every day feeling drunk and she as all the mothers in the world felt worried. It was her son's fault. I was so clever and sure of myself that I told all my story to my parents and family. They didn't believe me so I decided to go to talk to our neighbour.

—Can I ask you something, please —asked kindly.

—Of course you can.

I narrated all my story to her and she stayed in shock. I thought I did something wrong, maybe I said something that made her to cry. But it wasn't that, now it was me who was in shock.

—Can I tell you something?, —but you have to promise me that you wouldn't say anyone, said me the woman carefully so anyone could hear her.

—Okay, I promise —I wouldn't tell anyone.

She explained me everything with many details and I remembered all of exactly as she told me.

Since that day, I always visit her on Wednesdays and on Sundays to talk and have a great time with a nice and kind person like her. She was the person that I asked for an advice every time I needed it I loved her a lot and I will never stop loving her.