



I was puzzled. Things just kept disappearing from our garden. At first it was just small things, like my toy car, then larger things began to go missing. Dad's lawnmower vanished. Mum's favourite plant pot with her favourite plants in. Gone! Just gone!

My parents kept saying that there were thieves on our street. I believed them. Of course I believed them! Why wouldn't I believe them, they're my parents?! Sneakily, I got into the habit of looking out of my bedroom window with my camera, in the hope that I would catch a snapshot of the crooks in action.

One afternoon, after I had got in from school and done my homework, I stood at my bedroom window. I was ready. I had my camera in hand. I then watched in amazement and shock as the giant oak tree, that had stood in our garden since before I was born, was dramatically wrenched from the ground by an unseen force. Its great branches and straggling roots and shaking, green leaves began to be pulled towards a hole, the size of a pound coin, in our garden fence. I watched as the tree began to be squeezed, again by this unseen force, through the hole in the fence.

A minute later I was standing with my camera at the ready, peering through the hole in the fence, desperate to find out what had happened to all the things from our garden. Then...I felt it...My eye began to feel as if it was being squeezed. My head felt as if it was being pulled towards the fence. My whole body seemed to be moving. Suddenly...Pop!

Can you continue the story? What was on the other side?