



## **My neighbour is really suspicious!**

September the 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Dear Diary, my name is Ona and today's my ninth birthday! I'm really excited, it's as if I'm floating! I got lots of really grown-up presents! And you're the best one of all! I really love the magnifying glass my uncle gave me too. It's fantastic for examining little tiny things but most of all, I like it because you can use it to find clues and fingerprints that help you solve really mysterious cases. For example, finding out who my neighbour is! Because...

## **My neighbour is really suspicious!**

Our building is full of grown-ups, there's not a SINGLE kid, there isn't even anyone who goes to school – except for the lady on the third floor.

But she's a music teacher, so she'll have to go to school for the rest of her life! There's also a chef and a business woman, but they're boring.

So the person I'm really interested in is my neighbour. He's really tall, and his head's as bald as an egg, although he hides it under a hat. He wears glasses, and VERY strange clothes. Everything he wears has pockets and they always seem to be full, because they always hanging down. Sometimes we run into each other in the lift when he's taking his little dog out for a walk. But the dog's not suspicious, he's lovely!

September the 24<sup>th</sup>

Dear Diary, I wanted to tell you that I've been investigating my neighbour. It's autumn, and there's been a lot of rain. My neighbour always wears wellies and a baggy old mackintosh that looks sort of ... greasy! It doesn't matter how much it rains, he always keeps his glasses on. He must be really short-sighted, poor thing! Or maybe he doesn't want people to look him in the eyes? His mackintosh has four HUGE pockets!

January the 7<sup>th</sup>

Dear Diary, I'm sorry! It's been ages since I've written anything! It's because I've been watching my suspicious neighbour. When it's freezing cold, he wears a tatty old overcoat with two pockets, one about half way up and the other at the bottom. And in them, he keeps something that weighs more than his backpack! What can it be?

March the 20<sup>th</sup>.

Hi! It's spring time and my neighbour's wearing a motorbike jacket. But he doesn't look like a biker, he looks like a suspicious neighbour! I didn't think it would have pockets... but then he turned round and wow! The back has a mega pocket with a zip and everything! I think he must have something big inside - like a shoe box!

June the 24<sup>th</sup>.

OK, pay attention my friend! I've finally got proof that my neighbour isn't your average, normal kind of neighbour! It's summer, so everyone's wearing shorts and short sleeves. And so is he. His sandals are like everyone else's and he's got the same old hat. Now I think about it, he must be boiling under there! His shirt has two pockets and his shorts have... FOUR Four pockets that are so big and baggy that his shorts are falling down, and because whatever he's carrying in them weighs so much, one of these days, he's going to find himself in his underpants in the middle of the street!

September the 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Diary! It's been a year since we've been together! Today's the big day - I'm ten years old, and I intend to find out what it is that my neighbour keeps in his pockets! I've planned everything to perfection: I just have to catch the lift at the same time as my suspicious neighbour. Then I'll distract him by playing with his dog and I'll finally get proof of what he carries in his ginormous pockets.

I've got all my detective tools ready: a magnifying glass, a dentist's mirror, a chewy bone for the dog, some scissors and my camera. I'll take a photo just when we get to the ground floor and the doors open, so I can run away if things get difficult! Isn't it exciting!

Dear Diary, Here's how it went. Just as I was about to go out and keep watch on the stairs, my Mum shouted:

Ona! We're leaving! We've got a lot to do today! And it's already late!

Mum's always like that, she gets these crazy ideas! Why did it have to be now? I've been preparing for this for a whole year, but she's in a hurry and drags me out onto the street!

Come on, Ona! Stop dreaming! First we're going to pick up some books!

Pfffffff, books, it's always books!

Then all of a sudden, I got a fright! Mum started walking straight towards a table that had... my neighbour's hat on it!

Good morning, Eric! I'm super busy! This is my daughter Ona! Can I leave her with you for a while?

Said mum.

I wanted to curl up and die! Mum just doesn't think! She's always in such a rush - and now she was leaving me in the hands of a man whose pockets were always full of... BOOKS!

Of course, we'll go and choose something and then we can go home together - said Eric, my 'suspicious' neighbour.

We spent more than two hours browsing the bookshelves! I don't know how he knew, but he showed me the mystery section, and I found some really interesting books. At closing time, he grabbed his hat, arranged the books he was carrying in his pockets, and we left.

As we were walking to the bus stop, he explained that he liked travelling by bus, so he could use the time to read. He says if you drive and read at the same time you could crash! And since we were getting on so well, I asked him why he always wore such strange outfits... and he said:

It's so I can carry books around!

I suppose he noticed that I was looking at him as if he were crazy, so he quickly added:

I'm always carrying books around at work. So I started buying clothes that I could carry them in, even though people gave me strange looks. Then one day, I noticed that the books in my pockets looked really happy and cheerful! By the way, you always look worried! Is something wrong?

Oooops!

Script: Carme Aymerich