

## Hammy the Hamster

When I was young, I used to live in a big house in the countryside. Behind the house was a large garden and behind the garden was a huge forest, and behind the forest, far into the distance, was the sea.

I lived with my mom, dad and older sister. My sister's name was Lisa. She was bigger and stronger than me and I was very scared of her. She was also ALWAYS grumpy.

But there was one thing that did make Lisa happy. Hammy. Hammy was her hamster. He wasn't a cute hamster. He was an ugly hamster. He had a ragged ear and angry red eyes and a pointy nose. Worst of all, Hammy had two crooked orange teeth. Gross!! But Lisa really loved him, and he loved Lisa.

Hammy really hated me though! He lived in a big cage in Lisa's bedroom. Whenever I went near the cage, he would growl at me like a dog... "Grrrrrrrr".

Whenever Lisa took him out of his cage, he would snuggle in her arms and purr like a cat... "Purrrrrr".

But if I tried to stroke him, he would snap his orange teeth at me like a snapping turtle, "Snap!!"... Oh yeah... Hammy REALLY hated me.

One day my mom, dad and sister visited my grandma in the city. I had a cold so I couldn't go. My mom said I had to stay in bed.

"Are you sure you will be ok?" asked my mom.

"Yes mom," I said.

"OK. Be a good boy and stay in bed," she said.

"Yes mom," I said.

"You have to give Hammy his 12 o'clock carrot," said Lisa, "Don't open his cage, he doesn't like you. You might scare him."

"Ok sure..." I mumbled as I got into my bed. Soon I fell asleep.

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Beep Beep! Beep Beep! Beep Beep!

"Huh... what's that?"

It was my alarm clock ringing... 11.55 a.m.

"Time to give Hammy his 12 o'clock slice of carrot," I thought.

I walked into Lisa's room. There, on her table, was the long slice of carrot. I picked it up and walked towards Hammy's cage... but where was he? I couldn't see him.

"Hammy!... Carrot time!" I said, trying to sound brave. Slowly, very slowly, from the far corner of the cage, something started to move. Out from under the straw and sawdust came a pointy nose, a pair of red eyes and a disgusting pair of orange teeth. Hammy knew it was carrot time. He started shuffling towards me, as I held the long slice of carrot through the bars of the cage, staring at me with his red eyes.

He sat up on his back legs and sniffed the carrot with his pointy nose. Then he began taking bites, tiny little bites at first, as he held one end of the carrot with his two front feet and I held the other end. "Aww... he looks quite cute," I thought as I watched him gently eating his carrot.

"Dring dring... dring dring..." It was mom phoning me.

"How are you feeling?"

"Much better thanks mom,"

"Did you remember to feed Hammy his carrot?"

"Yes, I'm feeding him nOWWWWW!" I looked down at my fingers holding the carrot. The carrot wasn't there. Hammy had eaten it all in a second, and then tried to eat one of my fingers!

"David are you OK?" asked mom.

"Yes, yes mom...I'm fine...I'll talk to you later," I said. But I wasn't fine. My poor finger was THROBBING and blood was dripping out.

Hammy was looking up at me. He didn't look cute now. He was hissing at me like a snake..."HISSSSS!"

I ran to the bathroom and washed my finger under the cold water tap. Suddenly I had an idea, "Right, Hammy that's it!" I muttered to myself. It was time for revenge!

After I had stuck a band-aid on my finger, I went into my bedroom and took out my favorite toy from its box. It was my drone plane. It looked like an old fashioned bi-plane with two sets of wings. It was bright red and I loved to fly it in big circles above the garden. I was very good at controlling the plane with the control box in my hands.

I took the little plane outside and put it on the grass. Then I went into my dad's garage and put on his thick gardening gloves, "This should help protect my hands," I thought. Next I ran into the house towards Lisa's bedroom. As soon as I entered, Hammy started growling at me like a dog. When I opened his cage, he started hissing at me like a snake. When I grabbed him, he started snapping at me like a snapping turtle. But it was too late. I was too fast. I grabbed him with my gloved hands. "Got you!!...hahah!" I held him up and looked into his red angry eyes. "Today Hammy, is a day you are NEVER going to forget!" I said.

I carried Hammy downstairs and walked outside to the red plane. The plane had a little cockpit just behind its propeller, and I squeezed Hammy into it. He was a perfect fit, not too loose and not too tight. Hammy was furious. He growled like a dog, hissed like a snake, and snapped like a turtle, but he couldn't do anything. He was stuck.

"Well Hammy today you're going to be a pilot! You're going to fly up there into the blue sky," I said and pointed up to the sky. But the sky didn't look very blue, it looked grey and cold.

Suddenly I had another idea. I ran into Lisa's bedroom again. She had lots of dolls in the corner of her room. I took a scarf from her teddy bear and a little leather hat from her elf doll. Then I went back to the plane.

I tied the scarf around Hammy's neck and attached the little leather hat with a strap under his chin. It was a perfect fit! "Wow! Hammy you REALLY do look like a pilot now!" I looked up at the clouds again. They were floating across the sky quickly. "Hmm, It must be windy up there. Hammy is going to need some eye protection," I thought. I ran up to my bedroom and went to my toy box, "Where is he? Ahah! here he is! My G.I. Joe swimmer doll!" I took off the doll's swimming goggles and ran outside to the plane. "You'll need these up in the clouds Hammy," I said as I put the swimming goggles over his eyes. Now Hammy was ready.

I picked up the control box and stood back. I pressed a red button and the propeller started spinning...I pushed a green button and the little engine in the plane began to whine. "Have a good time, Hammy!" I shouted above the noise of the engine.

I pushed the little joystick to the left and the airplane started to move along the grass, slowly at first, and then faster until it took off up into the air. I quickly pushed the little joystick forward and the plane immediately started to climb higher. It passed over the tree tops going higher still. I turned the joystick in a small circle and the little red plane began to fly above the house and garden in a big circle. "Wahhhhhey Hammy!! This is awesome!!"

After a while I decided to check if Hammy was ok and pulled the joystick down. The plane went into a steep dive, the engine whined as it came straight down towards the earth. Then I pulled on the joystick again and the plane pulled up and flew past me.

In the cockpit, I could see Hammy looking at me with his angry red eyes. I stood to attention and saluted as he flew past my face and then sent the plane climbing up towards the sky again. "Ok then Hammy, one more time around the garden and then I will bring you safely back to earth," I murmured.

I made the plane begin to turn in one last big circle. Halfway through the circle, I pulled on the joystick to turn the plane around, but it didn't turn. I pulled on the joystick again. It didn't turn. Something was wrong!

I pulled hard on the joystick, but the plane didn't turn, it just kept flying straight towards the forest. I looked down at the control box. The little light on the control box wasn't green. It was red, which meant...the batteries were dead!

I wasn't controlling the plane anymore. I looked at the plane. It had flown over the garden fence and was flying out across the forest...further it flew, past the forest towards the sea. I watched the plane until I couldn't hear the noise of the engine anymore. I watched the little red plane until it became a little red dot...I watched until the little red dot disappeared.

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"What...What can I do?" I thought to myself. Lisa is going to kill me! Then I had an idea. First, I ran to the kitchen. I took a spoon from the drawer. Then I ran to Lisa's bedroom. I pushed the spoon between two bars of the cage. I pushed and turned the spoon. Slowly one of the bars began to bend and then the other bar began to bend. Finally I made a hole in the cage big enough for a hamster to squeeze through.

"I hope this works," I said to myself. It had been a very very busy afternoon. Suddenly I felt really tired. I went back to my room and fell fast asleep.

A few hours later I awoke to the sound of the front door opening. “David! We’re back!”...I heard Lisa’s voice shout. I heard her footsteps on the stairs. Then I heard her opening her bedroom door. It was quiet for a few moments and then...“HAMMY! Where’s HAMMY?” She screamed so loudly my dad came running up the stairs. “What’s wrong?” he asked. But my sister couldn’t answer him. She just pointed to the hole in the cage and cried and cried. My dad sat my sister down on the bed and explained to her that hamsters have very strong teeth, which can easily bend the bars of a cage. Hammy had bent the bars with his big orange teeth and escaped.

For the next few hours, my whole family searched around the house and garden looking for Hammy.

My dad looked in his garage.

My mom looked in the kitchen.

Lisa looked in the garden...and I...well I looked up at the sky.

But no sign of Hammy was ever found again. It was a complete mystery.

The End.....or is it?